









VOL. IX.

BALTIMORE:

EDITED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY GIDEON B. SMITH.

JOHN D. TOY, PRINTER.

1838.



AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

JANUARY, 1838.

[No. 1.

CONTENTS.

Sale of the king's stud,	2	Pittsburg, Penn.	33
Progeny of imported horses,	5	Greenville, S. C. (1836,)	34
Breeding, Training, &c.	7	Terre-Haute, Ind.	35
Memoir of Lurcher,	10	Cynthiana,	35
List of blood stock imp. by A. J. Davie,	12	Pendleton, S. C.	36
The angler,	13	Chillicothe, Ohio,	37
Rifle shooting,	14	M'Minnville, Tenn.	38
Autocrat's get,	16	Rocky Mount, Va.	38
The Turf—care, treatment, and training of English racehorses,	17	Mount Pleasant, Va.	39
Lady Clifden's great race at Union Course, L. I.	25	Greenville, S. C.	40
Lady Clifden's race at Hoboken, N. J.	29	Chucky Bend, Tenn.	40
New Orleans Races—notice of,	31	Falmouth, Ky.	41
RACING CALENDAR—Races at		Warrenton, N. C.	42
Haymarket, Va.	32	Union, S. C.	42
Hopkinsville, Ky.	33	Opelousas, La.	43
		Memphis, Tenn.	44
		TURF REGISTER—Pedigrees,	45

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The TURF REGISTER will henceforth be published regularly on the first of every month, as formerly. The volume will commence on the first of January, instead of the first of September. We had two objects in making this change, one we stated when we determined upon it—the other we kept to ourselves, but will give it now—the pressure of the times made it very convenient to publish but once in two months, during the *suspension of specie* as well as paper payments. This suspension on the part of our subscribers caused a partial suspension on our part. The convenience to ourselves as well as our subscribers, of commencing the year and volume on the first of January, must be apparent to all, and we hope will give satisfaction. The present number commences the 9th volume of the Turf Register. It will be seen, that a large portion of it is taken up with reports of Races, which we could not well avoid, and

that we have no plate embellishment. We have been in daily expectation of receiving portraits of several fine horses, but as yet, we have been disappointed—their owners seeming satisfied with the money and reputation *won*, without much thought or care for the future. When we can get a good plate of a good horse, or any other sporting subject, we shall embellish our work with it; but deem it more satisfactory to all parties, to go without any, than to publish a poor engraving. We dislike annual addresses, and beg our friends not to consider this as one, but rather, a mere business paper, necessarily, not formally addressed to them.

Our subscribers will please understand, that the eighth volume dates from September, 1836, to November, 1837. Those who have paid for it, will please accept our thanks, and those who have not, will be excused on the receipt by us of the amount for that and the ninth, which, according to our terms, is payable in advance. Other subscribers, who owe us for *more* than the eighth volume, will please ask their consciences how *they* feel on the occasion of withholding from others, that which is their due. We know what *we* think, but prefer hearing the opinion of the court referred to, before we expose ours.

SALE OF THE KING'S STUD—OCTOBER 25, 1837.

List of the Stud, by whom bred, when foaled, and prices obtained.

BRED BY.		FOALED.		BROOD MARES.	GS.
				Grey Arabian mare of the purest cast, covered by The Colonel	50
				Ditto and ditto (from the Imaum of Muscat) covered by The Colonel	150
				Ditto and ditto (from the Imaum of Muscat,) covered by Actæon	105
Mr. W. Edwards	1832			Burden, by Camel—Maria covered by Actæon	115
Major Bower	1819			Miss O'Neill, by Camillus, out of Birmingham's dam, covered by Actæon	50
Mr. Forth	1823			Shortwaist, by Interpreter, out of Nancy, covered by Camel	60
Lord Berners	1829			Ch. m. by Oscar—Camarine's dam, covered by Actæon	670
Sir M. W. Ridley	1822			Fleur-de-lis, by Bourbon, out of Rachael, by Stamford, covered by Emilius	550
Mr. R. Wilson	1824			Gulnare, by Smolensko—Medora, covered by Actæon	395
Mr. C. Day	1827			Jewess, by Moses—Calendulæ, cov. by Plenipo	200
Mr. Greville	1825			Xarifa, by Moses, her dam by Rubens, covered by Taurus	80
Mr. Calley	1819			Zaire (Crutch's dam,) by Selim, out of Zephyretta, covered by Rockingham	36
Lord Lowther	1823			Nanine (Glaucus's dam,) by Selim, covered by Emilius	970

BRED BY.	FOALED.		GS.
Gen. Grosvenor	1822	Wings (Caravan's dam,) by The Flyer, covered by Actæon and Camel	600
Lord Lowther	1822	Scandal, (Intriguer's dam,) by Selim, covered by The Colonel	400
Mr. Gibbeson	1826	Lady Sarah, by Tramp, out of Miss Wentworth, covered by Actæon	260
Duke of York	1823	Rachel, by Whalebone, out of Moses' dam, covered by Actæon	180
Hon. T. O. Powlett	1827	Lady Emmeline, by Young Phantom, dam by Orville, covered by The Colonel	300
Mr. Tarleton	1824	Sarah, by Whisker—Jenny Wren, covered by Actæon	300
Lord Fitzwilliam	1816	Galatea, by Amadis—Paulina, covered by The Colonel	105
Lord G. Cavendish	1826	Young Mouse, by Godolphin, out of Mouse, covered by Actæon	360
Hampton Court	1824	Maria, by Waterloo—Belvoirina, covered by Actæon	170
Mr. Stephenson	1829	Variella, sister to Voltaire, by Blacklock, covered by The Colonel	180
Hon. E. Petre	1825	Delphine, by Whisker—My Lady, covered by Plenipo	360
Mr. J. Lee	1825	Locket, by Blacklock, out of Miss Paul, covered by Rockingham	200
Lord Egremont	1822	Peri, (dam of Sir Hercules,) by Wanderer, covered by The Colonel	210
Mr. Clifton	1825	La Danseuse, by Blacklock, out of Madame Saqui, covered by Actæon	380
Lord Exeter	1822	Ada, sister to Augusta, by Woful, covered by Rockingham	120
Mr. Nowell	1830	Marpessa, by Muley—Clare, covered by Camel	230
Mr. Crockford	1820	Sultana, sister to Sultan, by Selim, covered by The Colonel	120
Lord Egremont	1820	Spermaceti, by Whalebone, covered by Glaucus	105
Lord Tavistock	1823	Leeway, by Aladdin, covered by Taurus	220
Lord Berners	1820	Black Daphne, by Juniper, out of Spotless, covered by The Colonel	190
Lord G. Cavendish	1826	Young Espagnolle, by Partisan, out of Espagnolle covered by The Colonel	220
Hampton Court	1823	Elizabeth, by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina, covered by Taurus	84
Mr. Shard	1820	Codicil, by Smolensko—Legacy, covered by Camel	200
Mr. Thornhill	1820	Sister to Sailor, (Cloudesley's dam,) by Scud, covered by Rockingham	110
Mr. R. Long	1822	Miss Clifton, by Partisan—Isis, cov. by Plenipo	100
Mr. Gates	1824	Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, dam by Soothsayer, covered by Glaucus	150
Hon. E. Petre	1824	Aricia, by Rubens, out of Diana (Actæon's dam,) covered by Rockingham	77
Hampton Court	1813	Belvoirina, by Stamford, covered by the Black Arabian	55

BRED BY.	FOALED.		GS.
Mr. Houldsworth	1820	Palatine, by Filho—Treasure, covered by Actæon	90
Gen. Grosvenor	1824	Icaria, by The Flyer—Parma, covered by Buzzard	61

STALLIONS, &C.

Hon. E. Petre	1825	The Colonel, by Whisker, dam by Delpini, her dam Tipple Cider, by King Fergus, out of Sylvia, by Young Marske; is the sire of D'Egville, Cobham, Drummer, Lieutenant, Skirmisher, Heiress, Arsenic, Recruit, Toothill, Posthaste, &c.	1550
Mr. R. Milnes	1822	Actæon, by Scud, out of Diana, sister to Emily, (the dam of Emilius, by Stamford;) is the sire of General Chasse, The Stag, Burletta, Golden Drop, &c.	920
		The Black Arabian, from the Imaum of Muscat	580
		The Bay ditto, from ditto	410
		Blood Royal, by Royalist, dam by Sir H. Dimsdale	96
		A bay gelding, rising 2 yrs. by Rubini, out of a well-bred mare	35
		A grey ditto, rising 2 yrs. by Pacha, out of a well-bred mare	46

COLT FOALS.

Chestnut, by Actæon, out of Wings (blind)	46	Brown, by The Colonel, out of Young Mouse	200
Bay, by Plenipo, out of Zaire	110	Brown, by The Colonel, out of Black Daphne	210
Chestnut by Actæon, dam by Oscar, Camarine's dam	150	Chestnut, by Rubini, out of Galatea	63
Chestnut by Actæon, out of Scandal	105	Chestnut, by Actæon, out of Locket	37
Brown, by Mulatto, out of Lady Sarah	80	Bay, by Glencoe, out of Shortwaist	105
Bay, by Mulatto, out of Lady Emeline	105	Brown by The Colonel, out of the first Arabian mare	71
		Bay, by Dr. Syntax, out of Sarah	190

FILLY FOALS.

Chestnut, by Actæon, out of Gulanare	63	Bay, by Actæon or Cain, out of Delphine	26
Brown, by Camel, out of the Sister to Sailor	165	Chestnut, by Cain, out of Codicil	31
Chestnut, by Cain, out of Elizabeth	81	Chestnut, by Cain, out of Ada	30
Bay, by Plenipo, out of Rachel	69	Chestnut, by Cain, out of Burden	33
Bay, by Cræsus, out of Variella	71	Chestnut, by the Colonel, out of Miss O'Neill	70
Bay, by The Colonel, out of Young Espagnolle	70	Chestnut, by The Colonel, out of La Danseuse	51
Bay, by Rubini, out of Spermaceti	46	Chestnut, by Actæon, out of the 2d Arabian mare	58
Bay, by Rubini or Cain, out of Sultana	70	Bay, by the Colonel, out of the 3d Arabian mare	76
Bay, by Glencoe, out of Marpessa	62		
Bay, by Camel, out of Xarifa	40		

PROGENY OF IMPORTED HORSES.

[An old and valued correspondent has furnished the following list of the progeny of imported horses omitted in the American edition of the English Stud Book. He remarks that many of them were first rate in their day, and he thinks would equal any now on the turf. The owners are noticed where known, and the time when they flourished. Probably the gentleman who furnished this list, is the best authority in relation to old horses now living.]

MR. EDITOR:

Marietta, July 14, 1837.

In the list of the most noted progeny, from importations of blooded horses, the following are not noticed, undesignedly.

Aid de-camp, br. Mr. Page's, 1783.

Angelica, by imp. Wildair, De Lancey's, 1770.

Aurora, by Vingtun, Gov. Wright's.

Bajazet, br. by Tanner, Cadwallader's, 1782.

Bellissima, ch. by First Consul, Hughes'.

Bet Bounce, b. by Union, Lowndes', 1784.

Balloon, br. Twining's, 1786.

Bonaparte, br. by Gray Diomed, Norwood's, 1804.

Bright Phœbus, b. by Messenger, Bond's, 1805.

Blacklegs, br. m. Masters', 1772.

Black gelding, Brooke's, (John Galloway's.)

Brilliant, br. by Fearnought, Fitzhugh's, 1772.

Brilliant, by imp. Badger, Ringgolds', 1786.

Brittania, gr. Gov. Sharpe's, 1769.

Brittania, gr. Gov. Ogle's, 1772.

Buckskin, T. Duckett's, dam by Sweeper, 1784.

Brown Figure, by Figure, Bullen's, 1778.

Camilla, by imp. Tanner, 1768.

Chatham, bl. by Regulus, Brogdon's, 1781.

Chesapeake, gr. by Sweeper, Gittings', 1787.

Chester, bl. by Othello, Calvert's, 1766.

Cincinnatus, b. by Cincinnatus, Ridgely's, 1797.

Coriander, roan, 1804.

Cub mare, b. by Figure, Gibson's, 1787.

Cumberland, ch. g. by Partner, Spottswood's, 1782.

Democrat, b. by Gray Diomed, Bowie's, 1804.

Duchess of Marlborough, by Sir Archy, 1821.

Dungannon, gr. g. Edelin's, 1808.

Ebony, bl. by Othello, Brent's, 1767.

Eclipse, ch. by First Consul, Bond's.

Fandango, by imp. Tanner, out of Nancy Bywell.

Fanny Maykin, roan, Washington's, 1786.

Fayette, ch. Deakin's, by Regulus.

Fearnought, br. Hall's, 1767.

Filly, b. Bowie's, by Highflyer, 1803.

- Flying Ball, gr. by Selim, out of a Dove mare, Ambrose's, 1787.
Gentle Kitty, b. Brown's, 1813.
Gimerack, Mr. Young's, 1768.
Gray Figure, by Figure, Tiddeman's, 1781.
Gray horse, by Arabian Ranger, Hall's, 1787.
Goldfinder, br. g. J. Galloway's, 1778.
Hotspur, gr. Cadwallader's, 1784.
Halifax, by Ratler, Andrews', 1825.
Hamlet, ch. by Hall's Eclipse, Harrison's, 1801.
Harlequin, b. by Gabriel, Stuart's, 1804.
Kitty Fisher, gr. by Fearnought, Fitzhugh's, 1773.
Lady Richmond, b. by Eagle, Taylor's, 1817.
Lavinia, b. by Sorrel Diomed, Selden's, 1806.
Lee Boo, b. by Highflyer, Sprigg's, 1801.
Leviathan, gr. g. by Flag of Truce, Tayloe's, 1801.
Leonidas, ch. Brown's.
Lexington, br. by Washington, Brooke's, 1779.
Little Davy, b. Bowie's, 1785.
Louisa Semmes, by Ratler, Thornton's, 1826.
Maria, b. by Punch, Beanes', 1806.
Marius, ch. by Selim, Carroll's, 1773.
Medley, gr. Ridgely's, 1801.
Medley, gr. Clarke's, 1801.
Medley, gr. Washington's, 1801.
Moscow, b. Richardson's, 1778.
Morwick Ball, b. Heath's, 1785.
Merryman, b. Thornton's, 1768.
Napoleon, ch. Lufborough's, 1805.
Nettle, b. De Lancey's, 1772.
Napper Tandy, bl. Dr. Duvall's, 1813.
Nonpareil, b. by Dove, Margill's, 1769.
Northampton, b. by Oscar, Sprigg's, 1815.
Nantoaka, ch. g. by Hall's Eclipse, Tayloe's, 1792.
Othello, bl. by Lindsey's Arabian, Roger's, 1787.
Partner, Hero, ch. Howard Duvall's, 1791.
Partner, bl. g. Hall's, 1787.
Partnership, b. by Oscar, Sprigg & Co's, 1817.
Paul Jones, b. by Specimen, Gen. Morgan's, 1786.
Polydore, br. Hamersley's, 1786.
Polydore, br. g. Ridgely's, 1805.
Primrose, br. by Dove, Dr. Hamilton's, 1773.
Punch, ch. by imp. Punch, Bowie's.
Punch, ch. by — , Threlkeld's.
Pandora, by Gray Diomed.
Rainbow, gr. Furnival's.
Regulus, gr. Beane's, by Dove, 1771.
Regulus, bl. by Othello, Calvert's, 1767.
Ranger, ch. by Childer's, Forman's, 1795.
Republican President, b. by Highflyer, Duckett's, 1805.

Roebuck, br. by Dulaney's Othello, Wilkinson's, 1783.
Romulus, gr. by Sweeper, Dr. Baker's, 1784.
Romulus, br. by Sweeper, Stewart's, 1789.
Rochester, b. by Figure, Patterson's, 1781.
Sally Naylor, b. by Spread Eagle, 1805.
Sambo, ch. by Sir Archy, 1818.
Sky Scraper, bl. Selden's, 1804.
Shakspeare, bl. by Don Carlos, Morgan's, 1787.
Snake, bl. by Selim, 1781.
Southern Eclipse, 1825.
Spry, br. by Cub, Col. Thomas', 1787.
Sting, b. by imp. Diomed, Selden's, 1804.
Sultana, b. by Wildair, De Lancey's, 1773.
Swallow, br. Potter & Sleeper's, 1817.
Sweeper, br. by Sweeper, Bowie's, 1784.
Tarquin—Gimcrack, roan, Randolph's, 1784.
Tecumseh, by Rob Roy, 1830, Dickson's.
Thornton Medley, br. by Punch, Dr. Beane's, 1805.
Timoleon, gr. Peter's, 1803.
Traveller, br. g. Howard's, 1782.
Trimmer, b. by Hall's Eclipse, Col. Lyles's, 1801.
True American, b. by Gen. Ridgely's, 1804.
Tryall, br. by Othello, Bullen's, 1766.
Tuckahoe, by Florizel, Ridgely's, 1815.
Union, b. by Slim, imp. Hall's, 1783.
Union, b. by Shakspeare, Chesley's, 1783.
Vingtun, br. Wade Hampton's, 1803.
Virginia Nell, br. by Highflyer, Washington's, 1795.
Volunteer, ch. g. McCarty's, 1769.
Volunteer, b. Holmes', by Sorrel Diomed, 1804.
Washington, ch. Bowie's.

BREEDING, TRAINING, &c.

Though much has been written on the subject of raising blood-stock, yet I am induced to believe that it is a matter not yet well understood, or perhaps I should speak more correctly in saying, that the essays hitherto appearing in the Register, seem rather like arguments to establish some favorite theory, than an earnest solicitude to arrive at just conclusions.

It may not be amiss to take a view of the English mode of breeding and raising the blood-horse; the uses to which he is there applied, and the result of their practice, with its effect on the form and character of their horses.

In no country of which we have any authentic history has the blood-horse been so extensively bred, or the same expense and attention used to

rear a perfect animal or develope his powers—hence the great value of the English horses and their acknowledged superiority to all others on the continent of Europe.

It is known to all persons conversant with the history of the English racehorse, that those selected for the stud are the exclusive descendants of the Eastern horse—either Barbs, Turks or Arabians; but it is now as universally held by far the greatest portion of the English breeders that the union of those bloods, judiciously crossed, raised with great care and attention, has produced an animal greatly superior to any or all those Eastern horses, and that at this time no farther improvement can be expected from the importation of such horses.

Now, it is true, no Eastern horse has of late years succeeded as a stallion in England, but it is only fair to remark, that Arabian horses are few in number compared with the native stallions; that some of the most influential and wealthy breeders had valuable studs of their own, and were influenced to prevent the patronage of the Eastern horses—in this way they have had but few well bred mares, therefore little chance of distinguishing themselves, and I have no hesitation in believing, that if the Godolphin Arabian were now just landed in England, he would remain a teaser the balance of his days.

Of the breeding studs in England, that of his majesty, William the 4th, was deservedly considered first. There was in England, it is true, other studs as numerous, and some that had as fine mares in them, but not one had as many brood mares of the highest reputation, while the arrangements of paddocks and stables was upon the most approved plan; nothing could exceed the attention and care of Mr. Worly, who had the general superintendence of the Hampton Court breeding stud.

It was the custom of the king to order a sale of his yearlings every spring, in the month of May, and no trouble or expense was spared to promote their growth or condition up to that time, and for that purpose the mares were kept in paddocks abounding in the richest grass, and daily fed with the heaviest oats and sweetest hay that could be purchased, insuring health and condition to the mares, to promote the growth of the foals. If, however, under all these favorable circumstances a colt did not thrive and grow according to expectation, he was taught to eat, and the milk of a cow with oat meal stirred in it, allowed them—this promoted so greatly their growth and appearance, that at the annual sale they looked more like two than one year olds.

These colts, from their fashionable breeding and great promise, command high prices under the exciting influence of an auction sale; they were purchased by gentlemen of fortune, who have the utmost attention bestowed on them until the ensuing fall, when they are taken up for a light training—that is at 18 or 20 months old, then broken in and galloped so as to make a trial and ascertain their speed; the nominations for the great stakes taking place about the first of January, before the colts are two years old. The colts are then rested a few weeks, and those having spring engagements go regularly to work in February. Thus it may be said that the racehorse in England begins his labours at 18 or 20 months,

and rarely has what we term a regular rest and turn out until he is entirely withdrawn from the turf.

This system of breeding has had great influence on both the form and qualities of the English blood-horse—his size, or perhaps his height has been much increased, without any diminution of his blood-like appearance, but he has lost that full round carcase and compact form which belonged to the horses of the olden time—and if as they now believe have increased the speed, stride and capacity to carry weight for short single heat races, they have not increased their powers of endurance or enabled them to run long repeating races at short intervals.

In corroboration of the above opinion, the three best colts that came out in '36, is an evidence—these all did too much at three years old, and are now off the turf at four, when under proper and different treatment they would have scarcely reached their prime.

Bay Middleton, bred by Lord Jersey, was thought to be one of the best three year olds ever bred in the kingdom, he is a horse of great size, being upwards of 16 hands. At three years old he was entirely too fast for all the horses of his year at any and at high weights, but his owner had the prudence to run him only short races and single heats, he started eight times, always a winner, and his longest race one mile and a half; this horse left the turf the spring he was four, not in condition to make even a single race. I reserve for some future number an examination of the causes that could have ruined a horse at three years old who ran only short races and won them so easily.

Elis, the property of Lord Litchfield, is a horse of the same age, he ran second to Bay Middleton in several stakes, won the St Leger and was deemed the second horse of his year. Elis is a horse of good size, about fifteen hands and two inches high at three years old—he started eight times at three years old, won four times, and divided one stake with Mr. Waggs—he made one good race the spring he was four years old, and then failed in his foreleg, and was withdrawn from the turf. All his races were single heats, and those won by him were all under two miles, yet he was a colt, in the language of the turf, when he gave way.

Venison, Mr. Day's, by Partizan, a colt of the same age, a smaller horse than either, was not considered equal to either of the others, yet in my opinion had they run in this country he would have had, and deservedly too, a much higher reputation than either of them. He was out fourteen times, and a winner twelve, at all distances now run in England, some of them repeating races against all ages for the king's plates. He won all his repeating races, and those lost were won by Touchstone and Bay Middleton, two of the best horses in England, short distances, and when they were fresh compared with him, as he not only ran oftener than any of his rivals, but long repeating races at high weights. He ran a few races the spring he was four years old, when his legs entirely failed.

From all this, I conclude that the English mode of breeding and training has the effect of early developing the form and powers of the racehorse, but does not increase their durability as game—hence the small number of aged or over five years old horses now on the English turf. It may be well

in some future number to examine the probable effects of such a course of treatment on the improvement or injury to the form and value of the horse, and at the same time discuss the policy in a pecuniary point of view to the breeder, from the early maturity of his stock. A.

MEMOIR OF LURCHER.

This English stallion lately imported, was selected by Mr. A. J. Davie, while on a visit to England, as a horse that from his form, blood and racing qualities, was well calculated to get racing stock in the U. States. He is a bay horse with black legs, about fifteen hands and two inches high, six years old next spring, his general form is both correct and strong, and in all essential parts considered particularly good, in his back and loin he is truly fine, and his large back-bone shewed him master of any weight—his thighs broad and flat—his hocks wide and clean, sustained by a large ham-string, it is just such a hock as all game horses must have, his legs, good with large well defined sinews. Lurcher was imported as a fit cross for all the Archy stock, his fine eyes and strong back bone are the points in which that favourite blood has always been deemed deficient.

PEDIGREE.

Lurcher by Greyleg, dam Harpalice by Gohanna, her dam Amazon by Driver, Fractious by Mercury, her dam by Woodpecker, out of Everlasting by Eclipse, Hyena by Snap, Miss Bellsea by Regulus, her dam by Honeywood's Arabian, from a Byerly Turk mare, the dam of the two True Blues. This is not only one of the best pedigrees in the English stud book, but goes back to, and unites all the best Eastern blood which first gave celebrity and distinction to the racehorse of that kingdom—he is a direct descendant of the Byerly Turk, Godolphin Arabian, and the Darley, through their most distinguished progeny. He was bred by old Lord Egremont, and sold a foal to Mr. Mills, in whose name he first ran. It is needless to observe to any one conversant with the English turf, that as long as four mile repeating races were fashionable there, the stock of Lord Egremont were as famed for their success as their acknowledged high and pure pedigrees entitled their noble owner to expect. The performances of Lurcher shewed the family stoutness.

Goodwood, July, 1834. The Molecomb stakes, 50 sovs. each for two year olds, 21 subscribers.

Won by Mr. Wreford's Wasesti, 8st.

Mr. Mills' b. c. Lurcher, by Greyleg, 8st. 5lb. not placed.

New Market October meeting, 1834. £50 plate for two year olds, 8st. 4lbs. for colts, 8st. 2lbs. for fillies.

Mr. Yates' Castaway, by Cain.

Mr. Mills' b. c. Lurcher, by Greyleg, not placed.

New Market Houghton meeting, October 27, 1834. Sweepstakes 10 sovereigns each, for two year olds, colts 8st. 4lbs. fillies 8st. 2lbs.

Mr. Mills' b. c. Lurcher, by Greyleg,	1
Mr. Edwards' Chatterbox,	2
Five others not placed.	

Hampton and Mosely Hurst, June 25, 1835. For king's plate of 100 guineas, heats twice round and distance.

Mr. Edwards' Lurcher, by Greyleg, 3 yrs. old, 7st 5lb. 0	2	1	1
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Mr. Greville's Griselda, three years old, 7st. 5lb. .	2	1	2	2
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Nimble, Leander, Nashenden, Comet, Turfcutter and Glenlee, also started. The first and second heats won cleverly—the third won by a neck, and the fourth won easily.

Guilford, July, 1835. His Majesty's plate of 100 guineas, two mile heats.

Mr. Robertson's Olympic, by Reveller, 4 years old, .	2	1	1
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Mr. Hornsby's Lurcher, by Greyleg, 3 years old, .	1	2	dr.
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Clarence, Patapan and Bronze, also in the race.

Canterbury, 50 pounds, two mile heats.

Lord Stradbroke's Daniel, by St. Patrick, three years old, 4	1	1
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Mr. Hornsby's Lurcher, by Greyleg, three years old, .	1	2	2
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Rochester, September, 1835. Gold cup by subscription, and £50 added.

Mr. Hornsby's Lurcher, by Greyleg, three years old, .	1	1
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Mr. Goring's Pholus, four years old,	2	2
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Conservative, Nimble and Daniel, also in the race.

Hastings and St. Leonards, Sept. 1835. The town plate, 50 sovereigns, heats twice round and a distance.

Mr. Hornsby's Lurcher, by Greyleg, three years old, .	1	1
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Mr. Martyn's Pincher, 4 years old,	2	2
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Mr. Theobald's Stockwell Lass, four years old,	3	dr.
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Canterbury, August, 1836. Barnham Down purse £50, two mile heats.

Mr. Brown's Morpeth, by Acteon, five years old, .	2	2	1	1
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Mr. Roberts' Zerlina, four years old,	1	3	2	dr.
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Mr. Hodge's Lurcher, by Greyleg, four years old, .	3	1	dr.
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In this race, after winning the second heat, he complained in one leg, when Mr. Brown and Hodge agreed to divide the purse, and Lurcher was drawn.

It will be seen on reference to his performances, that he had speed enough at two years old to win a stake at New Market over the two year old course, with one hundred and sixteen pounds on him, no bad evidence of speed and stoutness—at three years old he was out five times, twice beaten, once by Olympic, and once by Daniel, both horses of fine game and high reputation—he beat Daniel afterwards, who had beaten Olympic, from which I infer they were nearly equal performers. Olympic is still on the turf, and was the best horse in England, with high weights, last spring, and long repeating races.

Lurcher was three times a winner, winning a king's plate at four heats, and a gold cup at two heats, and in all his races after two years old, he was first or second, always making a good race—in the character of his performances he resembles much both Citizen and Medley, and there is

every reason to believe his stock will distinguish themselves as stout game horses. It is understood he will stand on Roanoke, in the racehorse region. A.

LIST OF BLOOD STOCK—IMPORTED BY MR. ALLEN J. DAVIE,
OF HILLSBORO', N. C.

1. LURCHER, a bay horse, fifteen and a half hands high, five years old. He was got by Greyleg, dam Harpalice by Gohanna, Amazon by Driver, Fractious by Mercury, mare by Woodpecker, Everlasting by Eclipse, Hyena by Snap, Miss Bellsea by Regulus, Honeywood's Arabian, Byerly Turk mare, dam of the two True Blues.

Those conversant with the English stud book, will at once perceive his near connection to the late celebrated Tramp in England, and his close affinity to old imported Medley—he can have no higher recommendation.

2. PUZZLE, a brown bay horse, sixteen hands high, six years old. He was got by Reveller, his dam by Juniper, Trimbush by Teddy the Grinder, Princess by Sir Peter, Dungannon, Turf, Herod, Golden Grove by Blank Widrington mare. This horse is most fashionably bred, and has an unusual number of crosses from the Godolphin Arabian.

3. DORIS, ch. f. three years old, fifteen hands three inches high. She was got by the Colonel, dam Arethusa by Quiz, Persepolis by Alexander, sister to Tickle Toby by Alfred, Celia by Herod, Proserpine, sister to Eclipse by Marske, Spiletta by Regulus, Mother Western by Smith, son of Snake, Lord Darcy's Old Montague, Hautboy, Brimmer.

4. RINGLET, b. f. fifteen and a half hands high, three years old. She was got by the Colonel, dam Adeline by Soothsayer, Elizabeth by Orville, Penny Trumpet by Trumpator, Young Camilla, sister to Colibri by Woodpecker, Camilla by Trentham, Coquette by the Compton barb, sister to Regulus by the Godolphin Arabian, Grey Robinson by the Bald Gallo-way, Snake mare, Old Wilks by Old Hautboy.

5. LIKENESS, ch. f. fifteen and a half hands high, three years old. Got by Peter Lely, dam Worthless by Walton, Altisidora by Dick Andrews, Mandane by Pot8os, Young Camilla,—then her pedigree same as the preceding.

6. TULIP, ch. f. fifteen hands high, two years old. Got by St. Patrick, dam Manca by Merlin, Specie by Scud, Quail by Gohanna, Certhia by Woodpecker, Trentham, Cunnegond by Blank, Cullen Arabian, Patriot, Brother to Grantham, Pullein's Chestnut Arabian, Spanker.

7. HYACINTH, ch. f. one year old, fine size. Got by Barytes, dam Zafra by Partizan, Zaida, sister to Houghton Lass by Sir Peter, Alexina by King Fergus, Lardella by Young Marske, Cade, Beaupermont's dam by brother to Fearnought, Miss Windham by Windham, Belgrade Turk, Makeless, Brimmer.

These horses were selected by Mr. Davie, when in England, and purchased by a friend of his now there. No better bred nags have ever been

imported, and from the blood, form and age of the fillies, there is little question they would race successfully if trained here.

These fillies are now at Hillsboro', N. C. and may be bought at fair prices, and on a credit.

LURCHER will stand in Halifax, N. C. PUZZLE in Patrick, Virginia.

THE ANGLER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is said that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a seafaring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe; and I suspect that, in like manner, many of those worthy gentlemen, who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle rods in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of Izaak Walton. I recollect studying his 'Complete Angler' several years since, in company with a knot of friends in America, and moreover, that we were all completely bitten with the angling mania. It was early in the year, but as the weather was auspicious, and that the spring began to melt into the verge of summer, we took rod in hand, and sallied into the country, as stark mad as was ever Don Quixotte from reading books of chivalry.

One of our party had equalled the Don in the fullness of his equipments, being attired cap-a-pie for the enterprise. He wore a broad-skirted fustian coat, perplexed with half a hundred pockets; a pair of stout shoes, and leathern gaiters; a basket slung on one side for fish; a patent rod, a landing net, and a score of other inconveniences only to be found in the true angler's armory. Thus harnessed for the field, he was as great a matter of stare and wonderment among the country folk, who had never seen a regular angler, as was the steel clad hero of La Mancha among the goat-herds of the Sierra Morena.

Our first essay was along a mountain brook among the highlands of the Hudson—a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. It was one of those wild streams that lavish among our romantic solitudes, unheeded beauties, enough to fill the sketch book of a hunter of the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves, making small cascades over which the trees threw their broad balancing sprays, and long nameless weeds hung in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond-drops. Sometimes it would brawl and fret along a ravine in the matted shade of a forest, filling it with murmurs; and after this termagant career, would steal forth into open day with the most placid demure face imaginable; as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her house with uproar and ill humour, come dimpling out of doors, swimming, and curtesying and smiling upon all the world.

How smoothly would this vagrant brook glide at such times through some bosom of green meadow land, among all the mountains, where the

quiet was only interrupted by the occasional tinkling of a bell from the lazy cattle among the clover, or the sound of a wood-cutter's axe from the neighboring forest.

For my part, I was a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour before I had completely 'satisfied the sentiment,' and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of a fish; tangled my line in every tree, lost my bait, broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak, satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling.

My companions, however, were more persevering in their decision. I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or where merely fringed by shrubs of bushes. I see the bittern rising with hollow scream, as they break in upon his rarely invaded haunt; the kingfisher watching them suspiciously from his dry tree that overhangs the deep black mill-pond, in the gorge of the hills; the tortoise letting himself slip sideways from off the stone or log on which he is sunning himself; and the panic struck frog plumping in headlong as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around.

I recollect also, that after toiling and watching and creeping about for the greater part of a day, with scarcely any success, in spite of all our admirable apparatus, a lubberly country urchin came down from the hills, with a rod made from the branch of a tree, a few yards of twine, and, as heaven shall help me! I believe a crooked pin for a hook, baited with a vile earth worm—and in half an hour caught more fish than we had nibbles throughout the day.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

GENTLEMEN:

Taylorsville, Ky. Nov. 6, 1837.

We send you an exhibit of the rifle match that took place here some weeks since. We were anxious to have sent it sooner, but some of the boys here would not have it published until the match came off at Winchester. Our match was largely attended by spectators, but by only a few marksmen.

The shooting was splendid—nothing in the annals of marksmanship can beat it. The first day's match was not so very good; the wire edge had to be taken off on that day. Distance of the match 100 yards. The number of entries the first day were ten. Only three of the matches were good. Mr. Murray, of Spencer, the winner, made his match in 2 1-16 inches from centre. F. B. Matlin, of Spencer, in 2 3-16 from centre. Edward Swan, of Spencer, in 2 3-8 inches. The other matches varying 2½, 3½ and 4 inches.

A banter was made on Monday evening, by John Brown, Jr., and Mr. Riser, of Nelson, and Messrs. Talbot and Newland, of Louisville, to shoot 100 yards against four Spencer boys the next morning, for \$100 a side—

the two best matches to take the money. The match came off on Tuesday morning, and we defy the world to show such shooting as was made on that match. The two contending shots on each side were:—

William Polk and A. W. Calvert, of Spencer—John Rowan, Jr., of Nelson, and — Newland, of Louisville.

The Spencer boys won it; but, as the Dutchman said, 'by a d—d tight squeeze.' The matches came off as follows:—

W. Polk made his match in 2 inches from centre.

A. W. Calvert, " 2 3-8 "

John Rowan, Jr., " 1 7-16 "

— Newland, " 2 5-8 "

For the second day's match, 150 yards, there were eight entries. Owing to the \$100 match a side having been shot in the morning, this day's match was changed from the eight best in fifteen, to six best in eleven. Spencer again victorious.

FROM SPENCER.

Edward Swan, winner, made his match in 3 inches from centre.

E. B. Brown, of Nelson, " 4 7-8 "

A. W. Calvert, of Spencer, " 5 5-8 "

John Rowan, Jr., of Nelson, " 5 7-8 "

William Polk, of Spencer, " 6 3-4 "

— Talbot, of Louisville, " 8 1-8 "

— Newland, " 9 7-8 "

Matthis did not shoot out.

Third day, 200 yards, thirteen best in twenty-five—eleven entries—Spencer against the world!!!

SPENCER.

Edward Swan, winner, made his match in 6 13-16 from centre, 23 in circle, 9 in bull's eye.

A. W. Calvert made his in 8 1-16 from centre, 24 in circle, 8 in bull's eye. The farthest of the 24 shots were in 14 inches from centre.

NELSON.

E. B. Brown made his in 8 3-4 inches from centre, 23 in circle, 5 in bull's eye.

John Rowan, Jr., made his in 8 3-4 inches from centre, 24 in circle, 6 in bull's eye. The 25th shot out of the circle three quarters of an inch.

SPENCER.

Wm. Polk made his in 9 inches from centre, 24 in circle, 7 in bull's eye.

Connelly, Newland, Talbot and Swope, not measured. Matthis and Murray did not shoot, owing to the battery not being long enough to admit their targets. Thus you will perceive Johnny Bull has been beaten handsomely. We would have been pleased to have seen all the shots in one of the matches, but luck was otherwise. A SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. The circle mentioned in the 200 yards match, is three feet in diameter, and the bull's eye 11 inches in do. The judges names are Mark E. Huston, of Spencer county, Isaac Stone, of Nelson do., and Dr. J. F. Berkhead, of Spencer county, Ky.

[Louisville, Ky. Journal.]

AUTOCRAT'S GET.

Virginia, Dec. 1, 1837.

The first of Autocrat's get in Virginia, made her appearance on the Tappahannock Jockey Club course, in the two year old form, the 17th of October, 1837. There were seven entries of \$50 each, half forfeit, one mile out. Three fillies came to the pole, viz:

Mr. Tayloe's g. f. by Autocrat, dam Aurora by Arab,	1
James P. Corbin's b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Trafalgar,	2
Col. W. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles,	3
Time 1m. 57s.	

It was a beautiful race. The Goliah filly, having, run a good race at the Broad Rock meeting, (which race, some of the knowing ones said she would have won had not the stirrups broken,) was decidedly the favourite three to one. The Tonson filly, trained over the Mulberry course with Hampton, Irene, and others, by William Clarke, who called her 'fast,' had her friends. The Autocrat filly had been trained 'at home,' over a new course, and 'no one could tell what she would do.' She was the smallest of the lot, and some thought a sweat too high. A *green-horn* mounted her, and at the word 'go' he lost his senses, let his opponents get away, and at the end of the first quarter, they left him so far, 'the little gray's chance is gone' said her friends, but before they reached the half mile pole she made up the gap, and no one could tell in the third quarter which would win. At the last turn the gray took the lead, and the three came home at a killing pace—*Czarina* winning by two lengths. The Tonson filly second, and Goliah filly third.

I have very little doubt of each of these fillies throwing dust or mud in some faces next year. They belong to men of the *stamp* to run them again and again.

The owners of Autocrat may congratulate themselves on the success of his colts, Lady Derby's victories in the north, and *Czarina*'s in Virginia, (the only two of his get run in America,) are the strongest recommendations to be given a stallion.

Essex.

'This is to certify, that at the fall meeting of the Agricultural Society of Fredericksburg, in the year 1837, the Society's premium for the best brood mare, 'to be determined by her appearance, pedigree and colt or colts,' was awarded to William H. Tayloe's Aurora by Arab, dam by Sir Archy, grandam Old Agnes, by Bel Air.

And also the premium for 'the best colt or filly, thorough or full bred, not exceeding three years old the past spring,' was awarded to Howa, by Luzborough, dam Aurora.

Witness my hand and seal, the 11th Nov. 1837.

Signed,

R. B. SEMPLE, [L. S.]

Secretary and Treasurer.'

THE TURF.

A TREATISE ON THE CARE, TREATMENT, AND TRAINING OF THE ENGLISH RACEHORSE,

BY R. DARVILL, VETERINARY SURGEON, 7th HUSSARS.

(Continued from page 444, vol. 8.)

Among the conspicuous characters on the English turf of past and present days, it is hard to say who stands foremost, but we suppose we must give the *pas* to the Duke of Cumberland, great uncle to his present Majesty, as the breeder, and to Mr. O'Kelly, as the fortunate possessor of Eclipse, and other horses whose character and fame have never yet been eclipsed. It will also be remembered that the Duke bred *Marske* the sire of Eclipse; and *Herod*, who not only, like Eclipse, beat every horse that could be brought against him, at four, five, and six years old, but transmitted a more numerous and better stock to posterity than any other horse ever did before, or has ever done since—amongst others Highflyer. From the death of Charles the Second till the period of the Duke's coming upon the turf, racing had languished, perhaps from want of more support from the crown and the higher aristocracy, and his royal highness was the man to revive it.

'But,' as has been observed, 'this was not effected without an immensity of expense, and an incredible succession of losses to the sharks, Greeks, and blacklegs of that time, by whom his royal highness was surrounded, and, of course, incessantly pillaged. Having, however, in the greatness of his mind, the military maxim of 'persevere and conquer,' he was not deterred from the object of his pursuit, till, having just become possessed of the best stock, best blood, and most numerous stud in the kingdom, beating his opponents at all points, he suddenly 'passed that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' an irreparable loss to the turf, and universally lamented by the kingdom at large.'

One of the heaviest matches of former or of present days was run at Newmarket in 1764, between his royal highness's famous horse King Herod, as he was then called, and the late Duke of Grafton's Antinous, by Blank, over the Beacon course, for a thousand pounds a side, and won by Herod by half a neck. Upwards of a hundred thousand pounds were depending on this event, and the interest created by it was immense. His royal highness was likewise the founder of the Ascot race meeting, now allowed to be only second to Newmarket.

In point of judgment in racing, Mr. O'Kelly was undoubtedly the first man of his day; although, were he to appear at the present time, it is admitted that he would have a good deal to learn. For example, his suffering Eclipse to distance his horses for a bet would be considered the act of a novice. As a breeder, however, he became unequalled; and from the blood of his Volunteer and Dungannon, in particular, the turf derived signal advantage. Both were got by Eclipse, who was the sire of no less than one hundred and sixty winners, many of them the best racers of their day, such as Alexander and Meteor—the latter pre-eminent—Pot8o's, Soldier, Saltram, Mercury, Young Eclipse, &c. In 1793, Mr. O'Kelly advertised no less than forty-six in foal mares for sale, chiefly by

Volunteer and Dungannon, Eclipse being then dead, which fetched great prices, and were particularly sought after by his late majesty, then deeply engaged on the turf. It is confidently asserted, that O'Kelly cleared £10,000 by the dam of Soldier, from her produce by Eclipse and Dungannon; and his other mares, of which he had often fifty and upwards in his possession, were the source of immense gain.

As a breeder coeval with the royal Duke and O'Kelly, the late Earl Grosvenor stands conspicuous. Indeed, we believe his lordship's stud for many years of his life was unrivalled in Europe; but such are the expenses of a large breeding establishment, that, although he was known to have won £200,000 on the race-course, the balance was said to be against him at the last! Earl Grosvenor, however, was a great ornament to the English turf; he ran his horses honestly and truly, and supported the country races largely. His three famous stud horses were John Bull, Alexander, and Meteor, the two latter by Eclipse, and the two former perhaps the largest and noblest thoroughbred horses ever seen in England, and the sires of many good ones; but his two best racers were Meteora and Violante; the latter the best four-miler of her day. The earl was the first patron of Stubbs, the horse painter, whose pencil may be said to have founded a new branch of the art in this country, on which the painters of the present day have improved, adhering more closely to nature than their exemplar. The late Duke of Bedford was likewise a great patron of the turf previously to his taking to farming, and had more than thirty horses in training at one time. Among these was Grey Diomed, remarkable for his races with Escape and Traveller, at Newmarket; also Sky-scraper, Fidget, and Dragon. His grace was a great loser, and probably retired in disgust. Charles Fox was also deep in the mysteries of the turf, and a very heavy bettor. The father of the present Prince (the trainer) trained for him, and South and Chifney were his jockeys; but the distemper in his stables ruined his stud. These were also the days of the then dukes of Kingston, Cleveland, Ancaster, Bridgewater, and Northumberland; lords Rockingham, Bolingbroke, Chedworth, Barrymore, Ossory, Abingdon, and Foley; Messrs. Shafto, Wentworth, Panton, Smith Barry, Ralph Dutton, Wildman, Meynell, and Bullock, and others, who were running their thousand-guinea matches, and five hundred-guinea sweepstakes, most of them over the Beacon course, and with the finest horses perhaps the world ever saw; and also, considering the difference in the value of money, for nearly as large stakes as those of present times, a few only excepted.

Another of the noted turf characters of those days was the honourable Richard Vernon, commonly called Dick Vernon, owner of the famous horse Woodpecker, with whom he won the Craven stakes no less than three times. He was an excellent judge of racing, backed his horse freely, and was the best bettor of his day, as may be inferred from the following page of Holcroft's Memoirs:—

‘In addition to matches, plates, and other modes of adventure, that of a *sweepstakes* had come into vogue; and the opportunity it gave to deep calculators to secure themselves from loss by *hedging* their bets, greatly

multiplied the bettors, and gave uncommon animation to the sweepstakes mode. In one of these captain Vernon had entered a colt, and as the prize to be obtained was great, the whole stable was on the alert. It was prophesied that the race would be a severe one; for, although the horses had none of them run before, they were all of the highest breed; that is, their sires and dams were in the first lists of fame. As was foreseen, the contest was indeed a severe one, for it could not be decided—it *was a dead heat*; but our colt was by no means among the first. Yet so adroit was captain Vernon in hedging his bets, that if one of the two colts that made it a dead heat had beaten, our master would on that occasion, have won ten thousand pounds: as it was, he lost nothing, nor would in any case have lost anything. In the language of the turf, *he stood ten thousand pounds to nothing!* A fact so extraordinary to ignorance, and so splendid to poverty,' continues Holcroft, 'could not pass through a mind like mine without making a strong impression, which the tales told by the boys of the sudden rise of gamblers, their empty pockets at night, and their hats full of guineas in the morning, only tended to increase.'

And in truth it was not without its effect, for poor Holcroft began betting next morning, and before the week ended, half of his year's wages were gone! Another staunch hero of the turf was the late earl of Clermont, the breeder of Trumpator, from whom were descended all the *ators* of after days, viz: Paynator, Venator, Spoliator, Drumator, Ploughator, Amator, Pacificator, &c.; besides which, he was the sire of Sorcerer, Penelope, Tuneful, Chippenham, Orange-flower, his late majesty's famous gelding Rebel, and several other first-rates. Lord C. also was a great contributor to the turf by bringing with him from Ireland the famous jockey, Dennis Fitzpatrick, son of one of his tenants. We have his lordship, indeed, before us this moment, on his pony on the heath, and his string of long-tailed racehorses, reminding us of very early days.

The late Sir Charles Bunbury's ardour for the turf was conspicuous to his last hour. He was the only man that ever won the Derby and Oaks with the same horse, and he was the breeder of many of the first racers of his time—Smolensko among them. Sir Charles was likewise very instrumental in doing away with the four-mile races at Newmarket, and substituting shorter ones in their stead. Some imputed this to the worthy baronet's humanity, whilst others, more correctly, we believe, were of opinion that short races better suited his favourite blood. The Whiskeys and Sorcerers, for example, are more celebrated for speed than for stoutness, although, where the produce from them has been crossed with some of our stout blood, (for instance, Truffle and Bourbon,) they have been found to run on. On the whole, Sir Charles, latterly, with the exception of Muley, had got into a soft sort. He was also a bad keeper of his young stock, and would not be beaten out of his old prejudices in favour of grass and paddocks. Had some persons we could name been possessed of his stud—imperfect, perhaps, as it might have been as far as the real object of breeding horses is at stake—they would have won every thing before them at the present distances and weights. His much talked of *and justly celebrated* Smolensko died rather early in life, and his stock,

with a few exceptions, did not realize the hopes and expectations of the sporting world.

The name and exploits of the late duke of Queensbury ('Old Q.') will never be forgotten by the sporting world, for whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English turf. His horse Dash, by Florizel, bred by Mr. Vernon, beat Sir Peter Teazle *over the six mile course at Newmarket*, for one thousand guineas, having refused five hundred forfeit;* also his late majesty's Don Quixotte, the same distance, and for the same sum; and during the year (1789,) he won two other thousand guinea matches, the last against lord Barrymore's Highlander, eight stone seven pounds each, *three times round 'the round course,'* or very nearly twelve miles! His carriage match, nineteen miles in one hour, with the same horses, and those four of the highest bred ones of the day, was undoubtedly a great undertaking, nor do we believe it has ever been exceeded. His singular bet of conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, was a trait of *genius* in its line. The MS. being inclosed in a cricket ball, and handed from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, was delivered safe *within the time*. The duke's stud was not so numerous as some of those of his contemporaries on the turf, but he prided himself on the excellence of it. His principal rider was the famous Dick Goodison, father of the present jockey, in whose judgment he had much reliance. But, in the language of the turf, his grace was 'wide awake,' and at times would rely on no one. Having, on one occasion, reason to know—the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it—that a large sum of money was offered his man if he would lose—'take it,' said the duke, 'I will bear you harmless.' When the horse came to the post, his grace coolly observed; 'This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself,' when, throwing open his great coat, he was found to be in racing attire, and mounting, won without a struggle.

The name of Wilson commands great respect on the turf, there being no less than three equally conspicuous and equally honourable sportsmen thus yclept. Mr. Christopher Wilson, now the father of the turf, and perpetual steward of Newmarket, resides at Beilby Grange, near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, where he has a small, but very fashionably bred stud, and is now the owner of Chateau Margaux and Comus. He is the only man who claims the honor of winning the Derby and St. Leger stakes the same year, *with the same horse*, which he did with Champion, by Pot8o's, ridden in each race by Francis Buckle.† The turf is highly indebted to this gentleman, not only for his paternal care of its general interests and welfare, but for having, by his amiable and conciliatory manners and conduct, united the sportsmen of the north and south, and divested their matches and engagements of some disagreeable features which had previously been too prominent. Mr. R. Wilson resides at Bildeston, in Suffolk; is one of the largest breeders of racing stock, of

* Dash carried 6 stone 7 pounds; Sir Peter 9 stone.

† It is remarkable that both Champion and Hambletonian had a lig-down.

which he has an annual sale; and lord Berners, late colonel Wilson, of Didlington, near Brandon, Suffolk, has likewise some capital mares, and bred Sir Mark Wood's Camarine, the best mare of the present day. His lordship was the owner of her sire, Juniper, now dead, and at present has the stud-horse Lamplighter.

The star of the race course of modern times was the late colonel Mellish, certainly the cleverest man of his day, as regards the science and practice of the turf. No one could match (*i. e.* make matches) with him, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in a race. But, indeed, '*nihil erat quod non tetigit; nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*' He beat lord Frederick Bentinck in a foot race over Newmarket heath. He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman. But—as his friends said of him—not content with being the *second best* man of his day, he would be the *first*, which was fatal to his fortune and his fame. It, however, delighted us to see him in public, in the meridian of his almost unequalled popularity, and the impression he made upon us remains. We remember even the style of his dress, peculiar for its lightness of hue—his neat white hat, white trowsers, white silk stockings, aye, and we may add, his white, but handsome face. There was nothing black about him but his hair, and his mustachios which he wore by virtue of his commission, and which to *him* were an ornament. The like of his style of coming on the race course at Newmarket was never witnessed there before him, nor since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful *white* horses, with two out-riders on matches to them, ridden in harness bridles. In his rear was a saddle-horse groom, leading a thoroughbred hack, and at the rubbing post on the heath was another groom—all in crimson liveries—waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment. We remember him with thirty-eight racehorses in training; seventeen coach-horses, twelve hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks! But the worst is yet to come. By his racing speculations he was a gainer, his judgment pulling him through; but when we had heard that he would play to the extent of £40,000 at a sitting—yes, *he once staked that sum on a throw*—we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe passed into other hands; and that the once accomplished owner of it became the tenant of a premature grave. 'The bowl of pleasure,' said Johnson, 'is poisoned by reflection on the cost,' and here it was drunk to the dregs. Colonel Mellish ended his days, not in poverty, for he acquired a competency with his lady, but in a small house within sight of the mansion that had been the pride of his ancestors and himself. As, however, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, Colonel Mellish is not without consolation. He never wronged any one but himself, and, as an owner of racehorses, and a bettor, his character was without spot.

Among other leading sportsmen of the turf, now no more, were the late duke of Grafton, and Douglas, duke of Hamilton. The duke of Grafton was a keen sportsman, and an excellent judge of racing, and his horses

having been well and honestly ridden by South, he was among the few great winners amongst great men. It is somewhat singular that the success of the Grafton stud may be traced to one mare, and therefore the history of her is worth relating. In 1756, Julia, by Blank, was bred by Mr. Panton, of great Newmarket fame—her pedigree running back not only to Bay Bolton, Darley's Arabian, and the Beyerly Turk, but, beyond Lord Protector's White Turk, generally the *ne plus ultra* of pedigrees, to the Taffolet Barb, and the Natural Barb mare;—and at seven years old was put into the duke's stud, and produced Promise, by Snap. Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names (after the manner of fox-hounds) all begin with the letter P., the first letter of the mare's name, and she is said to have realized to the Grafton family little short of £100,000. In fact, all breeders of racehorses try for a stain of the justly celebrated Prunella. The all-graceful Hamilton (often called 'Zeluco') was equally conspicuous in the north, and celebrated for stout blood. He won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalleled on the turf, and ran first for it the eighth, but the stakes were given to lord Fitzwilliam, his grace's rider having jostled.

Coming nearer our own times, Sir Harry Vane 'Tempest and Mr. Robert Heathcote made great appearances with their studs, as well as the heavy engagements they entered into; and such horses as Schedoni, the property of the latter, and Hambletonian, Rolla, and Cockfighter, of the former, are very seldom produced. Vivaldi, by Woodpecker, also the property of Mr. Heathcote, was the sire of more good hunters than almost any other in England, and the very mention of their being 'by Vivaldi,' sold them. Hambletonian was one of the meteors of the day. Sir Frank Standish, and his yellow mare—the breeder of Stamford, Eagle, Didelot, Parisot, and Archduke, all Derby and Oaks winners, except Stamford, one of the best of our stud horses—must not be passed unnoticed, not only as a sportsman, but as the true stamp of an English country gentleman. Sir Ferdinand Poole also cut a great figure on the turf with his Waxy, Worthy, Wowski, &c.; and could some of our present breeders of racehorses have now before their eyes *Maria*, by Herod, out of Lisette by Snap, and *Macaria*, by Herod, out of Titania by Shakspeare, the one the dam of Waxy, and the other of Mealy, we have reason to believe they would turn away from many of their own mares in disgust. His contemporary, Mr. Howorth, was likewise strong in horses, and an excellent judge of making a book on a race. But Mr. Bullock, generally known as 'Tom Bullock,' was, we believe, more awake than any of them, and was often heard to declare, that he should wish for nothing more in this world than *to be taken for a fool at Newmarket*.

We find the prince of Wales (George IV.) in 1788, when only in his twenty-sixth year, a winner of the Derby. In 1789, he accompanied the duke of York to York races, where he purchased his famous horse Traveller, by Highflyer, which ran the grand match against the late duke of Bedford's Grey Diomed, on which it is supposed there was more money depending than was ever before known, or has ever been heard of since.

But it was in the years 1790 and 1791, that his late majesty's stud was so conspicuous—the days of Baronet and Escape, the former notorious for winning the Ascot Oatlands, beating eighteen picked horses of England, with twenty to one against him; and the latter, for his various races against Grey Diomed, which caused his royal owner's retirement from Newmarket. This is now an old story; and though we should be among the first to say—

‘Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue
That dares not e'en to kings avow the truth.’

yet we think the jockey club dealt rather hardly by the young prince, and he was quite right in refusing their invitation to return. We wish for proof before we condemn; and we think proof was wanting here. Where were the orders to the jockey to lose, and where was the money won by losing?—We can hear of neither. But if the change in a horse's running (accounted for by the late Samuel Chifney, by the treatment of Escape) is of itself enough to damage the character of his owner, what would have become of that of his royal highness's principal accuser, the late Sir Charles Bunbury? Look at the running of his Eleanor: it was well known she was winner of both Derby and Oaks—the best mare of her day. Well! at Huntingdon she was beaten by a common plater, a mare called Two Shoes, *ten to one on Eleanor*. The next week, at Egham, she beat a first rate racehorse, Bobadil, and several others, *ten to one on Bobadil*. In both these cases money was lost, and the question that follows is,—who won it? But Sir Charles too is in his grave, and therefore we say,—*requiescat in pace.*

After quitting Newmarket, his late majesty was a great supporter of country races, sending such horses as Knowsley, by Sir Peter, and others nearly as good, to run heats for plates; and he particularly patronized the meetings of Brighton and Lewes, which acquired high repute. But Bibury was his favourite race ground; where, divesting himself of the shackles of state, he appeared as a private gentleman, for several years in succession, an inmate of lord Sherborne's family, and with the duke of Dorset, then lord Sackville, for his jockey. During the last ten years of his majesty's life, racing appeared to interest him more than it had ever done before; and by the encouragement he then gave to Ascot and Goodwood, he contributed towards making them the most fashionable, and by far the most agreeable meetings—we believe we may say—in the world. Perhaps the day on which his three favourite horses came in first, second, and third, for the cup at the latter place, was one of the proudest of his life.

The stud of George the Fourth, however, was not altogether so successful as it ought to have been from the great expense bestowed upon it, and the large prices given for racehorses bred by other sportsmen. Amongst those of his own breeding, perhaps Whiskey, Manfred, and his favourite mare Maria, were the best. The latter was a great winner—yet made small amends for persevering in breeding from her sire. The Colonel and Fleur de Lis were also great winners—the latter decidedly the best mare of her year, either in the north or in the south, and her

symmetry not to be excelled. The two last were purchased at very high prices, and now form part of the royal stud, as also does Maria. The history of this mare is worth notice. When from prudential motives, the royal stud at Hampton Court was broken up, Waterloo and Belvoirina were the only two kept, and their produce was the said Maria. Miss Wasp, the dam of Vespa, late winner of the Oaks, was likewise bred by George IV.

In his majesty's long career on the turf, he of course had several trainers and as many jockeys. Among the latter were the late celebrated Samuel Chifney, and South, who rode his horses at Newmarket, and afterwards, Richard Goodison and Robinson. Latterly, however, he imported one from the north, the well known George Nelson, who gave him unbounded satisfaction. His trainers were Neale and Casborne, in former days; but latterly, William Edwards, of Newmarket, who enjoys a pension for life, and the use of the royal stables. The last time George the Fourth was at Ascot was in 1829, but he lived to hear of the next year's meeting. He was on the bed of death; and so strong was the 'ruling passion' in this awful hour—and his majesty was well aware his hour was come—that an express was sent to him *after every race*.

The late duke of York was equally devoted to the turf; and, in 1816, we find his royal highness a winner of the Derby, with Prince Leopold, and, in 1822, with Moses; the former bred by lord Durham, the latter by himself. His racing career may be said to have commenced at Ascot, where he established the Oatland stakes, which at one period were more than equal in value to the Derby, being a hundred guinea subscription. Indeed we have reason to believe, that when they were won by his late majesty's Baronet—beating eighteen of the picked horses in England, his own Escape amongst the lot—there was more money depending than had ever been before, excepting on two occasions. His majesty won 17,000*l.* by the race, and would have won still more had Escape been the winner. We wish we could add to this trifling sketch a long list of his royal highness's winnings; but the duke of York was on the turf what the duke of York was every where else—good humored, unsuspecting, and confiding; qualifications, however creditable to human nature, ill fitted for a race-course. It is therefore scarcely necessary to say, that his royal highness was no winner by his horses, nor indeed by anything else; and we much fear that his heavy speculations on the turf were among the chief causes of those pecuniary embarrassments which disturbed the latter years of one against whose high and chivalrous feelings of honour and integrity no human creature that knew anything of him ever breathed a whisper. In 1825, we find the duke with sixteen horses to his name; and, with the exception of two, *a most sorry lot*; but previously to that period he had incurred severe loss by persevering in breeding from Aladdin and Giles. The stud usually ran in Mr. Greville's name; were trained by Butler, of Newmarket, now deceased; and chiefly ridden by Goodison, who did the best he could for them.

(To be continued.)

LADY CLIFDEN'S GREAT RACE.

[We copy the subjoined report of Lady Clifden's great race at the Union Course, Long Island, (New York,) from the Spirit of the Times. It seems scarcely necessary for us to express an opinion upon this race. That it was, under all circumstances, the best race ever ran in America, by great odds, we believe remains unquestioned.]

The great four mile race over the Union Course, on Friday, Nov. 3d, is still the theme of conversation in every circle. The annals of the American turf furnish no parallel to it. Every attentive observer of the course of events in the sporting world naturally looks forward to an annual revolution on the turf, no horse having been able to maintain his supremacy over a single year. Post Boy gave way to Bascombe, to be succeeded by Mingo, and he in turn makes way for others. Next fall we shall not be surprised to see new favourites covered with laurels won in desperate conflicts with those of the present season. There is more ground for such anticipations—improbable as they may seem—than that a three year old colt, unheard of when the campaign commenced, should have come into the field, and after winning eighteen thousand dollars in stakes alone, crowned a series of victories by defeating the 'champion of the turf,' in 7:44—or that four horses would be brought together who could run two successive heats in that unparalleled time.

The improvement in the stock of horses of the present day over that of previous years is conceded on all hands; and this improvement has been effected mainly by the increased practical knowledge of the science of breeding and training. The race in question is a striking illustration of this fact. From 1823, when Eclipse won a second four mile heat in 7:49, no parallel time was made even in a first heat, until Trifle, over the same course, ten years afterwards, beat Alice Grey and Black Maria; and it was not until the fall of 1834, that the same phenomenon won a second heat at Baltimore, in 7:49, beating Shark, Charles Kemble, and Robin Hood, with 115lbs. on her back. Mingo's third heat, in 7:47, carrying 121lbs., is a much more astonishing performance. Within two years the speed of horses, as evidenced by their public running, has increased as to throw even Trifle in the shade. Mary Blunt's third heat with Mingo quite eclipses her most brilliant performance. Trifle's best time in a first heat, be it remembered, was also 7:49. Last year Bascombe run it, with 102lbs. up, in 7:44—Miss Medley, two heats, under 7:47, carrying 107lbs. Birmingham has run the distance this season, in 7:48, with 110lbs. up, and was subsequently beaten by Miss Medley, in 7:47.

Splendid as these achievements were, they bear no comparison with that of November 3d. Even the lustre of the bright coronet so gallantly won by Eclipse (in 7:37—7:49—8:24) is dimmed by the performance of this field. That a three year old colt and a crippled horse should have run well up each heat in 7:44—7:43½—7:56½, is more surprising than

Lady Clifden's victory. Never was a race more palpably won out of the fire; Col. Johnson had the management of the winner throughout the race, and never was his profound judgment, experience and surpassing tact so signally displayed. The slightest deviation from his orders by Gil. Patrick, (a northern jockey) would have given the race to Fanny Wyatt, who ran for, and was second, each heat. That Fanny Wyatt could have beaten her single handed is most generally believed; indeed she *had* done so a fortnight previous at Baltimore. It is 'glory enough' for Lady Clifden to have won under any circumstances, and we should be the last to cast a shade over the bright laurels she so gallantly earned in winning the best race ever run in America. The chances were so nicely balanced that good management was to decide the race, as it did. Col. Wynn's black boy, George, was unable to give Picton any support, and he led the first heat from end to end. Had George been strong enough to have placed his horse, and with a steady, bracing pull, have trailed the field until the last half mile, he could have won the heat, for Picton clearly enough had the foot of them all. His chance of winning the second would, of course, have been increased fifty per cent. As it was, had Mingo been so disposed, Picton could probably have won the race in two straight heats, for it is clear that Mingo's killing brushes in the three first miles of the second, 'broke the heart' of the invincible colt. Had Fanny Wyatt never made a stroke for the first heat she might have won the second; to say that she might have won the race is another matter; if we entertained such an opinion, it would be improper for us to express it. Mingo was amiss when he came upon the track, and should not have been started. The difference in his coat and form was most marked from what they appeared when he stripped at the first fall meeting. He met with an accident at Camden the previous week (in his race, beating Lady Clifden and Atalanta,) and before two miles of the first heat were run, offers were current that he would be distanced. Before he started in the second, his owner expressed to us a fear that he would break down; the tendon of his near fore-leg was swollen nearly to the size of a man's thumb. Under these circumstances the unflinching game he showed in three killing heats, should rather confirm his reputation as the best son of Eclipse, than detract an iota from his proud and well-earned fame. It was his owner's intention to have employed his services next spring, to a limited degree, in the breeding stud, and bring him on the turf again next Fall. But he pulled up lame in the third heat, and will probably now repose on his laurels and enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*.

It was our intention to have written out our minutes of this race this week, not having had leisure to do so last Friday night. A friend of ours, however, who wields a graphic and ready pen has sent us the following spirited report—'his first appearance in the character.'

We should premise here that our correspondent was in the public, not the club stand, and therefore had no access to the horses, to give his own ideas of their condition either before or between the heats. In his communication he says nothing on the subject, confining himself to what occurred under his own eyes.

THE RACE.

J. C. Stevens' Fanny Wyatt, 4 years, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 101lbs.
Col. Wynn's Picton, 3 years, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 90lbs.
Col. Selden's Lady Clifden, 4 years by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 101lbs.
Gen. Irvine's Mingo, 6 years by Eclipse, dam by Thornton's Ratler, 121lbs.

In the above order they appeared at the post, and at the tap of the drum went off well together; before they made the turn, Picton separated himself from the crowd, took the track, and led the dance at a slapping pace along the back stretch, the others well up in a cluster, and under a strong pull. In this way they went along at a slashing rate for two miles and a half—no faltering—no dwelling—nothing abroad—but a steady, clean, business-like stroke every foot of the way. Here Lady Clifden fell back, resigning her present chance, with the well-founded hope that something would grow out of it. The others kept their tell-tale rate, going every yard like good ones, the colt gallantly leading. Immediately before entering on the fourth mile, Mingo, who was running second about a length behind, challenged the darkey who held the ribbons of the colt, who ever and anon had been showing the white of his peepers, as he glanced behind at his brother Sambo, expecting somewhere or other the dash would be made. On it came now—little Ebony wide awake, made a call upon his nag, and it was promptly answered; Mingo struggled hard for the lead around the turn, and along the back stretch for half a mile. The colt, however, was not to be headed, but kept his place in front, with something in hand, giving thereby a pretty strong hint to the best son of the northern champion, that he would have occasion now to call in play all the game and pace he inherited from his renowned sire, and that if he meant to win the victor's saddle, he would have work to do before it would be won. The beautiful Fanny, who had been waiting upon both, well up to profit by any mistake, finding it no go with Mingo—gallantly came forward, and as full of game as of beauty, passed Mingo, and made severe play with the footy colt around the north turn, and in the rally home to the distance stand, where finding the colt was not to be headed, she pulled up almost to a stand still, when Mingo passed, coming in 2d, Fanny 3d, and Lady Clifden dropping within the distance stand. Picton won the heat in 7:44.

Second heat.—After one or two attempts they went away, Picton leading at a whistling pace, the others well up, as in the first heat. It was silver dollars to Philadelphia shiplasters that Mingo would do his best in this heat to use up the young one, and from his well known qualities he was likely to succeed. In doing this, the chances were he would not retire from the onset as good as new. Had I then possessed a sweet voice with the owner of the beautiful Fanny, I would have said, 'If the colt answers the challenge of Mingo, drop back—wait upon all—struggle not for the heat—let Mingo and the Lady fight it out—Greek has met Greek, and only good generalship will win the day—patience has won more dollars than haste has coppers.' All the world were watching with eager eyes when Mingo would show his hand; they were not long

in suspense. On the rising ground on the back stretch he began in earnest, making a dash, and appearing for a moment as if he would pass. Little darkness had thought it early to cast the rays from his lamps on the sombre phiz of his ugly brother; he was taken by surprise; Mingo got his head and neck in front, so that the colt saddle lapped him. A severe struggle for the lead took place, but the unconquerable colt came in front. It was go along every inch; at the turn Mingo at him again—they made severe running down the straight side, Picton leading, Mingo second, Fanny and the Lady well up. Thus they entered on the second mile, keeping up a tell-tale stroke. On the rising ground, where Mingo had made his push on the first mile, he tried it again, and again it was no go. Along the back stretch, around the north turn, down the straight side—on they come, the colt keeping up his stride, and gallantly leading. Thus they entered the third mile, and continued to the rising ground, where Mingo had made his brush on the two preceding miles. This spot was watched with anxiety; it was hardly in the nature of things that a three year old colt could keep up such a pace, and live through such repeated and severe brushes. In the rally that again took place, Mingo's age and bottom told, and he at length obtained the lead. But he did not come scathless from the contest. There were two good ones well up, one of whom had kept up a steady, business-like stroke from the commencement of the race, not permitting herself to be worried or flurried by dashes or struggles, but maintained herself cool, and waiting in patience to answer when called upon. That call was now to be made. Mingo had shaken off the formidable colt, and it was Lady Clifden's play to cut out work for the conqueror. She accordingly took the matter in hand—made a push at Mingo—passed him on the turn after a severe struggle, and headed the field. Fanny, as game a nag as ever breathed, was in a beautiful position when this occurred, immediately under the eye of her owner, and ready to do as she was bid. Had she bided her time another tale might have been told; folks differ in opinion, and were it not so we would soon be in a mass. Fanny was ordered to go along and win the heat. She accordingly passed Picton and Mingo, and went up to the Lady; Mingo fell back, and left the fight to the damsels. It was now go along with these; down the straight side—around the south turn—up the back stretch, no faltering—going the whole—the Lady has it on the northern bend—they are coming down the quarter stretch home—both out—the Lady leading a length in the clear, and winning the heat in 7:43½, Picton third, Mingo fourth. In the last half mile of this heat the pace of the mares was so tremendous, that Picton, who was trailing, and Mingo, not doing more than he could help, had to mend their pace not to be shut out. The colt showed his indomitable game, and after being refreshed by his pull, in making strong running, and beating Mingo in to the distance stand.

Third heat.—They got off well together, Lady Clifden leading at a steady and strong pace, the others close up, and making ineffectual attempts to pass. The jewel of a colt—the worthy son of a worthy sire—made strong running, and had an older head topped his light weight,

even now his chance would not have been a desperate one. Mingo was a beaten horse in the second heat. Hope might whisper a flattering tale; but facts are stubborn things. Fanny had been running for both heats, and although the bravest among the brave, yet too much pudding will choke a dog. Lady Clifden had shown bottom and speed, and united to these she had been better managed than any nag in the field, and was most likely to receive the reward that usually awaits the two p's—not play and pay—but prudence and patience. The strife, however, would be between Fanny and her, and the colt's play was to take his pull—keep in steadily—wait upon the ladies, and in the rally home give them the go-by if he could. It was not in the book;—he was determined to keep by the side of them. In the first two miles he struggled for the lead, and Darkness appeared to partake of his presumption, for he rode wide, swerving considerably from the track, and too much abroad in his seat. In the middle of the back stretch on the third mile, Lady C. and Fanny increased the gap between them and the others, and it was evident that one of these was to win. 'Game and bottom,' was the cry. On they kept their killing pace—each doing her best. They entered their 4th mile, Lady C. about two lengths in front, and kept in this position around the course until they reached half down the quarter stretch on their way home. Here the persuaders to both were applied—steel and catgut were put in requisition; Fanny took them more kindly than the Lady. From the distance stand she gradually crept up, and on passing the winning post saddle-lapped her conqueror. Lady Clifden won this heat in 7:56½; Fanny 2d, Picton 3d, and Mingo 4th.

LADY CLIFDEN'S RACE AT HOBOKEN, BEACON COURSE, NOVEMBER 10, 1837.

[We copy from the Spirit of the Times, the following brief notice of Lady Clifden's race at the new course, opposite New York.]

Nine cheers for Lady Clifden!—Before our pen is dry from recording one victory, it is again required to register another. She beat Picton and Atalanta to-day in a style that confirms the most sanguine expectations of her friends. We have not leisure before this paper is put to press to give all the details of the race. Suffice it to say she won it in a style 'to fright the souls of fearful adversaries.' The track was not in good order, and the rain of the previous night rendered it still less adapted for making quick time. The number of spectators was immense. The following particulars are all we have time to give before the mails close.

Atalanta had the track, Lady Clifden second, and Picton the outside. They got off together, and for the first mile each appeared inclined rather to drive than lead. On the second mile George Nelson, to try the foot of Atalanta, challenged and passed; having satisfied himself in this, he took the Lady in hand, and Atalanta again took up her station in front, and led round the west end, down the straight side in front, and round the turn,

on to the back stretch of the third mile. Here Picton's jockey gave him a better place, pretty well up to the mares, and the pace began to improve. Lady Clifden went up on the outside at the same moment, and locking Atalanta, came first to the stand. George Nelson here got his orders 'to take the track and keep it,' which he did at once, Picton whose play was to decide the issue of the heat by a brush on the last quarter, lay too far back, so that when called upon he had an immense gap to make up. But he was ready, and no sooner was 'the office' given than he charged the Lady in gallant style, cutting down Atalanta in three strokes. As the two swung round upon the straight run home, he was up to the Lady's saddle girth, and she only beat him out by a scant half length. It would have been a closer thing, but the dense crowd at the draw gate formed a narrow lane through which the horses fairly 'run the gauntlet.' They were all frightened; the Lady faltered as she came through, while Picton lost his stride, and Atalanta halted; after knocking down half a dozen persons, she was stopped outside the distance flag.

Picton and the winner of the first heat only came up for the second. Picton handed the Lady along in front two or three lengths, until they came upon the straight run on the backside, where he challenged, and a smart rally took place. They came to the stand nearly nose and tail. About thirty feet from the stand, where the turn commences, there is a pretty sharp ascent, and here every time Lady Clifden shook him off, while he as invariably closed with her when they got into straight running. The same thing was attempted with no better success on the opposite turn. (By the bye, we should state here that George Nelson, who rode Lady Clifden the first heat, had given place to Gilbert Patrick, Atalanta's jockey. It is to be regretted that John Hartman was not put upon Picton; the fact would have affected the betting before the race, and indeed on Thursday night it was generally understood that John *was* to ride the colt. He was three pounds over weight, but brought himself within the standard over night by a process quite as novel as his description of it is laughable.) They came locked to the stand on the second mile, but the matured strength of the filly carried her up and over the hill in advance. There was still a run left in the unflinching Picton, and when they came on the backside (of the third mile) 'do or die' was the word. Down the stretch they went at a pace that kills—it was too good to last, but the game of the superb Luzborough was indomitable, and he kept up his terrible stroke quite to the turn, around it and up the straight run home. At the stand he was a head and neck clear of the Lady, and a cheer that made the welkin ring told of the enthusiasm which his splendid performance excited. A rise in the field intercepted a view of them as they swung round on the backside, but when they came in sight Lady Clifden was again in front. It was now evident that Picton's chance was out, but the gallant colt never gave back an inch. On the very last quarter he made a final and desperate dash at her, but Gil. Patrick was wide awake, and giving the filly a furious stab with the spurs, and a taste of the whip at every jump, brought her home a winner by five or six lengths.

Time, 8m. 9s.—8m. 4s.

NEW ORLEANS RACES.—These races commenced on the 5th December. We have not received a regular report, but gather from the papers the following results. The proprietor's purse \$500, on the first day, mile heats, was won by Dr. Rucker's Louisa Bascombe, by Star of the West, beating Col. Bingaman's Tishi Mingo, and Mr. Benner's filly, the Jewess, by Luzborough. Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 6s.

On the second day, Dec. 6, for the Jockey Club purse \$1,200, two mile heats, Col. Y. N. Oliver's Joe Kearney, beat Col. Bingaman's Charles Magic. Time, 3m. 53s.—4m. 4s.

On the third day Jockey Club purse \$1,600, \$400 added for the second best horse, three mile heats, was won by J. S. Garrison's Virginia Fairfield, in four heats, beating Col. Bingaman's Naked Truth, G. R. Denton's Susan Yandell, and W. R. Barrow's Fanny Bell. Time, 5m. 54s.—5m. 53s.—5m. 57s.—6m. 9s.

On the fourth day, Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. Angora, won the silver tea service, valued at \$1,000, beating Louisa Bascombe, J. S. Garrison's ch. h. by Minor, and Monmouth, by John Richards, two mile heats. Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 49s.

On the fifth day, four mile heats, purse \$3,000, was won by Col. Bingaman's Fanny Wright, beating Mr. Garrison's Glorvina, easily. Time, 7m. 51s.—8m. 6s.

MR. EDITOR :

Fancy Farm, near Lexington, Ky. Dec. 15, 1837.

I bespeak the name of Mary Cromwell, for a bay filly foaled the spring of 1836, by imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cook's whip. The name of Susan Tyler, for a bay filly foaled as above, and by Sarpedon, dam by old Cherokee—also, the name of Camden for a bay colt, foaled as above, by Sarpedon, dam by old Cherokee—also, the name of Miss Forest for a bay filly, foaled the spring of 1837, by Sarpedon, dam by Cook's Whip—also, the name of Champion for a gray colt, foaled the 9th of June, 1837, by Sarpedon, dam by old Pacolet—also, the name of Jane West for a bay filly, foaled the 22d May, 1837, by Sarpedon, dam by old Cherokee.

Col. A. Black bespeaks the name of Tophthorn, for his bay colt by imp. Merman, out of Sally Foot, for her pedigree, see A. T. R. page 240, January No. 1836.

MR. EDITOR:—A sportsman of much experience informs me, that there is not an instance on record of a *slut* going mad from any cause, and that he has known of several instances of their being bitten by dogs, but never knew, (even then) the disease to appear in the slut. If such is the fact, it should be universally known. S.

N. Y. Star, June 10, 1837.]

In our last number, vol. 8, page 550, in the article 'Scenes and things in the West,' two errors occurred, which we correct. 'Arra-raish,' the name given to Mr. Sublette by the Crow Indians, was translated 'Straight walking cane.' It should have been Straight walking *rain*: owing to the circumstance of his coming into one of their villages during a very violent, driving shower, in a direct line. The Indians give to every one a name, which has some meaning. They would say of his real name—'that name's a fool, it means nothing.'

RACING CALENDAR.

[The great number of reports of races, and our desire to record all of them compel us to omit all remarks not absolutely necessary to the record of performances.]

HAY MARKET (*Va.*) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, September 26, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, six subscribers, mile heats, entrance \$50, half forfeit.

A. Hickerson's b. f. by John Richards,	-	-	-	-	1	1
N. Loughborough's ch. c. by Rob Roy	-	-	-	-	3	2
Wm. B. Tyler's b. f. by John Richards,	-	-	-	-	2	3
Wm. Mershon's ch. c. by Rokeby,	-	-	-	-	4	4
J. Pritchard's ch. c. by John Richards,	-	-	-	-	dis.	
J. W. Williams' ch. c. by Mason's Ratler,	-	-	-	-	dis.	

Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 53s. First heat won by eighteen inches.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$400, four mile heats.

T. Doswell's gr. g. Dandy, six years old, by Medley,	-	-	-	-	5	1	1
J. P. White's b. h. Alp, six years old, by Rockingham, dam by Tom Tough,	-	-	-	-	0	0	2
J. B. Kendall's ch. c. Bloody Nathan, four years old, by Valentine, dam by Duroc,	-	-	-	-	1	2	3
R. B. Tyler's ch. h. Deposite, six years old, by Gohanna, dam by Contention,	-	-	-	-	0	0	4
G. H. Terrett's ch. f. Caroline, four years old, by Lonsdale, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	2	dr.	

Time, 8m. 31s.—8m. 26s —8m. 27s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$200, three mile heats.

J. P. White's ch. m. Canara, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar,	-	-	-	-	1	1	
S. L. Lewis' ch. m. Emily H. five years old, by Gohanna, dam by Trafalgar,	-	-	-	-	3	2	
T. Doswell's Sybrant, by Lafayette,	-	-	-	-	2	dr.	

Time, 6m. 10s.—6m. 16s.

Fourth day, Proprietor's purse \$150, two mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's gr. f. Molinera, four years old, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian,	-	-	-	-	1	1	
J. P. White's b. g. Switch, four years old, by Whip,	-	-	-	-	3	2	
J. Fewell's b. g. Hardbargain, four years old, by Carolinian,	-	-	-	-	0	3	
Fouk & Tyler's ch. c. four years old, by Adam's Marcellus, dam by Rasselas,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.	
A. Hickerson's b. g. Sybrant, by Lafayette,	-	-	-	-	0	dis.	
T. Doswell's b. m. Antiope, five years old, by Gohanna, dam by Mer-ryfield,	-	-	-	-	0	0	
W. Grigsby's b. h. Klepper, six years old, by Mason's Ratler,	-	-	-	-	0	0	

Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 53½s.

Fifth day, sweepstakes for three year olds, two mile heats, five subscribers, entrance \$100, half forfeit.

R. B. Tyler's ch. f. by John Richards, dam by Contention, walked over the course.

Track twenty-five yards over a mile. Weights, three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed three pounds.

HOPKINSVILLE (Ky.) RACES,

Commenced over this course on September 13, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes, two mile heats, entrance \$500, half forfeit, four entries two forfeits, two started.

A. V. Long's b. c. Hardy Crier, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon,	2	1
R. K. Tyler's ch. h. Miantonimoh, seven years old, by Timoleon, dam by imp. Speculator,	1	dis.
Time, 4m. 6s.—4m. 10s.		

John Cooper's gr. h. Lem Gustin, six years old, by Mercury, dam by Oscar, and Mr. Willis' b. c. Marlborough, four years old, by imp. Truffle, dam by Carolian, paid forfeit. Lem Gustin was complaining for several days in his fore-legs, and after a brush a few days previous to the race both legs failed, and he was turned out.

Second day, Jockey Club purse, \$200, two mile heats; entrance \$50.

G. B. Long's b. m. Mary Jane Davis, five years old, by Stockholder, dam by Arthur,	1	1
N. K. Leavell's b. h. Cave Johnson, five years old, by Stockholder, dam by Knowsley,	3	2
R. K. Tyler's (M. E. Byle's) ch. h. Islander, six years old, by American Eclipse, dam by Duroc,	5	3
Mr. Lyle's b. c. Snakeroot, four years old, by Pacific, dam by Oscar,	6	4
Wiley Taylor's ch. c. Kangaroo, three years old, by Uncas, dam by Orphan,	2	dis.
L. L. Leavell's ch. h. Mozart, five years old, by Rob Roy, dam by Arab Barb,	4	dis.
Time, 4m. 5s.—4m. 2s.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$100, mile heats, entrance \$30.

R. K. Tyler's ch. c. Red Fox, four years old, by Diomed, dam by Buzzard,	4	1	1
L. L. Leavell's ch. h. Joe Yates, five years old, by Childers, dam by Democrat,	2	2	2
W. C. Gray's b. m. Fanny Hill, six years old, by Oscar, dam by Archy,	1	3	3
A. V. Long's gr. f. Kate Cowan, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Rockingham,	3	4	4
Mr. Mann's bl. c. four years old, by Wrangler, dam by Jonah,	dis.		
Time, 1m. 55½s.—2m.—2m. 12s.			

Fourth day, Proprietor's purse, mile heats, three best in five.

E. L. M'Leans' b. c. Snakeroot, four years old, by Pacific, dam by Oscar,	3	1	1	1
W. C. Gray's bl. h. Cock Robin, five years old,	2	2	2	dis.
G. B. Long's b. c. John Granger, four years old, by Crusader, dam by Strap,	1	3	3	dr.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 58s.—2m.—2m. 6s.				

R. K. LATHAM, Sec'y.

PITTSBURG (Penn) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday October 3, 1837.

First day, post stakes for three year old colts and fillies, \$100 entrance—play or pay, two entered. T. M. Parker, and A. W. Small.

T. M. Parker's Margaret K. by Veto, dam Hyena, walked over.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$400, four mile heats.

Mr. A. W. Small's br. m. Corinna, five years old, by Trumpator, dam by Director, 107lbs.	1	1
Dr. C. Coryell's b. h. John Marshall, six years old, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Alfred, 118lbs.	2	2
Mr. G. Mosher's ch. h. Pyrrhus, five years old, by Adam Duroc, dam by Eclipse, 110lbs.	3	3
Time, 9m. 27s.—8m. 26s.		

Fifth day, the regular races closed on this day. The club, however, made up a purse for the next day, Saturday, open to any horses owned by the citizens of the District. The following entries were made.

P. E. Duncan's b. m. Lady Matilda, five years old, by Young Virginian, dam by Ajax, 111lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1
W. L. Yancey's ch. g. Kinderhook, five years old, by Cambridge Eclipse, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2
Moses Duncan's b. f. Madelaide, four years old, by Young Virginian, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	3
W. Blasingame's ch. g. Ben Skinner, five years old, 115lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 59½s.						W. L. YANCEY, Sec'ry.

TERRE-HAUTE (Ind.) RACES,

Commenced over the Central Course, Wednesday, October 11, 1837.

First day, mile heats, for colts and fillies, purse \$100.

Thomas Darling's br. c. Truxton, three years old, by Commodore Truxton, dam by Badger, 97lbs.—11lbs. overweight,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
D. Weisager's ro. f. Lady Harrison, three years old, by Sir William, dam by Democrat, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
N. F. Cunningham's b. c. Little John, by Sumpter, dam by Old Fly, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	3	3
M. M. Bayse's ch. c. Shakspeare, by Shakspeare, dam by Printer, 86lbs. bolt.	-	-	-	-	-		
Time, 1m. 59s.—1m. 57s. Track heavy.							

Second day, three mile heats, purse \$200.

N. F. Cunningham's b. f. Polly Hopkins, four years old, by Splendour, dam by Sumpter, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
James Shaw's b. h. Covington Buck, five years old, by Stockholder, dam by Citizen, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	dis.
John Galvin's b. m. Molly Long, five years old, by Saxe-Weimar, dam by Pirate, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	3	dis.
A. M. Boatright's ch. h. Just-in-Time, sire and dam unknown, paid forfeit.	-	-	-	-	-		
Time, 6m. 37s.—6m. 47s. Track heavy, owing to rains the preceding night.							

Third day, two mile heats, purse \$150.

John Galvin's (Messrs. Layman & Harrah's) ch. c. Red Hawk, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Printer, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
Col. J. G. Floyd's ch. m. Emma Snow, five years old, by Saxe-Weimar, dam by Maria, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	dr.
T. R. Hazell's b. h. Streamlet, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Post Boy, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-			dis.
Col. Huntington's b. h. Paul Clifford, five years old, by Bertrand, dam unknown, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-			dis.
M. M. Bayse's ch. h. Phosphorus, by Cherokee, dam by Sumpter, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	-			dis.
Time, 4m. 37s.—4m. 36s. Track heavy, but improving.								

Fourth day, purse \$100, three best in five, mile heats, made up by the club, in addition to the purses advertised.

Daniel Weisager's ro. f. Lady Harrison, by Sir William, dam by Democrat, carrying 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	1	1	1
T. H. Hazell's b. h. Cherokee, six years old, by Cherokee, dam unknown, 118lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	2	2
N. F. Cunningham's b. c. Little John, by Sumpter, dam by Old Fly, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	3	3	dr.	
Time, 2m. 3s.—2m. 6s.—2m. 10s.—2m. 15s. Track good.									

CYNTHIANA RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday October 11, 1837.

First day, purse \$60, for two year olds, mile heats.

David Clarkson's ch. f. Maria Frances, by Sir Perry,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Hutchinson's & Palmer's b. f. by Fugo,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Joseph Shawhan's gr. f. by Cherokee, (threw the rider,)	-	-	-	-	dis.	
Time, 2m. 6s.—2m. 2s.						

Three o'clock race, one mile out.

Charles T. Love's br. h. Tiger, by Printer,	-	-	-	-	-	1
James Cleaveland's bl. h. Cowdriver,	-	-	-	-	-	2
William Cummins' b. m. by imp. Trim, (threw the rider at the first turn,) dis.						
Time, 2m. 1s.						

Second day, purse \$181, three mile heats.

Robert Burbridge's ch. f. three years old, by Plato, dam by Whipster,	83lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	1
Wesley Hoggins' b. c. three years old, by Cherokee, dam Duchess of	Marborough, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	3	2
James E. Hutchinson's b. f. three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Dar-	naby's Diomed, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	3
J. W. M'Intosh's b. f. Ellen, four years old, by Trumpator, dam by	Virginia Whip, 97bs.	-	-	-	-	dis.	
Joseph Shawhan's ch. f. Polly Hopkins, four years old, by Cherokee,	dam by Pantaloon, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	dis.	
Time, 6m. 2s.—6m. 27s.							

Third day, purse \$150, two mile heats.

R. Burbridge's b. f. three years old, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 83lbs.	1	1
Stephen T. Drane's ch. f. three years old, by Arab, 83lbs.	4	2
Aquilla Palmer's gr. c. Hardheart, three years old, by Buck Elk, dam	by Quicksilver, 86lbs.	2 3
L. B. Desha's b. c. Pete Whetstone, three years old, by Bertrand, dam	by Sumpter, 86lbs.	3 dis.
James J. Clarkson's b. c. Red Douglass, three years old, by Roderick	Dhu, dam by Ganymede,	5 dr.
Joseph Shawhan's ch. f. four years old, by Cherokee, dam by Panta-	loon, 98lbs.	dis.
Time, 4m. 22s.—4m. 20s.		

Fourth day, purse \$175, three best in five, mile heats.

Reason Jordan's ch. f. three years old, by Mucklejohn, dam by	Printer, 83lbs.	1	1	1
James E. Hutchinson's b. f. Josephine, three years old, by Ber-	trand, dam by Darnaby's Diomed, 83lbs.	4	3	2
Joseph Shawhan's ch. c. Ben Sutton, four years old, by Cherokee,	dam by Comet, 100lbs.	2	2	3
Stephen T. Drane's ch. c. Silas Payne, three years old, by Ratler,	dam by Hamiltonian, 86lbs.	5	4	dis.
J. W. M'Intosh's b. h. Anvil, five years old, by imp. Contract, dam	by American Eclipse, 110lbs.	3	5	dis.
Samuel Ewalt's b. f. Highland Mary, three years old, by Cherokee,	dam by Virginia Whip, 83lbs.	-	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 53s.—2m.—1m. 57s.				

PENDLETON (S. C.) RACES,

Commenced October 12, 1837.

First day, three mile heats.

Mr. Duncan's ch. g. Don Pedro, six years old, by Young Virginian,	dam by Alonzo, 117lbs.	1	1
Mr. Maxwell's gr. f. Jocassee, three years old, by Redgauntlet, dam	Viola, by Gallatin, 12lbs. overweight,	2	dr.
Mr. Earp's b. c. Governor Hayne, four years old, by Redgauntlet,	dam by Americus, 6lbs. overweight,	dis.	
Mr. Osborn's ch. h. Union, six years old, by Arab, dam by Carolinian,	120lbs.	dis.	
Time, 6m. 40s.—Won easily.			

The gr. f. Jocassee, was not three years old, by from six weeks to two months, she had been so lame as to be thrown out of training for twenty days, and only taken up ten days before the race. She carried 12lbs. over her weight.

Second day, two mile heats.

Mr. Duncan's ch. g. Creeping Charley, five years old, by Sir Charles, 109lbs.	3	1	1
Mr. Maxwell's ch. g. Peter Stuyvesant, five years old, by Redgauntlet, 109lbs.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Earp's ch. m. Red Zela, five years old, by Redgauntlet, dam by Black Sultan, 109lbs.	2	dis.	
Mr. Osborn's b. c. Nameless, four years old, by Phenomenon, dam by Florizel, 102lbs.		dis.	

Time 4m. 10s.—4m. 9s.

Creeping Charley carried 9lbs. and Nameless, 6lbs. overweight.

Third day, mile heats.

Mr. Osborn's ch. g. Jump-up-Joe, aged, 123lbs.	1	1	
Mr. Maxwell's b. g. Honest Joe, four years old, by Redgauntlet, 87lbs.	dis.		
Mr. Duncan's br. f. four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Cedar, 99lbs.	dis.		
Mr. Earp's b. c. Governor Hayne, four years old, by Redgauntlet, dam by Americus, 102lbs.		dis.	

Time, 1m. 55s.—Honest Joe carried 12lbs. overweight.

The following gentlemen were elected officers of the club for the next year.

Col. THOMAS PINCKNEY, *President.*

Col. EDWARD HARLESTON, *Vice-President.*

Mr. JACOB WARLEY, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

CHILLICOTHE (Ohio) RACES.

The fall meeting of our association commenced on Tuesday 17th October, and continued four days; the course in fine order, until the last day, on that day the course was heavy, much rain having fell the night before, but the day was fine, and the course well attended throughout. Weights carried, two year olds, a feather; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; three pounds allowed to mares and geldings.

First day, mile heats, purse \$100, free only for colts three years old, foaled and raised in Ohio.

John G. Harley's br. f. Black Maria, by Wehawk,	2	1	1
John Davis' bl. g. Black Beggar, by Tariff, dam a Democrat mare,	3	3	2
Wm. Sargent's ch. g. Softheart, by Randolph,	1	2	dis.
John McNeil's ch. c. Hardheart, by Bott's Sir Charles, dam by Walnut,	4	4	dis.
James T. Eubank's b. c. Hickoryheart, by Roderick Dhu, dam by Whipster,	5	5	dis.
Armistead Doggett's b. c. Hard Case, by Marshall's Bertrand,	dis.		

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 59s.—2m. 3s.

Second day, three mile heats, purse \$100.

E. S. Revill's ch. f. Sally Red, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Sir Archy,	1	1	
John Row's b. c. Neosho, four years old, by Tariff, dam by Highlander,	2	2	
James T. Eubank's ch. f. Hetty Fowler, four years old, by Ratler, dam by Dare Devil,	3	dis.	
John G. Harley's b. m. Spark, six years old, by Southern Eclipse, dam by Gallatin,		dis.	

Time, 6m. 46s.—6m. 30s.

In this race by some mistake Spark came in with only 112lbs. and was declared distanced, though she came in first.

Third day, two mile heats, purse \$100.

E. S. Revill's b. c. Lorenzo, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Whip,	2	1	1
Harrison Waller's (Miner's) b. f. Jenny Dean, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by imp. Nosely,	1	2	2
John G. Harley's b. m. Spark, six years old, by Southern Eclipse, dam by Gallatin,	3	dis.	
James T. Eubank's ch. f. Hetty Fowler, four years old, by Ratler, dam by Dare Devil,		dis.	

Time, 4m. 2s.—4m. 3s.—4m. 12s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$250, three mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' ch. c. Bolas, four years old, by Lance, dam by Constitution, 100lbs. - - - - - 1 1

John M. Price's b. c. Landlord, four years old, by Lance, dam by Madison, 100lbs. - - - - - 2 2

Time, 6m. 7s.—6m. 15s.

Being very slow in consequence of Bolas courteously waiting on his brother Landlord within twenty paces of the stand, that he might get in his distance.

JAMES C. TATE, Sec'y.

MOUNT PLEASANT (Va.) FALL RACES,

Commenced Wednesday, October 18, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for two year old colts and fillies, one mile out, entrance \$50, p. p. six entries, two paid forfeit.

H. Smith's gr. f. by Stockholder, dam by Eagle, - - - - - 1

W. H. Boddy's ch. f. by Malcom, out of Saw's dam, - - - - - 2

R. Smith's b. f. by Leviathan, dam by Monsieur Tonson, - - - - - 3

G. W. Garrett's b. f. blood unknown, - - - - - dis.

Time, 1m. 58s.

Same day, sweepstakes race, mile heats, entrance \$100, p. p. three nags contended.

J. S. Willis' bl. f. four years old, by Industry, dam by Florizel, 97lbs. 1 1

Gen. S. Mitchell's gr. c. four years old, by Richard, dam by Carolinian, 100lbs. - - - - - 3 2

J. G. G. Garrett's b. f. three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Sir William, 83lbs. - - - - - 2 dis.

Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 58s.

Second day, three mile heats, purse \$520.

R. Smith's gr. h. Daniel O'Connell, five years old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by imp. Sir Henry, 110lbs. - - - - - 1 1

J. H. Bradfute's gr. h. O'Kelly, aged, by Eclipse, dam by Financier, 124lbs. - - - - - 2 2

H. Smith's ch. c. Logan, four years old, by Pacific, dam by Stockholder, 100lbs. - - - - - 3 3

Time, 5m. 58s.—5m. 55s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$250, two mile heats, two horses started.

Henry Smith's and Wm. M'Croory's ch. f. Narcissa Parish, three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle, 83lbs. - - - - - 1 1

Nimrod Porter's b. f. three years old, by Scroggins, dam by Oscar, 83lbs. 2 2

Time not reported.

Fourth day, purse \$490, mile heats, best three in five.

Henry Smith's ch. g. Ben Morgan, three years old, by Pacific, dam by Stockholder, 83lbs. - - - - - 4 1 2 2 1 1

J. H. Bradfute's ch. h. Compact, five years old, by Merlin, dam by Virginian, 110lbs. - - - - - 3 3 1 1 2 2

R. Smith's bl. f. three years old, by Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 83lbs. - - - - - 2 2 3 dis.

Wm. H. Boddie's b. f. three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Wonder, 83lbs. - - - - - 1 dis.

Time, 1m. 54s.—2m. 1s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 57s.—1m. 54s.

A sweepstakes was run over the same course on Thursday the 12th October, purse \$1,400, p. p. two mile heats, seven horses entered, four contended.

M'Croory & Smith's ch. f. Narcissa Parish, three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle, 83lbs. - - - - - 2 1 1

Evan Young's ch. f. Parokeit, three years old, by Leviathan, dam by Bagdad, 83lbs. - - - - - 3 4 2

Stokely Donaldson's b. c. Van Buren, three years old, by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, 83lbs. - - - - - 4 2 3

W. H. Boddie's b. f. three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Wonder, 83lbs. - - - - - 1 3 4

GREENVILLE (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, October 18, 1837, and continued four days.

The weights carried on this course are as follows:—for two year olds, a feather; for three year olds, 86lbs.; for four year olds, 100lbs.; for five year olds, 110lbs.; for six year olds, 118lbs.; for seven years or aged horses, 124lbs.; with an allowance of three pounds for mares and geldings.

First day, purse \$204, three mile heats, \$10 entrance. Distance 180 yards.

P. E. Duncan's ch. g. Don Pedro, six years old, by Young Virginian,									
dam by Alonzo, 2lbs. overweight,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
B. Dunham's b. g. Hard Times, four years old, by Redgauntlet,								2	dis.
Time, 6m. 13s.—6m. 23s.									

Second day, purse \$154, two mile heats, \$10 entrance. Distance 120 yards.

Samuel Earle's ch. g. Peter Stuyvesant, five years old, by Redgauntlet,	2	1
P. E. Duncan's ch. g. Creeping Charley, five years old, by Sir Charles,		
8lbs. overweight,	-	1 dis.
Time, 4m. 9s.—4m. 10s.		

The friends of Creeping Charley not being satisfied with the result of the race, two mile heats, for the Jockey Club purse, matched him to run against Peter Stuyvesant, two mile heats, on the Saturday week following, which race was decided in favour of Charley, in two heats.

Third day, mile heats, purse \$127, the gate and entrance money, \$10 entrance. Distance sixty yards.

B. Dunham's b. g. Hard Times, four years old, by Redgauntlet,	-	1	1
W. Blasingame's ch. m. Red Zela, five years old, by Redgauntlet, dam			
by Black Sultan, 6lbs. overweight,	-	2	2
P. E. Duncan's b. g. Prince Edward, five years old, by Young Vir-			
ginian, dam by Twig,	-	3	dr.
Time, 1m. 59s.—2m.			

Fourth day, a sweepstakes, with gate money for the day, mile heats, \$10 entrance, five entries. Distance sixty yards.

Mr. Earpe's ch. m. Red Zela, five years old, by Redgauntlet, dam by			
Black Sultan,	-	1	1
P. E. Duncan's b. f. Mary Wells, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by			
Cedar,	-	3	2
B. Dunham's ch. f. three years old, by Redgauntlet,	-	2	3
Col. M'Neely's gr. f. three years old, by Director, dam by Gallatin,			bolt.
Mr. Gaffney's b. f. four years old, by De Kalb,	-		dr.
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 59s.			

Our track is precisely a measured mile. It was in very fine order, and in fact, always is. Our purses have heretofore been small—but we hope, to be able to offer next year, purses to the amount of \$1,000; also, a splendid silver cup, to be called the citizens' cup, to be run for, two mile heats, on the day preceding the regular races.

W. L. YANCEY, Sec'ry.

CHUCKY BEND (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced over the Bean Station course, October 18, 1837, and continued four days. Track one mile and five feet.

Weights, for two year olds, 70lbs.; for three year olds, 86lbs.; for four year olds, 100lbs.; for five year olds, 110lbs.; for six year olds, 118lbs.; for seven years and upwards, 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings.

First day, for two year olds, one mile out, sub. \$125, entrance \$25.

Col. S. Bunch's ch. c. by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	-	1
Daniel Carmicle's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Virginian,	-	2
George Rutledge's ch. f. Maria Carter, by imp. Leviathan, dam by		
Bagdad. (lame before starting,)	-	3
Mr. Guthrie's ch. f. (cold blooded,)	-	dis.
Time, 2m. 1s.		

This was a close contested race between the Colonel's chestnut colt, and the bay filly. Track very deep and heavy.

Second day, mile heats, sub. \$175, entrance \$50.

John M'Ghee's ch. c. Zebedee, four years old, by imp. Leviathan,			
dam by Joe Kent,	-	-	1 1
George Rutledge's b. h. Wake Robbin, five years old, by Elliott's			
Jerry, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	2 2

Time, 1m. 57s.—2m. 2s. Track still heavy.

No contest in this race, Zebedee winning both heats in hand.

It is due to say that Wake Robbin, covered upwards of ninety mares last year, and was but in short training.

Third day, two mile heats, sub. \$225, entrance \$100.

James Scruggs' ch. f. Lavina Rudd, four years old, by imp. Leviathan,			
dam Betsey Epps, by Timoleon,	-	-	1 1
Major Wm. Ainsworth's ch. h. Traveller, six years old, by Arab, dam			
by Conqueror,	-	-	2 dis.

Time, 4m. 4s.—Track still deep.

No contest in this race, Lavina Rudd, winning the first heat with much to spare. By a rule of this club, all drawn horses are considered distanced, but in this case, it is ordered to say, that Traveller was badly cramped and unable to start the second heat.

Fourth day, three best in five, \$75, entrance \$25.

By a premature order of the club, changing the handicap qualities of this race, the purse was reduced to a sum not worth contending for, and Capt. John B. Proffitt walked his br. f. Jane Bohorqua, by imp. Leviathan, dam Frolic, by Sir Charles, over without opposition.

Same day, colt stakes, \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit; eight subscribers.

Daniel Carmicle's b. f. by Bertrand, (Lady Holston,) dam by Vir-			
ginian,	-	-	1 1
Capt. John B. Proffitt's b. c. Sir Elliott, by imp. Leviathan, dam Frolic,			
by Sir Charles,	-	-	2 dis.
Col. Joseph Powell's b. f. Ann Barrow, by Cock of the Rock, dam by			
Virginian,	-	-	dis.

John M'Ghee, Esq. paid forfeit, \$100, James Scruggs paid forfeit, \$100, Col. S. Bunch, paid forfeit, \$100, Major Ainsworth, paid forfeit, \$100, and George Rutledge, paid forfeit, \$100.

In this race there was no contest, Lady Holston, winning both heats hard in hand. Ann Barrow was said to sulk the first heat.

JAMES SCRUGGS, *Sec'ry*.

P. S. Lady Holston, and Ann Barrow runs one mile out over this course Nov. 15, for \$3,000.

FALMOUTH (Ky.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, October 19, 1837.

First day, purse \$70, for two year olds, mile heats.

David S. Clarkson's ch. f. Maria Frances, by Sir Perry, dam old Pink,			
Joseph Shawhan's b. h. by Clinton,	-	-	1 1
Time, 2m. 5s.			2 0

Second day, purse \$150, two mile heats.

J. W. M'Intosh's b. h. Anvil, five years old, by imp. Contract, dam by			
American Eclipse, 110lbs.	-	-	1 1
Alexander Given's b. h. Severe, six years old, by Kosciusko, dam by			
Virginia Whip, 118lbs.	-	-	2 dr.
Daniel Igo's br. h. Daniel Webster, seven years old, by old Muckle-			
john, dam by Tiger Whip, 124lbs.	-	-	3 dis.
James J. Clarkson's b. c. Red Douglass, three years old, by Roderick			
Dhu, dam by Ganymede, 86lbs.	-	-	dis.

Time, 4m. 17s.—4m. 10s.

Third day, purse \$150, three best in five, mile heats.

George H. Sinclair's ch. m. Kate Clowden, six years old, by Kos-			
ciusko, dam by Blackburn's Whip, 118lbs.	-	-	1 1 1
Joseph Shawhan's ch. c. Ben Sutton, four years old, by Cherokee,			
dam by Comet, 100lbs.	-	-	2 2 2
Matthew Given & Ansel Clarkson's ch. h. Pacolet, five years old,			
by Cherokee, dam by Double Head, 110lbs.	-	-	3 3 dr.

Time, 2m. 12s.—2m. 9s.—2m. 12s.

THEOPHILUS JOHNSON, *Sec'ry*.

WARRENTON (N. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 24, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes, for three year olds, \$100 entrance, half forfeit, three started.

Edmund Townes' (Nath. T. Green's) b. c. Duane, by Hedgeford, dam by Washington,	1	1
James J. Harrison's (Claiborne's) ch. c. by Eclipse,	3	2
Wm. M'Cargo's b. f. by Monsieur Tonson,	2	dis.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 58s.		

Second day, Proprietor's purse \$200, two mile heats.

John C. Claiborne's b. f. Mary Lyle, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 97lbs.	1	1
David M'Daniel's ch. h. Red Wasp, five years old, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 110lbs.	3	2
Edward B. Hicks' ch. c. Tornado, three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 86lbs.	5	3
William M. West's ch. g. Isham Pucket, aged, by Arab, dam by Shawnee, 121lbs.	4	4
Dr. Henry Lewis' br. c. Drumgoole, three years old, by Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 86lbs.	2	dis.
Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 55s.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500, three mile heats, \$20 entrance to subscribers.

William M. West's (M'Daniel's) b. h. Pioneer, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred,	1	1
William M'Cargo's b. m. Sally Eubanks, aged, by Roanoke; dam by Constitution, 121lbs.	2	2
James J. Harrison's b. m. Lady Green, five years old, by Mucklejohn, dam by Sir Archy,	3	3
Edmund Townes' gr. c. three years old, by Fylde, dam by Director,	4	4
Time, 6m. 21s.—6m. 17s. Raining, and track heavy.		

UNION (S. C.) RACES.

The annual meeting of the Union Jockey Club, came off on Wednesday 1st November. We were blessed with charming weather.

First day, purse \$300, three mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's ch. g. Don Pedro, six years old, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo, 115lbs.	1	1
Major Wm. Eddings' gr. h. Hualpa, five years old, by Johnson's Medley, dam Betsey Ruffin, by Virginian, 110lbs.	2	2
Time, 6m. 23s.—6m. 40s.		

Second day, purse \$230, two mile heats.

Major W. Eddings' b. h. Cowper, five years old, by Medley, dam by Timoleon, 110lbs.	1	1
T. J. Hughes' b. h. Whalebone, five years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Columbus,	2	2
Time, 4m. 23s.—4m. 17s. Won easily by Cowper—hard in hand.		

Same day, a sweepstakes, two entries, one mile out.

Col. Sims' ch. c. Lycurgus, four years old, by Rob Roy, dam by Moore's Republican,	1	
Mr. Abram's b. h. Laurens,	2	

Third day, purse \$200, mile heats.

Major Wm. Eddings' ch. c. Tom Ruffin, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam Betsey Ruffin, 100lbs.	2	1	1
Junius Thompson's ch. h. Madison, six years old, by old Madison, dam by Sertorius, 118lbs.	3	3	2
John Gist's b. m. Betsey Anderson, aged, by Cultivator, dam Ophe- lia, 121lbs.	1	2	dis.
Time, 1m. 57s.—2m. 5s.—2m. 4s.			

Fourth day, purse \$225, best three in five, mile heats.

M. R. Smith's ch. g. Short Robin, three years old, by Marcellus,									
dam Darning Needle, by Darling Dove, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1	1	
John Gist's ch. f. three years old, by old Bertrand, dam Ophelia, 83lbs.	2	2	2						
Capt. Ellis' gr. c. Flying Chariot, four years old, by Rob Roy, dam									
by Springer's Bedford, 18lbs. overweight,	-	-	-	-	-	3	dis.		
Time, 1m. 59s.—2m. 1s.—1m. 59s.									

Same day, a sweepstakes one mile out, free for all horses, for a fine saddle, \$30, and \$20 entrance.

Mr. Merriwether's b. m. Blaze,	-	-	-	-	-	1			
Mr. Matthews' gr. g. by Marshal Ney,	-	-	-	-	-	2			
Time, 2m. 1s.									

Also a sweepstakes for a saddle, put up by the club, for saddle horses, \$10 entrance.

Capt. Sims' b. m. Sally in the Wild Wood,	-	-	-	-	-	1			
P. W. Skelton's ch. g. Thicket, by Bedford,	-	-	-	-	-	2			
Time, 2m. 2s.									

The following sweepstakes are now open for the fall meeting of 1838. A sweepstakes, free for three year olds, two mile heats, \$100 entrance, play or pay, to name and close by the 1st January, 1838; four or more to make a race.

W. C. Beatty's gr. c. by Rob Roy, dam Betsey Sanders.

P. E. Duncan enters one.

Also a sweepstakes, mile heats \$100, half forfeit—three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st June, 1838.

M. R. Smith, enters one.

P. E. Duncan, enters one.

R. J. G. Sec'y.

OPELOUSAS (La.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, November 2, 1837.

First day, a single dash of a mile for a purse of \$100, entrance \$25, only for pure blooded Creoles, with catch weights.

F. C. Devillier's b. g. Doctor,	-	-	-	-	-	-	1		
Gilbert Sloan's bl. g. Buck,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2		
Samuel Wilmoth's bl. g. Poney,	-	-	-	-	-	-	3		
Time, 2m. 7s.									

Second race, for a purse of \$350, entrance \$25, with weights for age.

John F. Miller's ch. f. Lady Wright, four years old, by Crusader, out of Martha Taylor, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1		
Samuel Wilmoth's ch. c. Washington Irving, four years old, by Earle's Pacolet, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	dis.		
A. Gay's b. f. Morgiana, four years old, by Earle's Pacolet, out of an Opossum mare, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	3	dis.		
Time, 1m. 57s.—2m. Lady Wright running under a strong pull both heats.									

Second day, for a purse \$450, entrance \$50, two mile heats.

S. Wilmoth's gr. h. Diamond, five years old, by Diamond, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1		
John F. Miller's b. c. Orange Boy, three years old, by Pacific, dam out of Martha Taylor, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	2		
Time, 4m. 5s.—4m. 11s. Won by Diamond under a pull.									

Third day, three mile heats, for a purse of \$600, entrance \$75.

J. F. Miller's Lady of the Lake, four years old, by Henry Tonson, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1		
Samuel Wilmoth's br. c. Longitude, three years old, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	2		
Time, 6m. 14s.—6m. 26s.									

E. W. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

MEMPHIS (Tenn.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, November 7, 1837.

The track is an entire new one, and being very rolling, it was difficult with the best of nags to make good time. The weather continued fair throughout the first three days; but on Friday and Saturday there was considerable rain, which made the track heavy and quite slippery on the hill sides. The judges each day were Major J. Cotton, president, Major E. Hickman, vice-president, and P. G. Gaines, Esq. associate judges.

First day, purse \$300, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four, 100lbs.; five, 110lbs.; six, 118lbs. and aged, 124lbs.; mares and gelding allowed three pounds—mile heats.

Y. N. Oliver's gr. c. Joe Kearney, four years old, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	1	1
Robert Smith's gr. h. Daniel O'Connell, five years old, by Henry Tonson, dam by imp. Sir Harry,	-	-	-	2	2
B. Davidson's b. f. three years old, by Star, dam by Sir Alfred,	-	-	-	3	dr.
W. W. Hurt's ch. c. Giles Gosling, four years old, by American Eclipse, dam by Roanoke,	-	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 58s.—2m. 1s.					

Second day, purse \$340, free for all ages; two mile heats.

Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. Mary Jones, four years old, by imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	1	1
Robert Smith's f. Sally M'Call, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	3	2
Lirneus Coch's ch. f. Mary Bond, four years old, by Pacific, dam by Timoleon,	-	-	-	2	dis.
Time, 4m.—4m. 12s.					

Third day, purse \$460, free for all ages; three mile heats.

L. Coch's ch. h. Sterling, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Powhattan,	-	-	-	4	1	1
John Frost's gr. f. Eliza Petrie, alias Fleeta, four years old, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar,	-	-	-	1	2	2
Robert Smith's ch. c. Pete Whetstone, three years old, by Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	-	-	-	2	dis.	
B. Davidson's ch. h. Coline, six years old, by Arab, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	3	dis.	
Time, 6m. 23s.—6m. 20s.—6m. 20s.						

Fourth day, purse \$550, free for all ages; four mile heats.

William Burton's ch. f. Selima, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred,	-	-	-	1	1
Y. N. Oliver's gr. f. Jewess, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	3	2
John Frost's ch. h. Franklin, five years old, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	2	dr.
Time, 9m. 1s.—9m.					

Fifth day, Proprietor's purse \$300, free for all ages; mile heats, best three in five.

Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. Mary Jones, four years old, by imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	1	1	1
John Frost's gr. f. Eliza Petrie, alias Fleeta, four years old, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar,	-	-	-	3	2	2
R. Smith's gr. h. Daniel O'Connell, five years old, by Henry Tonson, dam by imp. Sir Harry,	-	-	-	0	3	dis.
L. Coch's gr. c. Shylock, four years old, by Johnson's Medley, dam by Powhattan,	-	-	-	0	dr.	
J. R. M'Kee's ch. f. Atlantic, four years old, by Atlantic, dam by Ball's Florizel,	-	-	-	4	dis.	
Time, 2m. 7s.—2m. 5s.—2m. 5s.						

TURF REGISTER.

Blooded Stock belonging to P. E. Duncan, Greenville, South Carolina.

1. YOUNG VIRGINIAN, a rich blood bay stallion 15½ hands high, bred by Gen. Waddy Thompson, Jr. of this place, spring of 1824. (See certificate below.) He was got by the celebrated racehorse Virginian, out of Young Favourite, a grey mare, raised by Col. Benjamin Wyche, of Sussex county, Virginia; she by old imp. Bedford, her dam by old imp. Diomed; grandam by Col. Tayloe's Bellair, (who was the best son of old imp. Medley, out of Selima, by Yorick, &c. See American Turf Register, vol. 1, No. 7, page 197,) her g. grandam by imp. Clockfast; g. g. grandam by Partner; g. g. g. grandam by the imp. horse Moreton's Traveller. See Edgar's stud book, page 211, or the Turf Register, vol. 4, No. 12, page 655.

Greenville, Nov. 15, 1837.

'The bay stallion, Young Virginian, was bred by me, he was sired by Old Virginian; his dam the g. m. Young Favourite, for whose pedigree see A. T. Register.' Signed,

WADDY THOMPSON, Jr.

2. BETSEY BARRON, a b. m. purchased from Dr. Isaac Sessums, of Nash county, North Carolina, she was got by Harwood, her dam by imp. Sea Gull; her grandam by old Collector; her g. grandam by imp. Union; g. g. grandam by Buckskin; her g. g. g. grandam by imp. Fearnought—she is the dam of American Citizen, Southerner, &c.

Her produce owned by me.

3. A b. f. by imp. Luzborough, in 1835.

4. A bl. c. by imp. Chateau Margaux, in 1836.

5. A b. c. by Young Virginian, in 1837, and stinted to him again.

6. A ch. m. bred by Wesley Brooks, formerly of Abbeville, South Carolina, in 1830, got by Ajax, her dam by old Hephestion; grandam by Alonzo, he by old Sertorious, out of a Shark dam. She is now in foal to Nullifier.

7. A b. c. by Young Virginian, out of No. 6, in 1836.

8. MADDADE, a b. m. bred by Wesley Brooks, in 1832; she was sired by Young Virginian, her dam by Alonzo. She is now in foal to Nullifier, and will

be with Tranby next spring. This mare is a full sister to the ch. gelding, Don Pedro, who has been trained now two seasons, and won six purses out of seven starts, four of them three mile heats, and the other two, two mile heats.

9. DIANA LESLEY, a b. f. bred by John H. Lesley, of Abbeville, South Carolina, in 1835; she was got by Col. Pope's racehorse Expectation, her dam a gray mare called Phillis, by Rapley's Gamester; her grandam by Tyler's Independence; her g. grandam a large ch. m. selected in Virginia by old Mr. Rapley, as a brood mare for Wm. Lesley, supposed to have been thoroughbred, but the death of the parties prevents further tracing the pedigree.

10. ORPHAN GIRL, a dark br. f. bred by Wesley Brooks, in 1832, she was got by Young Virginian, her dam by old Hephestion; grandam by old imp. Sultan, &c.; her g. grandam was known to have been raised in Virginia, and was a race nag of some distinction, pedigree not known.

11. OLD BAY, a large b. m. raised by Robert Duncan, of this district, about the year 1817 or 1818, she was got by Gallatin, her dam by old imp. Sultan; grandam by Clubfoot; g. grandam by Brutus.

Her produce owned by me:

12. 1836. A dark b. f. by Young Virginian, hipped.

13. 1837. A b. f. by Young Virginian.
P. E. DUNCAN.

George P. Tayloe, of Cloverdale, Va. has added the following to his former stud of blooded stock.

6. B. m. sixteen years old last spring. stinted to Eclipse, by the late Col. John Tayloe's celebrated horse Hamiltonian, dam imp. Mendoza. Messrs. Tompkins, Burbridge, or Buford, of Ky. will please forward the editors of the Register an extended pedigree of the above mare. She was brought from Kentucky by Wm. Dodd, the old and faithful groom of Eclipse.

March 24, 1836. Gr. f. by Tychicus, dam by Pocahontas, page 539—failed 1837, now stinted to the imp. Skylark.

May 10, 1837. Gr. f. by Moses, dam Venus, page 539.

April 15, 1837. Gr. c. by Paul Clifford, dam Venus, and stinted to Clifford.

7. PATSEY COLBERT, br. m. by Sir Archy, dam by Sir Hal, stinted to imp. Leviathan. G. P. TAYLOR.

October 21, 1837.

Blooded Stock belonging to Richard Chiles, of Chilesburg, Fayette county, Kentucky.

1. ELIZA JENKINS, a ch. m. eight years old this spring, about fifteen hands high, of fine form and appearance, was got by Sir William of Transport, (for his pedigree see Turf Register,) her dam by Orphan; her grandam by old imp. Buzzard; her g. grandam by Silvertail; her g. g. grandam by the old imp. Dove.

Her produce :

1833. Kitty Muse, a b. f. by Shakspeare.

1834. High Pressure, a b. c. by Trumpator, sold lately to Walker Thurston, for \$3,000 cash.

1835. Hawk Eye, a ch. c. by Sir Lovell, sold when a sucking colt, to James G. M'Kenny, for \$150.

1836. Sophia Lovell, a b. f. by Sir Lovell.

1837. Missed to Messenger Duroc.

Stinted this season to imp. Tranby.

2. KITTY MUSE, a b. m. four years old this spring, her dam No. 1. Stinted this season to imp. Tranby.

3. A dark br. m. about fifteen hands one inch high, ten years old this spring, was got by old Doublehead, her pedigree the same as No. 1.

Her produce :

1835. A b. f. by Shakspeare.

1836. A b. f. by Sir Lovell.

1837. A b. f. by old Copperbottom.

Stinted this season to Messenger Duroc. R. CHILES.

November 18, 1837.

Extension of E. Warfield's stud, from the fifth volume of the Turf Register.

1. DIRECTRESS.—*Her produce :*

1834, February 8. A br. f. (dead,) by Trumpator.

1835, March 2. A b. f. by Sir Leslie.

1836, March 15. A b. c. by Sir Leslie, and the mare sold.

2. SUSAN HICKS.—*Her produce :*

1834, May 9. Kentucky Eclipse, a ch. c. by Sir Leslie.

1835. Missed to Bertrand.

1836, Jan. 26. Bardolf, a b. c. by Bertrand.

1837. Slipped her foal by Medoc, and now in foal to Bertrand.

3. ROWENA.—*Her produce :*

1834, March 6. Celestion, a b. c. by Sir Leslie.

1835, March 11. Mary Gold, a b. f. by Sir Leslie.

1836, April 23. A b. f. by imp. Sarpedon.

1837, April 11. A b. f. by Sidi Hamet. In foal to Bertrand.

4. YOUNG PEGGY.—*Her produce :*

1834, Feb. 23. Ch. c. by Kosciusko.

1835, Feb. 24. Ch. f. by Sir Leslie.

1836, April 18. A b. c. by imp. Sarpedon.

5. MARY JONES.—*Her produce :*

1834, April 1. A b. f. by Trumpator.

1835, May 11. A ch. f. by Sir Leslie.

1836, May 4. A b. f. by imp. Sarpedon.

1837, May. A b. c. by Sidi Hamet.

6. AURORA.—*Her produce :*

1834, May 7. Wm. R. Johnson, a b. c. by Sir Leslie.

1835, April 30. A b. f. by Lance.

1836, April 13. A br. f. by imp. Sarpedon.

1837. Missed.

7. SUSETTE, by Aratus, out of Jenny Cockracy.

Her produce :

1837. A b. c. by Sidi Hamet.

8. LORA, by Snowstorm, dam Jenny Cockracy.

Her produce :

1834, May 5. A b. c. by Sir Leslie.

1835. Missed.

1836. A b. c. by Sir Leslie.

9. ANTOINETTE, by Snowstorm, out of Miss Dowden, by old imp. horse Buzzard.

Her produce :

1836, April 4. A b. c. by Sidi Hamet.

1837, March 21. A b. c. by Columbus.

10. VIANNA, by Virginia Arab, dam Directress.

Her produce :

1833, April 14. Kate Biddle, a b. f. by Shakspeare, dead.

1835, April 13. Boswell, a b. c. by Sir Leslie.

1836, April 8. Jewel, a b. f. by Sir Leslie.

Missed this year, now in foal by Shakspeare.

11. ALESSANDRIA, a b. m. by Lawrence, whose pedigree is in vol. 3, page 370, of Turf Register, her dam old Paragon, by imp. Buzzard.

Her produce :

1837, May 21. A b. c. by Columbus. Ken. Nov. 30, 1837. E. WARFIELD.

Addition to the blooded stock of John Lamar, Macon, Georgia.

1. A. J. LAWSON, br. c. by imp. Hedgeford, out of Kitty Fisher, by old Gallatin, &c. &c. see Turf Reg. vol. 8, page 478, this colt will be two years old next April, very handsome and exceedingly promising.

2. GEORGIANA, ch. f. by Johnson's Andrew, dam Virginiana, by Lafayette, her dam Flora, by Ball's Florizel, and the sister in blood to Pet, the dam of the celebrated Miss Medley, see Turf Reg. vol 5, for Virginiana. Georgiana was foaled March last, and purchased by me from Col. E. Hamilton of this city.

3. FENELLA, by Smith's Alfred, her dam by Dungannon; grandam by Nimrod, by imp. Medley; g. grandam by Ball's Florizel; g. g. grandam by imp. Hamilton; g. g. g. grandam by imp. Dare Devil; g. g. g. g. grandam by Bellair, by imp. Medley; g. g. g. g. g. grandam by Wildair, (Syms,) g. g. g. g. g. grandam the famous Lady Willis, by imp. Janus; g. g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Jolly Roger; g. g. g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Shock, &c. &c. Fenella was stunted to South Carolinian, the property of J. E. Calhoun, of South Carolina. I purchased Fenella of Wm. D. Taylor, Esq. of Taylorsville, Va. Her only colt trained has distinguished himself.

Alfred, (Smith's) by old Sir Alfred, dam the famous Lady Harriet, by imp. Bedford; grandam Proserpine, by Dare Devil; g. grandam by Claudius, full brother to old Celer; g. g. grandam by Bolton; g. g. g. grandam, Sally Wright, by Yorick, out of a full bred mare of Col. John Tayloe of Mount Airy.

Dungannon, by imp. Bedford, out of the Overton filly, by Boxer, he by imp. Medley; grandam by Syms' Wildair; g. grandam by Baylor's imp. Fearnought; g. g. grandam by Evans' imp. Stirling; g. g. g. grandam by Morton's Traveller, &c. &c.

Nimrod, by Hart's imp. Medley, dam the famous Lady Willis, by imp. Janus; grandam by Jolly Roger; g. grandam by imp. Shock, &c. &c. he was a runner over various courses in Virginia, from about 1791 to 1793, was a grey, about four feet ten inches high, of great power and exquisite beauty.

Copied from the stud book for Wm. D. Taylor, Oct. 24, 1837.

Signed, H. DAVIS,
Executor of John Thornton, the elder.

Wm. D. Taylor, of Taylorsville, Va. writes me to the following effect: 'I was born and raised within a half a mile of the late Col. John Thornton, and know all the above crosses of my own knowledge. I knew Lady Willis when I was a boy, she was always considered the best blooded mare in the county.'

It will be perceived that Fenella has three crosses of that incomparable blood, of old imp. Medley.

4. MARY WIMBERLY, by old Gallatin, dam by old Diomed; grandam a Virginia bred mare, whose pedigree is lost, she was raised by the late Lewis Wimberly, of Jones county, Georgia, and I have the certificate of the Hon. James Wimberly of Houston, Georgia. She is in foal to York. She is seventeen years old.

5. EUPHEMIA, gr. m. by old Pacolet, dam Bory's Medley; she was purchased as a thorough blooded, some years since, of a Mr. Roberts of Kentucky or Tennessee. She was sold when young for four hundred dollars, a large price for the times. Her pedigree is desirable.

6. Iron gr. c. by Truffle, out of No. 5.

7. GEORGIA MAID, by old Contention, dam Kitty Cut-a-Dash, by imp. Whip; grandam Queen of May, winner of seventeen out of eighteen races. She by Young Celer, (who was by Mead's old Celer, out of a Rockingam; grandam by Matchless; g. grandam by Jolly Roger, &c. &c.; her (Georgia Maid,) g. grandam by imp. Shark; g. g. grandam by Rockingham, he by Partner, out of imp. Blossom; g. g. g. grandam by Matchless, by imp. Fearnought; g. g. g. g. grandam by Jolly Roger, &c. &c.

The dam of Georgia Maid was full sister in blood to Virago, the dam of Thomas' celebrated Sir Andrew. She (Georgia Maid,) has produced several promising colts, one Paul Pry, by Monsieur Tonson, that has ran a trial race four miles, in 7m. 44s. and 7m. 45s. certified to by Col. Townes, and others, who trained him, and witnessed the race. Paul Pry was accidentally injured so as to prevent his ever appearing on the turf. She is now in foal to Bertrand, Jr.

The pedigree is attested by Judge A. L. Lawson, Hon. Stephen Thomas, and C. A. Redd, Esq.

I send you also the pedigree of SOUTH CAROLINIAN, by Thomas' Andrew, out of Viola, the dam of the late Chestatee, by old Gallatin; gran-

dam Clio, by imp. Whip; g. grandam Sultana, by imp. Spread Eagle; g. g. grandam Orilia, by Percy, &c. See Chestatee's pedigree, vol. 8, Turf Reg. November 1, 1837. JOHN LAMAR.

Nashville Tenn. Dec. 4, 1837.

The following is a continuation of my blooded stock, purchased since my last communication on the horse subject, which you will please give a place in your Register.

1. NELL SAUNDERS, ch. m. foaled in 1814 or 1815, got by Wilks' Wonder, (son of Tum Oscar,) Julietta, by imp. Dare Devil—Rosetta, by Centinel—Diana, by Clodius—Sally Painter, by Stirling. The imp. mare Silver, see vol. 8, Amer. Turf Reg. page 237, for a more particular description of her and her produce. Now in foal to Pacific.

2. SARAH SILVER, out of Nell Saunders, by Pacolet, also bred by Rev. Hubbard Saunders, purchased of Dr. P. W. Davis, of Davidson county, Tenn. and in foal to Pacific.

Nell has brought the John Dawson colt, which I own.

Blood bay colt out of Nell Saunders, by John Dawson, of fine form and size.

Chestnut colt out of Patty Puff, sired by Cock of the Rock, year old last spring, see Amer. Turf Reg. page 237. A. RUSSELL.

Blooded Stock belonging to Thos. Marshall, of Kentucky, purchased of P. McCormick, of Virginia.

1. VIRGINIA, a blood b. m. got by Dr. Thornton's Ratler, for whose pedigree see Turf Reg. her dam German Spa, the same mare referred to in Turf Register, as Glenn's famous mare, was got by Billy Duane, he by Americus; and he by imp. Shark—the dam of Americus by Wildair, by Fearnought; grandam by Vampire; g. grandam imp. Kitty Fisher, by Cade. The dam of Billy Duane, Betsey Baker, raised by John Hoskins of Virginia, King and Queen counties, she by Buzzard; her dam Portia; grandam by old Messenger, Portia by Copper, a son of old Messenger. The dam of the German Spa, was a chestnut mare, formerly the property of Benj. Lowndes, Esq. of Bladensburg, afterwards sold to Thos. Dick; she was got by the imp. horse Venetian, dam by Lloyd's Traveller; grandam by imp. horse Othello, out of

an imp. mare by Spot. See Edgar's stud book, page 122.

2. A filly, four years old last spring, out of No. 1, got by Industry, see Turf Register for his pedigree.

3. A filly, foaled last spring, by Industry, out of No. 1.

The above is the pedigree of the stock I sold Major Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky. P. MCCORMICK.

December 18, 1837.

List of Blooded Stock belonging to P. S. Hamlin, of Rockingham co. N. C.

1. TRAVIS, a b. c. three years old spring 1838, got by Chanticleer, dam Bathsheba, by Arab—Rose, by Knowsley—Dion, &c.; bred by Dr. E. T. Brodnax, of Rockingham co. N. C. purchased of him by me, and sold to Messrs. P. S. Hamlin and A. L. Ward.

2. CLARIBEL, a blood b. f. two years old spring 1838, a very highly formed and beautiful filly, got by White's old Carolinian, dam by Clay's Sir William, Archy—Rolla, &c.

R. V. MICHAUX.

Leasville, N. C. Dec. 15, 1837.

List of Blooded Stock belonging to Geo. J. Glover, of Giles co. Tenn.

1. MARY MADISON, ch. m. by B. Wilkes' old Madison, he by imp. Diomed, &c. dam by Young Gouty, son of imp. Gouty; grandam by Cultivator; g. grandam by Jones' Celer, he by old Celer, and he by Janus. Young Gouty's dam Sal Thomas, by Thomas' Celer, he by old Celer; grandam by Jolly Roger, &c.

2. CHINQUIPIN, bay, six years old, out of Mary Madison, by Hampton's Twig, by Jolly Friar, out of a Twig mare, Jolly Friar, by Eaton's Janus, &c.

3. BUCKINGHAM, ch. c. two years old, and very promising, by Randolph's Janus, out of Mary Madison.

4. KINDERHOOKER, gr. c. one year old by Henry Tonson, out of Mary Madison.

5. WANKERPIN, b. c. by Cock of the Rock, out of Chinquippin.

Mary Madison is stinted to Cock of the Rock.

As I am about moving to Mississippi I would sell all, or any of the above stock. The pedigrees could be extended, and are authentic, I believe.

G. A. GLOVER.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

FEBRUARY, 1838.

[No. 2.

CONTENTS.

Racing one hundred years ago,	49	Mobly, Ky.	82
Racing in Texas,	51	Camden, N. J.	82
Inquiry respecting breeding of horses,	52	Fredericksburg, Va.	83
The Turf—care, treatment, and training of English racehorses,	53	Union Course, L. I.	84
The Turf, &c. &c.	61	Christianville, Va.	85
Deer Chase, No. 1,	64	Hoboken, N. J.	86
Isaac Walton's Complete Angler,	65	Valley Course, Va.	87
The Washington Social Gymnasium,	74	Trenton, N. J.	88
Sporting Epistle from Arkansas,	75	Columbia, S. C.	89
Grouse Shooting,	78	New Orleans, La.	90
RACING CALENDAR—Races at		Augusta, Geo.	91
Jefferson, Va.	79	Tallahassee, Flo.	92
Washington, D. C.	80	Springfield, Ala.	94
Tree Hill, Va.	80	TURF REGISTER—Pedigrees,	95

RACING ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[We are indebted to a correspondent of the Spirit of the Times (from which paper we copy it,) for the following article, which we think our turfmen will consider as interesting, as it certainly is curious.]

SIR: ♡

Oak Lawn, Dec. 15, 1837.

I was lately looking over an early volume of the English Annual Register, and met with an article, which I think may not be devoid of interest to many of your readers. On perusing it you will perceive, that it gives us contemporary evidence of the speed of the horse in England in 1737—one hundred years ago. I have not seen elsewhere anything on this subject, which carries us so far back. If the statements be true, and I know of no reason to doubt them, we have gained nothing since on the score of speed, and I fear we have lost much on that of stoutness.

Your obt serv't,

[From the Annual Register, of 1763.]

The velocity of horses in the race philosophically considered, by Monsieur Cendamine. From his tour in Italy, in the years 1755 and 1756.

The spectacle which at present forms the amusement of the people of Rome, retains nothing of the barbarity of the ancient combats of gladiatory. Some of the princes and Roman noblemen amuse themselves by keeping horses purely for the course ; not as in England, backed by a rider ; but alone, at full liberty, and entirely delivered up to their natural ardour, and that kind of emulation which the concourse of people assembled seem to inspire. Eight or ten horses, commonly barbs, of a small size, and mean figure, retained on the same line by a rope extended, about the height of their breast, set off at the instant when they let this rope fall. In the races at carnival time, which are the most solemn, the course is usually in the long street at Rome, to which this exercise has given the name of El Corso, or Race street. They take care, at such times, to gravel it over. The length is 865 toises. I observed twice, by means of a watch for seconds, and the help of a signal, that this distance was run over in 141 seconds, which makes near 37 feet a second. A little reflection will make this speed appear much more considerable than at first we may imagine it to be.

It is evident that we cannot suppose more than two leaps or progressions on gallop, to one second, seeing that each of these leaps requires at least three very distinct points of time, viz : that in which the horse lifts himself from the ground, that in which we see him cleaving the air, and that in which he descends again ; and that these two bounds, thus supposed to be made in every second, require six definite movements, a period scarce perceptible in so short a space of time. These horses, which are but of an inconsiderable size, and where swiftness, every second, is equal to 37 feet, pass then, at each bound, over a space of more than 18 feet, which is very near equal to four times the length of their body, taken from the breast to the tail. It is true, indeed, that this length is more than doubled by the extension which their outstretched gallop gives their limbs before and behind. All this considered, how can the fleetness of the English horses be by a great deal greater, as it is known to be in reality ? But there are certain cases wherein the truth surpasses all the bounds of probability, and of this kind is that at present under consideration.

The late Monsieur Dufay writ in 1737, from Newmarket, that the course there, of four English miles, had been completed in less than 8 minutes, by 4 or 5 seconds. These miles are 826 of our toises, which makes more than 41 2-3 feet in a second, or near 5 feet more than the barbs at Rome ; and we must also remark here, that the latter run at full liberty, whereas the English horses are burthened with the weight of a rider. This fleetness, however, of 41 2-3 feet, is still but an ordinary degree of swiftness there, inasmuch as of ten horses which ran together, the very hindmost of them was no more than 12 or 15 paces from the end

of the course. Besides, it is asserted that the same course had been frequently run over in 6 minutes and 6 seconds. I have this as a fact from a gentleman who has been concerned in the races at Newmarket.* And this swiftness, which would amount to more than 54 feet in a second, is to that of the barbs nearly as 3 to 2. We must also observe, that instead of one English mile, or a little more, to which the course at Rome is limited, that of Newmarket is 4 miles—a space too long for the swiftness of any horse to preserve itself through, on a sensible equality. It is evident that this swiftness cannot extend through the whole course, and consequently at the moment of the race, when it is at its maximum, the impulsion must be upwards of 54 feet in a second. We are likewise assured that a famous horse called Starling, has sometimes performed the first mile in a minute, which would make 82½ feet in a second—a degree of swiftness, which, if there be no exaggeration in the statement, is almost inconceivable. But this is a point on which I expect some further elucidations.

[The following are the elucidations I have received, since the reading of this memoir, from Dr. Maty, keeper of the library of the British Museum :—]

There are, says Dr. Maty, two courses at Newmarket—the long, and the round. The first is exactly 4 miles and 380 yards; the second is 4 miles, less 400 yards. Childers, the swiftest horse ever remembered, has run the first course in 7 minutes and 30 seconds; and the second in 6 minutes and 40 seconds, which amounts to 46 feet 9 inches French, in the second. Whereas, all other horses except the foregoing, take at least 7 minutes and 50 seconds in completing the first and longest course, and 7 minutes only in the shortest—which is 44 feet 5 or 6 inches the second. These are facts, adds Dr. Maty, which I believe to be true. I must also add, that it is commonly supposed these coursers cover, at every bound, a space of ground 24 English feet in length.

This is a little inside of my conjecture of two bounds in the second. Every bound in this case would be about 18 royal feet and a half for the fleetest barb in Rome, and 22 or 23 feet and a half for English running horses. So that the swiftness of the latter to that of the barbs, is very nearly as 4 to 3.

RACING IN TEXAS.

MR. EDITOR:

Natches, Mississippi, Jan. 12th, 1838.

I have just returned from an excursion in Texas. I am not going to give you a description of the country, but I was struck with the spirit of the people for racing; I thought I would make mention of one race I saw while I was there, it was at Richmond, (alias Fort Bend,) on the Brassos, the head of navigation, on Christmas day. The race was two mile heats, post stake, \$500 entrance, three started, viz.; Smith & Fawcett's b. m.

*Mr. Faafe, then at Paris, since dead.

Buck Eye Lass, five years old, by Hephestion, dam by Whip. Col. Wigginton's b. c. by Waxey, dam by Stockholder, four years old. Col. Randan's b. h. blood unknown, aged. The race was won by the bay mare at one heat. Time, 4m. 6s. The Waxey was behind the pole; the horse came in close to the mare, but had run inside of a pole, and consequently was distanced. Immediately after the race, Smith & Fawcett made a race on the mare, against Col. Swenie's c. c. by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, dash of a mile for \$2,500 a-side. to be run the 1st of April. Texas is going to be one of greatest racing countries in the world, to be racing and betting the way they do now, and the Mexicans now on their western frontier. By giving this an insertion in your useful periodical, you will oblige a friend and lover of sport. They lack horses in Texas very much.

NATIVE MISSISSIPPIAN.

MR. EDITOR :

Chantilly, near Tusculumbia, Ala. Dec. 18, 1837.

Your valuable periodical is established for the avowed purpose of disseminating information of every kind, respecting the treatment and management of the horse, from the time of his colthood, until he becomes of age. It is for the purpose of acquiring this information, that I have assumed the liberty to address you. I have several fine thoroughbred colts, from imported and native stallions, that I am anxious to raise to the greatest possible advantage, to figure upon the turf. You would confer a singular favour, by imparting the desired information, or by prevailing on some of your able and spirited contributors, to give a synopsis of the most approved method of raising colts, from the day they are foaled, until they arrive at the proper age for the training stable. If the famed Napoleon of the turf, would give a few hints respecting this subject, it would be duly appreciated by one of his most sincere admirers.

TYRO.

A RARE HORSE.—There is exhibiting at Tattersall's, Broadway, New York, a colt raised in Otsego county, N. Y. and whose hide is perfectly destitute of hair. His proportions are pronounced faultless, and its lucky for him that the winter is no severer than it is. He would make a capital animal to speculate with, as any dress, from a spotted leopard to a white antelope might be put upon him, rendering Jonathan's paint unnecessary.

N. Y. Evening Star.]

MR. EDITOR :

Frederick, White Sulphur Springs, Va. Jan. 20, 1838.

I claim the name of Texas for a sorrel colt, foaled 14th May, 1834, by Lance, out of Cate Madison; also, the name of Minner Troyle for a sorrel filly, foaled spring, 1836, by Macedonian, out of Cate Madison, by Madison, which you will please insert in your valuable Register.

GRANVILLE JORDAN.

THE TURF.

A TREATISE ON THE CARE, TREATMENT, AND TRAINING OF THE ENGLISH RACEHORSE,
By R. DARVILL, VETERINARY SURGEON, 7th HUSSARS.

(Continued from page 24.)

The late earl of Fitzwilliam was distinguished by the princely way in which he conducted his stud, and the magnificence of his retinue on the race course. His lordship was likewise the breeder of some eminent racers, amongst which, were the justly famed Orville—an incalculable treasure to the British turf—and Mulatto, who beat Memnon, Fleur-de-lis, Bedlamite, Tarrare, Nonplus, Fanny Davis, Starch, Longwaist, in fact, all the best horses in the north; and ran second to Tarrare for the St. Leger. Earl Fitzwilliam never sent his horses south, but was a great supporter of York and Doncaster, and won the Fitzwilliam stakes, at the latter place, in 1826, with the horse we have just been speaking of. He is got by Catton, also bred by his lordship, out of Desdemona, by Orville, his own blood—grandam Fanny by Highflyer. The stud is now broken up.

The venerable earl of Derby has been, and to a certain degree continues to be, a warm supporter of racing. Next, perhaps to Eclipse and Herod, no horse, that has ever appeared, has been equal to Sir Peter Teazle, as a stud horse—we believe he produced more winners than any other on record. In him, were united the best blood which this country can boast of—King Herod, Blank, Snap, Regulus and the Godolphin Arabian. As however, the sun is not without its spots, Sir Peter was not without a blemish. His own legs gave way at 4 years old, and those of his produce were not on the average, good; notwithstanding which, as we before stated, their winnings are without a parallel, barring those from the stock of the unparalleled Eclipse. The following anecdote is, we believe, authentic. Doctor Brandreth, the family physician at Knowsley, was, commissioned by the then American consul, to offer Lord Derby, seven thousand guineas for Sir Peter Teazle, which his lordship refused, having as he said, already refused ten. He certainly would have been a loser, had he accepted the offer,

The present duke of Dorset, when Lord Sackville, not only showed himself an admirable judge of a racehorse, but few jockeys by profession, could ride one better; and indeed, at one period of his life, few of them were in much greater practice. His grace was always cautious in his engagements, but from his perfect knowledge of his horses, generally placed them winners. In the days of Expectation, Lucan, and others, he won all before him; but mark the change of the times? Looking into the Calendar for 1800, we find Expectation, by Sir Peter, out of Zilia, by Eclipse, running four miles at Lewes, and beating two very stout mares, for what? Why, for the sum of sixty guineas, which could not pay the expenses! but then another of his horses, and a good one too—Laborie by Delpini—wins a £50 plate the same year, at Winchester. *The best of three four mile heats!* Were the duke of Dorset on the turf now, he

would have something better to do with such horses as Expectation and Laborie!

The present duke of Grafton has been a great winner, having inherited with his domains, the virtues of old Prunella; but owes some of his success to his late brother, Lord Henry Fitzroy, whose judgment in racing was equal to any man's. With the assistance then of Lord Henry, the training of Robson, and the good riding of the late Frank Buckle, John Day, William Clift and others, his grace has done very well; although, since the retirement of Robson, the honours of the turf have not poured in so thickly upon him. The duke however, has no reason to complain, having won the Derby stakes four times, and the Oaks, eight; and as Buckle said of himself, 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' for a few years in succession. Indeed, unless we have made a mistake in our figures, his grace pocketed the comfortable sum of £13,000, in the year 1825, from public stakes alone! But we must do the duke of Grafton the justice to say, that in his stable he has marched with the times, *his horses having been always forward in their work*, the grand desideratum in a training stable. His grace also deserves success, for he is a nobleman of high character on the turf, unlike many owners of racehorses, whom we could name, *always* runs to win. The duke of Grafton's stable is, in consequence, heavily backed, when it brings out good horses for any of the great stakes.

The duke of Portland has been a steady and ever honourable patron of the English turf, but his stud is now small. In fact, since winning the Derby with Tiresiais, in 1828, the tide of fortune appears to have turned against his stable, and he has not done much. His grace of Rutland is likewise become slack, having had but three horses in training last year, two of which are sold. He won the Derby with Cadland, (whom he bred,) after a dead heat with The Colonel—a circumstance previously unknown for that great race—and the Oaks with Sorcery and Medora. On the other hand, the duke of Cleveland's passion for the turf, appears to grow with his years, his grace being the best buyer of the present day. He gave 3,500 guineas last year for Trustee, and Liverpool, and but a few years back, no less than £12,000, for four horses, namely—Swiss, Swab, Barefoot and Memnon, the two last, winners of the St. Leger, for Mr. Watt. The duke of Cleveland never won the St. Leger, till 1831, with Chorister, nor was he ever winner of either of the great Epsom stakes; but in the days of Agonistes and Haphazard, his stable was the terror of the north, and his grace was a great winner of cups, though he afterwards flew at higher game. His match with Pavilion, against Col. Mellish's Sancho, at Newmarket, in 1806, was one of the greatest races of modern days, to the extent of betting; and immense sums were lost on Agonistes, when he was beat by Champion, for the St. Leger in 1800. His grace has good horses in his stable now; amongst them, Trustee, and Emancipation by Whisker, who had the honour of receiving forfeit from Priam, in last (third) October meeting, receiving 9 lbs; likewise Muley Moloch, the winner of the York Derby stakes, at the last spring meeting; and Liverpool, of the gold cup. The duke is one of the heaviest bettors

on the turf, and few men know more of racing, or indeed of any thing relating to the sports of the turf or field. The duke of Richmond has been one of the most zealous supporters of the turf, having expended a very large sum on the race course at Goodwood, now the first country meeting in England, after Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster. Although his grace has been a considerable winner, he retires after this season, and his stud is already diminished. He won the Oaks, with Guluare, in 1827, and has had quite his share of success.

The lord of Exeter stands first of the marquises on the turf. Until last year, his lordship has been a *great* winner, and having carried the Oaks of last year with Galatea, and many of the good things at Newmarket, and elsewhere, perhaps he had no reason to complain; but his stable has lately, rather disappointed the public. It consists of upwards of twenty-two horses. Lord Exeter has won the Oaks three times; but, somewhat extraordinary, he *has* never been a winner of the Derby. He breeds much from the famous stud horse Sultan, his own property, whose price to others, is fifty guineas each mare. The marquis of Westminster, although *very well bred for it*, never signalized himself on the turf, and has therefore, wisely withdrawn from Newmarket, confining his stud, a very small one, to the provincial meetings in his own immediate neighbourhood, where it is quite right for great lords to make the agreeable. We believe the last time his lordship was at head quarters, was to see his horse Navarino, *win* the great Riddlesworth stakes! The marquis of Conyngam is a sportsman, and backs his horses freely, as does the marquis of Sligo; but as his lordship belongs to the sister kingdom—for the honour of old England, we presume, he is not often allowed to win. He however, has the distinction of being second for the St. Leger. Neither can much be said of the prowess of the most noble marquises of Tavistock and Worcester, who, though good and honourable men, will never increase their patrimony by racing. In short, since the duke of Cleveland has quited their ranks, our sporting marquises, with the exception of Lord Exeter, do not shine on the race course.

But we cannot say this of the noble earls, amongst whom are several of the best judges of racing of past or present days. We will begin with the earl of Egremont; and not only by the rule of seniors priores, but looking upon him as one of the main contributors to the *legitimate* end of racing, *the improvement of the breed of horses*, his lordship having always paid regard to what is termed stout, or *honest* blood. Lord Egremont bred Gohanna, by Mercury, by Eclipse, and purchased Whalebone from the duke of Grafton, (the old Prunella sort,) whose stock have been invaluable to the turf, and will continue to be so, for many years to come. His lordship has likewise turned the amusement—and such has been his object in the pursuit of it—to an excellent account, in the liberal act of affording his tenantry and neighbours, the free benefit of several of his stud-horses. Among these, have been two very fine animals, Octavius and Wanderer, the latter not inaptly named, as for many years of his life, he was never known to lie down, but was generally in action in his box. He was a noble specimen of the horse, and one of the best bred ones in

the world, for all the purposes for which horses of speed and strength are wanted, being by Gohanna, out of a sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker, esteemed our *stoutest* blood. The earl is likewise the breeder of honest Chateau Margaux and Camel, ornaments to the British turf, and sons of good little Whalebone. Lord Egremont won the Derby three times, in four years—twice with sons of Gohanna, and subsequently with Lapdog, by Whalebone. He has also been three times the winner of the Oaks, with fillies from his own stud. But all this success is not to be placed to his lordship's own account; he received great assistance in all his racing speculations, from his late brother, the honourable Charles Wyndham, since whose decease the stable has not been so successful.

The earl of Burlington, (Lord George Cavendish,) is of great repute on Newmarket heath, as a good breeder of racehorses, a very high bettor, and we need not add, a most honourable man. His lordship, no doubt, has his fancies in his betting, which of course, he now and then pays for—when he does 'fancy his horse,' as the turf phrase is, he will risk an immense sum upon him, not far short, we have heard, of ten thousand pounds! But what is money! His lordship, at present, has but a small stud.

The late earl of Stradbroke was one of the keenest and best sportsmen at Newmarket, and owner of a large stud. Amongst the number, was the celebrated mare Persepolis, the dam of thirteen good racers, amongst which, were Araxes, Tigris, Indus, Euphrates, Phasis, and Cydnus, all sons of Quiz, and Granicus and Rubicon, by Sorcerer. The famous brood mares, Cobbæa (the dam of Sorcery,) and Grey Duchess, by Pot8os, were also his lordship's stud, and were presented by him to George IV. when he commenced breeding racehorses at Hampton Court. The present Lord Stradbroke and his grace of Richmond, have lately been confederates on the turf.

The earl of Oxford took the field last year, as usual, with a tolerably large string of horses, and to use his own words, when he won the Great Produce stakes at Ascot with his Muley filly, and the Clearwell stakes with his Clearwell colt, (a *clear* thousand by the way, and the other five hundred,) 'got out of his place,' which has generally been a good *second*. His lordship however, takes all this with perfect good humour, and is himself, always a favourite at Newmarket, should his horse not prove to be so. The noble earl is considered a very liberal match-maker, if not something like a contributor towards the training expenses of one or two of his competitors; but he has made a very good beginning this year. Of the earls of Verulam, Warwick and Clarendon, we do not hear much, although the first named lord, is rather an extensive breeder. Lord Warwick has a smart colt by Centaur, which won every time it started last year, and is entered for the next St. Leger. Lord Clarendon we consider little more than an amateur. Earl Sefton began his racing career late in life, and although he entered into it with spirit, giving two thousand guineas for the Bobadilla, soon abandoned the slippery course. Indeed so hastily did he retire from it, that on a little disappointment at Epsom, he would not wait for the assistance of the printer, but sent a manuscript

notice to Tattersall's yard, that his stud were immediately to be sold. We confess we admire his lordship's decision—'When fortune frowns, the first loss is the best.' The earl of Litchfield is rather deep on the turf, as the list of his horses show. Indeed, his lordship does every thing with spirit, but even spirit cannot command success. Lord Litchfield however, is a sportsman, and what is termed a high and honourable bettor. The earl of Wilton, as well bred for the turf as Eclipse, being grandson to the Earl Grosvenor, is not only an owner of racehorses, but a jockey—one of the best gentlemen race riders of these days. The earl of Chesterfield too, is becoming conspicuous, as a peep into the Racing Calendar will confirm, no less than fifteen horses now appearing to his name. His lordship has also his stud farm in Derbyshire, the renowned horses, Priam and Zinganee, purchased at great prices—the former having finished his brilliant career with winning the Goodwood Cup. Report says, he is likely to make his way in this 'forest of adventure,' as his experience increases with his years. But the best judge of this rank, is the noble earl of Jersey, who indeed, does every thing well. As a breeder, perhaps his lordship may not quite equal the duke of Grafton and Lord Egremont, but we must place him third, having produced from his own mares, one winner of the Oaks—Cobweb, supposed to be the best bred mare in England—and two winners of the Derby, namely, Middleton and Mameluke, the latter of which, he sold to Mr. Gully for four thousand guineas! Perhaps, no man ever brought to the post on one day, two finer racers of his own breeding, than Mameluke, the winner of the Derby, and Glenartney, who ran second to him, beating twenty-one others, with the greatest ease. Lord Jersey's stud is not large, but well selected, and he has every convenience for breeding at his seat, Middleton Stony, Oxfordshire. His lordship was formerly confederate with that thorough sportsman, Sir John Shelley, who had the honour of breeding Phantom. The earl of Durham has retired, but when Mr. Lambton, he had a splendid stud, which was sold by Messrs. Tattersall in 1826, when eight *foals* realized the astonishing sum of 1533 guineas! (above £200 each.)

Of Newmarket Viscounts, we only muster two, but if there were more we must give Lord Lowther the *pas*, not only from his experience and knowledge, considered quite first rate, but from the single fact of his having had sixteen horses in training last year, although we fear we cannot call *them* 'first rate.' It is a singular fact, that his lordship has only won the Derby once, and never won the Oaks, in his long career on the turf. He had formerly a large breeding establishment at Oxcroft, eight miles from Newmarket, but the land not being suited for it, in addition to the great prevalence of flies, it has been removed to within a few hundred yards of Newmarket town, where his lordship occupies a farm. Here is the horse *Partisan*, the sire of many good ones, and amongst the rest, Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus, purchased at three thousand guineas, after beating Clearwell (Lord Oxford's,) in a match for five hundred guineas, in October last. The best judges are sometimes mistaken, and Lord Lowther should not have sold Glaucus for three thousand guineas, without having had a better taste of him, for besides his winnings, amounting to fourteen

hundred guineas, General Grosvenor cleared nearly three thousand by the purchase. But 'Glauci permutatio,' is a standing proverb for a bad bargain, ever since the hero he is named after, exchanged gold for iron under the walls of old Troy. Joseph Rogers, of Newmarket, trains for his lordship. Of Lord Ranelagh, the other Newmarket Viscount, we have very little to say, his lordship's stud being so small; and we must consider our noble secretary for foreign affairs, Viscount Palmerston, only an humble provincial. To the satisfaction, indeed, of his competitors, his lordship has now relinquished even these rural honours, for Luzborough, Greyleg, and company, were sad teasers to the west country platers.

Our noble barons make no figure in the Newmarket list. Strange to say, we cannot find one. Lord Wharnccliffe was the last, and still more strange to tell of so unwavering a tory, his lordship's best horse at one time was *Reformer*!

Of *honourables* we can find but one, Captain Rous, a good sportsman and very spirited bettor. Neither can we produce more than two Newmarket baronets, and are inclined to ask, how is this? Sir Mark Wood stands first, with a long string of horses—Lucetta, the best mare of her day, and Camarine, the best of the present day, amongst the lot—not forgetting Vespa, his winner of this year's Oaks. Some apprehensions were entertained for Sir Mark, when he entered the ring with youth on his brow, and Gatton just in time by the bye, in his pocket; and it was feared all might find its way into schedule A. But Sir Mark has made a good fight—*He has given good prices for good horses*, which with good training and good riding, have pulled him through. His last week of last meeting at Newmarket was a very pretty finish. He won six times and received forfeit once; and on one match, Camarine versus Crutch, he is said to have netted three thousand pounds! His beating Rowton also for the Ascot cup, with the same mare, (Robinson riding against Chifney,) after running one dead heat, was one of the grandest events of the last racing season. He is now in possession of the two great Newmarket challenge prizes, the cup and the whip, by the aid of this good mare; and if she continues to run in her old form, she will be pretty certain to obtain for him the grand prize, the foot of Eclipse, presented to the Jockey Club by his majesty. But one word more for old Lucetta, who must not be eclipsed by the flying daughter of Juniper, the last of his produce. Lucetta with 8st. 9lbs. met the duke of Grafton's Oxygen, (a winner of the Oaks,) with 7st. 2lbs. one six years old and the other four, for the Jockey Club plate, at Newmarket, Beacon course. Lucetta won, and the speed was very little short of Childers, as they were but seven minutes coming to the Duke's stand. Sir Sandford Graham has a small stud, but not the best in the world.

One of the oldest sportsmen at Newmarket, is General Grosvenor—but far from being the most fortunate. Indeed, it is a trite saying, 'the General is honest, but unlucky,' and this is well said in these slippery times.—He won the Oaks in 1807, with *Briseis*, with heavy odds against her, consequently a round sum besides; and again, in 1825, by Chifney's fine riding with *Wings*, with ten to one against her. He likewise won, with

Blue Stockings, the Riddlesworth of 1819, perhaps the greatest stake ever won, being, including his own subscription, 5,000 guineas! Fortune has also smiled upon him again, for the last year was a winning one. He bought Glaucus for 350 guineas, won 1,400 with him, and sold him for 3,000!—thus reversing the proverb. But his late winnings have been somewhat unaccountable, his horses having been in the hands, not of a regular bred trainer, but of his north country colt-breaker, who has been in his service twenty-eight years. They amounted to twenty-five times in nineteen months, previously to the opening of the present season, and he has been a considerable winner at the late Newmarket meetings.

After the father of the turf, we believe Mr. Batson, one of last year's stewards, is about the oldest of the Jockey Club. He has never carried the Epsom honours, although he was placed third with Hogarth, Middleton's year, and ran third this year for the Oaks. But Mr. Batson takes things quietly; and when he has a good horse, never refuses a good offer, for which we esteem him a wise man. He has a pretty good horse now, Mixbury, by Catton, a favourite for the St. Leger, but we recommend him to put him in his pocket, for he will be safer there, or rather at his banker's, than contending against twenty Yorkshire jockeys. Mr. Rush is also an old jockey, and a very good supporter of the turf, running his horses more for amusement than profit. He also breeds, but his stock does not shine at Newmarket, where he is generally satisfied with a good *third*. In the provincials however, he is rather more fortunate; and it is something to say, he was James Robinson's first master. He had seven or eight horses in training last year. Mr. Biggs is another old member of the Jockey Club, but like Mr. Batson, is more formidable in the provincials, where he has been a great winner, and hard to beat. Some years since, at Stockbridge, his horse Camerton, was a winner of a memorable race. Three others started, namely, Sir John Cope's Shoestrings, the late Lord Foley's Offa's Dyke, and the late Lord Charles Somerset's Scorpion. The following was the result; Camerton, ridden by the late Sawyer, who died shortly after, never started again; Shoestrings, by John Day, broke down; Offa's Dyke, by Goodison, went blind, but recovered his sight; and Scorpion, ridden by Joseph Rogers, now trainer at Newmarket, fell dead at the distance post, from the rupture of a blood vessel at the heart. The distance was two miles, and only one heat! Mr. Thornhill is one of the best judges of racing at Newmarket, and has one of the largest studs at his seat at Riddlesworth, whence the great Riddlesworth stakes takes its name. He has won the Derby, with Sam and Sailor, both sons of Scud, and the Oaks with Shoveller, also a daughter of Scud. Previously to Sam's race, this shrewd judge pronounced the Derby stakes in his pocket, and he also picked out Gulnare as winner of the Oaks, for the duke of Richmond, without the possibility, as he expressed himself, of losing it, barring the accident of a fall.—The strange coincidence of his winning the Derby with *Sailor* by *Scud*, during a violent gale of wind, will, perhaps never be forgotten at Epsom! Mr. Thornhill owns Emilius, the celebrated sire of Priam, (whom he bred,) Oxygen, &c. whose price is forty guineas. Colonel Udney's name stands high at Newmarket, but he has

lately all but retired from the turf. He won the Derby with *Emilius*, and the Oaks with *Corinne*, and has had quite his share of 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' as Buckle said, who was the Colonel's principal jockey. He was once, confederate with Mr. Payne, uncle to the gentleman of that name, now on the turf.

Mr. Lechmere Charlton has been on the turf more than twenty years, having run third on the Oaks, in 1811, and has been an owner of several good horses—Master Henry, perhaps the best. He has likewise been a great breeder of racers, and besides Henry, (whom he purchased cheaply, for 700 guineas,) had *Manfred*, *Sam*, *Hedley*, *Castrel*, *Banker*, *Anticipation*, as stud horses, and several good mares from the duke of Grafton and Lord Grosvenor, and indeed, from any other celebrated studs within his reach. Like all other great breeders, Mr. Charlton has had many public sales, at one of which, the sum of £1,900 being offered for Henry, by a very badly dressed person in the crowd, he was asked by the Auctioneer, for whom he was bidding? '*Here is my authority,*' said the man, pointing to his breeches pocket. A few years ago, Mr. Charlton took rather a curious turn, exchanging the cap and jacket of the race-course, for the wig and gown of the courts, and was actually called to the bar. Like *Dido's* love, however, the passion for racing could not be smothered in the murky atmosphere of Westminster Hall, nearly as gloomy as the vault of *Sichaeus*; and we now find him with a good string of racehorses. There are not many better judges than Mr. Charlton, though we fear, like all other gentlemen sportsmen, he has paid rather dearly for his experience. Mr. Vansittart has also been a long time on the turf, and ran second, last year, for the Derby, with *Perion*, a very formidable horse. He is a breeder of racehorses, and sold a clever colt, called *Rockingham*, this year, for 1,000 guineas, to Mr. Watt. This colt is one of the favourites of the St. Leger, having the other day, won a good stakes at York, beautifully ridden by *Darling*. Mr. Vansittart is a good judge, and always runs his horses to win if they can. Mr. Hunter, of Six Mile Bolton, near Newmarket, is a first-rate judge of racing and considered a good bettor. He won the Derby in 1821, with *Gustavus*, and has since used him as a stud-horse, but not to much profit. The last year, however, he made some amends by producing *Forester*, the winner of the July stakes, and several other things, and was backed freely for the Derby, being out of an *Orville* mare. With the exception of the great card of their pack, all the Peels have a taste for the turf. The Colonel however, is the only one who has the courage to face Newmarket, which he does, with nearly as good a stud as is to be found even there. Amongst them is *Archibald*, by *Paulowitz*, the winner of the 2,000 guineas stakes, last year, the *Shirley* stakes at Epsom, and the Newmarket St. Leger, beating the far-famed *Margrave*, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, and *Beiram*. The Colonel is a heavy bettor, and loses with a philosophic indifference, worthy of a nobler cause. Mr. Massey Stanley, son of Sir Thomas, has a new, but, neat stud, and one very good horse, called *Crutch*, a great winner of last year. Mr. Sowersby has likewise a pretty stud, which he uses, like a gentleman, for his amusement. Mr. Scott Stonehewer, is of the same

class. In the latter gentleman's stable, is Variation, a winner of the Oaks, in 1830. Mr. Payne has also a small stud, not winners we fear, neither is he a judicious bettor. Lastly, Mr. Osbaldeston has made his appearance on the heath, not as a Hercules horseman, as he proved himself in the awful match against time, but as the owner of a string of racehorses. We had rather see *the Squire*, with his hounds, in Northamptonshire, where nothing can eclipse his fame.

(To be continued.)

THE TURF, &c. &c.

It is now the season when stallions are located and breeders select such as they mean to patronize; this is an affair the owners of fine mares should consider well, before they determine; as a bad selection not only insures disappointment for the time, but every failure lessens the value of his stock for many years: hence the necessity of breeding on some system, and avoiding the too common practice of putting to a horse, merely because he is convenient—is the property of some friend or neighbour, or has a high racing reputation—without that attention to form which may be expected to correct and improve the defects of the mare, and at the same time, avoiding hereditary blemishes in the sire, such as diseased feet, weak eyes, bad temper, &c. &c. many, and indeed all of which are hereditary. Above all, it is necessary to choose a horse of pure and unquestionable pedigree. An Arab breeds from no horse, unless he traces to one of the mares of his prophet—nor would I, unless he traces through a long line of nobles, to the Godolphin and Darley Arabian, and a mare of equal blood. This may seem rather particular, but let me assure the reader, that no instance exists in the records of the blood horse, where a stallion has gotten racehorses that could go the pace and the distance with a single *dunghill* cross in him. The breeders of the racehorse region remember the stock of Potomac and Sir Archy—they had the same sire, equal reputation as racers, they stood in the same country, had many of the same mares—they had, however, different dams; the one traced in a few generations to the old fields of Brunswick, while the other went back to one of the royal mares, a thorough Arabian. This is the true cause of the difference in their reputation as stallions, and will, I trust, long remain a warning to all breeders, not to be induced by the most splendid performances on the turf, to disregard the indispensable requisite of an authentic and pure pedigree.

It has always been a maxim with me to avoid all near affinities. I am persuaded it has a tendency to degenerate the animal—such is the general law of nature, and there will scarcely be a special provision to exempt racehorses from the penalty. It has been remarked among families, that intermarry for several generations, they become pigmies in mind and body, while family peculiarities and imbecilities are increased even into caricature—so in the game fowl, if bred in and in for a few years, he deterio-

rates in form, size and power, and after a few blows is entirely exhausted, and is easily beaten by an antagonist of equal weight.

But on this subject our breeders have lately had such broad hints, that even Paddy could, I think, take them. In the west, Leviathans have run almost every other competitor off the field, and here in the east, Luzboroughs and Fyldes have had equal success. Now this does not happen, because they *are intrinsically better than* the native stallions, *that are really thoroughbred*—but they had the advantage of crossing well on our thoroughbred mares, whereas most of the mares and stallions in Virginia and the Carolinas were the descendants of Diomed and his sons. A similar remark applies to Tennessee, where most of their blood stock was descended from Wonder and Pacolet, half brothers; thus our best native stallions were left without proper mares to cross on, at least in most instances: and it must be admitted as stated by me in your Register some time since, the late importations have been made mostly by gentlemen in some way connected with breeding, hence more care in their selection and attention to blood, than in some brought over as mere speculations about the close of the last century. I do not mean to depreciate all that came to us then on speculation, such as Medley, Shark, &c. nor will I undervalue our native stallions, Sir Archy and his sons have left an enduring reputation in the Old Dominion and the neighbouring states, and the Archy mares will, I have no doubt, aid much the reputation of the foreign stallions.

The Archy stock is the best we have had for many years—they run well young, and run on well when the cross is one that would justify such an expectation—Diomed was a tall horse—Castianira stood high on the legs—Sir Archy himself, near sixteen hands one inch high, yet being a horse of uncommon substance, he was a great performer, but in his stock the family characteristics would often show and his colts were then too high on the leg—this has been considered a fault in them, and when they have bred in, it became a positive weakness, and they were useless for the turf or the road. Many of the Archys had rather small back bones, some of them weak eyes—these were hereditary, although neither fault belonged to the old horse himself—yet his sire, Diomed, had a small back bone, could not take up his weight while on the turf, and in general his colts did best at three years old. Castianira, dam of Sir Archy, was blind, and this, according to my theory, accounts for the weak eyes of the double Archys—yet Sir Archy had good eyes—in all instances, when he had well bred, short-legged Citizen or Medley mares, he seldom failed to get racers that had both speed and length in them, in the same way when Archy mares are put to well bred English horses, of game stock, good form, and not too high on the leg, they must and will race.

It is a curious fact, that although some mares having four or five good crosses, will breed racers from horses of pure blood and racing family—that no stallion with such a pedigree, has ever gotten racehorses that could win jockey clubs in this country, and I could name some gentlemen in Virginia and North Carolina, who having stallions of their own, that had some little racing reputation, have attempted to give them

character as sires, by putting their own mares to them ; in every instance the experiment has been a failure—the loss sustained by an inferior colt from a truly fine mare, has been each year, more than the worthless sire, would bring in any market.

Some thirty years since, when our jockey clubs were few and the purses comparatively small, the prices paid for racehorses were low, yet some gentlemen who had fine mares and bred them to the best horses, made money by them. Now that we have clubs established not only in most of the Atlantic states, but along the whole valley of the Mississippi, affording the most extensive, and among the best markets in the world for racehorses, there can be no investment, promising a more certain, speedy, or larger remuneration on the outlay—and the breeding from stock whether it be horses, cattle, or sheep, independent of the service which a man renders his country, has all the agreeable excitement which some men enjoy in the possession of a lottery ticket, with this difference in its favour, he has no fears of a blank, all are prizes, some high and some low, yet all prizes.

Nor are the benefits arising from a breeding farm, confined to the owner, all near him participate, he soon finds his advantage in breeding more stock than his own farm will feed, and all who have any thing to sell, there find a market, exempt from those temptations incident to a sale in a city, and the profits of his labours, finds its way to the homestead—some are induced to follow his example. I could name many instances in this country, where a taste for fine horses, cattle or hogs, in a single individual, has wrought an entire change in his neighbourhood, and its happy influence is evident to the most casual observer. In passing through the country, he remarks at once the number and value of the horses, and the improved state of agriculture, so far as that influence extends, for he who breeds fine stock will feed them, and if he does not raise the grain himself, which however, he generally endeavours to do, he holds out strong inducements to others to do so, as he must buy.

There are many excellent native stallions now in our country, and when they are *certainly thoroughbred*, free from hereditary blemishes or defects, and you can avoid all near affinities, they may be bred from to advantage—let their form also be the subject of mature deliberation, and be sure to avoid breeding from a mare and horse having similar defects.

The great number of English horses imported within a few years, all of them well-bred, and many of them the very best it was possible to procure, opens a wide field for selection of such as may suit our mares in their form, and from their pedigree and character, will most probably get such stock as may suit our mode of racing.

A.

DEER CHASE.—No 1.

MR. EDITOR:

Lake Swan, Ark. October 14, 1836.

Were it not so late, I would attempt to give you an account of a chase we had the other day, which from the great interest it excited here, might afford you some little amusement, in its detail; but I can only give you some of the outlines, and leave you to fancy the rest.

Mr. Harris,* my neighbour, is one of the finest old Virginia sportsmen that you ever saw in your life. He always has a large pack of hounds. We have hunted together a great deal; and I have been as much amused to see him fret, about the Huntress beating all *his* dogs, as at seeing the chase itself. His great ambition, has been, to get a dog to beat her. At last, he thought he had heard of the very one, about one hundred and fifty miles up the Arkansas river. So off he posted, and gave the price demanded—twenty-five dollars for the dog; and calculated to make himself clear, by betting me the like sum, that he could beat the Huntress, on the Island course. But, before he saw me, and while he had his dog in regular training, he met with Mr. Knowlton, whom he was telling, in a very exulting manner, how he was going to 'pick me up,' as he expressed it. Knowlton told him, he would like to be 'picked up,' *himself*, in the same way. So they made the bet, and last Saturday the race was run. It having been known for sometime, there was a large party to see the chase; so that the Island course resembled more the parade of a race-field, than any thing else. The stands were all guarded, with the intention of not suffering the deer to leave the island, until it should be caught by fair running; and nobody was to shoot, unless it would break through the stands. So at the wind of the horn, which, was answered from all the different points, in indication that they were all ready; the two were led up—Huntress and Rolla; each exhibiting from the loftiness of its carriage, and the eagerness of its spirit, a just confidence in its *own superiority*. The ropes were loosed; and with a fleetness, that bespoke great determination, they darted into the woods. It was but a little while, and the deep toned voice of Rolla, that much resembles the threatening, yet, eloquent mutterings of distant thunder, that tells the coming storm, was heard re-echoing and re-bellowing up the margin of the lake. Here they come—a buck and a doe—with Rolla a-head, and Huntress grappling close behind. So desperately they urge their way, that every thing is absorbed in the pending contest—the wild-goose hushes her gabble, to give ear to the flying chase—the eagle ceases to terrify the feathered tribes with his keen, shrill and death-like cry; but floating in eddying circles, high in air, views with delighted eye, the raging hurricane that sweeps beneath him.

But to bring my story to a close—the deer ran round the island three times, before they separated; but, unfortunately, the dogs *also* separated;

* We regret to say, that this Mr. Harris, is the same gentleman who was killed on lake Swan, sometime last fall, in a most desperate conflict with a bear; in spite of all that could be done, by men, dogs and guns.—EDITOR.

one took after each. Rolla brought his through first, but nobody hit it; Huntress came through in a few minutes with hers, and I shot it; and so, according to the words of the bet, she had won, as she tasted meat first; but the judges decided, that neither had won; which I think, was right enough. The race is to be run over, on the 8th of November. I wish you and the general could be here. We have measured the island, it is two miles round. The dogs went round the first time, in four minutes and twenty seconds—second round, in four minutes and seven seconds—third round, in four minutes and two seconds. The first round was a dead heat—the second round, Huntress was about a jump a-head; the third round, Rolla was about as far a-head of her. So that the result, without the accident, must have been very doubtful.

Yours, &c.

T. B. F.

ISAAC WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER.

The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation; being a Discourse on Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fish, and Fishing: in two Parts; the first written by Mr. Isaac Walton; the second by Charles Cotton, Esq.; with the Lives of the Authors, and Notes historical, critical, and explanatory. By Sir John Hawkins, Knt. 1764. First edition, 1653.

Our nation, from the earliest times, has been remarkable for a fondness for field sports. Hunting and hawking formed the chief recreation of our kings and barons; and if the equipments of our ancient nobles, when on a hunting expedition, were inferior in splendour to the pavilioned field and turbaned array of an eastern Omrah, or even to the half-martial appointments of our European neighbours, yet, in enthusiastic love of these sports, in the skill and intelligence displayed in conducting them, in the breeding and training of our hawks and dogs, in the completeness of our sporting implements, and in our adroitness in using them, we have unquestionably excelled them all.

As the choice of games and modes of playing at them, strongly indicate the dispositions and capacities of children, so the sports and exercises of a people, are equally illustrative of their national characteristics. Our field sports, strikingly exhibit that energizing union of action and thought—that quick sense of *fair play*, and independent self-reliance, which, when directed to higher objects, have exalted and established the moral character of our nation. Much of the parade of the chase, we undoubtedly derived from our Norman ancestors; but all those feudal regulations, not essential to the success and conduct of the sport, have disappeared with the system which produced them. Our sportsmen assemble not merely to swell the train of the leader of the day, but each for his own exercise and recreation. Every one is equally interested in the success of the business before him; and, although, the huntsman is, *ex officio*, the most important and obstinate personage in the field, and his *veto* is always definitely against any casual votes of the democracy, nevertheless each mem-

ber of known experience, delivers his opinion, with a consciousness, that its weight shall be duly appreciated by his compeers, and if, when in council *at a fault*, he carry the majority with him—or better still, if he be seconded by the sure double of old Rockwood—the cry of ‘*That’s good!*’ carries the motion by acclaim, and the sovereignty of the huntsman merges constitutionally in the decision of the general voice. Thus, in doubtful cases, opinion has its due authority; but the fundamental code of the chase is inviolable. The creature pursued must be allowed its *fair law*—the destruction of the animal, is never the sole object contemplated; its wiles and powers of escape, are nicely balanced with the skill and sagacity of its pursuers. We do not defend the humanity of this equilibrium of exertion and suffering; but as the object of the hunter is, to prolong the chase to the utmost possible extent, without diminishing its spirit, and as his pleasure consists in surmounting, by his skill and the sagacity of his dogs, the impediments opposed to him, we adduce it, as exemplary of that just adaptation of means to their end, of that hardihood and perseverance which courts and delights in difficulty and danger, and that love of method and order, which even in their sports is prevalent in the minds of our countrymen, and which, when exerted on nobler occasions, has enabled them to rival whatever human nature hath ever achieved, either of physical or mental energy. Our less vehement rural recreations are governed by rules as exact, and discover as much of system, of natural knowledge, and of mechanical contrivance and application, as hunting. If a philosopher of an unknown world, were presented with a fowling piece, the work of one of our best gun-makers, the inferences to be drawn from it alone, would certify him, that it could only be the production of a highly intelligent nation. In the just proportion of its parts, equally accommodated to elegance and utility; in its strength, nicely combined with the requisite degree of lightness; in the mechanism of the lock, and in the simplicity and good taste of the general ornaments, he would discover indubitable evidence of patient thought united to the highest mechanical ability, and both admirably and exclusively directed to the particular purpose of the instrument. He would as certainly not draw similar conclusions from the inspection of a Chinese bow, or a Persian scimitar. These, though gorgeously adorned and highly wrought, in parts, he would discover to be infinitely less complete; they are ‘rich with gems and barbaric gold,’ but the essentials, the rivets, the screws, and whatever does not at first meet the eye, are negligently and inefficiently executed. From the inspection of the three instruments, the bow, the scimitar and the gun, their several uses being considered, our philosopher would form no contemptible hypothesis of the intellectual rank of the people which produced them.

The pleasures of the angler are equally well aided by the fitness of his particular implements, and his art has been improved by as much observation, experience and thought, as characterize any of the sports to which we have alluded; and all of them have been celebrated by men of genius, whose works on these subjects, are a valuable addition to the literature of our country. *Somerville’s Chase* has been censured as a futile endeavour

to elevate a mean subject to the dignity of poetry. There may be some justice in this censure, but an accomplished hunter will reluctantly admit it. He may deny that subject to be mean, which constitutes one of the most ardent and characteristic recreations of a great nation, and which gives to posterity a vivid picture of the manly amusements, polished manners, and cultivated minds of a British country gentleman. The work before us, which has led us to these observations, has been the delight of every 'brother of the angle,' and of every man of taste, since its first appearance. The simplicity of its style, the genuine love of nature which it displays, the purity and philanthropy of its sentiments, that true politeness, the result of a sound understanding, and of an amiable sensibility, beautifully exhibited in every page, and heightened in effect, rather than obscured, by the somewhat quaint language of the age in which it was written, give it a spell so powerful, as to have charmed the dragon of criticism. But the book is itself a portrait of its venerable author, nay, it presents him to you alive—you walk with him, reflect with him, dwell with him on the peaceful beauties of the landscape, and silently and gently sink into the calm and amiable temper of mind and heart, which dictated this most innocent of books. His first address displays the amenity of his character; and the milk-maid, who sings her simple song to oblige him, and the mistress of the little inn, who is so anxious to attend to every wish of her respected guest, convince you, that all who know the good old man, own an affectionate esteem for him. Before you have enjoyed his society an hour, you are his fast friend, and perhaps, 'an honest angler' for ever.

But let our apostle of angling speak for himself.

'A conference betwixt an ANGLER, a HUNTER, and a FALCONER, each commending his recreation.'

'PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS.'

*'Pisc.—*You are well overtaken, gentlemen, a good morning to you both. I have stretched my legs up Tottenham hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine, fresh May morning.

*'Venat.—*Sir, I, for my part, shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched-house in Hodsdon; and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me: but for this gentleman, that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey, he came so lately into my company, that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

*'Auceps.—*Sir, I shall, by your favour, bear you company as far as Theobald's, and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a hawk for me, which I now long to see.

*'Venat.—*Sir, we are so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning; and I hope we shall each be the happier in the others' company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it; knowing that, as the Italians say, good company in a journey, makes the way seem shorter.

'Auceps.—It may do so, sir, with the help of good discourse, which methinks we may promise from you, that both look and speak so cheerfully; and for my part, I promise you, as an invitation to it; that I will be as free and open-hearted, as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

'Venat.—And sir, I promise the like.

'Pisc.—I am right glad to hear your answers, and in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast, for the other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk, that a friend mews for him.

'Venat.—Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure; for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two, in hunting the otter, which a friend that I go to meet, tells me, is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever; howsoever I mean to try it, for to-morrow morning we shall meet a pack of otter-dogs of noble Mr. Saddler's, upon Anwell-hill, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the sun-rising.

'Pisc.—Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villanous vermin, for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather because they destroy so much; indeed so much, that in my judgment, all men who keep otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the king, to encourage them to destroy the breed of these base otters, they do so much mischief.

'Venat.—But what say you to the foxes of the nation, would you not as willingly have them destroyed? for, doubtless, they do as much mischief as otters do.

'Pisc.—Oh sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity, as those base vermin, the otters do.

'Auceps.—Why, sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor otters?

'Pisc.—I am, sir, a brother of the angle, and therefore an enemy to the otter; for you are to note, that we anglers, all love one another; and therefore do I hate the otter, both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

'Ven.—And I am a lover of hounds; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at anglers.

'Auc.—And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

'Pisc.—You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixt with ill-nature, confidence and malice, will do it; but, though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers:

Lucian, well skilled in scoffing, this hath writ,
Friend, that's your folly which you think your wit:
This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
Meaning another when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what Solomon said of scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a scoffer still; but I account them an enemy to me and all that love virtue and angling.

‘And for you that have heard many grave, serious men, pity anglers, let me tell you, sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave, which we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor, rich men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy. No, no, sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne says, like himself, freely, ‘when my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for, doubtless, cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs and answers my folly for making sport for her when we two play together?’ Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats, and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation, which I may again tell you, is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.’

The eloquence of the sage Isaac makes a convert of Venator, whose hostility to others must naturally have predisposed him to the change. He becomes his pupil, and is minutely instructed in every department of the art; the detail of which, however, is enlivened by the introduction of much wit, moral precept, and practical illustration.—See with what certainty of science he catches a chub.

‘*Pisc.*—And now to your question concerning your host; to speak truly, he is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either scripture jests or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined to the first, and his own corrupt nature which he always carries with him to the latter; but a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and, indeed, such a companion should have his charges borne, and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at Trout-hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company: and let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard mine host, and another of the company, that shall be nameless. I

am sorry the other is a gentleman, for less religion will not save their souls, than a beggar's; I think more will be required at the last great day. Well, you know what example is able to do, and I know what the poet says in the like case, which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility :

Many a one,
Owes to his country his religion ;
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more, for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures; I'll to my own art, and I doubt not but at yonder tree, I shall catch a chub, and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well, rest ourselves there, and dress it for our dinner.

Ven.—Oh sir, a chub is the worst fish that swims, I hoped for a trout to my dinner.

Pisc.—Trust me, sir, there is not a likely place for a trout hereabouts, and we staid so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a trout till evening; and though a chub be, by you and many others reckoned the worst of fish, yet, you shall see I'll make it a good fish, by dressing it.

Ven.—Why, how will you dress him?

Pisc.—I'll tell you by and by, when I have caught him. Look you here, sir, do you see? but you must stand very close, there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty chubs, I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all; and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one; and you shall see it done.

Ven.—Ay, marry sir, now you talk like an artist, and I'll say you are one, when I see you perform what you say you can do, but yet I doubt it.

Pisc.—You shall not doubt it long, for you shall see me do it presently; look, the biggest of these chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a pike or some other accident, and that looks like a white spot; that very chub I mean to put into your hands presently; sit you down in the shade, and stay but a little while, and I'll warrant you, I'll bring him to you.

Ven.—I'll sit down and hope well, because you seem to be so confident.

Pisc.—Look you sir, there is a trial of my skill, there he is. That very chub that I showed you with the white spot on his tail; and I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat, as I was to catch him. I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall; there my hostess, which I may tell you, is both cleanly and handsome, and civil, hath dressed many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.'

But it is not enough to teach the student merely to catch fish, honest Isaac is equally erudite in the science of dressing them, and gives precise rules accordingly. Of the merits of his cookery we do not pretend to be

judges, and refer this part of the work to the research and experience of the gastro-didactic, Dr. Kitchener.

As a specimen of our author's love of nature, and of that serenity of mind and true sensibility, which enables the heart of man to sympathize with the tranquil and happy scenery around him, we select the following passage:

'Pisc.—Nay, stay a little, good scholar; I caught my last trout with a worm, now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all; have with you sir; o'my word I have hold of him. Oh, it is a great logger-headed chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honey-suckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

'Look, under that broad beech-tree, I sat down, when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time, by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily express it:

I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possest joys not promised in my birth.'

'As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song, which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

'They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion, in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

'Good speed you, good woman, I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

'Milk-w.—Marry, God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a grace of God, I'll

give you a syllabub of new verjuice, in a new-made hay-cock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men; in the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

'*Pisc.*—No, I thank you; but I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter, when I last past over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

'*Milk-w.*—What song was it, I pray? Was it, *Come shepherds deck your herds?* or, *As at noon Dulcinea rested?* or, *Phillida flouts me?* or, *Chevy Chace?* or, *Johnny Armstrong?* or, *Troy Town?*

'*Pisc.*—No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

'*Milk-w.*—O, I know it now; I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me; but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers; Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second when you have done.

' THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cup of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be,
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.'

Walton appears to be well acquainted with the writings of Montaigne, whose essays were excellently translated by his friend Cotton. In many respects, particularly in the artlessness of his character, our author resembles Montaigne, but he had less of whim and eccentricity. Montaigne informs us of his good nature, but the kind-heartedness of honest Isaac oozes from him unconsciously, from every pore. Of the tenderness of his natural disposition, it is impossible to doubt; and yet it is curious, and almost ludicrous to note how the love of his art, and the force of habit, occasionally hoodwink his humanity. He zealously hopes that all others may be utterly exterminated, and shortly after censuring those who fish at improper seasons, he observes:

'But the poor fish have enemies enough beside such unnatural fishermen, as namely, the otters that I spake of, the cormorant, the bittern, the ospray, the sea-gull, the hern, the king-fisher, the gorara, the puet, the swan, goose, ducks, and the craber, which some call the water-rat; against all which, any honest man may make a just quarrel; but I will not, I will leave them to be quarrelled with, and killed by others, for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish.'

And his mode of preparing a live bait, still more strikingly illustrates our observation;

'Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none but he, whose name is Wonderful, knows how; I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire, and in so doing, use him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.'

The second part of this book is by another hand, the lively Mr. Charles Cotton, who being more expert in the art of fly-fishing than his friend and 'father,' as he affectionately terms Isaac Walton, has continued the work, in imitation of the style of the first part, with great felicity and effect. The fishing scene on the Dove is admirably lively and natural; and the fishing-house, built for the accommodation of his friend and himself, on the banks of that river, and ornamented with the conjoined ciphers of their names, is a monument of elegant sensibility and friendship, honourable to them both. A wit defined angling to be a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other; and if, in our notice of this amusing volume, we may seem to have approached the opposite extreme, and to have shown more respect to rural recreations than they may truly claim, be it remembered, that our observations have regarded them in a general point of view, as indicative of national character, rather than as in

themselves, objects of serious pursuit; and that we commend the work before us, for its style, its variety of information, and above all, for its faithful portraiture of its amiable author, rather than from any desire to make proselytes to the fraternity of the angle. We close the volume with a conviction, in which we feel assured most of its readers will concur.

Minervam non minus in sylvis errare, quam Dianam.

From the Retrospective Review.]

THE WASHINGTON SOCIAL GYMNASIUM.

MR. EDITOR :

Washington, December, 1837.

As your valuable magazine is the appropriate repository for every thing relating to innocent recreation, healthy exercise, manly sports, or good fellowship, permit me to occupy a page of it, with a brief notice of a new association in this city, bearing the above title, and of its first celebration dinner.

At the beginning of the summer, a number of gentlemen, (comprising such of the members of the old Quoit club, as chose to unite,) organized a new quoit and bowling club, under the name of the *Washington Social Gymnasium*. Having obtained a very eligible site for the purpose, they erected an excellent bowling-house, and laid out two good quoit alleys, all well enclosed, and the whole costing about five hundred dollars. The regular meetings have been three a week, (though many members attend every afternoon, to bowl or pitch,) and these meetings have fully realized the objects of the association; namely, health-giving exercise, and the cultivation of sociability and good feeling. The last named benefit you will better appreciate, when I inform you that the association is composed of individuals of both—I might say, of all political parties. This circumstance, indeed, so far from engendering any asperity, or even shyness, among the members, appears to be a happy ingredient in the composition of the club, as party allusions are always sportive, and frequently contribute to the gaiety of the moment. I mention this fact, because I conceive that it does honour to the good sense and gentlemanly character of the members. But of the dinner:

The club having determined to celebrate the close of its first season by dining together, arrangements were made for that purpose, with Monsieur Boulanger, of the American and French Restaurant. The dinner came off on Tuesday, the 21st of November, and I undertake to say, that it was one of the most splendid entertainments ever served up at a public house in the United States, and I much doubt whether the London Tavern, the Café de Paris, the Rocher de Cancale, or any other restaurant or hotel in Paris or London ever surpassed it, either in the qualities of sumptuous and recherché viands, splendid appurtenances, or fine wines.

After the last of the numerous courses had been removed, and the dessert discussed, the accomplished and veteran bard of 'Betty Martin,' (Mr. P. T. the poet laureat of the old club, whose felicitous odes to the same

strain, you have heretofore favoured with a place in your pages,) rose and delighted the company, with his accustomed happy review of the incidents of the season, and the merits and peculiarities of the several members, embodied in verse, and adorned with the graces of wit, humor, and sentiment. For this amusing effusion, we may ask the favour of a place in your magazine hereafter. A few distinguished and agreeable guests added to the pleasure of the evening, which was spent in the interchange of kind feeling, in drinking heart-warming toasts, and listening to excellent songs. The large company separated at a proper hour, pleased with the dinner, the wines, with each other, with themselves and with the complete success of the 'Experiment,' which brought them together.

A MEMBER.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM ARKANSAS.

Breeding—Old Ratler and his get—Hon. Balie Peyton and his blood stock—Mercury's death and time at New Orleans—Matches in Arkansas—Rodolph and Angora's match.—Proposition to make it a national match—Maj. Davie's letters from England—On dit relative to General Chassé—Wacousta's banter—Northern 'cracks'—Col. Hampton's importations, &c.

DEAR P.

Batesville, Ark. Aug. 16, 1837.

Experience, derived from close observation, has satisfied me, that there is no subject which requires sounder judgment than the raising of 'good 'uns.' The judicious selection of stallions is a difficult matter; this arises from the various forms and crosses in different mares. To remedy defects in breeding, the pedigree and form of a horse should be closely scrutinized. A mare with a small back bone should be put to a horse with a large one, being careful at the same time, that he is an animal of pure blood and good form. The great object (the attainment of which, should be the study of every breeder,) is to rear horses that can go the pace, four mile heats. This object should be kept constantly in view. Tough and wiry mares should be crossed on heely horses; they will then have the foot and bottom.

Few horses in America, in my humble opinion, have done and will do more towards bringing forth good four milers, than old Ratler. And why should he not? Look at his pedigree—can anything be better? Look at his family—all splendid racers. His own performances were most extraordinary, running some twenty odd races, generally at long distances, and rarely, if ever beaten, until he fell into bad hands. Tennessee should rightly appreciate him. If she permits a Virginia company to take the horse from her, she will stand in her own light. Such a company I learn has been formed in Virginia. The grandsire of Mingo, Lady Clifden, Bonny Black, Atalanta, Isaac of York, and Experiment, should be treasured as a jewel.

Old Kentuck and Tennessee are rearing good things and fast things the right way. Balie Peyton, than whom there is not a cleverer turfite in

these United States, is breeding on a grand scale—one that will prove advantageous to him, and beneficial to the country. He is a man above prejudices, and goes in, for the ‘best in the market,’ foreigners and all. He has some choice mares in his breeding stud. He is breeding from Ratler, Anvil, Priam, Leviathan, Luzborough, &c.

Maria Shepherd is in North Carolina; she stood to Priam on the 5th of April last, and will return to Tennessee this fall. She is the dam of Lilac, the speediest of the speedy, and Tishemingo, that is as fast as a high pressure, both by Leviathan. I think she will bring a Plenipo. They do say Peyton has had several offers of \$3,000, the moment it grabs the teat. Pocahontas, by old Pacolet, dam by imp. Cœur de Lion, granddam by Grey Medley (dam of Grey Archy, and g. grandam on the sire side of John Dawson,) g. g. grandam imp. Mouse-trap, &c. This is a choice pedigree; the mare is said to be large and beautifully finished. She is stinted to Anvil, and has a sucking filly by Luzborough, that does him great credit. Pantanelli (so he calls her,) is entered in the great sweepstakes that are to come off at Gallatin in 1840, two mile heats, \$1,000. entrance, and closed with twenty-three subscribers. This is a splendid affair. There is in contemplation a second ‘Dorsey’ affair in the spring of 1841, over the Nashville course, four mile heats, entrance \$1,000, free for colts and fillies then four years old, to close by 1st July, 1838. Already four entries:—Pantanelli and a Chateau Margaux colt, out of Anna Maria, both entries by Balie Peyton, and two Mermans. It requires six entries to make a race. Where are the Leviathans and Bertrands, the Consols and Lap-dogs, the Pacifics and Stockholders, cum multis aliis, that should not let this fine opportunity escape of testing their claims for superiority? Bernice, (also the property of Balie Peyton,) out of Madam Tonson, by Archy Jr., has a fine filly by imp. Felt, and is stinted to Anvil. Peyton and Mr. Jenifer, of Md., own a fine mare by Multum-in-Parvo; she has a colt by Chateau, and is stinted to Leviathan. The former and Col. Thomas F. Bowie, of Md., own Lady Clifton, (not Clifden) she is a fine animal, with a good and pure pedigree; she was stinted to Leviathan. Peyton has Phantomia, imported by Gov. Barbour, and Anna Maria, (out of Phantomia,) also imported by the same; both fine animals. The old one stinted to Ratler, and the young one to Anvil. Phantomia by Phantom, dam by Walton, out of Allegrante, by Pegasus, her dam Orange Squeezer, by Matchem, &c. Anna Maria by imp. Truffle. Old Lady Burton (dam of Coure Snapper,) though twenty-four years of age, has a sucking filly by Leviathan, and is stinted to him; she has had eighteen foals, and still looks young and lively. Her daughter, Ellen Douglas, by Henry Tonson, with a Leviathan colt, and stinted to Consol. Grey mare by Henry Tonson, out of Proserpine (that beat Mercury once three mile heats—1st heat 5m. 50s.) by Oscar. Proserpine’s dam was by Pacolet. This mare combines a great deal of the Oscar and Pacolet blood. She has never had a colt, and is stinted to Cock of the Rock.

He likewise sent a mare to Priam, that for blood cannot be beat. She is by old Eclipse, dam by old Sir Archy, grandam by imp. Bedford,

g. g. dam by imp. Shark, (this mare was called Thrasher,) g. g. g. dam by Twigg, g. g. g. g. dam by imp. Jolly Roger—imp. Fearnought—old Mark Anthony—imp. Monkey. The Twigg blood cannot affect all these fine crosses. I have been thus particular in describing many of Balie Peyton's mares for the simple reason, that he designs breeding for the southern market. He has a lot of choice things, the very right sort of cattle, and I can recommend them with safety.

A bet was made the other day, and I was to decide it. It was upon the time of Mercury's death, (vol. vi.) I decided it by a memoir from the Turf Register, as having taken place in 1832, in July. I believe, however, he died in 1831, as there are no colts of his running that were foaled in 1833. The author of the memoir is mistaken in his time at New Orleans, it was 7m. 43s.—7m. 44s. I wish some of your Mississippi correspondents would give the time of his death.

Our prospects for a stinging race on the three mile day, are somewhat clouded by the fact, that old Bill will in all probability not be trained, his owner being sick in Missouri. So Noland & Tunstall will receive the \$1,000 put up as forfeit. They will renew the match for from one to ten thousand dollars. Fair Ellen and Chorline will start, and in all probability one from Hawkins' stables.

I wish you could persuade the friends of Rodolph and Angora, to make a 'national thing of it,' and about four or five more come in. Louisville is the most central course, for from Wheeling down, transportation of horses is nothing. If the south-west and west could make several matches with the Old Dominion and New York, we might expect all sorts of fun. Why can't it be done?

I am very glad to see that the late editor of the Turf Register is in England. His letter in the July No. of that work, is a very interesting one to me; I felt great anxiety to hear his opinions of the comparative powers of English horses and ours. He has some prejudices—who has not? but he is a sensible writer, close observer and a well informed turfite—he fancies General Chassé. Did you know there was a correspondence with Tattersall, the object of which was the procurement of this horse, to be matched here. It took place in the spring of 1836. 'B.' and 'D.' differ widely in their views, and equally so in their style of writing—I shall read their letters with delight. 'B.' is a most valuable correspondent, and saving an occasional 'too hard rub,' in expressing himself concerning certain importations, I have no fault to find with him.

The friends of Wacousta have proposed an inside stake of \$1,000, on the four mile day, at Nashville. Like most of the Leviathans he is speedy, and his friends think him game—Linnet I do know is game. How come on Post Boy, African, Fanny Wyatt, &c.?—all I expect in soak for the fall campaign. Mingo I presume, is resting on his laurels. He ought never to start again—he has every thing to lose, and nothing to gain; he cannot add one feather to his cap by beating any nag, and there is scarce a hope he and Rodolph can be brought together. If the Old Napoleon, with Lady Clifden and Mary Blunt, does not lick up the top of the pot next fall, I am no judge of horse flesh; when he has good nags, we are sure of good running.

I am pleased to learn that liberal turfite and high-toned southron, Col. Wade Hampton, has again been fortunate in procuring some of the best yearlings of the 'Hampton Court Breeding Stud.' Several other 'high trumps' on the American Turf are also large purchasers, I am glad to hear, and of choice lots.

Truly yours,

N.

Spirit of the Times.]

GROUSE SHOOTING—THE TWELTH OF AUGUST.

Every succeeding twelfth of August brings with it a repetition of the cares, anxiety, bustle, and joyful anticipation of its predecessor. Guns are overhauled and repaired, dogs caressed and put in condition, dog-carts re-painted, and on the eleventh, many are to be seen parading in their new shooting-dress, with their hands thrust to the bottom of their jacket pockets, and their hats (the very essence of sporting equipments) stuck on one side, in that don't-care-a-deuce sort of way, betokening the self-esteemed crack shot, a genuine indifference to all mundane affairs, and, in the mind's eye, the future destroyer of twenty brace before breakfast. At last 'the wee short hour ayont the twal' announces that time has decided that the glorious twelfth has commenced. In proportion to the distance to be travelled, is the preparation for the road. The parties either start on the previous afternoon, and take up their quarters at some moor-side ale-house, denying themselves the luxury of a bed, and rejoicing in the martyrdom of spending a few hours on two chairs; or, before chanticleer has awakened the busy world with his sweet notes, the four-wheeled carriage is seen flying along the streets, the gas-light showing the sportsman in all the buoyancy of anticipated sport, with his dogs in apparent astonishment at being denied the use of their limbs, and an occasional flashy reflection, denoting the deadly nature of the weapons with which the splash-board of the vehicle is encumbered. At last they arrive at the moors, where all their previous preparations are concentrated into five minutes work. The dogs are patted and taught 'to-ho,' the guns are loaded and capped, the jacket is buttoned by two buttons in the middle, the hat is placed firmly on the head, the word *forward* is given, away go the dogs, and the 12th of August has fairly commenced.

Such has been the preparations of our sporting townsmen; but Saturday showed that even on the moors, no real happiness was to be found. The morning was late in dispelling the nightcap-like mist, which rolled its deep form along the sides of the hills, effectually preventing a serious commencement, and when this was dissipated it was succeeded by a violent thunder-storm, the torrents of rain setting at defiance all Mackintosh's inventions for the comfort of man. Some persevered in spite of the weather, and bagged their six or eight brace, until the soaked state of their toggerly warned them of the propriety of their returning, while others, who had been viewing the 'pitiless, ceaseless rain,' from the window of their hostelrie, came to the wise resolution of keeping their powder dry, and returned home excellent specimens of disappointed ambition.

[Sheffield Iris.]

RACING CALENDAR.

JEFFERSON (*Va.*) RACES,

The annual meeting over this course, commenced on Monday, September 18, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for two year olds, 50 bushels of corn, p.p. single dash.

W. Crow & Co's b. c. Astrologer, by Star, dam by Walnut, 84lbs. 1

G. D. Moore & Co's b. c. Yahoo, by Star, dam by St. Tammany, 80lbs. 2

J. Crane's b. f. Snatchit, by John Richards, dam by Instructor, 80lbs. 3

T. G. Baylor's b. f. by Zinganee, 86lbs. and W. Moore's colt not placed.

Time, 1m. 59½s.

Won by a neck. Track a full mile—not bad for the weight. The colts a month off of clover—both Stars get out of half sisters to Enciero.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds, entrance \$150, forfeit \$50, mile heats.

T. R. S. Boyce's b. f. Testimony, by Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe, 0 1 1

W. Crow & Co's b. f. Lady Bumper, by John Richards, dam by St.

Tammany, 0 2 3

J. P. Kendall's b. f. Mary Smith, by Forester, dam Forest Maid, 3 3 2

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 59s.—2m. 1s.

Second race, same day, four mile heats, purse \$400.

J. B. Kendall's b. h. Master Henry, four years old, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 2 1 1

W. Crow's b. f. Mary Hutton, four years old, by Agrippa, dam by Walnut, 1 2 3

T. R. S. Boyce's b. h. Dan Starr, four years old, by Star, dam by Peacemaker, 3 3 2

Time, 8m. 19s.—8m. 16s.—8m. 26s.

Third day, best three in five, mile heats, purse \$200.

J. B. Kendall's g. c. Molinera, four years old, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian, 1 1 1

G. C. Harness' b. g. Malton, aged, by Ratler, dam by Topgallant, 2 2 2

Time, 1m. 53½s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 56s.

Fourth day, two mile heats, purse \$200.

D. Thom's ch. c. Bloody Nathan, four years old, by Valentine, dam Daphne, 1 1 1

J. B. Kendall's b. h. Pythias, five years old by Gohanna, 2 2

J. Strider's br. h. Skylark, seven years old, by Lafayette, dam by Francisco, 3 dis.

J. Swearingen's b. h. Trombone, five years old, by Byron, dam by Ratler, dis.

Time, 3m. 59s.—3m. 59½s.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes, mile heats, entrance 50 bushels of corn, p.p.

R. W. Baylor's ch. f. Zitella, three years old, by Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 1 1

S. Bryerly's b. c. four years old, by Industry, dam by Hyatoga, 2 dis.

A. Kennedy's b. c. three years old, by Seagull, dam by Sir Charles, 3 dis.

J. Strider's b. c. four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, dis.

Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 53s.

Fifth day, proprietor's purse, \$100, mile heats.

S. Strider's ch. m. Floretta, aged, by Ratler, dam by Florizel, 1 1

L. Hoffman's ch. m. Maid of the Neck, aged, by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Windflower, 2 2

J. B. Kendall's br. h. Highlander, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Florizel, 3 3

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 51s

WASHINGTON (D. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 3, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs.; five subscribers, at \$300, each, forfeit \$75, two mile heats.

T. R. S. Boyce's b. f. by imp. Apparition,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Gen. George Gibson's b. f. by Oscar, Jr.	-	-	-	-	0	0
James B. Kendall's br. c. Henry A. Wise, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam,	-	-	-	-	0	0
Time not given—said to be 4m. each heat.						

The second sweepstakes set down for this day, also two mile heats, which closed with three subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit, did not come off. Reason not stated.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as before. Nine subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit, two mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. Picton, by imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella,	1	1
Col. Jenifer's bl. c.	0	0
Wm. H. E. Merritt's ch. f.	0	0
The nominations of Messrs. Thompson, Heth, Selden, Minge, Williamson and Shaffer, paid forfeit.		
Time not given, won with ease.		

The subscription race for a service of plate, set down for this day, did not fill.

Third day, purse \$500, entrance \$20, free for all ages, three years olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual deduction of 3lbs. to mares and geldings—three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. c. Boston, four years old, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam,	1	1
Dr. C. Duvall's br. h. Prince George, five years old, by Industry, out of Argyle's dam,	4	2
James S. Garrison's (Dr. R. B. Starke's) b. c. Stockton, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	5	3
O. S. Hall's b. f. Mary Selden, four years old, by Sussex, dam by Richmond,	3	4
Gen. A. Hunter's ch. f. Caroline Snowden,	6	dis.
E. J. Wilson's b. m. Virginia Graves, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon,	2	dr.
Gov. Sprigg's (Mr. Merchon's) ch. c. Leesburg, four years old, by Adams' Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe,	7	dr.
Time, 5m. 55s.—5m. 53s.—otherwise, 5m. 50s.—5m. 52s.		

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$1,000, entrance \$30, free for all ages, weights as before, four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. Mary Blunt, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred,	1	1
James S. Garrison's bl. h. Cippus, five years old, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony,	2	2
Time, 7m. 50s.—8m. 11s.		

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 3, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for four year olds, three subscribers, at \$200 each, h. f. mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. Credit, (alias Cash,) by Carolinian,	1	1
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. Matthew, by Sir Charles, out of Paul Clifford's dam,	2	2

Isham Puckett's ch. f. Mustard Plaster, by Sir Charles, out of Lobelia's dam paid forfeit.

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 59s.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, four subscribers at \$200 each, h. f. mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. by imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian,	-	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Virginian,	-	2	2
Edmund Townes' b. c. Benbow, by imp. Fylde, out of Cinderella, and Francis Nelson's bl. c. by Chanticleer, dam by imp. Buzzard, paid forfeit.			

Benbow, it is but just to say, received a cut in exercising two days before the race, which was much regretted, being the favourite at odds against the field.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds, three subscribers at \$200 each, h. f. two mile heats.

Botts & Chapman's b. c. Grocer, by imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne's dam,	-	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. c. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles,	-	2	bolt.
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, paid forfeit.			

Time, 4m. 4s. Second heat no time kept.

Second race, same day, ladies' plate, valued at \$100. A single two miles.

John M. Botts' ch. f. three years old, by Gohanna, dam by Playon,	1
Col. Wm. L. White's br. g. Sam Patch, five years old, by Champion, dam by Contention,	2
George B. Poindexter's ch. m. by Stevenson's Diomed,	dis.

Time, 3m. 58s.

Third day, Proprietor's purse, \$300. Two mile heats.

Col. J. Heth's br. m. Margaret Armistead, five years old, by imp. Apparition, dam by Oscar,	-	4	1	1
Wm. Williamson's b. c. four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Playon,	-	3	2	2
O. P. Hare's b. h. Somerville, six years old, by Byron, dam by Shylock,	-	1	3	dr.
Wm. McCargo's b. h. Childers, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by imp. Eagle,	-	2	dis.	

Time, 3m. 56s.—4m. 4s. No time kept the third heat. Somerville broke down.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three years old, four subscribers at \$300 each, forfeit \$100, two mile heats.

O. P. Hare's bl. c. Black Prince, by imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Archy,	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. Jane Rowlett, by Nullifier, out of Jemima,	2	2

Time, 3m. 59s.—4m. 4s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$700, four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. Atalanta, five years old, by Industry, dam by Ratler,	-	1	1
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. Matthew, four years old, by Sir Charles, out of Paul Clifford's dam,	-	3	2
Col. John Heth's ch. h. Experiment, five years old, by Jack Downing, dam by Ratler,	-	2	dr.
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director,	-	dr.	

Time, 8m. 16s. Won easily.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for untried three year olds, four subscribers at \$100 each, h. f. mile heats.

O. P. Hare's ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Cobbs,	-	1	4	1
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin,	-	4	1	2
Wm. McCargo's b. f. by imp. Fylde, dam by Napoleon,	-	3	2	dis.
George Goodwyn's br. f. Two Pollies, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Hal,	-	2	3	dr.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 58s.—1m. 54s. A handsome race, and well contested.

E. B. SETTLE, Sec'y.

MOBLY (Ky.) RACES,

Commenced on Friday, October 20, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats, \$50 entrance, h. f. five entries.

Stephen T. Drane's ch. f. Hebe, by Collier, dam by Bertrand,	-	1	1
M. McCampsey's b. c. by Waxey, dam by Bertrand,	-	2	2
Edmund Bartlett's br. f. Pocahontas, by Randolph's Roanoke, dam by			
Botts' Lafayette,	-	3	3
M. B. Giger's b. f. Ann Turner, by Woodpecker, dam by American, and L.			
Gorden's b. f. Lavina Blackburn, by Ratler, dam by Sophy Whip, paid forfeit.			

Time, 1m. 57s.—2m.

Second race, same day, a match, mile heats.

Wm. E. Branham's b. f. David Eler, by Arab, dam by Whip,	2	1	1
Jas. P. Smith's ro. f. by Ratler, dam by Moses,	-	1	2

Time, 1m. 59s.—2m. 1s.—2m. 1s.

Second day, sweepstakes for two year olds, mile heats, entrance \$50, h. f.

S. Provine's b. f. Medoca, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead,	-	1	1
Wm. E. Branham's b. f. by Lance, dam by Whip,	-	2	2
M. McCampsey's b. f. by Oakland, dam by Eagle,	-	4	3
A. P. Chesley's b. f. Lady Huntress, by Woodpecker, dam by old			
Court,	-	3	4
Benj. Tyler's ch. c. Tom Rice, by Orphan Boy, dam by Whip,			dis.
Jas. P. Smith's ch. f. by Lance, dam by Sir Archy, paid forfeit.			

Time, 1m. 56s.—2m.

Third day, purse \$100, two mile heats.

Thos. B. Scruggs' b. c. three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin,	2	1
M. McCampsey's g. f. Lady Green, four years old, by Waxey, dam by		
Pacolet,	-	1
T. Geiges' ch. c. A. Drake, three years old by Zilcadi, dam by Diamond, dis.	-	2

Time, 3m. 57s.—4m.

Owing to a misunderstanding, the third heat was not run by both horses.

Fourth day, purse \$65, three mile heats, best three in five.

Mr. Palmer's b. m. Antoinette, five years old, by Star, dam by Walnut, walked for the money.

Governed by the rules of the Central Course.

O. FORD, Sec'ry.

CAMDEN (N. J.) RACES,

The races over the Camden Course, N. J. commenced on Tuesday, October 24, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 90lbs. fillies 87lbs. (New York weights.) Seven subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit. Mile heats.

Wm. Townes' ch. f. Eloise, by imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp, by			
Don Quixotte,	-	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange, by			
Sir Archy,	-	2	2
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. by Sir Lovell, out of Eleanor, by Eclipse,	3	dis.	

Time, 1m. 49s.—1m. 48s.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, weights as before. Four subscribers at \$500 each, \$200 forfeit. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. Picton, by imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy,	-	0	1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. f. by Sir Charles, dam Polly Peachem,				
by John Richards,	-	0	2	2

Time, 3m. 46s.—3m. 50s.—4m. 1s.

Second day, match, \$400, weights as before, mile heats.

John Cochran's ch. c. three years old, by Busiris, dam by Potomac,	1	1
S. M. Leiper's br. f. three years old, by Busiris, dam by Young Archibald,	-	2

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 57s.

Same day, match, \$10,000 a side, \$3,000 forfeit, four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. Lady Clifden, four years old, by Sussex, dam by Ratray, 101lbs. received forfeit from Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. Charlotte Russe, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, own sister to Trifle, same age and weight. Charlotte Russe was named in this match, without her owner's knowledge, and engagements in South Carolina, prevented an acceptance of it.

Second race, same day, purse \$300, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings, two mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's (E. Townes') bl. m. Black Bird, five years old, by Arab, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	4	1	1
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) gr. f. Patience, four years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Solomon,	-	-	-	-	2	2	2
Col. James M. Selden's ch. c. Red Rat, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	-	1	3	3
B. Willet's br. h. Tranby, six years old, by John Richards, dam by Hickory,	-	-	-	-	3	dr.	

Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 46s.—3m. 52s.

Third day, purse \$500, free for all ages. weights as before, three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. c. Boston, four years old, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel,	-	-	-	-	1	1	
S. Laird's (for executors) ch. f. Betsey Andrew, three years old, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel, (Henry Archy's dam) by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	2	2	
Col. Wm. Wynn's br. f. Tipton, three years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Director, was entered, but showing lameness on the morning of the race, was drawn.							

Time, 5m. 51s.—6m. 2s.

Second race, same day, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

D. Tom's ch. h. five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred,	0	1	1	
J. H. Helling's ch. c. Carroll, four years old, by Sir Charles, out of Charles Kemble's dam,	-	-	-	0 2 2
O. Willet's br. h. Tranby, six years old, by John Richards, dam by Hickory,	-	-	-	3 3 dis.
Samuel Miller's br. h. Paul Jones,	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 57s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$1,000, entrance \$30, free for all ages, weights as before, four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. Mingo, six years old, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett, by Thornton's Ratler,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Maj. Jas. M. Selden's ch. f. Lady Clifden, four years old, by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson, by Ratray,	-	-	-	-	3	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. Atalanta, five years old, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler,	-	-	-	-	2	3

Time, 7m. 56s.—7m. 52s. Track heavy.

FREDERICKSBURG (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 24, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Four subscribers at \$100 each, two mile heats.

Col. John P. White's ch. c. Hampton, by imp. Barefoot, dam by Trafalgar received forfeit.

Same day, match, \$100, one mile.

Mr. Newby's gr. g. Hardheart, aged, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck,	-	-	-	-	1
124lbs.					

Wm. McCargo's b. m. Lady Wild, four years old, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	2
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Second day, poststake, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. Steele, three years old, by imp. Fylde, out of Sally		
Eubanks' dam, by Constitution,	-	1 1
James P. Corbin's ch. c. Hampton, three years old, by imp. Barefoot,		
dam by Trafalgar,	-	2 2
Time, 3m. 55s.—4m. Won easily.		

Second race, same day, match, \$500 a side; weights for age, as before. Mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. f. three years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab,	-	1 1
Mr. Thompson's ch. h. Champion,	-	2 2
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 54s.		

Third day, purse \$250, free for all ages, weights as before, two mile heats.

Wm. H. Tayloe's ch. f. Rowena, three years old, by Timoleon, dam by Rob Roy,		1 1
James P. Corbin's ch. f. Irene, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar,		4 2
John M. Botts' ch. f. three years old, by Gohanna, dam by Wild Cat,		2 3
Wm. McCargo's b. h. Childry, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by imp. Eagle,		3 dis.
Thomas Doswell's br. m. Margaret Armistead, five years old, by imp. Apparition, dam by Young Cranberry,		5 dis.
Time, 4m. 16s.—4m. 17s. Track heavy.		

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$500, free for all ages, weights as before, three mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. m. Camsidel, six years old, by Industry, out of Arethusa, by Sir Hal,		5 1 1
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director,		1 3 2
James P. Corbin's ch. h. Tyro, five years old, by Timoleon, dam by Trafalgar,		6 6 3
Thomas Doswell's ch. g. Dandy, six years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,		7 4 4
John S. Corbin's ch. c. Tom Walker, three years old, by Marylander, dam by Ratler,		3 5 dis.
Wm. H. Tayloe's gr. c. Isaac of York, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Ratler,		2 2 dis.
Hector Davis' b. h. Nick Biddle, five years old, by Timoleon, out of the dam of James Cropper,		4 7 dis.
Time, 6m. 54s.—6m. 54s.—6m. 46s. Track very deep and heavy.		

UNION COURSE (L. I.) RACES.

Second fall meeting commenced on Tuesday, October 31, 1837.

First day, match, \$5,000 a side, h. f. Weights, 90lbs. and 87lbs. mile heats.

Col. John Heth's gr. f. Gift, three years old, by Greybeard, dam by Sir Charles,		1 1
James B. Kendall's b. c. Henry A. Wise, three years old, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam,		2 0
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 57s.		

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 90lbs. fillies 87lbs. Four subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit, two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. c. Champagne, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	2 1
Robert L. Stevens' b. f. Antoinette, by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins,	1 dis.
Time, 3m. 56½s.—4m. 4s. Antoinette distanced for foul riding.	

Second day, match, \$2,000 a side, \$500 forfeit. Two mile heats.

Robert Tillotson's ch. c. four years old, brother to Coronet, by Henry, out of Medoc's dam by imp. Expedition, 104lbs. received forfeit from Samuel McNeill's b. c. The Devil, three years old, own brother to Post Boy, by Henry, out of Garland, by Duroc.

Same day, purse \$200, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; aged, 126lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares, fillies and geldings, two mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. h. Tom Moore, six years old, by Henry, out of				
Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	-	-	-	1 1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. Middlesex, five years old, by Sir Charles,				
out of Powancey, by Alfred,	-	-	-	2 dr.
J. I. Snedecor's gr. f. Lucy, four years old, by Henry,	-	-	-	bolt.
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. c. Red Rat, four years old, by Sir Charles,				
dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	dr.
Time, 3m. 48s.				

Third day, purse \$400, free for all ages, weights as before, three mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. Henry Moore, four years old, by				
Henry, out of Lalla Rookh,	-	-	-	4 1 0 1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. f. Tipton, three years old, by imp. Luz-				
borough, dam by Director,	-	-	-	1 3 2 0
John C. Stevens' bl. f. Bonny Black, four years old, by imp.				
Valentine, out of Helen Mar, by Ratler,	-	-	-	3 2 0 0
Hamilton Wilkes' ro. m. Gipse, five years old, by Eclipse, dam				
by imp. Expedition, own sister to Medoc,	-	-	-	2 4 dis.
Time, 5m. 54s.—5m. 57s.—6m. 5s.—6m. 14s. Two dead heats.				

Second race, same day, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

J. I. Snedecor's b. f. Lady Hope, four years old, by Monmouth				
Eclipse, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	2 1 1
Hamilton Wilkes' br. h. Tarquin, six years old, by Henry, out of				
Ostrich, Decatur's dam,	-	-	-	3 3 2
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. Niblo, four years old, by Mark Rich-				
ards, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	1 2 dis.
Time, 1m. 52½.—1m. 55s.—2m. 2s.				

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$1,000, free for all ages, weights as before, four mile heats.

Col. James M. Selden's ch. f. Lady Clifden, four years old, by				
Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson, by Ratray,	-	-	-	4 1 1
John C. Stevens' ch. f. Fanny Wyatt, four years old, by Sir Charles,				
dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	3 2 2
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. Picton, three years old, by imp. Luzbo-				
rough, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	1 4 3
Samuel Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. Mingo, six years old, by				
Eclipse, out of Bay Bet, by Thornton's Ratler,	-	-	-	2 3 4
Time, 7m. 44s.—7m. 43½s.—7m. 56½s.				

Second race, same day, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. c. Manalopan, four years old, by Medley,				
dam by John Richards,	-	-	-	1 1
W. McCoun's b. c. four years old, by Paul Clifford,	-	-	-	2 2
S. Laird's b. m. Jane Maria, five years old, by Henry, dam by imp.				
Expedition,	-	-	-	3 0
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 54s. Won handily.				

CHRISTIANVILLE (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, November 7, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. four subscribers, at \$100 each, h. f. mile heats.

J. C. Claiborne's gr. f. by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	1 1
E. Townes' (E. R. Chambers') br. f. by imp. Luzborough,	-	-	-	2 2
Upton Edmondson's c. by Eclipse,	-	-	-	pd. ft.
Dr. H. May's f. by Gohanna,	-	-	-	pd. ft.
Time, 2m. 25s. each.				

Second day, Proprietor's purse, \$200, free for all ages, three year olds 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings, two mile heats.

Edmund Townes' b. c. three years old, by imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington,	1	1
Wm. McCargo's ch. h. Jenito, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham,	3	2
J. J. Harrison's b. g. by Mucklejohn, dam by Gallatin,	2	dis.
John C. Claiborne's ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles,	4	dis.
James White's br. f. three years old, by imp. Hedgeford, dam by Timoleon, threw her rider when running handsomely,		dis.
Time, 4m.—3m. 50s. A capital race.		

Third day, Jockey Club Purse, \$400, without discount, free for all ages, weights as before, three mile heats.

Edmund Townes' bl. m. Black Bird, five years old, by Arab, dam by Virginian,	1	1
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director,	2	2
James J. Harrison's b. m. Lady Green,	4	3
W. O. Goode's b. f. three years old, by imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand,	3	dr.
Time, 6m. 5s.—6m. Won easily.		

HOBOKEN (N. J.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, November 7, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts, 90lbs.; fillies, 87lbs. Four subscribers at \$200 each, \$50 forfeit, mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. c. Champagne, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian,	3	1	1
Col. James M. Selden's b. f. by Sir Charles, out of James Cropper's dam,	1	2	2
A. L. Botts' ch. f. Margaret Ridgely, by Eclipse, out of Phillis,	4	3	3
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. by Sir Lovell, out of Eleanor, by Eclipse,	2	dis.	
Time, 1m. 56s.—2m.—2m. 4s.			

Second race, same day, purse \$100, entrance money added, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. m. Moss Rose, aged, by Lance, dam by Hickory,	1	1
John O'Donnell's b. f. Lady Hope, four years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar,	2	2
W. McCoun's ch. c. John R, three years old, by Henry, out of Grass-hopper, by Henry,	3	dis.
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 58½s.		

Second day, purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before, two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. Middlesex, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred,	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. f. Bonny Black, four years old, by imp. Valentine, dam Helen Mar, by Ratler,	2	2
Hamilton Wilkes' ro. m. Gipsey, five years old, own sister to Medoc,	3	3
J. H. Van Mater's gr. c. Manalopan, four years old, by Medley, being lame, was drawn.		
Time, 3m. 53s.—3m. 54s.		

Second race, same day, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

Daniel Abbott's b. m. Shepherdess, five years old, by Lance, out of Modesty, by imp. Expedition,	1	1
H. Wilkes' ch. h. Dr. Syntax, five years old, by Eclipse, out of Saluda,	2	2
Time, 1m. 56s.—2m. 1½s.		

Third day, purse \$500, free for all ages, weights as before, three mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. c. Champagne, four years old, by Med-			
ley, dam by Ogle's Oscar,	-	-	3 1 1
Robert L. Stevens' ch. h. Tom Moore, six years old, by Eclipse,			
out of Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	-	-	4 3 2
Col. James M. Selden's ch. c. Red Rat, four years old, by Sir			
Charles, dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	1 2 dis.
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. Bergen, four years old, by Medley, out			
of Charlotte Pace,	-	-	2 dis.
Time, 5m. 57s.—6m. 1½s.—6m. 7s. Red Rat distanced by his jockey's heed-			
lessness.			

Second race, same day, purse \$100, entrance added, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

W. McCoun's b. c. Rienzi, four years old, by Paul Clifford, out of			
Kate Kearney, by Sir Archy,	-	-	1 .1
John O'Donnell's ch. h. Wicked Dick, six years old, by Grey Roman,			
out of Milkmaid,	-	-	2 2
James B. Kendall's br. c. Henry A. Wise, three years old, by Dashall,			
dam by Hickory,	-	-	3 dis.
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 56s.			

Fourth day, purse \$1,000, free for all ages, weights as before, four mile heats.

Col. James M. Selden's ch. f. Lady Clifden, four years old, by Sussex,			
out of Betsey Wilson, by Ratray,	-	-	1 1
Col. Wm. Wynn's br. c. Picton, three years old, by imp. Luzborough,			
out of Isabella, by Sir Archy,	-	-	2 2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. m. Atalanta, five years old, by Industry,			
out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler,	-	-	bolt.
Time, 8m. 9s.—8m. 4s.			

Second race, same day, match, \$1,000 a side, mile heats.

John C. Stevens' bl. f. Ethiopia, three years old, by Dashall, out of			
Lady Morgan's dam, by imp. Expedition,	-	-	1 1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. Margaret, three years old, by Dashall, out			
of Monmouth's dam, Young Nettle-top, by Duroc,	-	-	2 2
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 54½s.			

Third race, same day, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

A. L. Botts' ch. f. Margaret Ridgely, three years old, by Eclipse, out			
of Phillis,	-	-	1 1
Daniel Abbott's ch. h. Jesse Richards, six years old, by John Richards,			
dam by Oscar,	-	-	3 2
John O'Donnell's ch. f. Lady Relief, four years old, by Euphrates,			2 dis.
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 56s.			

VALLEY COURSE, (Va.) RACES,

Near Harper's Ferry, commenced on Tuesday, November 14, 1837.

First day, purse \$200, three mile heats.

G. Loudenslager's ch. m. Maid of the Neck, aged, by Maryland			
Eclipse, dam by Windflower,	-	-	1 1
J. Strider's br. h. Skylark, aged, by Lafayette, dam by Francisco,			2 2
Time, 6m. 20s.—6m. 30s.			

Second day, purse \$150, two mile heats.

S. Strider's ch. m. Floretta, aged, by Ratler, dam by Florizel,			1 1
G. Loudenslager's b. g. Malton, aged, by Ratler, dam by Topgallant,			2 dr.
Time, 3m. 57s.			

Third day, purse \$125, mile heats.

G. Loudenslager's b. g. Malton, aged, by Ratler, dam by Topgallant,			1 1
R. W. Baylor's ch. f. Zitella, three years old, by Luzborough, dam by			
Virginian,	-	-	2 2
J. Strider's Parker, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred,			3 dis.
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 57s. Track a full mile.			

TRENTON (N. J.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, November 15, 1837.

First day, purse \$200, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; aged 126lbs. with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings, two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. Bergen, four years old, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace,	1	1
Samuel Laird's gr. f. Patience, four years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Solomon,	2	2

Time, 4m. 5s.—4m. 7s. Track heavy.

Second day, purse \$400, free for all ages, weights as before, three mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. Henry Moore, four years old, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	1	1
James B. Kendall's b. m. Camsidel, six years old, by Industry, out of Arethusia, by Sir Hal,	3	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. Middlesex, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred,	2	dr.

Time, 6m. 14s.—6m. 17s. Track heavy.

Second race, same day, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

Samuel Laird's ch. f. Betsey Andrew, four years old, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel, (Henry Archy's dam,) by Eclipse,	1	1
Daniel Abbott's ch. m. Shepherdess, five years old, by Lance, dam by Revenge,	3	2
Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. m. Moss Rose, aged, by Lance, dam by Hickory,	2	3
J. B. Kendall's ch. f. Mary Granville, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke,		dis.
James Irvine's gr. c. George, four years old, by Bela Richards, dam by Arab,		dis.

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 59½s. Track heavy.

Third day, Citizens' Purse, \$800, entrance \$25, free for all ages, weights as before, four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. m. Atalanta, five years old, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler,	1	1
Col. James M. Selden's ch. f. Lady Clifden, four years old, by Sussex, out of Betsey Wilson, by Ratray,	2	2
C. S. Lloyd's (Joseph H. Van Mater's) gr. c. Champagne, four years old, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar,	3	3

Time, 8m. 22s.—8m. 22s.

Second race, same day, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

Daniel Abbott's ch. m. Shepherdess, five years old, by Lance, dam by Revenge,	2	3	1	1
J. H. Helling's ch. c. Carrol, four years old, by Sir Charles, out of Charles Kemble's dam,	4	0	2	2
D. Tom's ch. h. Emmet, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Handel,	5	5	3	dis.
J. McCoun's b. c. Paul Clifford,	6	4	4	dis.
James B. Kendall's gr. f. Molinera, four years old, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian,	3	6	5	dis.
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. h. Middlesex, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred,	1	0		dr.
James Irvine's ch. h. Jesse Richards, six years old, by John Richards, dam by Oscar,	7	7		dis.
E. Henderson's b. f. Lady Humphries,				dis.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 1s.—2m. 6s.

COLUMBIA (S. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Monday, November 20, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts, 90lbs.; fillies, 87lbs.; fourteen subscribers, at \$100 each, h. f. two mile heats.

Col. Singleton's ch. c. by Luzborough, out of Phenomenon,	-	1	1
Col. J. H. Hammond's br. c. by Eclipse, out of Arcadia,	-	2	2
Time, 4m. 3s.—4m. 9s.			

Second day, Jockey Club Purse, \$800, free for all ages—weights, for three year olds, 90lbs.; four year olds, 102lbs.; five year olds, 112lbs.; six year olds 120lbs.; aged, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; four mile heats.

M. L. Hammond's ch. h. Hickory John, six years old, by John Richards, dam by Hickory,	-	1	1
Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. Milwaukie, four years old, by Bertrand, out Rowena, by Sumter,	-	3	2
R. C. Richardson's br. c. Delville, three years old, by Bertrand, Jr. out Coquette,	-	2	dis.
Col. J. H. Adams' gr. c. Leiber, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Oscar,	-	4	dr.
Time, 8m. 8s.—8m. 13s.			

Third day, Jockey Club Purse, \$600, free for all ages, weights as before, three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. Charlotte Russe, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, own sister to Trifle,	-	1	1
M. L. Hammond's bl. g. Blue-Black, six years old, by Van Tromp, dam by Sir Archy,	-	2	2
Time, 6m. 2s.—6m. 15s.			

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, weights as before, six subscribers, at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit, two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow,	-	1	1
M. L. Hammond's ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse,	-	2	2
Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 58s.			

Fourth day, Jockey Club Purse, \$400, free for all ages, weights as before, two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. c. Monarch, (imp.) three years old, by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker,	-	1	1
R. C. Richardson's ch. m. Betsey Baxter, five years old, by Crusader, dam by Little Billy,	-	3	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. m. Gabriella, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock,	-	2	dis.
M. R. Smith's ch. c. Short Robin, three years old, by Marcellus, dam by Darling Dove,	-	4	dr.
Col. J. H. Adams' gr. c. Leiber, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Oscar,	-		dis.
P. McRa's ch. f. Ellen Percy, three years old, by Godolphin, dam by Bedford,	-		dis.
Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 58s.			

Fifth day, Jockey Club Purse, \$300, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats, three best in five.

M. L. Hammond's ch. f. Igara Harrison, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin,	-	1	1	1
Powell McRa's ch. g. Eclat, four years old, by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko,	-	4	3	2
Capt. Colclough's ch. h. Wilcox, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Wilcox's mare,	-	3	2	3
R. C. Richardson's b. c. Delville, three years old, by Bertrand, Jr. out of Coquette,	-	2	dis.	
Time 1m. 57s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 57s.				

Sixth day, the Hampton Plate, entrance equal to the value of the Plate, two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. c. Monarch, imp. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker,	-				walked over.
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NEW ORLEANS (*La.*) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, December 5, 1837.

First day, Proprietor's Purse, \$500, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; mile heats.

Dr. Rucker's ch. f. Louisa Bascombe, three years old, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific,	3	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. c. Tishi Mingo, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy,	1	2	2
Mr. Renner's gr. f. The Jewess, three years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy,	2	dis.	
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 6s.			

Second day, Proprietor's Purse, \$1,200, free for all ages, weights as before, two mile heats.

Capt. Y. N. Oliver's gr. c. Joe Kearney, four years old, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Charles Magic, by Sir Charles, dam by imp. Magic,	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 3m. 53s.—4m. 4s.							

Third day, purse \$2,000, \$400 to be given to the second best horse in the race, free for all ages, weights as above, three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. f. Virginia Fairfield, four years old, by Timoleon, out of Margaret, by Virginian,	-	-	-	1	2	3	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's gr. m. Naked Truth, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet,	-	-	-	4	1	2	2
C. W. Denton's b. f. Susan Yandall, four years old, by Sir Richard, dam by Rockingham,	-	-	-	3	3	1	3
Wm. R. Barrow's ch. f. Fanny Bell, four years old, by Murat, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	2	4		dr.
Time, 5m. 54s.—5m. 53s.—5m. 57s.—not given.							

Fourth day, the New Orleans Plate, value \$1,000, consisting of a Service of Silver, free for all ages—weights, for five year olds and under, their appropriate weights; six year olds and over, 100lbs.; two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. Angora, five years old, by imp. Levian,	1	1
out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet,		
C. Beilitt's ch. f. Louisa Bascombe, three years old, by Star of the		
West, dam by Pacific,	4	2
Jas. S. Garrison's (Robt. Chapman's) ch. h. Minor, aged, by Minor,		
dam by Sir William,	3	3
M. Kenner's b. h. Monmouth, aged, by John Richards, out of Nettletop,	2	dr.
Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 49s.		

Fifth day, Jockey Club Purse, \$3,000, \$500 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, free for all ages, weights for age as first day, four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's b. m.	Fanny Wright, five years old,	by Bertrand,	
dam by Sir Alfred,	-	-	1 1
James S. Garrison's ch. m.	Glorvina, five years old,	by Industry,	
by Bay Richmond,	-	-	2 2
Time, 7m. 5ls.—8m. 4s.			

Sixth day, Proprietor's Purse, \$700, free for all ages, weights as above, mile heats, best three in five.

Col. Bingaman's gr. g. Great Mogul, five years old,	-	1	1	0	1
W. R. Barrow's ch. f. Fanny Bell, four years old, by Murat,	-	4	3	0	2
dam by Oscar,	-	3	4	3	3
Mr. Beasley's ch. f. Glance, four years old, by Wild Bill, out of	-	2	2	4	4
Grey Goose, by Pacolet,	-				
Col. Oliver's gr. c. Joe Kearney, four years old, by Medley, out	-				
of Kate Kearney,	-				
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 57s.					

AUGUSTA (Geo.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, December 5, 1837.

Monday, December 4, match \$5,000, a side, \$1,000 forfeit, two mile heats.

M. L. Hammond's ch. c. Gerow, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, received forfeit from G. Edmondson's Charlotte Barnes, same age.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts, 96lbs.; fillies, 93lbs. Six subscribers at \$300 each, h. f. two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's f. Emily, imp. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth,	1	1
L. Lovell's ch. c. John Guedron, by Old Bertrand, dam by Percussion,	2	2
Time, 3m. 52s.—3m. 56s.		

Second day, purse \$400, entrance \$15, free for all ages, weights for three year olds, 96lbs.; four year olds, 102lbs.; five year olds, 112lbs.; six year olds, 117lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmondson's gr. h. Turnbull, five years old, by Phenomenon,				
dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	0 1 2 1
Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. Kitty Heth, four years old, by				
Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred,	-	-	-	3 2 3 2
Morris & Harrison's b. c. Southerner, four years old, by Bul-				
lock's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen,	-	-	-	0 3 1 3
Col. John J. H. Adams' gr. c. Leiber, four years old, by Mon-				
sieur Tonson, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	dis.
Col. W. Edings' b. h. Cowper, five years old, by Medley, dam				
by Timoleon,	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 59s.—4m. 2s.—4m. 6s.				

Third day, purse \$700, entrance \$20, \$200 given to the second best horse, free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Capt. D. Rowe's b. m. Leannah, five years old, by Seagull, dam				
by Whipster,	-	-	-	2 3 1 1
Morris & Harrison's gr. m. Sally Vandyke, five years old, by				
Henry, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	4 1 2 2
Col. John Crowell's ch. c. Gerow, three years old, by Sir				
Charles, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	1 2 3 3
Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. Milwaukie, three years old, by Ber-				
trand—Rowena, by Sumter,	-	-	-	5 5 4 r.o.
G. Edmondson's ch. f. Ione, four years old, by John Richards,				
dam by imp. Expedition,	-	-	-	3 4 dis.
Time, 6m. 3s.—6m. 3s.—6m. 1s.—6m. 6s.				

Fourth day, purse \$1,500, entrance \$25, \$500 given to the second best horse, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. Charlotte Russe, four years old, by Sir				
Charles, dam by Cicero,	-	-	-	1 1
Harrison & Morrison's gr. c. Kite, four years old, by Mucklejohn, out				
of Eliza Splotch,	-	-	-	3 2
Capt. D. Rowe's ch. g. Clodhopper, five years old, by Bertrand,				4 3
J. H. Adams' ch. g. Big John, four years old, by old Bertrand, dam by				
Hamiltonian,	-	-	-	2 dr.
Time, 8m. 5s.—8m. 1s. Track fetlock deep.				

Second race, same day, purse \$100, entrance \$10, added, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

Mr. Newberry's gr. h. Hardheart, aged, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-				
luck,	-	-	-	1 1
W. Garrett's b. h. five years old, by Jackson,	-	-	-	4 2
J. Morrison's b. f. Lady Crockett, four years old, by Falstaff,	-	-	-	2 3
Mr. Smith's b. m. Sally, five years old, by Bertrand, out of Sally				
Hornet,	-	-	-	3 4
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 59s.				

Fifth day, purse \$400, entrance \$10, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats, best three in five.

H. N. Wilson's ch. f. Ajarrah Harrison, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin,	-	-	-	-	2	2	1	1	1
G. Edmondson's gr. f. Alice Ann, three years old, by Director, dam by old Gallatin,	-	-	-	-	1	1	2	2	2
Col. John Crowell's f. Ectipsia, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Arab,	-	-	-	-	4	3	3	4	3
Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. m. Gabriella, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock,	-	-	-	-	3	4	4	3	4
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 58s.—1m. 57s.									
<i>Second race, same day</i> , match, \$500 a side, one mile out.									
Charles Swan's b. g. Cowdriver, aged,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
J. Peay's ch. h.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Time, 1m. 52s.									

TALLAHASSEE (Flo.) RACES,

Over the Marion Course, commenced on Wednesday, December 20, 1837, and continued four days.

The track was in good order, and just one mile round, by accurate measurement, three feet from the polls or inner circle, but not very favourable for quick time, having two places in it of about one hundred yards long of deep sand.

The weights by the rules of the club are: for three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; seven and upwards, 124lbs.; under three years old, to carry a feather—3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, raised in Florida, mile heats, subscription \$100, h. f. five subscribers.

Maj. Richard Hayward's (Mr. Benjamin R. Taylor's) b. c. Stingaree, by Andrew Jackson, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	1	2	1		
Col. Jas. J. Pittman's b. c. Jim Boy, by John Henry, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	4	4	2		
Judge Jon. Robinson's gr. g. Frozenhead, by Conqueror, dam Betty Palafox,	-	-	-	-	2	1	3		
Gen. Thomas Brown's b. c. John Gascoigne, by John Randolph's Gascoigne, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	3	3	4		
Rob. S. Hackley, Esq. paid forfeit.									
Time, 2m.—2m. 1s.—2m. 7s.									

John Gascoigne was decidedly the favourite, though the friends of Stingaree, were free to back him for the first heat. Frozenhead had received an injury on the knee of the fore leg, which caused his friends to be doubtful of him, but for that, they had great confidence in him. John Gascoigne had trained unkindly, and his owner expressed great doubt of his conduct. They all came to the stand in good order, and made a very handsome show for *our new country*. Frozenhead had the track, Jim Boy, second; Stingaree, third, and John Gascoigne fourth. At the tap of the drum, they all got off well together, and before they made the turn into the back stretch, John Gascoigne had the lead, followed closely by Frozenhead and Stingaree. Jim Boy at ease, some thirty yards behind. At a lively lick, they went it round the next turn and into the quarter stretch home, when John gave back, and Frozenhead got a clear length ahead of him, but before they reached the distance post, Stingaree challenged him, making a spirited brush, and gained the heat by about half a length, John Gascoigne close up, Jim Boy dropping just within the distance.

Second heat.—They all cooled off well and appeared at the stand, except Stingaree, who became quite unmanageable, and was with difficulty persuaded to enter his appearance. They at length got off, making a bad start, Jim Boy getting some fifty feet ahead, but before they reached the back stretch, they were in about the same position, as in the first heat, and going at the top of their speed, when John again, at the same point, concluding that he had done running enough, slackened his pace in defiance of the persuaders, and a severe contest ensued between Stingaree and Frozenhead, the latter taking the heat by about two feet, Jim Boy again just within the distance post.

Third heat.—After the usual time they again came up in good spirits, except Stingaree, who seemed to have imbibed a great aversion to the judges' stand. After much difficulty, between *coaxing* and *forcing*, he was brought to *toe the mark*, and all went off at a killing pace from the score—John Gascoigne again taking the lead, and Jim Boy, who seemed to have become tired of travelling alone, went up in the crowd, with a spirit that told there was to be no tarrying on the way—down the back stretch they went all in a bunch, round the turn, through the sand up to the quarter stretch home—here again, as in the other two heats, the obstinate John, refused to go at that lick, and the other three had it all to themselves—up the straight side they came—any body's heat—Stingaree, wins it, and of course, the purse, by two feet ahead of Jim Boy—Frozenhead close up.

Second day, Jockey Club purse, \$250, two mile heats.

Maj. Richard Hayward's (Mr. Lorimer's) ch. h. Jumper, five years old,	
by Timoleon, dam Diana Vernon, by Herod,	1
E. G. May's b. g. Loritard, five years old,	dis.
Thos. Brown's (Mr. Pilgrim's) g. g. Trooper, by Conqueror, dam Betty	
Palafox,	dr.

When the horses made their appearance at the starting post, it was discovered that Trooper was *dead lame*, having been pricked in plating—he was consequently drawn, and this put an end to all interest in the race for the day, as it was well understood that Loritard could not make a *jump* with Jumper—and so it turned out, Jumper distancing him in 4m. 4s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$300, three mile heats.

Col. Jas. J. Pittman's ch. h. Francis Marion, aged, by Marion, dam	
Malvina, by Sir Archy,	1 1
Maj. Richard Hayward's Jumper, five years old, by Timoleon, dam	
Diana Vernon, by Herod,	2 2
Thomas Brown's b. c. John Gascoigne, by John Randolph's Gascoigne,	
dam by Virginian,	dis.
Time, 6m. 5s.—6m. 35s.	

By the rules of the club, Jumper could not have been allowed to enter for this day's purse, having won the Jockey Club purse, of yesterday, but his owner being desirous to *measure strength* with so distinguished a horse as Francis Marion, in a three mile race, proposed to add \$150 to the purse, for the privilege of running him, to which Col. Pittman, with his accustomed liberality acceded. As for John Gascoigne, it was well understood that he was not entered with any expectation of winning, in a three mile race with the veteran Francis Marion, but having trained unkindly and proven stubborn in the sweepstakes on Wednesday, he was put in as a mere experiment, with the intention of drawing him if he shewed fatigue.

First heat.—Jumper had the track, John Gascoigne next, and Francis Marion, third—they went off well together, and for the first mile, Jumper had the lead; Francis and John close up. Time, 2m. Upon the turn in the second mile, John Gascoigne thinking he had gone far enough, stopped, and before he could be got under way again, was dropped three hundred yards behind. On the back stretch, Francis Marion passed Jumper, and again fell behind him, until the beginning of the third mile, when he again took possession of his rights, and maintained them to the end of the heat. In the second heat, they both evidently were waiting on and feeling of each other, and made no run until the last mile, which was done in 2m. and will account for the time of that heat.

Fourth day, proprietor's purse, \$200, mile heats, best three in five.

Maj. Hayward's Jumper,	1 1 1
Thomas Brown's Trooper, drawn the two mile day, being lame,	2 2 2
Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 6s.—2m. 4s.	

Second race, same day.

Thomas Brown's b. g. German, five years old,	1 1
Richard Hayward's ch. g. Bluster, five years old,	3 2
Wm. Wilder's ch. g. Cowdriver, five years old,	2 3
Time, 2m. 1s.—2m. 4s.	

This was a very interesting race, and well contested throughout both heats—and closed the sports for this meeting.

THOMAS BROWN, Sec'y and Pro.

SPRINGFIELD (Ala.) RACES,

The races over this course, commenced on Tuesday, November 14, 1837, and continued four days.

First day, purse \$400, three year olds, to carry 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; three mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. f. Zelina, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 1
Col. Wm. M. Inge's ch. f. Alabama Maid, three years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir William of Transport, dis.
Time, 6m. 1s.—This race excited no interest. Zelina distancing the Charles filly, without a struggle.

Second day, purse \$300, weights as before, two mile heats.

Taylor & Johnson's b. m. Hortense, five years old, by Pacific, dam by Little Wonder, 1
Col. Wm. M. Inge's g. c. John Gayle, three years old, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, dis.
Dabney McGehee's bl. c. Nopretender, by Interest, dam by Carolinian, dis.
Won easily—time not taken, the track being in bad order.

Third day, purse \$200, weights as before, mile heats.

Col. Wm. McInge's (J. R. Head's) ch. f. Lorinda, three years old, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 1 1
Col. John Long's gr. f. three years old, by Jerry, dam Old Nell, 3 2
R. W. Wither's gr. m. Alice Gray, five years old, by Pulaski, dam by Bellair, 2 3
Dabney McGehee's ch. c. Loudon, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Buzzard, dis.

This race excited much interest—the betting on the morning of the day being odds on Alice Gray against the field, she having beaten Lorinda, the week previous at Greensboro', a single mile for a subscription purse of \$250, but the knowing ones were deceived, and lots of the *rhino* changed hands. Alice, although in fine order, found her competitor a much more troublesome customer than was anticipated, she having recovered from her travel of 300 miles, and showed by her appearance, that she was a good one to go, if up to the mark.

First heat.—Loudon had the track, Lorinda second, Alice third, and the Jerry filly outside. At the tap of the drum, with a good start, they are off. Lorinda takes up the running and track in the first quarter, and won the heat hard in hand. Time, 1m. 58s. Loudon distanced, he being evidently in bad order.

Second heat.—With a fine start they got away. Lorinda leading from the stand, and winning easily. Alice Gray never being able to get the *kinks* from her neck. Time, 1m. 58s.

Fourth day, purse \$125, the entrance money of previous days with the entrance of the day added, mile heats, best three in five.

Col. Wm. M. Inge's (J. R. Head's) gr. h. Albatross, six years old, by Washington, dam by Sir Archy, 1 1 1
Col. John B. Jones' b. h. Choctaw, six years old, by Stockholder, 2 2 2
Col. John Long's b. g. Slow Boy, five years old, dam by Sir Archy, 3 dis.
Time, 2m. 1s.—2m. 1½s.—2m. 4s.

This race was won easily by the gray horse, at three heats. Choctaw cramping after the first heat, and the gelding not any better off.

We have had a club and racing at the Springfield track for five years previous to the present, but as our purses have been small, and the thing done mostly among our own neighbourhood, we have never reported before, but as we have now commenced a new purse for the ensuing five years, we will now report our club and races, and try to do the thing in better style. We should have had more sport, had not Messrs. Johnson and Taylor, bought the stable of Messrs. Abbott and Jones, and quite used up our *little sort*. The stable consisted of the imp. filly Maria Black, imported by E. H. Boardman; Hortense, by Pacific; Zelina, by imp. Leviathan, and ch. c. Pactolus, by Pacific, and a Wild Bill colt, (both untried) for which they paid the pretty sum of \$12,000.

D. H. McGEHEE, Sec'y.

TURF REGISTER.

List of blooded stock belonging to GEO. T. HICKMAN, Spencer county, Ky.

MR. EDITOR:

I send you for publication in your valuable Turf Register, a list of my blooded stock.

1. BETSEY ONAN, ch. m. six years old last spring, by Whip Tiger, dam by Commerce, bred by John Onan, Esq. of this county, and purchased of him at three years old, put in training that fall, has run several races, none of them more than one mile, and none less than four hundred yards, and has not yet been beaten. The last (four hundred yards) came off at this place on the 29th of last month, when she beat the Dawson filly of Anderson county. The knowing ones were picked up on their two to one bets, and went home down in the mouth.

2. JIM ROCH, ch. c. three years old last spring, dropped the property of Alexander Harcourt, Esq. of this place, and purchased of him by me last April. He was got by Young Eclipse, a son of old American Eclipse, and his dam by old Potomac. He was put in training last fall for the fall races, but got lame in one of his fore legs, and by that means was not run for any purse, but was run three best in five against time, first heat, 1m. 51s. second heat, 1m. 52s. third heat, 1m. 53s. for which I have the certificate of his two trainers, Mr. Haddock and Mr. Hawkins. He will be put in training for the spring races.

3. MINERVA, b. f. two years old last spring, dropped the property of Mr. George Hurst, of Woodford county, Ky. and purchased by Mr. William Watts, of this county, of whom I got her. I have the certificate of Mr. Hurst that she was got by McDonough, and he by old Bertrand, her dam by Whip, g. dam by Buzzard.

4. LADY CUMBERLAND, gr. f. foaled 13th of May last, out of Betsey Onan, and got by old Cumberland, he by old Pacolet. GEO. T. HICKMAN.

January 8, 1838.

SINGLETON, a bright chestnut, three white feet, (hind feet and off fore-foot,) large star in his forehead, very heavily formed, five feet two and a half inches high, got by American Eclipse, his dam bred by Col. John Singleton, got by Kosciusko, g. dam by Rosicrucian, g. g.

dam by Old Wildair, g. g. dam by imp. ch. h. Oscar, g. g. g. dam by imp. Merry Tom, g. g. g. g. dam by imp. Crawford, g. g. g. g. g. dam by imp. Silver Eye, &c.

List of Blooded Stock belonging to JOHN LASHELLS, of New Berlin, Union county, Pa.

1. KITTY, b. m. by Young Arabian he by Cox's Arabian. Kitty's dam by Elisha Wilkeson's Boxer, he by imp. Expedition, her grandam Betsey Florizel, by Speculator, (late Confessor) by imp. Shark, her g. grandam, a Gray Highlander mare, by the imp. Gray Highlander.

2. LEX, b. c. foaled in 1834, out of Kitty, by Mr. John Snyder's Duroc—for pedigree see Turf Reg.

3. LEGIS, b. c. foaled in 1835, full brother to Lex.

4. SUSE, b. m. six years old, by Mr. Potter's Childers, dam G. Lebo's full bred mare, Lady Lightfoot.

5. LADY BENTLEY, b. f. foaled in 1836, out of Suse, by Forward. For his pedigree, see the certificates of J. Sleeper and Gen. James Sewell, 8 vol. Turf Reg. page 331-2.

6. MISS BELINDA, b. f. foaled in 1837, out of Suse, by Forward. Suse is now in foal to Forward.

7. LADY JANE, b. m. five years old by Mr. Potter's Childers, dam Mr. Maclay's Telegraph mare, for her pedigree see Turf Reg. vol. 5, p. 644.

8. TATTNALL, b. c. foaled in 1836, out of Lady Jane, by Forward.

JOHN LASHELLS.

January 20, 1838.

Stud of MAJ. DAVID BURFORD, of Dixon's Springs, Smith Co. Tenn.

1. COCK OF THE ROCK, by Duroc, dam Romp. One half is owned by me, and the other half of him, by Mr. Thos. Barry, of Gallatin, Tenn.

2. HALL MALONE, by Oscar, out of the dam of Betsey Malone, by Potomac, grandam by imp. Diomed.

3. TENNESSEE CITIZEN, ch. h. by Stockholder, dam Patty Puff, by Pacolet—now in training.

4. Br. m. by Oscar, dam by imp. Dungannon, grandam by Topgallant.

5. PENELOPE, ch. m. by Timoleon, dam by Wonder, grandam Rosy Clack.

Produce of No. 4.

6. B. m. by Stockholder, foaled the spring of 1832.

7. B. f. by Jefferson, foaled the spring of 1833.

8. Br. c. by Cock of the Rock, foaled the spring of 1834.

9. B. f. by Cock of the Rock, foaled the spring of 1835.

Produce of No. 5.

10. B. c. by Cock of the Rock, foaled the spring of 1834—now in training.

11. B. c. by Cock of the Rock, foaled spring of 1835.

12. Ch. f. by Cock of the Rock, foaled spring of 1836.

No. 5, now stunted to Tennessee Citizen, and with foal. D. BURFORD.

Feb. 21, 1837.

Blooded Stock belonging to JOHN A. SCOTT, Esq. of Woodville, Miss.

1. B. m. foaled spring of 1821, by Sir Archy, her dam Col. Selden's Virginia, by imp. Dare Devil—Lady Bollingbroke, by imp. Pantaloon—King Herod—Primrose, by Dove, (a son of Cade)—Stella, by Othella—Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian. Vide Am. Turf Reg. vol. 2, p. 306.

Her produce:

1834. Ch. f. by imp. Leviathan.

1835. Missed.

1836. Ch. c. by imp. Leviathan.

1837. Stunted to Leviathan.

2. ALICE LEE, b. m. by Sir Henry Tonson, her dam by Gordon's Driver, her grandam by Green's old Driver—Gordon's Driver, by Green's Driver, out of a mare said to be thoroughbred—Green's Driver, by Bellair, his dam by imp. Janus.

Her produce:

1834. B. f. by Jefferson. Jefferson a full brother of the celebrated Betsey Ransom.

3. BETSEY ELLIOTT, ch. m. foaled May, 1828, by Col. Elliott's Napoleon, her dam by Hamiltonian, her grandam by imp. Spread Eagle.

Her produce:

1834. Lost a colt by Jefferson.

1835. B. f. by Strabo.

4. Ch. c. by Jefferson, his dam Polly Fox, by Young Sir Archy—Marske—Alston's Dare Devil—Mark Anthony—imp. Janus. The grandam of this colt was the dam of Col. Claiborne's Cassandra, and George L. Poindexter's Woodpiler, both by Stockholder.

5. HARRIET SMITH, b. m. by Gen. Hampton's horse Candidate, her dam

by Duplantier's Boaster—he by imp. Boaster—old Pacolet—Butler's Rosetta, by Mendaza—imp. St. George—Ariel, out of a mare said to be thoroughbred, brought from Port Tobacco, Md. to Fauquier county, Va. by Col. Chum, in the year 1768.

6. ANNE ROYALL, br. m. by Stockholder, out of the dam of No. 2.

7. KATE, br. m. alias the Thompson filly, by old Printer.

Her produce:

1837. B. f. by Lord Byron, he by Stockholder, out of Patty Puff, the dam of Angora.

The pedigree of the dam of No. 7, is good, but at present, not in the possession of the owner, who is endeavouring to trace it out.

Blood Stock of A. B. NEWSOM, Esq. of Lebanon, Tenn.

The bl. f. sold by me to A. B. Newsom, was sired by imp. Leviathan, her dam was sired by the imp. Arabian Bagdad, grandam by Sir Archy, g. grandam (who was also the dam of Star, Aratus, Nullifier, Snow-storm, &c. &c.) was by imp. Sir Harry, out of the dam of Constitution and Timoleon.

Given under my hand, this 30th Sept. 1837. STOCKLEY DONELSON.

Pedigree of Allegrante, a b. m. now seventeen or eighteen years old, she was raised and bred by Mr. H. Cotten, of N. Carolina. (who also bred the dam of Lady Nashville,) Allegrante, was got by the imp. horse Strap, (also the sire of Lady Nashville's dam.) For pedigree of imp. Strap, see Stud Book. Sally Andrews, the dam of Allegrante, was by the imp. horse Jack Andrews—Drusilla, the dam of Sally Andrews, was by imp. Druid. Drusilla, Mr. Cotten states, was one of the best two and four mile runners in Virginia, of her day, and he purchased her as a thoroughbred mare; but the gentleman of whom he purchased her, dying soon after the sale, he never obtained her pedigree in full. Allegrante's produce while my property, is as follows:

1. B. c. by Crusader, four years old.

2. Br. f. by Stockholder, two years old.

3. Ch. f. by imp. Luzborough, yearling.

The two first I have sold to A. B. Newsom. STOCKLEY DONELSON.

Given under my hand, this 30th day of September, 1837.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

MARCH, 1838.

[No. 3.]

CONTENTS.

Reports of Races,	97	Greensburg, Ken.	132
Deer Hunt,	98	Franklin, Tenn.	133
Breeding, Training, &c.	101	Fulton, S. C.	134
The Turf---care, treatment, and training of English racehorses, . .	104	Tappahannock, Va.	134
Deer Chase---No. II.	114	Fairfield, Va.	135
Sporting Lectures---by Mr. Jorrock, 116		Mount Meigs, Ala.	136
Impressions of English horses, . . .	125	St. Stephen's, S. C.	137
Sales of blooded stock,	127	Decatur, Ala.	137
Rifle Shooting,	129	Mobile, Ala.	137
The Spirit of the Times,	130	Florence, Ala.	139
		Newberry, S. C.	139
RACING CALENDAR---Races at		Augusta, Geo.	141
Jackson, Tenn.	132	TURF REGISTER---Pedigrees, . . .	142

REPORTS OF RACES.

A SINGULAR apathy seems to pervade the minds of nearly all the proprietors of race courses, in relation to the publication and recording of races. It would seem that they consider such publication and record of no consequence, and that all interest in a race terminates with its performance. To us, however, there appears to be as much necessity for recording a race as there is for running it. If a horse wins a purse of \$1,000, is it not important that the fact should be recorded with all its attending circumstances, and that this record should be public and permanent? Does not the horse that wins \$1,000 add another \$1,000 to his value by the same performance, and may he not lose this additional value, if that performance of the horse is not properly and permanently recorded? Again, may not a horse be materially depreciated in value by

the omission to record even those races in which he was not a winner? It is the peculiar duty of the proprietors or the secretaries to publish the report of races promptly, and in such publication as will be most likely to serve the purpose of a permanent record; but is it not also to the interest, (and therefore a duty they owe themselves,) of horse owners and breeders to see that the races in which their horses run, are promptly published in this form. In selling their horses, or offering them as stallions, it is not enough that *they* can say that the horses have performed thus and so—they must be able to *refer to the record*. How will they be able to do this, when the races in which the performances occurred have never been published? They may be able to obtain the testimony of some individual to the fact, and they may not, just as it happens. They at least run the risk of losing the greater part of the value of the horse. We have begged and pleaded with both proprietors of race courses and owners of horses to send us reports of races, but many of them have neglected to do so. We last year adopted another expedient. We addressed a circular to the proprietors of every race course in the Union and in Canada, offering to send them the Turf Register, *free of charge*, so long as they shall send us complete reports of all races run over their courses immediately after the races terminate. If any proprietor of a race course did not receive that circular, we beg him to consider this as addressed to him, and to inform us promptly whether he accepts the proposition, that we may send him the Turf Register. We are fully aware that this ought not to be expected of us, but we know of no other way of accomplishing the object. Certainly if the publication of these reports is worth anything to any body it is to the proprietors of race courses and the owners of horses, and if the publication of them is worth anything to them, it is surely worth the trouble of writing them out and sending them to us.

DEER HUNT.

MR. EDITOR:

Camden Co. Geo. December 1, 1837.

The Camden Hunting Club is a society of gentlemen formed in 1827, and is one of the best regulated clubs of the kind in the United States. The following is a description of one of their delightful hunts, from the start to the conclusion of which there was unremitted excitement and action, the game being in view nearly all the time.

We took the field on a fair and brilliant morning in summer, with a fine pack of hounds, and selected a drive* which was famous as the residence of noble bucks grown fat in our fields. The drive was finely situated for sport. Two roads crossed it about a mile apart, and running obliquely about a mile and a quarter *united*—so that the drive and the two roads formed a triangle, the interior of which was an open pine barren. To give a correct idea of our position and the course of the chase, I shall desig-

*Any swamp or thick place in which dogs are entered to start deer, is called on the sea-coast of Georgia, a *drive*—and the manager of the dogs is called '*The Driver*.'

nate the left hand road, (viewed from the junction of the roads, as No. 1, and the right as No. 2. Beyond the first, pine barrens and thick forests extended for many miles. Outside of the second, and not far from it, ran a narrow creek, with a high bluff, and on the borders of the creek was a thick hammock, or forest of beautiful and stately trees.

The stands* on both roads were good, particularly on No. 1. Three sportsmen (Mr. R., the secretary of the Camden club, and myself) were stationed on that road about two hundred yards apart,—and two sportsmen on No. 2. The rest guarded more distant passes. Thus situated we listened impatiently for the signal of the hounds, and kept ‘wide awake’ towards the drive, lest the bucks, for they are cunning fellows, might *sneak off* unperceived before the hounds began to ‘*give tongue*.’ We had not waited long before we heard a few fine tones, like the distant echoes of a flute, which an unpractised ear would not have heeded. They were the notes of Vixen, a lovely little slut, the first to find and the last to abandon the game. Soon afterwards at intervals, we could distinguish the sweet voices of other favourites of the pack, and they became louder and more frequent, until blended together, they broke upon our hearing in full chorus, that Handel himself, had he been present would have admitted was music.

The game, for which we eagerly looked with our thumbs on the cocks of our guns, and bridle reins gathered up, ready to fire or pursue—or do both, soon appeared. A magnificent buck, sleek as a racehorse, and bounding high over the palmettoes directly towards the stand of Mr. H. The secretary and myself remained motionless, for it is a rule among the members of the Camden club, (although not written) and indeed with all other gentlemen who understand deer hunting, and who deem ‘fair play a jewel,’ never to intrude on another’s stand, or balk him of a shot.

The buck approached within 100 yards and halted,—scenting his enemies on the breeze, and turning his head back to listen for the dogs. While thus engaged, Mr. H. who had dismounted from his horse, crept forward cautiously a few paces, and ‘drew a bead,’† but both of his barrels *failed*, although the caps exploded. The noise of the caps alarmed the buck—hesitating no longer, he dashed off with an extensive leap, and directed his course parallel to the road, and rather towards the stands occupied by the secretary and myself. Discovering us, however, before he came within the range of our guns, he passed on with increased velocity, and we put our hunters to their best speed to intercept him should he attempt to cross the road on which we were, and to force him if possible into the hammock on the creek. The sportsmen on No. 2, perceiving the buck by our movement, put their horses also at speed, to turn him to us, or to get a shot, should he attempt to cross their road.

At that time the sport was exciting in the highest degree, and the sight was truly beautiful. Five horsemen, conspicuous by their scarlet jackets, ‡

* The positions occupied by the sportsmen to intercept the game,

† Language of riflemen for *took aim*.

‡ Uniform of the Club.

and their arms glistening in the sun, approaching a given point (the junction of the roads) at full speed, and the buck between, stretched like a line by his exertions to escape while behind him arose his death-song from the tongues of a dozen hounds in hot pursuit.

He was surrounded by his enemies, and there was no room for stratagem. Nothing but his heels could save him, and he seemed to know that, for never did an animal strive more to gain a place of refuge. Just before him was the hammock with its deep green mantle, which seemed to promise the shelter he so much needed, and towards it he fled like a streak of lightning.

In gaining that shelter he was compelled to cross road No. 2, which he cleared at a single bound, passing within a few feet of the foremost sportsman's horse, then at full career. The sportsman, disregarding all danger in his eagerness to shoot, waited not to rein up, but *jumped off*, alighting on his *head* instead of his feet. Being young and agile, and too much of a man to be hurt by a *topsy-turvey* position, he was on his feet in a moment, and fired at the buck as he entered the hammock, but without effect—his *eyes being too full of sand to take good aim*. The hammock in extent was about 30 acres. On one side near the creek, was an excellent stand, to which I hastened, *by right of original position*. Had the buck leaped into the creek and swam across, as several of his tribe had done under similar circumstances, he would have been safe—but his time had come to die.

I had scarcely reined up my horse before I heard him approaching and saw his tall horns over the tops of the bushes. A few more jumps, and he was in my presence, panting from the severity of the chase. As I levelled my gun he discovered me and made a desperate effort to pass, about 40 yards distant. I fired one barrel with excellent aim, but he did not fall. The other was quickly discharged, yet he kept on, seemingly unhurt. I gave one hasty thought to the 16th rule* of the club, then plied the rowels to my horse and gave chase. In a very short time I was near enough to see the blood trickling from several wounds in his side, and when within a few feet of him he rolled over, to rise no more. My *couteau de chasse* was instantly in his throat, and the sound of the merry horn (the signal of success) gathered the straggling huntsmen and hounds, and in triumph we retired with the buck to our club house, where we enjoyed until a late hour the feast and the wine cup. GREENWOOD.

Y. N. Oliver, Esq., of New Orleans, has purchased the Oakland Course, at Louisville, Ky., for \$25,000. The establishment includes a handsome hotel and several other buildings, and Oliver will be able, at an inconsiderable expense, to make the Oakland one of the finest courses in the country.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

*16th Rule.—Any member who shall fire at a deer less than 40 yards distant, and not *hit or kill*, when the *opportunity is fair*, shall be fined.—No deer shall be considered hit unless *killed*, or unless *blood is seen*.

BREEDING, TRAINING, &c.

No tale, however strange, but has found some one to believe it, and no theory however much it may contradict experience or reason, but has found advocates and supporters. These observations are suggested from reading an article on English racing, English racehorses, &c. in the January No. of the Turf Register for 1837. Now as this piece is at variance in every particular with my theory of breeding for the turf, I have concluded to send you a review of that article, lest the Register may assist in perpetuating errors to the detriment of our racing stock. After perusing his long piece I have selected for comment, that part which treats of the difference in the weights carried by racehorses in England and America, his opinion of distance running in England, and the value of game or bottom in a stallion, and the English opinion of timing horses. I do not mean to deny the facts as stated by your correspondent, but I hope he will pardon me if I dissent entirely from his inferences and opinions, believing they are calculated to do great injury, if they remain uncontradicted on the pages of the Register. Then first as to weights, permit me to say, the statements of your correspondent are mainly correct, but require some explanation to prevent false inferences and impressions. It is true, their young horses at two and three years old when running for sweepstakes carry much heavier weights than ours, and reason they have for this, they usually at that age run single heats, at least at all the great stakes; the colts are generally well grown, strong and sometimes hard to manage, such indeed as no small boy could control, it is all important that they be managed by old heads and strong hands, for it is often necessary a horse should lose and have the appearance of doing his best, this a small boy could not effect. Now as these matters are all arranged by the betting men, they have established such weights for the great colt stakes as enables them to employ jockeys, who may answer their purposes. But when these same colts come to run for regular plates, heats of two miles, they carry but little more than our horses, that is, aged nags carry from 123lbs. to 133lbs.—they seldom run heats of more than two miles in *England*, there are some stakes a single three or four miles—in some repeating races termed Hunter's stakes and some confined to the cavalry, they carry very high weights, these races are rather a test of strength than speed. It is true, sir, the English racehorse is in his form generally better calculated to carry weight than ours; but several causes have united to produce this effect; in this country the Diomedes have been the fashionable stock for the last thirty years, the old horse himself could not master his weight after four years old; this was the general character of his descendants; the reputation of his sons, Florizel, Potomac and Sir Archy, bore down all opposition in the Atlantic States, and until the late importations about four years since, nearly all the blood stock in Virginia and the Carolinas, and indeed in many of the other States, were the descendants of Diomed, with this hereditary defect entailed on most or all of them; while in England they were breeding their horses with a view to

early maturity and a capacity to carry high weights, and I believe at this time the English horses are better able to carry weight than ours—still in their repeating races they carry weights usually but little higher than ours. So much for the facts of the case—perhaps in some future article I may consider the effect which the form possessing the capacity to carry high weight may produce on the game and character of the racehorse.

He goes on to say (though not in so many words) that in England if a horse comes of stout stock they do not ask if he ran four miles, they breed from him and expect horses to run all distances; then names Emilius as a horse that ran only short distances, that has been greatly patronized; getting horses that run from half a mile to four miles. It is true, Emilius ran only short races, that he is a successful and popular stallion, but stoutness or game is by no means the character of his stock, his colts run short distances and are generally off the turf at an early age, the reputation of Emilius only shews that he gets speedy stock, such as can run single heats successfully at an early age, and that is his real character at this time in England; I have looked carefully in the Racing Calendar for 1834–35–36, among all his colts he has but one that ran as far as a single three and a half mile in those years, and the longest repeating race two and a quarter miles—not a four mile horse among them; this is saying little for the game of the most popular horse in England, in the zenith of his reputation, and the horse selected to sustain the assertion that those best acquainted with the subject place no value on bottom in a stallion; this sir, is a mistake, they expect a horse to get stock like himself, and as speed is with them the great desideratum, they breed from speedy stallions, but when king's plates were run for four mile heats and the Beacon of all the courses at Newmarket gave value and reputation to horses, they bred from such as distinguished themselves in those races, there they bred from such horses as Regulus—Blank—Eclipse—Matchem—Herod and little game Gimcrack.

Your correspondent must pardon me if I reverse his assertion; in England so long as four mile races were fashionable they bred only from such as had been winners, heats of four miles—and of those brought to this country we never had a successful stallion unless he had been what your correspondent terms a plate horse, (I speak of former importations) such was Flimnap, Medley, Messenger and Citizen. Shark it is true ran only at Newmarket, but he ran four miles and shewed the length was in him. I do not mean to say that all the horses now imported that have not run four miles may not get game stock, far from it, many of these horses no doubt would have shewn game had they been tried; for speed and bottom may be and are often united, of this Priam is an example, he was a horse of great speed and fine game; but this I do mean to say, that no stallion who has shewn a want of game in his races ever propagated a game stock, now and then some colt inheriting stoutness from his dam has run a game horse, but it was not the character of his stock. If a colt is not expected to inherit the qualities of his sire, why should we prefer one horse to another? it is surely great folly to pay one hundred dollars to one horse, when we have an equal chance of getting a racehorse by paying

only five dollars—every reasonable man expects a colt will in some way resemble the sire, if he wants a four mile horse he must breed to a horse of game, and if he wishes to raise a quarter-horse he looks out for some horse of fine speed and great power without reference to bottom. I wish to impress upon your readers the importance of game in a stallion, they may be assured no horse either in England or America yet got game stock, unless he was *thoroughbred* and was himself a game horse and so long as we run repeating races, and in my day I hope no others may become fashionable, game horses only will command high prices; a stout cross will give value to a breeder's stock for generations; why else do we value so highly a cross of Medley—of Alfred and other game horses, it is because experience has shewn their being race nags of the highest order, such only can run both fast and far.

Your correspondent says, that whether Childers, Eclipse or Highflyer were game horses, no one could say as they were too fast for all competitors, now Childers and Eclipse ran each four miles, we do not wish a horse to run all day, if he has game enough to run four miles it is sufficient to get four mile horses. I have not the books to refer to the performances of Highflyer, but no one questioned his game. He who shall examine critically the English Racing Calendar and Stud Book will find that so long as repeating races of four miles were fashionable in that country, they bred only from such horses as were distinguished both for speed and bottom, and at this day they breed for speed, as all the best stakes are single heats of two miles and less—and hence they breed from horses of that character. Having shewn that Emilius cannot be said to get what we should consider game stock in this country, and that of the imported horses whose stock have been tried in the United States, those have been decidedly best that were *plate horses* in England—of the American bred stallions those only have succeeded in our country that could win *all distances*, and I am certain if your correspondent will name a single horse that has gotten winners of jockey club purses four miles, who could not himself run that distance, he will furnish me and all the readers of your Register with information not at present to be found on its pages. Some thoroughbreds not trained may have gotten racers—but I mean to say, that no horse himself a racer that could not win jockey clubs, *for want of bottom ever got stock* that could win them. Our most successful native stallions have been Bellair—Archy—Eclipse—Pacolet—Charles—Bertrand, these horses could win long repeating races.

In England, he states, they do not rely on timing but every stable has a trial horse—I admit it is well to have a trial horse, and there would be no necessity for a watch if it were not possible this horse could be sometimes out of condition, when it would not be amiss to have the watch to try him by—it is a well known fact to all those gentlemen conversant with the training and running of horses, that they will run almost a distance faster one day than another—more than this a horse will run well one training and perform most wretchedly the next, now a watch is seldom out of condition, if so it stops and you are aware of its situation, not so the horse he sometimes goes wrong so short a time before running,

that it has not time to affect his external appearance, and if this happen to the trial horse relying on him you are led into error.

Much in your correspondent's article is surely correct, yet it is calculated to lead your readers into error. I agree with him that in England their colts carry much higher weights than the American colts, but for the plates and repeating races they carry a few pounds more than ours—and I am willing to say, that generally, I believe the English horses can master higher weights than ours—here let me add that in my opinion weight has not the same effect in short single heats as in long repeating races, and I am certain that weight is no test of bottom, I have seen a horse, master of high weight a single heat that could not repeat with a feather—I also admit, that every stallion should not only be thoroughbred, but that he come of a stout racing family, still to me it would be a great recommendation if he had shewn that in *him* there *was no degeneracy*; suppose a man had the choice of breeding from two full brothers—one had distinguished himself both for pace and length; and the other had nothing to recommend him but his brother's reputation, and his pure blood and illustrious ancestry, could any one be induced to breed from the last, under the impression that his colts would inherit only the qualities of his more remote ancestry and not those of his brute sire.

In a stallion I always look for a pure and undoubted pedigree; and racing family—that he be a good performer, game himself and of a stout stock, when to this you can add constitution with beauty and strength of form, you will have a fair prospect of raising such colts as you may own with pride and sell at a profit.

A.

THE TURF.

A TREATISE ON THE CARE, TREATMENT, AND TRAINING OF THE ENGLISH RACEHORSE,
By R. DARVILL, VETERINARY SURGEON, 7th HUSSARS.

(Concluded from page 61.)

Of the public racing men at Newmarket, Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Ridsdale, Sadley, the Chifneys, &c., we need not to say much, their deeds being almost daily before us. But, looking at the *extraordinary* results of these men's deeds, who will not admit racing to be the best trade going? Talk of studs, talk of winnings, talk of racing establishments, our Graftons, Richmonds, Portlands, and Clevelands, with all their 'means and pliances to boot,' are but the beings of a summer's day, when compared with those illustrious personages, and their various transactions and doings on the turf. Here is a small tradesman dealing in a very perishable commodity, become our modern Cræsus in a few years, and proprietor of *several* of the finest houses in England! Behold the champion of the boxing ring, the champion of the turf, the proprietor of the noble domain, and honourable member of the reformed parliament, all in the person of a Bristol butcher! Turn to a great proprietor of coal-mines, the

owner of the best stud in England, one who gives 2,000 guineas for a horse, in the comely form of a Yorkshire footman! We have a quondam Oxford livery stable-keeper, with a dozen or more racehorses in his stalls, and those of the very best stamp, *and such as few country gentlemen, or, indeed, any others, have a chance to contend with.* By their father's account of them (see *Genius Genuine*, by the late Sam. Chifney) the two Messrs. Chifney, were stable boys to Earl Grosvenor at eight guineas a-year, and a stable suit. They are now owners of nearly the best horses, and—save Mr. Crawford's—quite the best houses in their native town. There is the son of the ostler of the Black Swan, at York, betting his thousands on the heath, his neckerchief secured by a diamond pin. Then to crown all, there is Squire Beardsworth of Birmingham, with his seventeen racehorses, and his crimson liveries, in the same *loyal*, but dirty town, in which he once drove a hackney coach. Taking for granted that all this is done honestly, why should we despair of having the gratification of seeing the worthy little *devil* who trots with this sheet to Stamford street, appear some fine morning on Newmarket heath, with his seventeen racehorses, his crimson liveries, and his diamond pin?

It rarely happens that what are called provincial studs do much in what may be termed the capitals of the racing world, but we cannot forget Lord Oxford beating the crack nags at Newmarket,—Eaton among the rest,—with old Victoria, and his Hedgeford jockey, the late Tom Car, Mr. Glover winning the Craven with Slender Billy; and though last, not least, the great Worcestershire grazier, (the late Mr. Terret, tenant of Mr. Lechmere Charlton) taking his fine Rubens horse Sovereign, in his bullock caravan, to Newmarket, winning the St. Leger stakes with him in a canter; and what was still less expected, his rural jockey Ben. Moss, out-jockeying the best riders on the heath. Neither will the same jockey's performance on Lady Byron, over the course to the benefit of the said grazier, be very soon forgotten. But we must not enter upon the large subject of the provincial studs.

Deservedly high as Newmarket stands in the history of the British turf, it is but as a speck on the ocean when compared with the sum total of our provincial meetings, of which there are about a hundred and twenty in England, Scotland, and Wales—several of them twice in the year. Epsom, Ascot, York, Doncaster, and Goodwood stand first in respect to the value of the prizes, the rank of the company, and the interest attached to them by the sporting world, although several other cities and towns have lately exhibited very tempting bills of fare to owners of good racehorses. In point of antiquity, we believe the Roodee of Chester claims precedence of all country race-meetings;—and certainly it has long been in high repute. Falling early in the racing year—always the first Monday in May—it affords a good trial for young horses, and there is plenty of money to be run for by the old ones, who come out fresh and well. This meeting is most numerously attended by the families of the extensive and very aristocratic neighbourhood in which it is placed, and always continues five days. The course is far from a good one, being on a dead flat, with rather a sharp turn near home in consequence of which several acci-

dents have occurred, particularly previously to some late improvement.* When we state that there are nine good sweepstakes, a king's plate, two very valuable cups, and five plates at Chester, its superiority as a country meeting will speak for itself.

The Eaton stud now cuts a poor figure on the far famed Roodee. Mr. Clifton is no more but his memory will live at Chester for many years to come. Lord Stamford and his Sir Olivers have deserted it. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has not a racehorse; neither has Mr. Mytton, one of the greatest supporters of this meeting. Sir Thomas Stanley is no longer 'cock of the walk,' nor can Sir George Pigot run second. Lord Derby stands his ground, and so does *parson* Nanney (*scripsisse pudet!*); but Messrs. Houldsworth, Giffard, Walker, Beardsworth, and a few more fresh competitors of the new school, have lately carried most of the north-west country honours.

Epsom, however, ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety seven fillies for the Oaks—their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for those that did not. There are likewise a gold cup and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him *run*, amateur admirers of the *racchorse* have here a fine opportunity of *studying* him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called *the Warren*, in which the Derby and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small, but picturesque bit of ground in the forest style, enclosed by a wall, and entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times, worth a shilling to many. The sporting men meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favourites; and should anything dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge *something* before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up about the time the horses are assembled in *the Warren*.

But what is the sight in *the Warren*, interesting as it really is,—thousands on thousands depending on the result, ruinous perhaps to many—compared with the start for the race? Fancy twenty-four three year colts, looking like six year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* 'No, no'—cries one jockey whose horse turned his tail to the others, just as the word 'Go' was given. 'Tis sufficient; 'tis no start; *come back!*' roars the starter.

* The following most extraordinary accident happened here some years back. A colt called 'Hairbreadth,' by 'Escape,' the property of the late Mr. Lockley, bolted over the ropes, and coming in contact with an officer of dragoons, Sir John Miller, who was on horseback, was killed by the peak of the helmet entering his skull *when on the head of the baronet*, who escaped with trifling injury.

Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards, others got twice as far. But look at that chestnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tattenham's corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonizing moments!—the pangs of death! what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *nuts* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that his temper being known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be once more well-placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manœuvres to obtain an inside *location* for his worthy master, his grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Pavis, patting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time. But his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely, but first and foremost his seat in the saddle:—

‘Incorpsed and demi-natured,
With the brave beast.’

and his countenance! ‘Tis calm, though thoughtful; but he has much to think of. He and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind’s eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride! Surely nature must have a mould for a jockey, for the purpose of displaying her jewel, the horse! And that elegant horseman Sam Day—but see how he is wasted to bring himself to the weight! Observe the knuckles of his hands and the patellæ of his knees, how they appear almost breaking through the skin. But if he have left nearly half of his frame in the sweaters, the remaining half is full of vigour; and we’ll answer for it, his horse don’t find him wanting in the struggle. Then that slim young jockey, with high cheek bones, and long neck, in the green jacket and orange cap—surely he must be in a *galloping* consumption! There is a pallid bloom on his sunken cheek, rarely seen but on the face of death, and he wants but the grave clothes to complete the picture. Yet we need not fear. He is heart whole and well; but having had short notice, has lost fifteen pounds in the last forty-eight hours. *They are off again*—a beautiful start, and a still more beautiful sight! All the hues of the rainbow in the colours of the riders and the complexions of their horses! What a spectacle for the sportsmen who take their stand on the hill on the course, to see the first part of the race, and to observe the places their favourites have gotten! *They are all in a cluster*, the jockeys glancing at each others horses, for they cannot do more in such a crowd. They are soon, however, a little more at their ease; the severity of the ground, and the rapidity of the pace, throw the soft-hearted ones behind, and at Tattenham’s corner there is room for observation. ‘*I think I can win*,’ says Robinson to himself, ‘if I can but continue to live with my horses, for I *know* I have the speed of all here. But I must take a strong pull down this hill, for we have not been coming over Newmarket flat. Pavis’ horse is going sweetly, and the Yorkshireman, Scott, lying well up. But where is Chifney? Oh! like Christmas, *he’s coming*, creeping up in his

usual form, and getting the blind side of Harry Edwards. Chapple is here on a *dangerous* horse, and John Day with a stain of old Prunella.' *It is a terrible race!* There are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win. The set-to begins; they are all good ones. Whips are at work—the people shout—hearts throb—ladies faint, the favourite is beat—white jacket with black cap wins.

Now a phalanx of cavalry descend the hill towards the grand stand, with *Who has won!* in each man's mouth. 'Hurrah!' cries one, on the answer being given; '*my* fortune is made.' 'Has he be—?' says another. pulling up with a jerk; 'I am a ruined man! scoundrel that I was to risk such a sum! and I have too much reason to fear I have been deceived. Oh! how shall I face my poor wife and my children? I'll blow out my brains.' But where is the owner of the winning horse? He is on the hill, on his coach-box; but he will not believe it till twice told, 'Hurrah!' he exclaims, throwing his hat into the air. A gipsy hands it to him. It is in the air again, and a gipsy catches it, and half-a-sovereign besides, as she hands it to him once more. 'Heavens bless your honour,' says the *dark ladye*, 'did I not tell your honour you could not lose?'

There are two meetings now at Epsom, as indeed there were more than half a century back, but the October meeting is of minor importance. The grand stand on the course is the largest in Europe, and to give some idea of its magnificence, it has been assessed to the poor's rates at £500 per annum. The exact expense of its erection is not known to us, but the lawyer's bill alone was £557. Poor distressed England!

Ascot also stands in the foremost rank of *country* races. It is of a different complexion from Epsom, not only by reason of its being graced with royalty, and aristocracy in abundance, but as wanting that crowd of 'nobody knows who,' which must be encountered on a Derby day, the cockney's holiday. It is likewise out of reach of London ruffians, a great recommendation—and the strictness of the police makes even thieves scarce. But the charms of Ascot, to those not interested in the horses, consist in the promenade on the course between the various races, where the highest fashion, in its best garb, mingles with the crowd, and gives a brilliant effect to the passing scene. In fact, it comes nearest to Elysium of any thing here, after Kensington Gardens in 'the leafy month of June.' Then the king's approach, with all the splendour of majesty, and what is still more gratifying, amidst the loud acclamations of his subjects, sets the finish on the whole. Long may the royal name be venerable to the English people! 'This year, if papers speak true, there has been a falling off in the cheers.

Goodwood is the next great aristocratic meeting in the south, and has monopolized nearly all the racing of those parts. The Drawing-Room, and the Goodwood stakes and the Cup, are prizes of such high value, that as birds pick at the best fruit, all crack horses of Newmarket are brought thither to contend for them, and they were last year won by Beiram, Lucetta and Priam. The corporation of Chichester add £100 to the cup, and his majesty gives a 100 guineas plate. The course at Goodwood is also one of the best in England, nearly £10,000 having been expended

upon it, including the stand and the improvement of the road leading to it, by the duke of Richmond; but his grace will be reimbursed, if the meeting continues, by the admission tickets to the stand, &c.

Let us take one glance at that modern Epirus, the county of York, in which there are now twelve meetings in the year, (nearly a century ago, there were half as many more. York is one of our oldest race meetings, and was patronized by the great sportsmen of all countries in former days; but the names of Cookson, Wentworth, Goodricke, Garforth, Hutchinson, Crompton, Gascoigne, Sitwell, Pierse, Shafto and some others, appear indigenous to Knavesmere heath. The money run for last year, at the spring and August meetings, exceeded £14,600 in plates and sweepstakes. Catterick Bridge, in this county, is also an important meeting as coming very early in the season, and Richmond and Pontefract are tolerably supported. But what shall we say of Doncaster?

'Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er,
Her glory vanish'd! and her name no more!

And wherefore this? Is it that we miss Mrs. Beaumont in her coach and six, with her numerous outriders? Is it that the lamented Earl Fitzwilliam with his splendid retinue, is no longer there? Oh no! the magnates of Devonshire, Cleveland, Leeds, Londonderry and Durham, can replace *all that* at any time; but it is the many dirty tricks, the *innumerable* attempts at roguery which have lately been displayed, that have given a taint to Doncaster race-ground, which it will require many years of clean fallow to get rid of. We will not enumerate these vile *faux pas*—the last, 'the swindle,' as it is termed, the most barefaced of all—but let the noblemen and gentlemen who wish well to Doncaster, and who do not wish to see the meeting expunged from the Racing Calendar, act a little more vigorously than they have hitherto done, and not let villany go unpunished before their eyes. Let a mark be set upon all owners, trainers, and riders of horses, with which tricks are played; let them be driven off the course, by order of the stewards; let them never appear again at the starting-post, or in the betting-ring; and then, but not till then, will racing be once more respectable. Let us indulge our hopes that this will be the case, and that Yorkshire racing no longer shall be the reproach of the present age. 'All these storms that fall upon us,' said Don Quixotte, 'are signs the weather will clear up—the evil having lasted long, the good can't be far off.' May it prove so here!

The alteration in the amount of the St. Leger stakes, will do something towards abating trickery at Doncaster. The sum subscribed was twenty-five sovereigns, play or pay. It is now fifty sovereigns, half forfeit. The lightness of the old charge, induced several ill-disposed persons to bring their horses to the post, purposely to create *false starts*; and it will be recollected that, in 1827, there were no less than eight of these, to which the defeat of Mameluke was chiefly attributed. The grand stand on this course is one of the finest in England! and if the genius of taste had presided at the building of it, we scarcely know what improvement could have been made. The betting-room has been considered thoroughly *Greek*!

On more accounts than one, our turf proceedings must make foreigners marvel. Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave it the appellation of 'the guinea meeting,'—nothing without the guinea. 'There was,' said he, 'the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand, for myself, and (oh! execrable,) the guinea for the stand for my carriage. There was the guinea for my servant's bed, and (ah! mon Dieu!) *ten* guineas for my own, for only two nights!' Now we cannot picture to ourselves Monsieur at Doncaster a second time, but if his passion for the race should get the better of his prudence, we only trust he will not be so infamously robbed again. Indeed, he may assure himself of this, for Doncaster will never be what it has been; nor is it fitting it should be. Neither do we consider it a recommendation to state the amount of money run for at the last meeting—viz. £13,918!

Warwick, Manchester, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Bath, and Wolverhampton, are now among our principal country race-meetings, and all these have wonderfully increased within the last few years; particularly Liverpool, a very young meeting, but which bids fair to catch the forfeited honours of Doncaster. Stockbridge also is now in repute, owing to the Bibury Club being held there—a renewal of the Burford meeting, one of the oldest in England. Bath and Liverpool have races twice in the year, and the valuable *produce stakes*, which all these young meetings have instituted, are likely to ensure their continuance; as to the ever princely-hearted Liverpool at all events, there can be little fear. Speaking generally, however, nothing fluctuates more than the scene of country racing. Newton in Lancashire, still keeps its place, but Knutsford and Preston decline, and Oxford, once so good, we may consider gone. At the latter place, indeed, it has been Dilly, Sadler, and Day—then Day, Sadler, and Dilly—winning every thing—till country gentlemen became tired of the changes being rung upon them!

It was high time that a change, to a certain extent, should be made in country racing—but in some respects it has gone too far—we allude to the value of the prizes. A hundred years ago, the breeding and training of racehorses costing comparatively little, running for fifty pound plates might have paid. Eclipse indeed, was nothing but a plate horse, having, in all his running only won two thousand pounds, and the manor bowl in the good city of Salisbury! But nothing can, now-a-days be got by plating, and the contest by heats, many of them four miles with high weights, borders on cruelty. On the other hand, out of nearly thirty races last year at Liverpool, there were only three run at heats, and not one four mile race. At Newmarket there has been no heat, except for a town plate, since 1772; and this is undoubtedly a most beneficial change, and creditable to the feeling of British sportsmen. This is as it should be; man should on no account inflict unnecessary labour on the horse, and above all, the racehorse. From no apparent motive but that generous spirit of emulation which distinguishes him above most other animals, and entitles him to our high regard, how he struggles to serve and gratify us! All these things considered, we are inclined to wish well to country racing, as

in itself, a harmless privileged pleasure, which *all* classes have the power to partake of; indeed, we envy not the man whose heart is not gladdened by the many happy faces on a country race-course. In fact, the passion for racing, like that of hunting, is constitutionally inherent in man, and we cannot reform nature without extinguishing it altogether. The Isthmian games suffered no intermission even when Corinth was made desolate—the Sicyonians being permitted to celebrate them, until Corinth was again inhabited; and it is certain that during the embarrassments, privations, panics, to which England has been exposed during the last twenty years, racing, particularly country-racing, has progressively increased, and in many respects improved.

We believe it is admitted that in no country in the world do people ride with so daring a spirit, as in the little island of Great Britain, and particularly in our Leicestershire hunts. But riding over a country, and race-riding, if they must be called sister-arts, are *diversæ tamen*, it being well known that many of our first-rate jockeys (Buckle among the number, who often attempted it,) have made a poor appearance after the hounds. On the turf however, as on the field, our *gentlemen* ‘delighting in horses’ have from olden time, been forward to exhibit their prowess,

‘Smit with the love of the Laconic boot,
The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit;’

though we take it was not until the Bibury and Kingscote meetings, that gentleman-jockeyship arrived at perfection in England. It is beyond a doubt, that there were gentlemen-jockeys at that time, almost, if not quite equal to the professional artists, and a few of them nearly in as high practice in the saddle. Amongst these first-rate hands, were the present duke of Dorset, and George Germaine, his brother; Lords Charles Somerset, Milsington and Delamere, (then Mr. Cholmondeley;) Sir Tatton Sykes; Messrs. Delme Radclyffe, Hawkes, Bullock, Worrall, George Pigot, Lowth, Musters, Douglass, Probyn, &c. &c. Which was the best of these jockeys it might be invidious to say; the palm of superiority for head, seat, and hand, was generally given to the duke and Mr. Hawkes; but Messrs. Germaine, Delme Radclyffe and Worrall, were by some considered their equals. Lord Charles Somerset was a fine horseman, though too tall for a jockey, and he often rode a winner. Mr. Bullock was also very good till his leg and thigh were broken by his horse running against a post, and Mr. Probyn was superior on a hard pulling horse. Mr. Radclyffe often rode in the Oaks, and continued to ride at Goodwood and Egham, till nearly the last year of his life. All the others have retired, and some to their long home; but it is favourable to this manly pastime, and the temperate habits it induces, to state, that out of seven gentlemen-jockeys, who rode thirty-two years ago at Litchfield, only one, Mr. D. Radclyffe, who rode the winner, has died a natural death, all the others being alive, with the exception of Mr. Bullock, who was drowned.

The eminent jockeys of the present day, are Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Osbaldiston, Bouverie, Peyton, Kent, Molony, two Berkleys, Platel, Burton, Griffiths, Becher and others, whose names do not this moment occur to us. But looking at the value of the prizes at Heaton

Park, for example, (where gentlemen *alone* are allowed to ride,) Bath, Croxton Park, and several other places, we marvel not at the proficiency of these patrician jockeys; and during certain parts of the racing season, such performers as Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Peyton, Kent, and one or two more of the best of them, are in nearly as much request as the regular hired jockeys, and are obliged to prepare themselves accordingly. Wishing them well, we have but one word to offer them. For the credit of the turf, let them bear in mind what the term *gentlemen-jockey* implies, and not, as in one or two instances has been the case, admit within their circles, persons little if anywise above the jockey by profession. This has been severely commented upon, as having led to disreputable practices, with which the name—the sacred name of gentlemen, should never have been mixed up. With this *proviso*, and considering what might be likely to take place of ‘the Laconic boot,’ were it abandoned, we feel no great hesitation about saying, do,

‘Win the plate,

Where once your nobler fathers won a crown.’

A new system of racing has lately sprung up in England, which, however characteristic of the daring spirit of our countrymen, we know not how to commend. We allude to the frequent steeple-races that have taken place in the last few years, and of which it appears, some are to be periodically repeated. If those, whose land is thus trespassed upon, are contented, or if recompense be made to such as are not, we have nothing further to say on that score; but we should be sorry that the too frequent repetition of such practices should put the farmers out of temper, and thus prove hurtful to fox-hunting. We may also take the liberty to remark, that one human life has already been the penalty of this rather unreasonable pastime; and that from the pace the horse must travel at, considerable danger to life and limb is always close at hand. In the last race of this description that came under our observation, we find there were no less than seven falls, at fences, in the space of three miles!*

After the example of England, racing is making considerable progress in various parts of the world. In the East Indies, there are regular meetings in the three different Presidencies, and there is also the Bengal Jockey Club. In the United States, breeding and running horses are advancing with rapid strides; and the grand match at New York, between Henry and Eclipse, afforded a specimen of the immense interest attached to similar events.† In Germany we find three regular places of sport, viz: Gustrow, Dobboran, and New Brandenburg; and the duke of Holstein Augustenburg has established a very promising one in his country. His Serene Highness and his brother, Prince Frederick, have each a large stud of horses, from blood imported from England; and amongst the conspicuous German sportsmen, who have regular racing establishments,

* We recommend the uninitiated, who wish to have some notion of a steeple-chase, to study an admirable set of prints on that subject, lately published, after drawings by the Hogarth of the chase, Mr. Allen.

† There are two Sporting Magazines now published in America, and one at Stockholm.

under the care of English training grooms, are Counts Hahn, Plessen, Bassewitz, (two,) Moltke, and Voss; Barons de Biel, Hertefeldt, and Hammerstein. The duke of Lucca has a large stud; and the stables at Marlia have been re-built in a style of grandeur equal to the ducal palace. At Naples, racing has been established, and is flourishing. Eleven thoroughbred horses were lately shipped at Dover, on their road to that capital, and which were to be eighty days on their journey, after landing at Calais. Prince Butera's breeding stud on the southern coast of Sicily, is the largest in those parts, it was founded by a son of Haphazard, from a few English mares, and his highness is one of the chief supporters of Neapolitan horse racing. In Sweden is some of our best blood; and Count Woronzow, and others have taken some good blood-stock to Russia. In Austria, four noblemen subscribe to our Racing Calendar; in Hungary, eight; in Prussia, two. France makes very little progress in racing; it does not suit the taste of that people. But of all wonders, who would look for racing in good form in Van Diemen's Land? There, however it is; we perceive several well-bred English horses in the lists of the cattle at Hobart's Town, where they have three days racing for plates, matches and sweepstakes, (one of fifty sovereigns each,) with ordinaries and balls, and six thousand spectators on the course! This little colony is *progressing* in many odd ways; it turns out, *inter alia*, as pretty an Annual, whether we look to the poetry or the engraving, as any one could have expected from a place of three times its standing—though the *engraving*, to be sure, *may* be accounted for?

The great and leading qualification of a horse bred for the turf, is the immaculate purity of his blood. It is then, little less than a misnomer to call a half-bred horse a racehorse; it is like the royal stamp impressed upon base metal. Besides what are called stakes for *horses not thoroughbred*, have been the cause of much villany on the turf, by reason of the owners of full-bred horses producing false pedigrees with them, to enable them to start, when of course they are sure to win. Perhaps, the most successful, and at the same time the most impudent case occurred in 1825, when Mr. W——, took about the country a horse, which he called 'Tom Paine, by Prime Minister, not thoroughbred,' and won several large stakes with him, whereas this said Tom Paine was proved to be Tybalt by Thunderbolt, and out of Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, by Meteor, *the best mare in England* of her day! But, besides all this, we doubt a good result, as regards the horse and his uses, from these stakes. In the first place, a really half-bred horse will rarely endure severe training—and if he does, his constitution and temper are all but sure to be ruined by it. Secondly, however good he may be as a half-bred racer, he cannot transmit his base blood to posterity. Again—regular trainers dislike having to do with half bred horses, and seldom give them fair play, *i. e.* seldom trouble themselves to go out of the usual course with them in their work, *which must be done to bring them well to the post*. Finally, these stakes are also the very hot-bed of wrangles; and the system lately adopted of produce stakes for half-bred horses, opens a still wider door for villany and fraud. We wish we could see the turf confined to pure blood.

DEER CHASE.—No. II.

DEAR BROTHER :

Lake Swan, Ark. March 15, 1837.

Your letter of the 27th ultimo, has but lately come to hand, and I take this, the first opportunity of answering it. I feel a little in relation to it, as I did, to the famous letter of Mr. Owens, to my father-in-law—Uncle Ned—in which he said ‘I am sorry to inform you, sir, that you have one of the cleverest sons-in-law, in the world.’ Now, I have always been at a loss to know, whether I was complimented or not: so, in your letter, you commence by saying, that the Island Chase is very interesting, and that its author would have no cause to redden, at its comparison with the productions of Scott or of Somerville, on the same subject: but then, you wind up, by saying, in a quotation from Mr. Burke:—‘That they were quantities incommensurable;’ and that things so widely different, could not be compared: so I have a right to conclude that you are making fun: but as vanity is always ready to view things, in the most flattering light, I have rather come to the conclusion, that I am complimented.

You speak of having the two Chases published in the Turf Register. Now I had no idea of getting myself into any such scrape; and cannot yet believe, that you will risk your own pride, at so great an exposure of your brother’s ignorance: But if you will print, do pray, conceal the author, even from our most intimate friends. Indeed, brother, you have excited great curiosity in me, to see my letter again; since I am inclined to think, there must have been something in it, that was entirely lost upon me: And although the reality afforded me a small foretaste of the enjoyments of heaven, I had no idea, that its narration would create the least interest in any body else. You must excuse me? I cannot attempt a description of the fearful contest of the 8th November: as I cannot think of getting myself into any farther difficulty; and since you must know how very far short of doing justice to the reality, such an attempt would fall! You never witnessed a description of the Elysian-fields, even by the towering eloquence of Bascom, that did not result in a dimming of their lustre. So, in the present case, it is beyond the power of human eloquence to pourtray the glories of that day, without letting down the dignity of the scene: And were it possible, it would still be too sad a task, to paint the noble and generous steed, that in the beginning of the race, pawed, reared and champed the bit, in all the rage of fiery ambition; that yet before the close, with weak and faltering strides and pantings that bespake the greatness of his sufferings; yet goaded on, by the cruel lash and spur of his too much elated master, to farther and more desperate exertion; until spent with fatigue and cramped with incessant toil, he fell to rise no more; thereby rebuking the thoughtless ingratitude of his master, who *then*, but too late, sorrowed for his expiring charger. But it were still more difficult to describe the sad and melancholy fate of *Tinker, Jr.* who in all the pride of conscious worth, though scarcely emerged from *puppyhood*, and from his tender youth unknown to fame:—yet going forth, with a proud and lofty air! (as did Leonidas, his country’s cham-

pion, in the 'throat of war.') I say, *a proud and lofty air*, that bespoke a noble resolution of emulating the splendid achievements which had ennobled a long line of ancestry, both in Europe and America, by triumphing in the present struggle, over both his competitors—Huntress and Rolla, or perishing in the conflict. This, indeed, was his melancholy fate; for having, for eight hours, borne with unabated zeal, the toil, the suffering and the danger of the contest, that was marked throughout, with all the fury of the whirling tornado, until the noble stag, worn down by the toil of flight, panting for breath, and unable longer to shun the thundering pursuit that laboured at his heels, nobly turned to bay!! as did the flying Hector, on the pursuing steps of the implacable Achilles. Now, like some military chieftain, panting for a chance to leave his name—a *light!* a *landmark* for millions yet to come!! and fearing that some of his noble competitors might share with him, the laurels which should entwine no other brows than his, Young Tinker pounced upon his prey: (as did Achilles on the wounded Hector.) That unassisted and unguarded rush, proved the death of *Tinker, Jr.*—Pierced through and through, by the antlered monarch of the forest, he fell to rise *no more*. This was truly as much an over estimate of power, as when Napoleon thought, that in the snows of Russia, he could subdue her mighty power. How much indeed, is the history of this noble animal, like that of the illustrious *Moore*, whose prowess in war, Soult and Ney, 'the bravest of the brave,' felt and feared; while the old *lion* himself, was made to stand back, and roar at a distance.

The battle of Corunna will alike bear testimony to the *rise*, as well as the *fall* of *Sir John Moore*. In *both* cases, the sun which rose upon their *greatness*, set upon their *fall*. The last gun that was fired at Corunna, sent Moore to his long home; the last and closing exertion of this mighty contest, sent its hero to his long and ceaseless repose. And as the name of *Moore* is embalmed in the hearts of his patriotic countrymen, so is that of *Tinker, Jr.* in the hearts of the hunters of Arkansas. The deep mortification that ensued to Huntress, at being beaten by Rolla, as well as her anguish, at the loss of so fine a son, was more than counterbalanced by the exultation which she felt, in *his* glorious triumph. So too with the parents of Moore:—Their wail was turned into joy, when they heard he had entwined around his name, such true and lasting glory in the hour of his death.

Yours, &c.

T. B. F.

'The invincible *Trifle*' has been taken up, and will be trained this spring by Col. JOHNSON, of Va., who owns her with Capt DAVID H. BRANCH, now soon to be our fellow citizen. The fact will excite immense interest in sporting circles throughout the country.

The match between Col. CLAIBORNE'S *Susan Vandell*, and Messrs. WELLS' *Kathleen*, for \$10,000 a side, h. ft. four mile heats, is understood to be off, Kathleen having broke down. The match was to have come off at Natchez, on the 13th March. Susan Vandell will also receive forfeit from *Miss Lyndsay* (who has let down,) in a match, four mile heats, for \$5,000 a side, h. ft. to have come off at Vicksburg, Miss. this spring.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

SPORTING LECTURES—By MR. JORROCKS.—No. II.

We have to apologize to our readers for the delay that has occurred in giving publicity, through our magazine, to the second of Mr. Jorrocks' sporting lectures—a delay that has been chiefly caused by a desire to bring to a close the Northern Tour of our friend Nimrod, treating, as they each do, though in different ways, of horses, hounds, and all that appertains to hunting, in order that our pages might not be overloaded with matter relating to one branch of sport, to the exclusion of other and more seasonable subjects; but after waiting until the hunting season, like the wooden horse on the round-about at a fair, has again made its appearance we cannot longer withhold the many excellent maxims of Mr. Jorrocks from the public, even though they accompany the conclusion of the Tour.

This lecture, like its predecessor,* was delivered at the Riding Academy and Lecture Room, No. 31 Oxendon street, Haymarket, a situation so convenient, and a house so commodious, as to defy alike improvement and detraction. A single visit will convince the most sceptical of the truth of our assertion.

Considerable alteration had been made in the arrangement of the rostrum, and a magnificent full length portrait of Diana, painted by Mr. Jorrocks' commands—for which his famed cook-maid Batsay, sat in a scarlet habit, with sky-blue skirt and very neat pea-green ankle boots, and swans-down round the tops—had been placed against the wall, immediately behind the worthy lecturer. In other respects, the room was in the same state that it was as on the first night, save that there were more lights and fewer ladies.

At eight o'clock, precisely, the worthy gentleman appeared, habited as before, in the uniform of the Surrey hunt, and attended by pretty nearly the same party as accompanied him on the previous occasion. Mr. Jorrocks was most enthusiastically received with whoops, holloas, and all sorts of hunting noises, which he acknowledged in his peculiar manner. Having deposited his whip and hat, he put his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, just as old Cobbett used to do when he was angry, and stood forward on the platform.

'Gentlemen,' said he, with a bold, confident, and triumphant stare round the room, 'I'm glad to see so many of you here present. A sure sign that my first lector was agreeable. I hopes the present will be equally so, and that I shall have the satisfaction of making you as knowing as myself. Before I proceeds with what I've got to say, I wishes to make an observation. Somebody paid me a bad shilling for entrance, on my first lector. I doesn't mean to insinuate nothing; but how, let me ax, do you think I can manage to pay all the expenses of this here establishment, lights, lamps, lanthorns, Dianas, (pointing to the picture,) to say nothing of the equivalent for the mental anxiety in getting up my subject, so as to place it before you in a palatable form, if I don't get *good* money for doing so? Binjimin has the shilling, and I've only to add that he will

* For former lecture, see American Turf Register, for November, 1837.

be 'appy to exchange it with the gentleman who gave it—*by mistake*, I'm sure—for a good 'un.

'Now to business. I'm going to tell you to-night, all about 'unting and the condition and stable management of 'osses—a werry important consideration, for if 'osses took no more keeping than chays, there would be a greater demand for them. Young Tom Stileish, who is a werry great swell in his garments, and stunts his stomach to adorn his back, once had a werry nice prancer, which you may all have seen curvetting round the corners of streets, particularly when there were any carriages coming, or ladies crossing over; but he parted with him all of a sudden, because he diskivered that, whether the weather was wet or dry, and whether he rode him or no, the 'oss still went on eating his hay and corn, which Tom considered highly improper and most unreasonable, and therefore he sold him; but hearing presently after a friend of his talking about an 'oss that had no mouth, he forthwith sent and bought him, thinking as how it would be the werry nag for his money, for hearing as how that it hadn't *no mouth*, he concluded in course that it wouldn't want no hay or corn (laughter and cheers). Now,' continued he, 'I'm not a going to teach you how to make an 'oss live on a bean a-day, like the man in the fable, but I'm a going to tell you how to do justice to your 'oss, which will enable you to make him do justice to you. And here let me observe, how 'appy I am in being able to agree with that great man, Nimrod, in his condemnation of the system of grazing an 'unter like a bullock, though I may add that my censure is based on a sounder and stronger foundation than what his is. Nimrod, who is a man above all praise, and next to myself, I really believe knows more how the thing should be than any man breathing, condemns it, because it is undoing all that has been done before—losing all the sweet hay, and corn, and beans, and elbow-grease of the groom, which will all have to be regained before the 'oss is able to take the field again; but I disapprove of it, because you are losing the service of the animal, all the time he is gobbling at grass, to say nothing of the time he is getting it all out of him again. According to the old fashioned grazing system, an 'unter lived six months upon hay, oats, and beans, three months upon grass, and other three months upon physic (laughter). You may laugh as you like, but that's a fact, as Nodding Homer here knows full well, for when his prads went to Melton Mowbray the first time, the men all axed if they wern't kept on physic altogether, such a tucked-up, heron-gutted, starvation-looking lot never having been seen there, either before or since. Now, though I don't like a heron-gutted 'oss, I dislike a great heavy-barrelled flabby-ribbed one equally so; and I find nothing half so good for keeping them all right and prime as working them regularly all the year round. You all knows 'ow dewoted I am to the chase; 'ow on the coldest, wettest, dreariest morning in November, I'm over Brixton-hill before the earliest milk-maid has begun to mew. and how werry seldom I go on wheels,—always considering that if by any ill-starred accident, we should chance not to find a fox, that the ride to Croydon, and then to cover, and from cover to Croydon, and back to

Coram-street, is always so much in the way of health and exercise, both for man and 'oss, for I holds with the poet who sang—

‘Better to roam in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;’

(applause). And you may take my word for it, that an 'oss is werry like a man in one respect, that is to say if he is not lame, the more work he does the more he can do, and the better he will find himself for it, (applause). The 'oss and the 'ound were made for each other, and natur threw in the fox as the connecting link between the two. And, oh, ye gods! how the werry mention of that beautiful word, *Fox*, gladdens my 'art, and warms the expiring embers of my old age. To see him approach the cover side, his head thrust through a hazel copse, as with uplifted pad, and ears erect, he hearkens to the 'orn and 'ounds that have disturbed his morning's nap,—**HOICK TOGETHER! HOICK TOGETHER!**—here Mr. Jorrocks put his finger in his ear, and gave a holloa that was distinctly heard under the opera colonade. ‘It's time to fly, he dashes over the stubble field making it crackle as it goes, showing his rich nutty brown coat, with magnificent white-tipped brush, which he whisks over his back with a twist as he dashes over the hedge, as much as to say ‘catch me who can!’ and out pour the 'ounds—one, two, three, four—then altogether in a torrent, like the werry cataract of Niagara, with a crash and music that would make Paganini's hair stand on an end with jealousy, ‘like quills upon the fretful porcupine,’ (loud cheers which Mr. Jorrocks availed himself of to take some sherry and water.) But I'm getting off the line and must whip back to talk about the 'oss. The 'oss loves the 'ound and I loves both, and had I been placed in a less 'umble station of life, why I'd have done *nothing* but 'unt, for I say all time is lost that is not spent in 'unting, and the 'oss and the 'ound and John Jorrocks should have been inseparables. Howsomever as it is, I've had a fair share—for eight and twenty years, I've never missed a practicable opportunity of having a day, and I makes no doubt that I'm ten years younger in constitution than I should have been without it; and as I never have but two 'osses, one to ride to Croydon, and the other to 'unt, which they perform alternately, they are always fit to go, for they hav'nt time to be ill; and then, when the confounded old ganders with goslings begin to fly and hiss at one's 'osses heels—a pretty sure hint that the season's at an end—why I puts one 'oss in my chay, and t'other in my wan, in which they take reglar gentle exercise all the summer, and are as hard as deal-boards when the winter comes round again. And this reminds me to say a word or two about servants.

‘A groom is a chap that a gentleman keeps to clean his 'osses, and be blown up when things go wrong. They are generally werry conceited, consequential beggars, and as they never knows nothing, why the best way is to take them so young that they can't pretend to any knowledge. I always get mine from the charity schools, and you'll find it werry good economy to apply to those that give the boys leather breeches, as it will save you the trouble of finding him a pair. The first thing to do, is to teach him to get up early, and to hiss at every thing he brushes, rubs, or

touches. As the leather breeches should be kept for Sundays, you must get him a pair of corderoys, and mind order them of large size and baggy behind, for many 'osses have a trick of biting at chaps when they are cleaning them; and it is better for them to have a mouthful of corderoy, than of the lad's bacon, to say nothing of the loss of the boy's services during the time he's laid up. On first taking the boy into the stable, you should show him a good stout ash plant, a cane, or an 'oss whip, and explain that it is kept for his special use and benefit; and having done that, let him take off his jacket, braces, &c. and turn up his shirt sleeves, and begin to rub and hiss at the 'osses legs, and give him to understand that whenever he finds he has nothing to do, he is to sit down on his knees and rub the 'osses legs.

'Some people keep their grooms to ride their 'osses to exercise, and have them out of a morning before the gas-lights are extinguished, but I'm quite another description of man, and think it is much better to let the world be properly haired before either man or 'oss turns out. I then rides one myself, and if I have two 'osses in my stable, which is not often the case, as during the season one is generally at Croydon, and during the summer, as I said before, one goes in my light wan with groceries; but if I *have* two and think I cannot ride again in the afternoon, why I mounts a friend, so that upon the whole I am werry indifferent whether my man-boy can ride or not, so long as he can dress and clean his 'osses, hand-rub their legs, beat a saddle, clean a bridle, wash a chay, wait at the table, polish boots and shoes, and do any other little odd jobs for his Missis or myself. As to wages, boys of this description never require any, nor indeed would it be good for them, for if you clothe and feed them, what more can they want? Some folks are fond of clipping 'osses, that is to say cutting their hair clean off with a pair of scissors, on the score that it makes them do far more work. My experience in this matter is werry small, but such as it is I'll give it you. I had a werry bad 'oss. I may say so *now*, for he's no longer mine—and I clipped him, but it made him no better, consequently I arrived at the conclusion, that you can't clip a bad 'oss into a good 'un. For 'oss-stealers, the plan I should think would be convenient, for it perfectly alters the appearance of a nag.' Here Mr. Jorrocks took another run at the tumbler. He smacked his lips as though it were very good, and resumed.

'And now supposing us to have got our 'oss, let us talk about riding him, and, as Nimrod well observes, the art of mounting may be called the first step in practical 'ossmanship. This is werry important; for it requires no elucidation—which is a fine dictionary word for explanation—that unless a man mounts, he can have no ride. And as this is the first introduction between the rider and his 'oss, and a prepossessing appearance is considered werry important, it will be well, if the rider is no beauty not to go bolt up and stare the 'oss in the face, as he may so frighten him that he may not let him come near him again, but just let the rider get alongside of him and climb up as most conveniently he can, always bearing in mind that if one end of an 'oss kicks, the other end bites, and

there's not much to choose between the two. Short-legged chaps will find an 'oss-pail turned up a convenient thing when there's no 'oss-block, which I am sorry to observe is an article going out of use; but always beware of having a 'leg up,' as it is called, particularly in this mischievous town, for they are apt to give inexperienced men such a hoist as sends them flat on their faces on the far side. Now as soon as you are mounted, pay particular attention to the 'oss's conduct, and if you find he lays back his ears, and sets up his back like a cat in wet weather, rely upon it he will try to dissolve partnership, without the trouble of going into the Gazette, so tell the groom to keep hold of his head, and you scramble down as quick as ever you can, and you can either tell the truth, that you think he's vicious, or say that on second thoughts you prefer seeing him ridden, or that you have burst the waist-band of your breeches, or that some other little accident has happened to them, which perhaps indeed may not be werry far from the truth. Being fairly up, however, without any disagreeable symptoms, run your feet well into the stirrups and deposite yourself in such a form in your saddle as you find most comfortable to yourself, which in all humane probability will be easiest to the 'oss also, but beware how you begin plying your spur. I disagree with Geoffrey Gambado, who recommends the free use of them as tending to keep the blood in proper circulation, and preventing your toes from catching cold. Indeed he contradicts himself, for he recommends spurring in the *shoulder* only, where he says an 'oss has most feeling, because he has most weins, adding that by spurring at his body, five times in six your labour is lost; for if you are a short man you spur the saddle cloth only, if a leggy one you never touch him at all, and if middling, the rider wears out his own girths, without his 'oss being a bit the better for it, whereas it is quite clear that if the only object of spurring an 'oss be to keep a man's blood in circulation and prevent his toes catching cold he had better ply the Brummagems, as we calls them, where he can have the most work, instead of the least—therefore I say, *spur him in the guts*. But it is werry difficult to teach a man to ride by reading about, or even lecturing upon it, therefore it is that I have provided this wooden 'unter,' pointing to the rocking-horse, 'that by practice I may enforce my precepts on your perceptions. Now you see,' continued he, advancing to the figure, 'I am about to mount, and though it is true that the nag cannot set up his back as I described, yet he can throw up his hind legs werry like a kicker, and also his fore ones werry like a rearer.' Here Mr. Jor-rocks, amid the shouts, laughter, and applause of the company, mounted the rocking-horse and by the aid of Binjimin's working the tail end, very soon had him in full swing.

'But really and truly,' continued he, easing it down to a stand still, 'there's nothing like practice, and people mustn't think to turn Hosbaldestons all of a night. However, supposing our beginner has learn't to steer his nag and sit upon him with firmness, ease, and grace, which many a man can do, while the 'oss dos'nt move, let us cast forward a bit and imagine him ambitious of taking the field, as we call going out 'unting, and

direct our thoughts to the necessary preparations. And it is werry astonishing, how few men there are wot have had the opportunity, but have tried whether they liked 'unting or not, just as they would take a cigar to try whether they like smoking or not, or olives instead of h'apples for a dessert. One day is a dose for many, consequently I would advise no one to rig himself out until he has had a taste and knows something of the nature of the thing. But if a man's 'eart jumps at the crack of a whip—if he feels elated when he sees the 'ounds, admires their spotted sides more than he would a flock of sheep, feels gratified by the greetings of the assembled sportsmen, and the touches of the cap from the servants, let him forthwith order a pair of stout double-soled top-boots, a pair of strong strait-necked spurs, a pair of drab patent shag breeches, and a scarlet single-breasted frock coat—just in fact such toggery as I've got on, barring the buttons and collar, which can only be sported by members of the Surrey—for these, with a clean shirt, a clean shave, and a guinea in his pocket, constitute the toggery of a genuine, though not of a spurious sportsman; and as I've read or heard some where, that there are few men who could not feel more hurt by an imputation on their 'ossmanship and sporting knowledge than on their morality, I'll teach you how to appear werry wise with werry little information. There are a few maxims that hold good in all countries. One is, that the 'untsman is either a natural born fool, or the cleverest fellow alive. That is a rule admitting of no exception. Upon this point, however, as to which he is, the members of the 'unt are sometimes divided, a portion of them considering it '*knowing*' either to condemn or defend in opposition to others, who may have begun 'unting later in life and who are invariably pronounced to know nothing at all about the matter. If the 'untsman is bad, the whippers in are good, and '*vice versa*,' and there is always somebody in every establishment to whose door all the bad sport is laid. Therefore either praise or condemn as you think will serve your purpose best; but, mind, which ever side you take, *lay it on thick*, for the werry confidence with which you speak, will ward of contradiction, and it is quite extonishing how easily the majority of mankind are led by the nose.

Old John Ward, of Squerries, in our country, is the oldest fox-'unter and master of 'ounds, in England and there is scarcely a kennel in which some of his blood is not to be found. By blood I should observe, that I doesn't mean that the old gentleman's nose has bled in them all, or that he has happened any other haccident, but that there is scarcely a kennel which has not some 'ounds of the breed he used to keep in it. They are all large-headed, square-nosed, full-sized dogs, *smothercd with bone*, if I may use the expression, and generally deep-toned in their music, so whenever you see an 'ound of that description, it cannot be a bad speckilation just to lay your whip or stick on his head and say, 'ah, I see's you've got one of old John Ward's sort here,' for the chances are you'll be right, and even if you are wrong, the 'untsman or master of 'ounds will feel flattered, and conclude you know something about the matter.

'It looks uncommon knowing also, to take a bit of bread or biscuit out

of your pocket, as you are looking over the hounds, and singling one or two out, make them rise up on their hind legs to receive it, while you look werry scrutinising at them all the time. If there was any doubt before of your being one of the 'right sort,' you will immediately set the matter at rest, and they will take you for a very knowing judge, if not for a master of 'ounds yourself.

'These hints with the words, 'condition,—legs,—loins,—broth,—'oss-flesh,—Hosbaldeston—symmetry—sizeable—bone—Ralph Lambton'—thrown out promiscuously at intervals, with five shillings to the feeder at parting will effectually establish a reputation at a kennel.

'If you can muster a couple of prads, in course you will send the one you mean to 'unt on before, with orders to your boy to keep the gloss upon him, and neither to let him drink by the way, nor—what is often more important—to get drunk himself. Being werry fond of the morning hair [air] I generally makes such a start as enables me to ride my own 'oss, and many a good laugh have I had at the tricks and freaks of *trusty* grooms, with their trotting matches by the way, and stops at public houses for gin and purl, or half-and-half, while their masters are flattering themselves they are just jogging steadily on to cover at the rate of five or six miles an hour. Some bucks think it looks well to come dashing up at a hand canter, all mud-booted and M'Intoshed, as many minutes after the time as they think the master of the 'ounds' patience will last; but these I observe are the first to canter off again when an opportunity offers, with the comfortable assurance to themselves that the sport is all over for the day. But if you wish to become a real scientific sportsman like myself, you'll arrive early and so learn the names of the 'ounds; by which means you'll be able to holloa to them in chase, which is not only werry exciting, but also werry fine exercise. So when you arrive at the meet, just ride among the pack, and in all *humane* probability your 'oss will tread upon one or two 'ounds, which will set them yelping, and aid you in pointing out to the huntsman or whips those whose names you want to catch. Some masters of 'ounds are grumpish at this sort of work, but the majority of them will regard you as a very keen hand; and if you do chance to kill an 'ound now and then, it must be a werry mean establishment that wont afford 'one a day,' as old Meynell used to say was the rule of his 'unt—those that were killed beyond this allowance, having to be paid for. When the 'unt begins, that is to say when the 'ounds go into the wood to draw for old Reynard, it will look werry 'warmint' if you ride in with them, and forthwith commence *yoicking*, and cracking your whip just as the 'untsman does. The 'ounds at first won't regard you, but in course of time, they'll become used to your voice and look in your face with great eagerness. When they find the fox, you'll find your 'oss will prick his ears, and become uncommon lively, and as the chorus increases, you may redouble your holloas, crying '*Hoick together! hoick!*' cracking your whip every time, and having shouted this till you are tired, begin holloaing '*Hoick forrard! hoick back! hoick forrard!*' which means all the same thing, and are terms made use of indifferently by 'unters to keep themselves warm and in wind.

'TALLIHO! my vig! that's the cry! and when you hear it, stick your hat tight on your head, gather up your reins, and scuttle out of cover as fast as ever you can, and by all means get a view of the fox, for the sight of the warmint is a wonderful inducement to men to ride. And here let me observe, that you should not look a mile or two a-head, just as if you expected to see a helephant rolling away, but run your eye over the adjoining fields, taking off from the second or third from the cover, and extend your range till you see the long-tailed beggar himself. and you may keep holloaing and shouting till you're hoarse. Now's the time to stand erect in your stirrups!' cried Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, sticking out his rump, as though he were just going away with the hounds, and showing in the attitude more the parts of a man than the man of parts. 'And now,' continued he, 'having got well away with the 'ounds, bob down your head, stick up your shoulders, keep tight hold of your reins with one hand, and carry your whip over your shoulder with a loose thong with the other, harden your hearts—ride like fun, and the devil take the hindmost!

'Now's the time that your 'oss, if he has any mischief in him, will assuredly show it, and the commonest occurrence is for him to run away. This is werry disagreeable, as well as dangerous; and as Geoffrey Gambado observes, when a man is well run away with the first thing that occurs to him is, how to stop his 'oss; but men by no means agree in their modes of bringing this matter about. Some, when out 'unting, will run him at a ditch, which is a werry promising experiment if he leaps ill, or not at all; others try a gate post, but it requires a nice eye to hit the centre with the 'oss's head, so as to avoid all risk of grazing your thigh or leg. Geoffrey says that Frenchmen (and the French it seems, were as good riders in his time as they are now) will ride against one another, and that's well enough if two men are of the same mind, but I hold it to be unhand-some to charge a chap without some little notice. Upon the whole, however, after werry deep and mature deliberation, I may give it as my opinion that a good stiff newly-ploughed field is by far the finest thing for taking the nonsense out of a refractory nag. Therefore my advice is, to get into one as soon as ever you can, and bob across ridge and furrow with a slack rein; and when your 'oss begins to sob, why give him a touch of the spur, and flank him well with your whip.' Here Mr. Jorrocks showed how the punishment was to be performed on the rocking horse.

'To 'unt pleasantly two things are werry necessary,—to know your 'oss, and to know your own mind. Now if you know your 'oss, and can depend upon him, so as to be sure he will carry you over whatever you put him at, have a good understanding with yourself before you come to a leap, whether you mean to go over it or not; for nothing looks so foolish as to see a man ride bang up to a fence, as if he would eat it and then swerve off for a gate, unless, indeed, it be to see a man charge wiggorously, and his 'oss instead of leaping, stop suddenly, and chuck him, not only over his head, but over the hedge too. I'm no advocate for leaping, but

but there are times when it can't be helped; in which case let a man throw his heart fearlessly over the fence, and follow it as quick as ever he can, and being well landed in the next field, thank Providence for his good fortune, and lose no time in looking about for the best way out. Thus he will go on from leap to leap, and from field to field; and having got well over the first fence, it is astonishing what confidence it gives you at the next. A tumble is an awful thing to contemplate! Just fancy a great sixteen hands 'oss lying on you like a blanket! My vig!—were's the sherry white, Binjimin?' Here Mr. Jorrocks took a glass of pale sherry, or rather sherry and water, to compose his nerves, which the thoughts of the fall had somewhat flustered.

'I know nothing so comfortable in the middle of a run, as the sight of a line of gates parallel with the 'ounds, with a cart track through them which indicates that they lead to another road. Then's the time you may ride boldly, and throw the mud in you friends' faces, and holloa till all's blue. If you come first to a locked gate in course you won't leap it, so dismount and try to lift it off the hinges; and having done so, just draw your 'oss between the gate and post, so that no one can pass until you remount, and then scuttle away to the next. If any body else does it, particularly a youngster, manage to be second; and just as he throws the gate from him, slip by, thanking him, and saying—'I'm werry much obliged to you, sir.' When you see a chap fall, particularly at a needless leap, always have something pleasant to shout out, such as 'Holloa, sir! if you goes on that way you'll hurt the ground!'—or, 'Come here, sir, and I'll help you up!'—or, 'Would you like to have your 'oss now, sir, or wait till you catch him?' If you see a chap riding on his 'oss's neck, which is often the case after the nag has made a mistake at a leap sing out, 'There goes a *forward* rider!' or, 'I say sir! are you Mr. Ducrow?' all which easy composure denotes the true sportsman.

'When the 'ounds come to a check—that is to say, when they lose the smell or scent of the fox—then is the time for the sportsman to make or mar himself in the estimation of the field. There won't be a man out but will give an opinion as to which way he has gone, and no two will agree in the line. Sport then an idea boldly—your's will be as good as theirs; and if you are right your fame is established. The next time you see them throw up,—I don't mean *vomit*, mind, but *throw up their heads* on losing the scent,—just take off your hat and cap them—or at least such of them as will come to you—down the nearest hedge-row; and if by any chance you hit it off, oh my vig! but you'll be a werry great man. But my sherry white is done, and I'm getting dry. Let us then kill our fox gallantly and gloriously, as the Surrey 'ounds ever do; and let every man here, with a tongue in his head join me in one long, loud, shrill, magnificent soul-stirring WHO-WHOOP.

A tremendous explosion of noise followed this entreaty, which produced a second yell equally loud, and foxes' brushes and pads were showered at the worthy lecturer in profusion.

On the motion of Mr. James Green, senior-junior, seconded by Nodding

Homer, an adjournment to Tom Cribb's, in Panton street, was again carried, where the best parlour was in readiness, and nearly the whole of the company followed Mr. Jorrocks there, whooping and holloaing, and tally-hoing as they went. On their arrival, Mr. Green mounted the table, and after paying sundry handsome compliments to the talents, sporting knowledge, amiability, and convivial powers of Mr. Jorrocks, concluded by moving a vote of thanks to him for his most instructive lectures, and by proposing that he should take the chair.

Nodding Homer seconded the motion; and Mr. Jorrocks having briefly acknowledged the compliment they had paid him, forthwith deposited himself in the chair, beneath the clock, and called for an imperial quart of their strongest draught port, an example that was immediately followed by the majority of the company, and, of course, by our reporter, whose notes of the toasts, speeches, and sentiments that followed, we lament to add, are so exceedingly short and illegible, and so bedaubed with the stains of wine as to be perfectly useless; nor have we met with a single auditor whose memory will enable us to supply the deficiency. We regretted, however, to learn, on inquiring from Mr. Cribb's waiter, that towards the 'little hours of morning,' Nodding Homer, who is always on the look-out for 'squalls,' succeeded, after a very subtle speech, in inducing the company to agree to a proposition that 'the richest man in the room should pay for all,' and then cast the doubtful honor upon our esteemed friend, Mr. Jorrocks; and the reckoning was so heavy as not only to swallow up every fraction he had received at the door of his lecture room, but also eighteen-pence he had brought to pay his coach-hire home; and but from the fortunate circumstance of Binjimin having had a run of luck at a 'pies all 'ot' man's tray, while his master was in the chair, by which he had won nine-pence in cash, besides what he eat, 'in all humane probability, as Mr Jorrocks observed, 'he would have had to walk home.'

[New Sporting Magazine.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLISH HORSES.

BY THE BREEDER OF LADY CLIFDEN.

DEAR SIR:—I feel greatly obliged by the kind and efficient manner in which you defended me in my absence, against an anonymous writer, whose *liberality* in making an attack when he knew I could not respond, you have so fully avenged, that there exists no further necessity to notice him. It is, however, 'passing strange' to me, how any man who really knows me, and any of my sentiments respecting *Mingo*, expressed at any time, could be so oblique in his intellects, or so morbid in his sensibilities, as to pervert any thing I have ever said, into language calculated or intended to *underrate* that horse. I did say that I believed that whenever *Mingo* and *Lady Clifden* should again meet, superior condition in either would determine the race, and that the probability was, that if they ever met, both being perfectly right, that that race would terminate the racing career of the one or other of them. I spoke my candid belief, and it is not

every man that owns a good horse, who speaks of things which stand in his way with the same candour and *liberality*. The events of the autumn fully realized my anticipations, and I have yet to learn that Mingo, in order or out of order, ever did in any of his numerous races that he has won, make as good time as *he made* in the race which he lost to Clifden over the Union course.

I like Mingo's blood, his form, and racing powers, and if he were mine I would not alter him, except to give him hair a little more Arabian-like in its texture. I do not believe I saw a horse in England, judging from horse I saw run, able to beat him the four mile heats.

Every moment which I could spare from business whilst I was in England, I devoted to looking at the fine stock of that country of all kinds, riding sometimes long distances out of my way to look at fine studs of horses. I saw the king's stud at Hampton Court, and some others in the hands of private individuals quite as large. They were not to be looked at in an hour, and required some time to dwell over them and examine them. The result of my examination was disappointment in my expectations of English racehorses. There are here and there a few specimens of the racehorse of the very highest order, but the proportion of trash to the good is greatly beyond what I expected, and it is wonderful with what pertinacity some of the breeders stick to their trash. I might speak of much of their celebrated stock individually and by name, but it would be invidious, and besides a sort of breach of that hospitality which on all occasions so kindly gave me access to them. I did not see *Emilius*, the prince of horses, nor *Plenipo*, although I rode thirty miles to see the latter; but of all their celebrated stallions I did see, the only ones I thought suitable and worthy of being brought to this country were *Camel*, *The Colonel*, and a little horse called *Caccia Piatti*, belonging to Mr. Theobald, but little valued in England because he is under their size. I saw no other horses in England that I would breed from gratis, except the *Black Arabian* in the king's stud, which they have allowed to be sold to the continent without, as I understood, having bred but few mares to him. This horse bears all the marks of the pure Arabian,—a high racing form, silky hair, and legs that look as clean and flinty as those of the deer, with the finest game head, terminated by a small muzzle, containing nostrils, which when distended you might thrust your fist in. The passion in England for breeding slapping colts to run in their two and three year old stakes and carry high weights completely puts this noble horse under the ban. They will probably have occasion to regret his loss.

They breed for speed and ability to carry high weights at an early age for short distances; and many of them acknowledge their error, and admit they may ere long have to come to our country for hard bottomed horses. But they say they cannot give up their sweepstakes, and must continue in their error, if it be one, until their distances and weights are changed, and heats become the fashion. Their system of raising their colts, too, is almost as forcing as the system which one of our farmers would apply to the raising of a Durham bull—rich pasture, and for the foals, oats and

carrots mixed, as much as they will eat three times a day. Their mares do not look larger than ours in the general, and I did not see in all England a mare which, to my eye, would compare with old *Lady Lightfoot*, *Trifle*, or *Lady Clifden*, for blood-like appearance, ample room for the lungs, and beautiful and justly proportioned symmetry, which enabled them to move along with so much facility. There was one mare, *Fleur de Lis*, in the king's stud, of immense size, and very just in her proportions, shewing all the game of the true racehorse, which I certainly would have bought had I been an *English* breeder, at any reasonable price, for she seemed better adapted than any other mare to breed for the English race courses. This mare and *Nannine* were the two favorites in the king's stud, and I am surprised she did not sell so high as some of the other mares. *Nannine* the dam of *Glaucus*, by the way, is in size, colour, make, and form, an exact match for the dam of *Lady Clifden*. They are both sorrel, with the near hind foot white and a small star in the forehead, with an indenture or dimple in the buttocks, such as I do not recollect ever to have seen in any other horses. It was my partiality, perhaps, from the striking resemblance that induced me to point her out to our minister to England as the most suitable mare for exportation to this country. Even in the King's stud at Hampton Court there were several mares which an intelligent American breeder would not have received as a present and be compelled to pay their expenses to this country. At Doncaster I saw sold the produce of several of the large breeding studs in the contiguous counties—a few of them were good colts, many of them leggy, weedy animals, and more than half of them were so badly splented at one and two years old as to destroy their value. This splenting at this age unbroke I could not account for, and I could find no one who could, but there it seemed a matter of course, and nobody expressed surprise at it. It was new to me.

As soon as I can find leisure, I will furnish you with some extracts from my notes taken at the Doncaster races, when I witnessed the *Great St. Leger*. I find another American, who visited England during the past summer, has derived a different impression with regard to the estimation in which the stallions are held in England which have come to this country; but I hear but one opinion and that was that *Priam* was the only horse the loss of which is seriously regretted in that country. Some of the imported stallions, when bred to the right mares, like *Luzborough*, will no doubt improve our stock. He, I believe, is the only modern imported horse whose colts have been able to go the distance. Some others may injure our best stock materially.

Yours truly,

THOS. EMORY.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK.

The transactions in blood stock appear to be very little affected by 'the pressure.' Large sales have recently been made at very liberal prices, and the demand for thoroughbred stock is increasing to such a degree,

particularly at the extreme South, that breeders need be under no apprehension of having to sell at reduced rates for a year to come. We annex the particulars of such sales as have come to our knowledge:—

Messrs. Henry A. Tayloe and Edward Johnson, (thoroughbred ones, both from the Old Dominion,) of Greensborough, Ala. have purchased the racing stable of Mr. Eli Abbott, of Columbus, Miss. for \$12,000. It consists of Hortense, by Pacific, Zelina, by imp. Leviathan, Pactolus, by the same, Maria Black, an imported three year old filly by Filho da Puta, out of a Smolensko mare, and a three year old colt, by Wild Bill. This string has nearly cleared its cost this fall in club purses alone, and when strengthened, as it is to be, by drafts from Virginia, it will be an ugly crowd at the soft places between North Alabama and New Orleans.

John R. Head, of Manchester, Miss., gave \$8,000 for Sarah Bladen, the crack three year old of Tennessee, who is matched against Picton. She is a chestnut, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet, and 'a perfect hoosher.' The filly is rather the favourite in the match, about which immense sums have been laid out at the South. We do not recollect an instance of a three year old filly that has brought so high a price, Col. Johnson's \$6,000 for Mary Blunt, and Col. Hampton's \$5,000 for Bay Maria, and \$5,000 for Charlotte Russe, when two years old, coming nearest to it. By-the-bye, \$6,000 was offered Col. Heth for Charlotte, by her present owner, before he had seen her, but as Col. H. had previously offered her for \$5,000 to another gentleman, he parted with her at that price.

Yelverton N. Oliver, Esq. founder of the Eclipse course, New Orleans, has disposed of half his interest in Walter, Enceiro, The Jewess, Joe Kearney, Nelson, Juliana, Monmouth, and others, to Minor Kenner, Esq., of that city. They gave \$3,500 for The Jewess, \$2,500 for Walter, and \$4,000 for three of the following colts:—a Charles colt, four years, another bay colt, by the same, three years—a Gohanna colt, three years, out of Richard of York's dam, and a bay colt, by Moses, two years, out of the same mare.

Mr DUGGER'S STOCK.—On the 24th ult. was sold by auction, the mares and foals of the late Daniel Dugger, Esq. at his residence, in Brunswick county, Va. near Petersburg.

Maria West, (Wagner's dam,) by Marion, dam by Citizen,	\$1,750 00
Polly Peacham, by John Richards, dam by imported Chance,	1,555 00
A three year old filly, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham,	1,700 00
A three year old filly, by Sir Charles, out of an Archy mare,	180 00
A three year old colt, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	625 00
A two year old colt, by imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham,	1,555 00
A two year old colt, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna,	160 00
A yearling colt by imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peacham,	1,020 00
A yearling filly by Eclipse, out of Maria West,	1,700 00
A filly foal, by imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham,	720 00
A filly foal, by imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West,	1,000 00
A filly foal, by imp. Shakspeare, dam by Gohanna,	110 00

Total amount of sales, . . . \$12,075 00

Dr. Merritt, of Hicksford, Va. bought the dam of Catharine Davis, at this sale, for \$1,500, as we hear. The principal purchaser of Mr. Dugger's stock was Mr. Rogers, of N. C., who took about three-fourths of it; the yearling Eclipse filly, out of Maria West, was knocked down to this gentleman at \$1,700.

N. B. Newsom, Esq., of Lebanon, Tenn. has sold one-half of old Black Sophia and her two colts, for \$6,000, to Wm. E. Long and A. Jackson, Esqs. of Sumpter county, Ala.

James H. Bradfute, Esq. of Tenn. has sold his brown colt, Melzare, to Col. Vance Johnson, of Mobile, for \$2,000.

John Morrison, Esq. of Augusta, Ga. has sold the following brood mares to Gen. Thomas S. Woodhead, of Tuskegee, Ala., for \$1,500; Betsey Ariel, five years, out of Lady Ariel, by Eclipse; Lady Harrison, out of an own sister to Virginian, by Arab.

One half of Birmingham was purchased at auction, at Mobile, recently, for \$1,500, by Y. N. Oliver, of New Orleans. Birmingham distanced Scarlet at Mobile, in 7m. 48s. and was afterwards beaten by Miss Medley, in 7m. 47s. when he broke down.

Mr. Doss, of Alabama, has recently purchased Lucy Benton, (in Mr. Lynn Cock's stable,) for \$5,000. Her stock has escaped our memory; but we saw her at Vicksburg, a few weeks since, and remember her as a handsome bay filly, in high form. She lost the two mile purse at V., having travelled up to her hocks in mud from Alabama, a few days previous.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

RIFLE SHOOTING.

NEW CARTRIDGE.—On Tuesday last, the Acrotormentarian Society of Riflemen met at their private ground, at Wormwood Scrubbs, to contend for a splendid gold medal, at 300 yards from the target. Most of the crack shots were present, which compelled each to do his best, and increased the excellence of the sport. On this occasion Mr. A. Margary made use, for the first time, of his newly-invented cartridge for the rifle, with which, although the piece can be loaded with the same facility as a soldier's musket, the accuracy of the firing is not the least impaired, as a proof of which, Mr. Margary made eighteen hits and four bull's eyes out of the twenty-four rounds he fired, the target being eighty inches in diameter, and the bull's eyes six inches. We consider this cartridge a most decided improvement, and well worthy the attention of the army, as it obviates the great objection to the rifle as a military weapon, namely, the length of time consumed in loading the piece. On the Thursday following, the Society met at Chalk Farm, when Mr. A. Margary was again successful, and won the silver medal for the sixth and last time. The gold medal was awarded to Mr. Catchawood. The distance was 250 yards, and the target is now the same size as the one at Wormwood Scrubbs. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, there was a good muster, and

the shooting, considering the weather, extremely good, twenty out of twenty-four being struck by the winners. After the termination of the contest, Mr. A. Margary fired for three minutes at the target, in order to ascertain with what rapidity he could load and discharge his piece, when he fired twelve rounds, putting four balls into the bull's-eye, and the remaining eight into the target, at 100 yards. The piece he used on this occasion was made by Mr. Braggs, of Holborn.

[Bell's Life in London.]

A subsequent number of Bell's Life contains a note from Augustus De Berenger, claiming the credit of the invention of the rifle cartridge for his father, who invented them in 1811 or '12, as is proved by reference to a book, entitled 'Helps and Hints how to protect life, property,' &c. of which De Berenger the elder was the author. De B. describes his cartridge as 'of a novel and desirable kind; for it had a patched ball, and was free from glue and paper. I practised twice with them, previous to my displaying their use before a large concourse of spectators, many of them noblemen and officers of high rank, at Montpelier shooting ground, in 1811 or 1812, and where, rapidly loading my rifle with my own patch ball cartridges, and without any help whatever, I fired at a mark as often as seventeen times in three minutes.'

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

[The first and second numbers of the eighth volume of this sprightly journal of sporting intelligence have been received, and indicates by the improved appearance of the sheet, as well as the quality of its contents, a determination to deserve if it do not insure success. The Editor has passed the winter in the sunny south and culled many flowers from its everglades, in the sporting line, and is occasionally treating his readers with them. We copy the following items from the first number.]

Grant's Equestrian Match over the Beacon Course, last week, has created considerable excitement. He has furnished us with the particulars of the match, giving us the time of each mile, &c.; from which it appears that he rode 15 horses, and made 91 changes. He started at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Thursday, and stopped at 11 minutes past 12 o'clock, M. on Friday, having completed 240 miles. Several correspondents are perfectly savagerous at the result, and not only give the proprietors of the course the hot end of the poker, but ask us to rub down Grant's shins with a brickbat. There is no doubt entertained, we believe, of Grant's ability to have performed the match had he been furnished with decent horses. It behooves him, if he cares a frozen apple for his reputation, to give up the names of the parties who made the match. Something must be done about the affair, before another week. There would be shouts of '*let go my hair!*' if some of our correspondents were allowed to '*say their say so.*'

A match, three mile heats, for \$2,000 a side, h. ft. has just been concluded,—to come off on Friday, preceding the ensuing spring races over the Eclipse course, at New Orleans, between Mr. John F. Miller's b. f. Lady

of the Lake, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Dare-Devil, four years old, and Mr. Francis Henderson's b. c. Longitude, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet three years old.

The cleverest operation in the line of 'swapping horses' that we have heard of recently, was made by our Virginia friend, Garrison, during the races at New Orleans. A report having got abroad that Charles Magic (owned by the Messrs. Bowie, of Upper Marlboro', Md.,) was the great gun of Garrison's stable, that gentleman was waited on and offered \$3,500 and Mogul for him. 'Done,' said Garrison. Charles Magic was accordingly transferred to another stable, and a distinguished turfman was induced to enter him for the two mile purse the next day, when, being amiss, he was beaten by Joe Kearney. After the race, the purchaser of Charles again waited upon Garrison, and offered him \$2,000 to '*swap back*,' which he did, and three days afterwards Mogul nearly reimbursed his owner by winning the purse for mile heats. The parties each think they made a good thing of it, like the two boys Down East, who, being shut in a closet at school one afternoon, made three shillings apiece by swapping jackets.

Fergus Duplantier, Esq., of Manacache, East Baton Rouge, La. some months since, purchased Wren, own sister to Linnet, for \$5,000. Object, (by Marshal Ney,) the dam of Wren, &c., was purchased some five years since for \$500, by John Duncan, Esq. of Montgomery, Ala. who now owns her with Dr. John W. Withers, of Washington, Ala. Object was never trained, being hip-shotten; she is a bay, with a star, and white hind feet; she has a very fine shoulder and fore-arm, and stands on remarkably clean and delicate limbs. She is now ten years old, and is stunted to imported Leviathan, by whom she has produced Linnet, who has been sold for \$10,000—Wren, sold for \$5,000—Lark, a ch. filly, coming three years—Nightingale, a b. filly coming two years—Thrush, a ch. colt, yearling, and is now in foal to Leviathan. If she produces a colt foal, Falcon is bespoken for its name.

We left Rodolph at New Orleans, on the 5th January, in Bob Wooding's hands. He had sufficiently recovered from his lameness to be put into walking exercise. In the spring of his three year old year, he was lame in his near fore-leg, as now, and was not started. He is matched for 500 bales of cotton, two mile heats, against Angora; the match to come off at Natchez, on the 17th of May next. Hereafter we will attempt a description of them both, and, in the meantime, would advise gentlemen in distant States to refrain from making their engagement on the match, p. p.

No less a sum than \$2,000 has been refused for Trifle's filly foal, by Star; it is said to be a nonpareil.

MR. EDITOR:—Pray correct an error in the list of my stock in the January number, page 12. The dam of Doris was called Arethissa by Quiz.—Arethusa was by Dungannon, and was the dam of Walton, Ditto, &c. &c. A. J. DAVIE.

RACING CALENDAR.

JACKSON (Tenn.) RACES.

Commenced on Tuesday, September 26, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs.; sub. \$50 each, mile heats.

W. W. Hurt's b. c. Milo, by Benehan's Archy, dam by Royalist,	1	1
B. Davison's br. f. by Stockholder, dam by Madison,	2	2
L. Cock's ch. c. by Bertrand, dam by Andrew Jackson,	3	dis.

Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 57s.

Second day, purse \$200, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats

B. Davison's ch. f. Selima, alias Rhoda Crump, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred,	1	1
W. W. Hurt's ch. c. Elastic, alias Henry Hare, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Archy,	2	2
L. Cock's b. h. Bob Potter, five years old, by Marion, dam by Dion,	dis.	

Time, 3m. 57s.—4m. 15s.

Third day, purse \$300, free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

L. Cock's gr. h. Shylock, five years old, by Medley, dam by Powhattan,	1	1
W. W. Hurt's b. h. Santa Anna, four years old, by Gohanna, dam by Trafalgar,	2	2

Time, 7m. 2s.—7m. 27s.

The track was muddy from a heavy fall of rain, which commenced over night and continued all day—both heats won easily by Shylock.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$400, free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

W. W. Hurt's ch. h. Sterling, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Powhattan,	1	1
B. Davison's ch. b. Colin, six years old, by Arab, dam by Sir Archy,	2	dr.

Time, 9m. 30s. The track deep and muddy, rain continued all day.

Fifth day, purse, \$200, free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

Mr. Spark's (Bond's) ch. f. Mary Bond, four years old, by Pacific, dam by Timoleon,	1	1
W. W. Hurt's ch. h. Giles Goslin, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Roanoke,	2	2
B. Davison's b. h. Oseola, four years old, by Lance, dam by Eagle,	3	dis.
L. Cock's b. h. Harry Brown, five years old, by Citizen, dam by Florizel,	dis.	

Time, 2m. 10s.—2m. 11s.

Oseola cramped badly before and at starting—track deep and heavy—and precisely one mile.

C. HENDERSON, Sec'y.

GREENSBURG (Ken.) RACES.

Commenced on Tuesday, October 10, 1837.

First day, postake for three year olds; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs.; sub. \$100, two mile heats.

W. T. Ward's br. f. Waxetta, by Waxey, dam by Kennedy's Diomed,	1	1
Davenport's b. c. Don Juan, by Waxey, dam by Georgian,	2	2

Time, 4m. 9s.—4m. 11s. Track heavy.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for two year olds; six subs. at \$50 each; mile heats.

G. Wagley's b. f. Sally Ward, by Waxey, dam by imp. Bluster, 75lbs.	1	1
E. Mitchell's ch. c. Purity, by Waxey, dam by Sumpter, 83lbs.	2	2
T. J. Creel's b. c. Fearless, by Waxey, dam by Arab, 75lbs.	3	3

Time, 2m. 4s.—2m. 1s.

Second day, sweepstakes for two year olds; sub. \$25, mile heats.

Willie Burk's ch. f. Polly Wallace, by Sir Robert Wilson, dam by Whip, 85lbs.				1	1
Alfred Anderson's ch. c. Paroquet, by Waxey, dam by Kennedy's Diomed,				2	2
Time, 2m. 14s.—2m. 11s.					

Second race, same day, sweepstakes, free for all ages; three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings; sub. \$25 each; mile heats.

Gholson Stapp's b. f. Julia Creel, four years old, by Cherokee, dam by Hoskin's Diomed,				1	2	1
A. Buckner's ch. c. Cavalier, four years old, by Shakspeare, dam by Spot,				2	1	2
E. Mitchell's ch. c. Bill Dix, three years old, by Diamond, dam by Allen's Whip,				3	3	dr.
Time, 2m. 2s.—2m. 4s.—2m. 14s.						

Third day, match, \$1,000 a side, weights as above, two mile heats.

George Wagley's b. h. Robert Burns, five years old, by Kosciusko, dam by imp. Bluster,				1	1
T. J. Creel's b. h. Ben Duncan, five years old, by Cherokee, dam by Sir Harry,				2	2
Time, 4m. 1s.—4m. 3s.					

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$120, entrance money added; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

James Dunn's b. c. Collier, Jr., three years old, by Collier, dam by Cook's Whip,				3	1	1
H. McCumpsey's ch. f. Lady Green, four years old, by Waxey, dam by Pacolet,				1	2	2
G. Stapp's b. h. John Maffit, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Cook's Whip,				2	3	dr.
G. R. Sutherland's br. h. Sir Charles, Jr., five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Cripple,				4		dr.
Time, 4m. 2s.—4m. 1s.—4m. 5s.						

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse \$70, entrance money to be added; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

G. R. Sutherland's b. c. John H. Ward, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand,				1	1	1
B. S. Creel's br. f. Waxetta, three years old, by Waxey, dam by Kennedy's Diomed,				2	2	2
James Dunn's b. h. William, aged, by Sir William of Transport, dam by Jenkin's Potomac,				3	4	3
H. McCumpsey's b. c. Worthy, three years old, by Waxey, dam by Bertrand,				5	3	4
G. Stapp's b. h. John Maffit, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Cook's Whip,				4	5	5
John Haddock's ch. h. five years old, by Sumpter, dam by Davis' Hamiltonian,						dis.
Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 55s.—1m. 54s.						

FRANKLIN (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, October 12, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for two year old colts and fillies, catch weights; four subs. at \$50 each, p. p.; one mile.

John Beach's b. c. by Malcolm, dam by Whip,				1
John C. Irvine's b. f. by Pacific, dam by Conqueror,				2
David Pinkstone's b. f. by Malcolm, dam by Leonidas,				3
B. T. Nowlan's ch. f. Miss Ripley, by Malcolm, dam by Timoleon,				4
Time, 1m. 56s.				

Second day, purse \$200, entrance \$20, added; free for all ages; two year olds, carrying 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance 3lbs. to mares and geldings; two mile heats.

Col. Robert Smith's gr. b. Daniel O'Connell, five years old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by imp. Sir Harry,	-	-	-	-	1	1
James H. Bradfute's b. h. Harkaway, six years old, by Merlin, out of Isabella by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 57½s.

Third day, purse \$400, entrance \$30, added, free for all ages; three mile heats.

James H. Bradfute's b. f. Victoria, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
Samuel Ragland's b. f. Queen of Diamonds, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	1	2	2

Time, 5m. 52½s.—6m. 9s.—6m. 7s.

FULTON (S. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Monday, October, 16, 1837,

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts, 90lbs.; fillies, 87lbs.; three subs. at \$— each p. p.; mile heats.

Col. Augustus Flud's ch. f. Betsey Whistle, by Clermont, dam by Little Billy,	-	-	-	-	1	1
W. H. B. Richardson's ch. c. Reaphook,	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, first heat not kept—2d, 2m. 9s. Col. Moore's nomination paid forfeit.

Second day, purse \$250, free for all ages; three year olds, 90lbs.; four year olds, 102lbs.; five year olds, 112lbs.; six year olds, 120lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings; two mile heats.

Col. A. Flud's ch. h. Sir Kenneth, six years old, by Crusader, out of Carolina, by Buzzard,	-	-	-	-	1	1
R. C. Richardson's ch. f. Sweet Emma, four years old, by Mucklejohn, dam by Virginius,	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, first heat not taken—2d, 4m. 4s.

Third day, purse \$150, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

R. C. Richardson's ch. f. Aunt Pontypool, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr., dam by Virginius,	-	-	-	-	3	1	1
W. H. B. Richardson's b. c. Scuffle, four years old, by Timoleon,	-	-	-	-	4	3	2
Col. Moore's ch. h. Don John, five years old, by Clermont, dam by Virginius,	-	-	-	-	1	2	dr.
Col. Flud's ch. f. Betsey Whistle, three years old, by Clermont, dam by Little Billy,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.	

Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 3s.

TAPPAHANNOCK (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October, 17, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for two year olds, colts, 70lbs.; fillies, 67lbs.; six subs. at \$50 each, h. f.; one mile.

Wm. H. Tayloe's gr. f. by imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora, by Arab,	-	-	-	-	1
James P. Corbin's b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Arab,	-	-	-	-	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	-	3

The nominations of J. H. Cook, J. S. Corbin, and Robt. Ring, paid forfeit.
Time 1m. 57s.

Second day, purse \$150, free for all ages, three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged 124lbs.; two mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's br. g. Sam Patch, five years old, by Champion, dam by Contention,	-	-	-	-	3	1	1
Col. John P. White's b. g. Switch, five years old, by Whip, out of Miss Chance,	-	-	-	-	1	2	2

Wm. Williamson's ch. c. Matthew, four years old, by Sir Charles,
out of Paul Clifford's dam, 4 4 8
James P. Corbin's (J. H. Cook's) br. f. four years old, by Hotspur,
dam by Tom Tough, 2 3 dr.
Time, 3m. 53s.—3m. 59s.—3m. 59s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$300, weights as before, three mile heats.

Col. John P. White's Canary walked over.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for a plate valued at \$100, free for all ages two miles.

Wm. H. Tayloe's b. c. Oakley, by Timoleon, - - - 1
Col. John P. White's br. h. Alp, by Rockingham, - - - 2
Wm. Williamson's ch. h. White Lip, by Gohanna, - - - 3
Time, 3m. 55s.

On motion, the following resolution was offered, and *unanimously* adopted.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Club be presented to JOHN P. WHITE, for the gentlemanly manner in which he has performed all his duties as proprietor during the existence of this Club, and our best wishes attend him as proprietor of Tree Hill.

Resolved, That the above resolution be published with the report of these races.

E. R. SETTLE, *Sec'y*, *pro tem*.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 17, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. three subscribers at \$200 each, h. f. mile heats.

Capt. John S. Corbin's b. f. Brooketta, by Brooke, dam by Timoleon, 1 1
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 2 2
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Greenville, pd. ft.
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56s.

Second day, poststake for four year olds, colts 100lbs. fillies 97lbs. three subscribers at \$200 each, two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (I. H. Oliver's) b. c. Charles Carter, four years old,
by Lance, dam by Constitution, - - - 1 1
Capt. John S. Corbin's br. c. Whig, four years old, by Sir Charles, out
of Star's dam, - - - 2 2
Time, 3m. 57s.—4m. 5s.

Second race, same day, the Richmond Citizens' plate, value \$200, free for all ages, weights as before for three and four year olds; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; two miles.

Wm. McCargo's b. h. Childry, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by
imp. Eagle, - - - 1
Capt. J. S. Corbin's bl. h. five years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 2
Wm. H. Minge's b. f. Susan Walker, three years old, by imp. Barefoot,
dam by Alfred, - - - 3
Wm. Williamson's b. h. Billy Grumble, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam
by Alfred, - - - 4
Time, 3m. 57s.

Third day, purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before, two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. f. three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 1 1
Isham Puckett's b. c. Darius, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by
Playon, - - - 3 2
Wm. H. Minge's ch. c. Aaron, four years old, by Sir Charles, - 2 3
G. B. Poindexter's ch. h. Paul Jones, six years old, by Washington,
dam by Napoleon, - - - 4 4
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. Kitty Minge, five years old, by Timoleon,
out of Merino Ewe, - - - 5 5
Hector Davis' b. h. Raleigh, aged, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Hornet, bolt.
Capt. J. S. Corbin's br. f. four years old, by Red Rover, dam by an
Arabian, - - - dr.
Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 59s.

Second race, same day, for a plate of \$100 value, free for all ages, weights as before, two miles.

Capt. John S. Corbin's b. f. Lady Cheatham, four years old, by Gohanna, dam by Twig,	1
Col. Wm. L. White's b. c. three years old, by Roanoke, dam by Philip,	2
G. B. Poindexter's ch. f. three years old, by Stevenson's Diomed, dam by Florizel,	3
Major Thomas Doswell's ch. h. Deceiver, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon,	4

Time, 3m. 59s. Won easily.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$600, free for all ages, weights as before, four mile heats.

Col. John Heth's (S. M. Neill's) ch. c. Decatur, four years old, by Henry, out of Ostrich, Tarquin's dam,	2	1	1
Wm. H. Minge's b. h. Nick Biddle, five years old, by Timoleon, out of James Cropper's dam,	3	3	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. Argyle, aged, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, by Ogle's Oscar,	1	2	3
Capt. John S. Corbin's bl. g. Black Rabbit, five years old, by Engineer, out of sister to James Cropper, by imp. Eagle,			br. down.

Time, 8m. 1s.—8m. 5s.—8m. 24s.
Black Rabbit broke down on the fourth mile when a-head.

MOUNT MEIGS (Ala.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, October 18, 1837:

First day, purse \$140, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

Dr. B. F. Dozier's ch. m. Lady Hayneville, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet,	1	1
Col. Clement Freeny's ch. g. six years old, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet,	3	2
Major B. W. Bell's b. c. Daniel Boone, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Gopher,	2	3
Jos. W. Burch's ch. f. Meg Merrilies,		dis.

Time, 1m. 57s.—2m. 2s. Won easily.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as before, four subscribers at \$— each, — heats.

C. Robinson's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Oscar, received forfeit.

Second day, purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before, two mile heats.

Gen. Thos. B. Scott's b. c. Regulus, three years old, by Pacific, out of Calista, by Crusader,	1	1
John W. Mitchell's ch. g. Toney Lumpkin, three years old, by Jackson, out of Pigeon,	2	dis.
Dr. B. F. Dozier's b. m. Moll Hedney, five years old, by Phenomenon, dam by Gallatin,	3	dis.
John M. Vance's (Capt. Felder's) b. h. Santee, aged, by Rob Roy, dam by Bedford,	4	dis.
Jos. W. Burch's b. f. Janet, three years old, by Herr Cline,		bolt.

Time, 3m. 57s.—3m. 59s.

Third day, purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before, three mile heats.

Richard Harrison's ch. c. Crazy Bill, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William,	1	1
John M. Vance's ch. m. Jane Lamar, five years old, by Reynold's Contention, out of Kitty Fisher, (full sister to Charles Kemble, Wild Bill, &c.) by Gallatin,	2	2
Col. Wm. S. Campbell's ch. m. Icicle, three years old, by Pacific, dam by Phenomenon,		dis.

Time, 6m. 1s.—6m. 5s.

Fourth day, purse \$175, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats, best three in five.

John W. Mitchell's ch. g. Toney Lumpkin, three years old, by Jackson, out of Pigeon, walked over.

CHARLES S. LUCAS, Sec'y.

ST. STEPHENS (S. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Monday, October 23, 1837.

First day, for a Silver Pitcher, free for all ages, three year olds carrying 96lbs.; four year olds, 102lbs.; five year olds, 112lbs.; six year olds, 120lbs.; aged, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings, two mile heats.

Col. Augustus Flud's ch. h. Sir Kenneth, six years old, by Crusader,		
out of Carolina, by Buzzard,	1	1
W. H. B. Richardson's ch. m. Betsey Astor, five years old, by Crusader,		
dam by Little Billy,	2	2
Col. Spann's ch. h. Clifton, five years old, by Crusader,		dis.
Time, 4m. 2s.—3m. 48s.		

Second day, purse \$282, free for all ages, weights as before, two mile heats.

Col. Flud's ch. h. Sir Kenneth, six years old, by Crusader, out of Caro-		
lina, by Buzzard,	1	1
R. C. Richardson's ch. f. Aunt Pontypool, four years old, by Bertrand,		
Jr. dam by Virginus,	2	2
Col. Spann's b. c. Factor, three years old, by Bertrand, Sr. dam by Sir		
Charles,		dis.
Time, 3m. 49s.—4m. 5s. Won handily.		

Third day, purse \$141, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

R. C. Richardson's ch. f. Sweet Emma, four years old, by Mucklejohn,		
dam by Virginian,	1	1
Col. A. Flud's ch. f. Betsey Whistle, three years old, by Clermont,		
dam by Little Billy,	2	2
Time, 1m. 54s.—2m. 2s. Betsey carried 6lbs. extra.		

T. W. PEYRE, Sec'ry.

DECATUR (Ala.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, October 25, 1837.

First day, purse \$360, free for all ages, three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats, best three in five.

Isaac Lane's b. m. Harriet Fisher, five years old, by imp. Leviathan,		
dam by Thaddeus,	1	1 1
Terry & Whitlock's b. h. Watkins Leigh, six years old, by Shaks-		
peare, dam by Madison,	2	2 2
Time, 2m. 11s.—2m. 20s.—2m. 20s. Won handily, in a rain storm.		

Second day, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

Terry & Whitlock's gr. f. Richarda, four years old, by Richard, dam by		
Sir Archy,	1	1
Charles Rutledge's gr. f. four years old, by Andrew Jackson, dam by		
Pacolet,	2	2
Time, 2m. 12s.—2m. 8s.		

MOBILE (Ala.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, November 21, 1837.

First day, a poststake for three year olds, colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs.; four subscribers at \$500 each, \$250 forfeit, two mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. Wagner, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West,		
by Marion,	1	1
Col. Vance Johnson's b. c. Pilot, Jr. by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon,	2	2
Wm. Blevin's ch. f. Louisa Bascombe, by Star of the West, dam by		
Pacific,	3	3
Mr. Starke's nomination, paid forfeit.		
Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 57s. Track heavy.		

Second race, same day, Proprietor's purse \$100, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. Charles Magic, four years old, by Sir Charles,			
out of Lady Amelia, by imp. Magic,	-	-	1 1
Col. Vance Johnson's ch. c. Oseola, three years old, by Wild Bill, dam			
by Timoleon,	-	-	2 2
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 55s.			

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$500, free for all ages, weights as before, two mile heats.

David Stephenson's (R. B. Harrison's) ch. c. Crazy Bill, four years			
old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William,	-	-	1 1
T. L. Starke's b. m. Miss Byron, five years old, by Byron,	-	-	2 2
James H. Iveson's ch. c. Linwood, three years old, by Wild Bill, dam			
by Pacolet,	-	-	3 dr.
Time, 3m. 58s.—4m. 5s.			

Second race, same day, Proprietor's purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

John F. Everitt's ch. c. Authentic, four years old, by imp. Leviathan,			
out of Timora, by Timoleon,	-	-	1 1
E. Layton's b. m. Highland Mary, five years old, by Bertrand,	-	-	2 2
David Stevenson's ch. f. Pocahontas, three years old, by Ratler,	-	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 55s.			

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$700, free for all ages, weights as before, three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. f. Virginia Fairfield, four years old, by Timo-			
leon, dam by Virginian,	-	-	1 1
Thos. L. Starke's ch. f. Aurora, four years old, by Red Rover,	-	-	2 dr.
Time, 6m. 5s.			

Second race, same day, Proprietor's purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

R. B. Harrison's b. c. Kleber, three years old, by Bertrand, out of Osca-			
rina,	-	-	1 1
Thomas L. Starke's ch. f. Aurora, four years old, by Red Rover,	-	-	2 2
Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 57s.			

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$1,000, free for all ages, weights as before, four mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. m. Glorvina, five years old, by Industry, dam by Richmond, walked over.

Second race, same day, Proprietor's purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats.

John F. Everitt's ch. c. Authentic, four years old, by imp. Leviathan,			
out of Timora, by Timoleon,	-	-	1 1
T. L. Starke's b. m. Miss Byron, five years old, by Byron,	-	-	2 2
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 59s.			

Fifth day, Ladies' purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as above, two miles out.

R. B. Harrison's ch. c. Crazy Bill, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam			
by Clay's Sir William,	-	-	1
Col. Vance Johnson's ch. c. Authentic, four years old, by imp. Leviathan,			
out of Timora, by Timoleon,	-	-	2
Robert Chapman's ch. g. Minor, six years old, by Miner, out of the dam			
of Little Venus,	-	-	3
Time, 3m. 52½s.			

Second race, same day, Jockey Club purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats, best three in five.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. Charles Magic, four years old, by Sir			
Charles, out of Lady Amelia, by imp. Magic,	-	-	1 1 1
C. Robinson's b. c. Kleber, three years old, by Bertrand, out of			
Oscarina,	-	-	2 2 2
John Blevin's ch. f. Louisa Bascombe, three years old, by Star of the			
West, dam by Pacific,	-	-	3 3 3
Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 52s.			

FLORENCE (Ala.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, November 21, 1837.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$400, free for all ages, three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; three mile heats.

J. H. Bradfute's b. f. Mary Wynn, four years old, by American Eclipse,			
out of Flirtilla, by Sir Archy,			1 1
Nicholas Davis' ch. f. Piony, four years old, by Count Badger, out of			
Pocahontas, by Sir Alfred,			dr.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$280, free for all ages, weights as before, two mile heats.

Nicholas Davis' ch. f. Piony, four years old, by Count Badger, out of			
Pocahontas, by Sir Alfred,			1 1
J. H. Bradfute's br. c. Quietus, three years old, by Pacific, dam by Sir			
Hal,			2 2

Time not reported. Poorly contested.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$160, free for all ages, weights as before, mile heats, best three in five.

Isaac Lane's br. m. five years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by			
Thaddeus,			1 1 1
James Jackson's b. g. Traffic, by imp. Leviathan, out of a half-			
bred mare,			2 2 2

Time, 2m.—2m. 5s.—2m. 15s.

NEWBURY (S. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, December 26, 1837.

First day, Jockey Club purse, \$260, two mile heats, entrance \$15.

P. E. Duncan's ch. g. Don Pedro, six years old, by Young Virginian,			
dam by Alonzo, 117lbs.			1 1
George Waldren's gr. f. Sally Blueskin, four years old, by Eclipse, dam			
by Shawnee, 99lbs.			4 2
Wm. McCargo' ch. c. Genito, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Pack-			
enham, 102lbs.			2 3
John Gist's ch. f. Ophelia, three years old, by Bertrand, 87lbs.			3 dr.
John Harrison's ch. f. three years old, by Godolphin, dam Lady Deer			
Pond, by Kosciusko, 87lbs.			dis.

Time, 4m. 13s.—4m. 1s.

Track heavy, in consequence of a very heavy sleet that fell on Saturday night preceding, and melted during Sunday. Don Pedro could have made better time, had he been pressed, but was at no time put up. Genito was evidently out of order, and so pronounced by Mr. McCargo previous to starting. Ophelia was entered with the intention of running only for the first heat, Mr. Gist declaring his intention of drawing her after the first heat; she is young and rather feeble, and the track heavy, so taking all things into consideration, she made a beautiful race.

Second day, Jockey Club purse, \$175, mile heats, entrance \$10.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. Billy Townes, three years old, by imp. Fyde,			
dam by Virginian, 90lbs.			3 1 1
P. E. Duncan's ch. g. Creeping Charley, five years old, by Sir			
Charles, 109lbs.			4 4 2
George Waldren's b. m. Gabriella, five years old, by Sir Charles,			
dam by Shylock, 109lbs.			2 5 3
H. Smith's ch. g. Short Robin, three years old, by Marcellus, 87lbs.			1 3 dis.
James M. P. Newby's gr. g. Hardheart, aged, by Mercury, dam by			
Chuck-a-luck, 123lbs.			4 2 dr.
J. W. Thompson's b. c. Bald Hornet, three years old, by Bald			
Hornet, dam by Bertrand, 90lbs.			dis.

In this race all the knowing ones were bit. Hardheart was the favourite, and even after losing the first heat, was freely bet against the field; at the tap of the

drum they all got off beautifully together, Short Robin soon took the lead, closely followed by Hardheart, Gabriella and Billy Townes, the fleet Robin, however, maintained his place, winning the heat by a length or more, in 1m. 58s.

In the second heat they went off well together, Short Robin soon took his former station, which he maintained about half the distance; but now comes the tug of war, he was lapped by Gabriella, he made a desperate effort to maintain the lead, but the killing pace at which they had been going had not only taken the go-a-head out of him, but made the 123lbs. on Hardheart's back begin to tell. Gabriella passed; Billy Townes, close up, now made play, and for a short distance the contest seemed doubtful, but the fleetness of a Fylde, combined with the game of a Virginian, soon told; Billy Townes passed her, taking the lead, which he maintained to the end, winning the heat in 1m. 57s.

For the third heat only four started, Hardheart having been drawn, his jockey becoming satisfied that he could not win a heat; at the tap of the drum they got off well together, Billy Townes soon took the lead, which he maintained throughout the heat, coming in with something to spare, in 2m. 3s.

This, considering the condition of the track, which was rather heavy, was one of the best races ever run over our course, and he who meets Billy Townes in fine condition, for he was not so in this race, and heads him in a second heat, will say enough when the work is over.

Same day, a second race was to have taken place, a sweepstakes, three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, entrance \$100, h. f. to which there was five entries, J. M. Henderson, M. R. Smith, Major Wm. Eddins, John M. Starke and Simeon Tait, all of which, however, paid forfeit to Major Wm. Eddins' b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Napoleon.

Third day, three mile heats, Jockey Club purse, \$350, entrance \$20.

Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. John Gideon, three years old, by Bertrand, dam Madona, by Percassia, 90lbs. - - - 2 1 1

George Waldren's ch. g. Clodhopper, five years old, 109lbs. - - - 3 3 2

Wm. McCargo's ch. f. three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 87lbs. - - - 1 2 dr.

Time, 6m. 5s.—6m. 6s.—6m. 12s.

This was a very betting race: as soon as the entries were made known, Clodhopper was the favourite, and was bet against the field; his backers, however, become rather shy the next morning, and the heaviest bets lay between John Gideon and the Eclipse filly. At the tap of the drum they got off handsomely together, Clodhopper ahead, the others well up; after running three quarters of a mile John Gideon made up to Clod and passed him, the Eclipse filly close at his heels, in this position they seemed satisfied to remain for two miles and a half, when the Eclipse filly put out for home, and in spite of every exertion on the part of John Gideon's jockey, passed and beat him about two lengths. John Gideon and Clodhopper cooled off finely, but when summoned to the stand the Eclipse filly was still in a profuse sweat. At the tap of the drum off they went, John Gideon taking the lead, the Eclipse filly well up, and Clodhopper a short distance behind; and in this position they remained during the heat, John Gideon coming in first, with something to spare. It was now evident that the filly was done, being amiss before starting, as declared by Mr. McCargo, although he thought her able to win the first heat, yet expressed fears of her holding up the second, and in addition to this, she had in John Gideon that untiring Bertrand stock to contend with, which, when they get distance, will tell. For the third heat, Clod and John Gideon only was brought to the start, the Eclipse filly having been drawn: at the tap of the drum they went off, John Gideon soon took the lead and maintained it throughout with ease, although Clod showed game to the last, receiving both whip and spur freely the whole distance.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for two year old colts and fillies, mile heats, \$100 entrance, h. f. four paid forfeit.

M. R. Smith's ch. f. by Redgauntlet, - - - - - 1 1

Capt. A. Griffin's br. f. by Redgauntlet, - - - - - 2 2

Major J. D. Williams' br. f. by Redgauntlet, - - - - - dis.

Time, 1m. 58s.—2m. 5s.

Fourth day, mile heats, best three in five, entrance money of this and the preceding days \$225.

Dr. James Leverich's ch. f. Ajarrah Harrison, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 99lbs. - - - 1 1 1

Hammond & Lovell's ch. f. Eclipse, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 99lbs. - - - 2 2 2

This was rather an uninteresting race, Ajarrah Harrison having acquired such high fame, from her recent splendid performances at this distance, in Columbia and Augusta, that none dare oppose her, notwithstanding we had lots of horses that had not made a tack; and but for the liberality of Messrs. Hammond & Lovell, the purse would have been surrendered her without a struggle. Mr. Hammond did not run with an expectation of winning, but merely to make sport, as he pronounced Eclipse out of order at the time of entering.

Second race, same day, a match between Mr. Gist's b. m. and Mr. C. Swan's br. g. Cowdriver, aged, single dash of a mile for \$50 a side, 70lbs. on each.

This was a very close and interesting race, Cowdriver was the favourite, and bets of two to one offered on him, but few takers. At the tap of the drum they went off well together, Cowdriver, however, soon took the lead, but was lapped by the mare on the back stretch, in this position they remained until they made the turn in the quarter stretch for home, when the mare gradually failed, Cowdriver beating her out two or three lengths, running the heat in 1m. 55s. the quickest mile heat that was run during our meeting. Cowdriver is said to be a famous mile horse, the mare is therefore entitled to some credit for making so respectable a race against so formidable a competitor. The track was heavy from a shower of rain that fell the preceding day.

R. STEWART, Sec'y.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES.

The races over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Geo. commenced on the 6th February, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, two mile heats, \$1,000 entrance.

Col. McCargo's b. c. Steel, - - - - - 2 1 1

Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. Gerow, - - - - - 3 3 2

Col. Hampton's imp. f. Emily, - - - - - 1 2 3

Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 59s.—4m. 1s.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes, mile heats.

Col. McCargo's ch. f. Missouri, by Eclipse, - - - - - 5 1 1

Mr. P. Newby's g. h. Hardheart, - - - - - 0 4 2

Dr. Leverich's ch. f. Ajarrah Harrison, - - - - - 0 2 3

G. Waldren's ch. g. Clodhopper, - - - - - 3 3 4

T. Glascock's ch. f. Susan, - - - - - 3 dis.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 54s.

Second day, Silver Pitcher, valued at \$400, two mile heats.

Col. McCargo's b. c. Billy Townes, - - - - - 1 1

Mr. P. Adams' ch. h. Big John, - - - - - 2 2

Time, 3m. 57s.—3m. 58s.

Third day, purse \$600, three mile heats.

Col. Hampton's imp. b. c. Monarch, three years old, by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker, - - - - - 1 1

M. L. Hammond's gr. m. Sally Vandyke, five years old, by Henry, dam by Oscar, - - - - - 2 2

Time, 6m. 25s.—6m. 26s.

Fourth day, purse \$1,500, \$500 to the second best horse, four mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. John Guedron, three years old, by Bertrand, out of Medora, - - - - - 3 1 1

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. Charlotte Russe, four years old, own sister to Trifle, - - - - - 1 2 dis.

M. R. Smith's b. f. Leanah, four years old, by Seagull, dam by Whipster, - - - - - 2 3 dis.

Col. Adams' gr. f. Mary Gardner, four years old, by Eclipse, - - - 4 dis.

Time, 8m. 31s.—8m. 26s.—8m. 18s.

TURF REGISTER.

Blooded Stock of Capt. THOMAS B. WHEELER, Rockingham co. N. C.

1. YOUNG MADISON, six years old, five feet three inches high, a rich blood bay, very stout and full made, by Bolivar, who was by old Madison, Bolivar's dam by Sans Culotte, grandam by Sans Culotte also. Young Madison's dam by old Rolla, grandam by Ganzillo, g. grandam by Janus, g. g. grandam by Fearnought. He is engaged to make his present season in Greenville district, S. Carolina.

2. SIR TONSON MEDLEY, five years old, five feet two inches high, uncommonly strong, of a rich chestnut colour, got by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Selection, grandam by imp. Medley, g. grandam by Lee's Mark Anthony, g. g. grandam by imp. Fearnought. He is engaged to make his present season in Spartanburg, S. Carolina.

3. SIR TONSON ARCHY, four years old, five feet one and a half inches high, of dark chestnut colour, very sprightly and strong, got by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Timoleon, he by old Sir Archy. This colt's grandam by Alexander, he by old Archy, g. grandam by imp. Dare Devil, g. g. grandam by old imp. Fearnought.

4. SIR ARCHY JANUS, six years old, five feet two inches high, dark chestnut colour, very compact and strong, got by old Select, dam by Alexander, grandam by Dangolah, g. grandam by Golden Rod, g. g. grandam by Lee's Mark Anthony. He is engaged to stand this season in Davie county, N. Carolina.

5. A bay filly, five feet high, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Lott, grandam by Dogfish, he by Shark, g. grandam by Presto, he by imp. Shark also, g. g. grandam by old imp. Fearnought. She has a fine colt by Margrave, foaled last spring, and now in foal by No. 3.

6. A bay filly, five feet high, by Marion, dam by Sir Arthur. Now in foal by No. 2.

7. A bay filly, large, by Young Sir Archy, he by old Conqueror, dam by old Sir Archy, the dam of this filly by Weatherby & Parker's old Diomed, g. grandam by Janus, g. g. grandam Dove. Has a colt by No. 2.

8. A brown filly, by Commodore Lightfoot, he by More's Sir Archy, his dam the celebrated bay Doe filly, the dam of this filly by Diomed. Has a colt by No. 2.

9. A bay filly, three years old, own sister to No. 7.

10. SIR TONSON, a beautiful bay, by Monsieur Tonson, and own brother to No. 2, four years old, expects to make his season in Stokes county, near Va. or elsewhere, if application be made in time to Major Peter Critz, who has the management of him.

The proprietor would sell any of the above stock, or all, at a low rate.

T. B. WHEELER.

January 31, 1838.

A list of the Blooded Stock belonging to LEWIS SHERLEY, Jefferson co. Ky.

1. BAREFOOT, ch. imp. fifteen hands three inches high, very heavy and muscular; was by Tramp out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Roseberry, by Phenomenon, her dam by Matchem, Regulus, Crab, Childers, Basto—Tramp was by Dick Andrews out of a Gohanna mare, her dam by Trentham, Woodpecker, Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare; her dam by Cardinal Puff, Tatler, Snip, Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium, her dam by Blank, Crab, Partner. Buzzard was by Woodpecker, he by King Herod, he by Tartar; his dam Misfortune, by Dux, grandam, Curiosity, by Snap, g. grandam, by Regulus, g. g. grandam, by Bartlett's Childers, g. g. grandam, by Honeywood's Arabian, &c.

2. ALEXANDER, g. h. 16 hands high, gay and active, by old Pacolet, his dam by Doublehead, he by the imp. Diomed, grandam by Doctor Barrey's Medley, he by the imp. Medley, g. grandam by old Mark Anthony, g. g. grandam by the imp. Fearnought, &c. sold the one half of him to Dr. John D. Winston for \$1500.

3. CONSTITUTION BERTRAND, b. h. 16 hands high, of fine form, by old Bertrand, his dam old Fancy by the Duke of Bedford, he by the imp. Bedford, grandam by old Columbus, he by the imp. Pantaloon, g. grandam was by the Duke of Norfolk, he by the imp. Badger, sold the one half of him to Ohio for \$1000.

4. NANCY STRATTON, b. m. out of same, foaled in 1830, by Powhattan, he by old Pacolet, his dam by old Powhattan, he by the imp. Diomed, out of a mare by the imp. Starke, Powhat-

tan's grandam was by old Sailor, out of an imp. mare, &c.

Her produce :

5. EDITOR, chestnut colt, foaled in 1836, by Waxey stunted to Giles Scroggins in 1837.

6. SALLY WADE, a b. m. foaled in 1832, out of old Fancy, by Marktime, he by the Bagdad Arabian, out of G. Harding's old Sophia, she by the imp. Spread Eagle, grandam by Quicksilver, he by the imp. Medley, &c. bred to Alexander in 1837.

7. MARY BARNEY, ch. m. foaled in 1828, got by old Bertrand, her dam by old Pacolet, grandam by the imp. Cœur de Lion, g. grandam by the imp. Diomed, &c.

Her produce :

8. WORTHY, b. c. by Waxey, foaled in 1834.

9. CATO, b. c. foaled in 1835, by Orphan Boy, he by Eclipse. She was sold to Alexander Churchhill, produced him ch. c. by Orphan Boy in 1837.

10. PRINCESS, g. m. raised by John Gowan of Tennessee, by old Pacolet, her dam by Randolph's Diomed, he by the imp. Diomed, his dam by the imp. Clockfast, grandam by Partner, g. grandam by the imp. Regulus out of an imp. mare. Her grandam was by old Wildair, g. grandam Midge by old Fearnought, &c. She is the dam of Proserpine, and full sister by Tennessee Oscar and a filly by the Arabian Bagdad. Her produce since my property.

11. REBECCA WALLACE, g. m. by Bertrand foaled in 1830.

12. SENATOR, g. c. foaled in Aug. 1831, by Bertrand, large and gay, gave way in his left fore leg in training in 1836. Sold the one half of him to Dr. J. D. Winston for \$1500.

13. LADY GREEN, g. f. by Waxey, foaled in 1833.

14. ANGELO, g. f. by Orphan Boy, foaled in August, 1834. In 1835, she was bred to Luzborough, and sold to L. P. Cheatham, in 1836, produced a f. by Luzborough.

15. b. c. out of Rebecca Wallace, by imp. Luzborough, foaled in 1836.

16. MALVINA, ch. m. raised by Parson Dobs of Charlotte co. Virginia. Purchased by me of W. Harding of Tennessee; she was by old Sir Archy, her dam by old Madison, he by the imp. Diomed, grandam by the imp. St. Paul, her g. grandam also by the imp. Diomed, g. g. grandam by the imp. Bedford, g. g. grandam by old Sailor, he by the imp. Janus, &c.

Her produce :

17. BETSEY WILLIAMS, g. m. foaled in 1830, by Sir Richard Tonson.

18. ANN BARREY, g. f. by Alexander, foaled in 1831, sold to Ohio.

19. Polly Wilkerson, ch. f. by Waxey, foaled in 1833.

20. CHARTER, ch. c. full brother to Betsey Williams, by Sir Richard Tonson, foaled in 1834.

21. EASTER COOPER, b. f. by Orphan Boy, foaled in 1835, missed to imp. Merman in 1836.

22. MARY BIRCH, ch. f. by imp. Barefoot, foaled January 26th, 1838.

23. NELLY MITCHELL, b. m. foaled in 1827, purchased of Dr. John Vaughan; she was by Napoleon, he by old Sir Archy; her dam by Topgallant, he by Gallatin, by imp. Bedford, her grandam by imp. Whip, g. grandam by old Wildair, he by imp. Fearnought, &c.

Her produce :

24. ORLANDO, b. c. by Waxey, foaled in 1836, missed to Orphan Boy, sold to D. R. Poynard, and stunted to imp. Barefoot, in 1837.

25. BRAVO, g. c. by Waxey, foaled in 1833, his dam by imp. Buzzard, grandam Peter Ormsby's imp. mare. He is a beautiful animal—won all his races at three years old, gave way in his leg in the fall of 1837, at a time when his prospects were very flattering.

26. SIMON PURE, b. c. by Waxey, foaled in 1833, fine size and handsome; his dam was by the imp. Bluster, out of a fine mare, raised by Gen. Jackson, her pedigree I have not obtained. He was slightly injured in his hind leg, had a short training, and found to be remarkably fast.

27. MARTHA GRAY, g. f. by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams, foaled in 1837.

28. JUNO, b. m. foaled in 1831, by Bertrand, her dam by Florizel, grandam by Robin Gray, g. grandam by Plenipo. She is the dam of Hebe, by Collier.

29. LUCETTA, b. m. foaled in 1827, purchased of James Bathgate of New York, by M. Beach. She is very large and gay, by Dr. Thornton's Ratler, her dam by imp. Tallyho, grandam by imp. Messenger, g. grandam by imp. Figure, g. g. grandam by Delancy's Jim Crack, g. g. g. grandam the Phares mare.

30. VANITY, a g. m. foaled in 1831, large and fine, was by Cumberland, he by old Pacolet, his dam by the imp. Dragon, grandam by Young Medley,

he by Bellair, he by imp. Medley, g. grandam by Twig, he by the imp. Janus, her dam by the imp. Bluster, grandam by imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Young Claudius, his dam by the imp. Fearnought, he by Old Claudius, and he by the imp. Janus out of the celebrated mare Brandon, she by the imp. Whittington, grandam by the imp. Jolly Roger, &c. For Claudius and Brandon, see American Stud Book, page 1061-2.

31. GRIMALKIN, b. h. 16 hands high, very handsome, foaled in 1823, was by Pirate, he by the imp. Chance, his dam by the imp. Wonder, grandam by the imp. Bedford, Celer, &c. Grimalkin's dam was got by old Tiger, he by Blackburn's Whip, he by imp. Whip; Tiger's dam was by old Paragon, his grandam by the imp. Figure, his g. grandam old Slammerkin, by the imp. Wildair, his g. g. grandam was the famous imp. Cub mare. Grimalkin's grandam was by old Hamiltonian, (Tayloe's,) he by the imp. Diomed, his dam by the imp. Shark, his grandam by Gen. Spottswood's Apollo, his g. grandam the imp. mare Jenny Cameron, (A. T. Reg. vol. 6, p. 111,) his g. g. grandam by Gray Alfred, and he by Lindsey's Arabian; Paragon's dam by the imp. Flimnap, his dam Camilla, by Col. Burwell's Traveller, out of his famous old Camilla, she by the imp. Fearnought, out of the imp. mare Calista; she by Forester, Old Crab, Hobgoblin, out of Bajazet's dam, see T. Reg. vol. 4, page 548. The imp. Figure was by Standard, out of an Arabian mare. The imp. Wildair was by Cade, out of the Steady mare; her dam by Partner, Greyhound, Makeless, Counsellor, Brimmer, Place's White Turk; Wildair and the Cub mare were imported by Delancey, of New York—but from the extraordinary performances of Wildair's colts, he was purchased and re-shipped to England.

32. GILES SCROGGINS, b. h. 16 hands high, very muscular and gay, he was by old Sir Archy, his dam Lady Bedford, she by the imp. Bedford, grandam by the imp. Daredevil, g. grandam by Old Wildair, &c. The one half of this horse is owned by me and the other half by Jilson Yates &

Co. For his full pedigree and performances, see A. T. Reg. vol. 1, page 53 and 367.

RELiance, b. c. now two years old, sold by me (a yearling) to George Forbes, Esq. of Mataponey, was by the imp. horse Autocrat, his dam 'Lady Culpepper,' got by Carolinian, grandam a full sister to the celebrated horses Defiance and Revenge, by Ball's Florizel, g. grandam Miss Dance, by Roe-buck, (Ashe's,) who was by the imp. horse Sweeper, son of Mr. Bevers's Gnat Driver. (See Turf Register for Roe-buck's pedigree.) Miss Dance's dam was by Independence, grandam by the imp. horse Centinel or Flimnap, g. g. dam by Old Janus—Independence by Fearnought—for further particulars see the different notices in the Turf Register, of the ancestry of 'Reliance,' which will prove him to be as thoroughbred a colt, and of as distinguished family as any colt in the country. I sold him as such, and before I purchased his dam and full sister, 'Dame Priestley,' became fully satisfied with their well-established pedigrees, and have continued to put them to the best horses, but have had bad luck as a breeder, as the following account of my blooded stock will show.

LADY CULPEPPER, ch. *her produce* :

1832, then five years old, cast her foal to Sir Charles.

1833, ch. colt by Emigrant.

1834, missed to Timoleon.

1835, bay colt 'Reliance,' by Autocrat.

1836, missed to Autocrat,

1837, in foal to Chateau Margaux.

" gone to imp. Priam.

DAME PRIESTLEY—*her produce* :

1832, then four years old, missed to Gohanna.

1833, colt to Emigrant, (dead.)

1834, missed to Timoleon.

1835, bay filly, 'Panic,' by Tychicus.

1836, missed to Autocrat.

1837, missed to Chateau Margaux.

" gone to imp. Zinganee.

I have also, 1835, ch. filly, 'Fright,' by Tychicus—dam, Betsey Andrews.

H. G. S. KEY.

Leonardtown, April 27, 1837.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

APRIL, 1838.

[No. 4.

CONTENTS.

Turf, Breeding, &c.	145	Bean's Station, Tenn.	178
Anecdote of a Virginia Turfman, . .	147	Greensboro', Ala.	178
The Baltimore Stables,	148	Huntsville, Ala.	180
Reported death of old Bertrand and Lance, and imp. Valentine,	148	Elkhorn, Ken.	180
Memoir and performances of Coro- net, imported,	149	Camden, S. C.	181
On Breeding, Training, &c.	154	Milledgeville, Geo.	182
Racing Season in England, for 1837,	158	Tarboro', N. C.	183
Sporting in the island of Trinidad,	165	Tuscumbia, Ala.	184
RACING CALENDAR—Races at St. Louis, Mo.	177	Charleston, S. C.	184
		TURF REGISTER—Pedigrees,	187
		List of Stallions for 1838,	189

TURF, BREEDING, &c.

In my last, [vol. ix. page 61,] I said something on the choice of stallions, and it follows almost as a consequence, that this should treat of brood mares, their selection and value; and perhaps it might be thought more in order first to convince a man that it is his interest to buy a mare, aid him in the selection, and then give him my opinion as to the sort of stallion he should breed her to, but as many gentlemen had already fine mares, and the time had arrived when they would select some horse to patronize, it was deemed a proper time to discuss that particular part of the subject, and afterwards to add such observations as it might suggest, and I may add, there is no intention on my part to claim for these desultory remarks more than they deserve: namely, a collection of observations and facts on the subject of blood stock, intended to shew its importance on the score of profit, inducing, if I can, others to embark in the business and aid them in its successful prosecution.

It has been ascertained by actual experiment, that for all purposes to which we can apply the horse, the better he is bred, the greater will be his strength and the greater his capacity to endure fatigue—a team of well bred horses, can in twenty-four hours, even on the paved roads of England, do more work than the same number of large draft horses, if they have any distance to go with the loads; this is mainly the effect of their superior action, for the immense weight of the English cart horse on the firm pavements, enables them to draw slowly and for a short distance, almost incredible loads, but on natural roads or across fields, for what may be termed farm service, they cannot compare at all with blood horses, and the nearer you approach the thoroughbred racer, the more useful the animal from the plough to the turf, including all his various uses for the saddle, the coach, and the field, lastly the battle field, always I trust the least important to the people of this country. It may be safely assumed then, that as the blood horse is the most valuable for all useful purposes, and that for the turf all others are utterly worthless, they must always find the best and most ready market, and in this assertion, I am borne out by the opinion of Mr. Tattersall, of London, a gentleman of candour and fine sense, who has sold more horses of every sort than any man now living, once said to a gentleman about establishing a breeding stud, ‘sir, my advice is, raise nothing but thoroughbreds, nothing else will sell here.’ Now Mr. Tattersall did not mean it was impossible to sell all sorts of horses, as he was constantly selling not only racehorses of the first class, but hunters, hacks and carriage horses, but that only thoroughbreds would surely sell as such prices as to remunerate him for breeding. This is the opinion of one who had the best possible opportunity to arrive at a just conclusion on the matter.

It might perhaps, be my better plan to shew the value of high breeding in a brood mare, to call the attention of the reader, to the result of experiments made by different gentlemen, where one has purchased half-bred mares and has attempted to raise racehorses, and another who has at once bought the best mares he could find, each put to well bred stallions; then contrast their success on the turf and the value of the stock bred by them, but even our best patriots would chafe under the exposure, though assured the good of their country required, I should do it as a warning to others, leaving my readers to select some one that may serve them as an instance in point, I will at once name a gentleman, who in pursuing a different course, has found honour, profit and amusement from it.

Some years since, Col. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, bought a mare called Isabella, at little more than \$500, as a brood mare; she was a mare of fine pedigree and racing family; she has produced him on an average more than \$2,000 a year, since his first colt came on the turf—here then is a mare at an annual expense of less than \$200, producing 400 per cent. per annum. Compare this with any other business; no farm in that part of Virginia, with thirty hands on it will make the same clear profit as that single mare; yet such a plantation for land, hands, stock, wagons, &c. cannot be estimated at less than \$30,000. I will not say Isabella is equal to a Red river cotton farm, but I do believe there are few gentlemen in

Dinwiddie, that make as much clear money from any farm with forty hands on it, as the Colonel does from that mare. This is by no means a solitary instance, where great profit has been the regular result in breeding from fine mares. Lady Lightfoot, another daughter of Sir Archy, was a handsome income to her owner; this list could be extended beyond even your patience to bear with, and admit in the pages of the Register, or that of your subscribers to peruse.

Another advantage in at once purchasing thoroughbred mares to breed from, is that fillies from them which do not race, if from horses of good blood and fair size, will always command high prices as brood mares. A filly from Isabella, is at one year old, worth \$1,000, and I do not believe her owner would take that price for one. This can never happen where the dam has the least stain in her pedigree, such can only sell when they race, and then only for the turf. This subject is now understood by many gentlemen in our country, (thanks to your Register,) and before a high price is now paid for an untried mare, the Stud Book is consulted.

In most of the states there are some thoroughbred mares, the produce of such are usually held high, and for them a man can afford to pay a high price; in the same country may be found many mares called high bred, that have brought racehorses, these have made money for their owners, but the public has been no gainer by them, colts from them with some racing reputation, are afterwards announced as stallions, and if they unite figure and size, never fail to do much injury to the country where they happen to stand, for these horses are ever failures, and in this way many breeders get a dunghill cross in their stock, of which they can never rid themselves, but by 'rubbing out to begin again.'

The price of the best bred horses has regularly advanced, and such a mare as once commanded \$300, is now worth \$1,000, and many of our brood mares are now held at thousands, instead of hundreds. Those who have the means and are about to commence a breeding stud, should at once purchase fillies native or imported, who could be found in the Stud Book, and for myself I should prefer those with but *one good authentic* pedigree, some it is true have more, one is enough for me. An imported filly of such character (and there are many now in this country) may be had at from \$1,500 to \$2,000, and if properly chosen and put to the right sort of horse, will be found cheap at such prices. A few years more no man will dream of offering to any sportsman east of the Rocky mountains, a horse that cannot trace at least to the restoration.

The keep of one such mare on a farm, where too, she could do the riding of the owner or his manager, would scarcely be felt, while the sale of a colt each year at \$1,000 or \$2,000, would be a handsome item in making up his yearly balance.

A.

ANECDOTE OF A VIRGINIA TURFMAN—The Hon. Mr. T——, late Governor of Va. related the following interesting anecdote at the dinner of the Jockey Club at Richmond, last fall, which is too good to be lost:—Mr. WILSON, of Norfolk, was at one time quite conspicuous on the turf in the

Old Dominion. He won several matches of note, one of which, when *Sir Solomon* beat *Wrangler*, excited a great sensation, both being distinguished horses. Having on one occasion made a heavy match on a favourite horse, a few days after he commenced galloping, his horse split a hoof. To continue his gallops would make his horse lame, and perhaps ruin him as a racer, yet to pay the forfeit was any thing but agreeable. It occurred to him at length that his horse might be got in order by *swimming* him daily, instead of galloping him, and as the Elizabeth river, upon which Norfolk is situated, ran by his house, he determined as a last resource, to try the experiment. He did so, and strange as it may appear, brought his horse on the track in fine order, ran the match and won it!

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

THE BALTIMORE STABLES.—Under the date of the 17th inst. a correspondent writes from Baltimore, that Maj. SELDEN's *Lady Cliffden* is again in the charge of *Fields*, who broke her at two years old, and afterwards trained and ran her, without losing a race. Red Rat, and half a dozen four and three year olds are in the same stable. *Lady Cliffden* is looking exceedingly well, and promises to sustain the high opinion every where entertained of her. KENDALL's lot comprises Master Henry, Balie Peyton, Henry A. Wise, Mary Granville, Medora, two four-year-old Medley fillies, and three three-year-olds; one of the latter is a filly by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson; another is the produce of an Eclipse mare and Henry, bred by Major Cook, of Hightstown, N. J., and very promising. Kendall's string is in charge of *Loudenslager*. Old Camsidel is not in training; Molinera and one or two others have also been thrown out. Our correspondent speaks in the highest terms of *Drone*, who is standing this season at K's Course. Drone is not only well bred, being own brother to Anvil, Picton, and others, but was a good performer himself. He is likely to make a profitable season; Mary Randolph, Ecarte, Betsey Goode, Agility, and other good are ones with him. [Ib.]

DEATH OF BERTRAND AND LANCE.—We learn with great regret, from a correspondent at Hopkinsville, Ky. under date of the 7th inst. of the death of old Bertrand, the property of James Lindsay, Esq. of Lexington, and also of Lance. The loss of the former, will be most seriously felt throughout the country. We trust in a few days to receive some additional particulars relative to the death of this splendid racer and capital stallion.

P. S. Imported Valentine, died last week at J. H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth county, N. J. What a pity.

[The above is from the New York Spirit of the Times. We have reason to hope that the report of the death of old Bertrand, may prove unfounded. A gentleman who left Frankfort, as late as the 15th of March, had heard nothing of it and did not believe it.—Ed. T. R.]

CORONET—IMPORTED.

This most beautiful horse and successful racer, was imported in the winter of 1836—37, by Dr. Merritt, along with Priam, and two fine mares, in the ship Manchester, and landed at City Point in March, 1837.

Coronet is a bay horse, was foaled in 1825, and got by Catton, a most successful racer at all distances, and a capital stallion; his dam by Paynator, out of Violet, by Shark, great grandam by Syphon, out of Quick's Charlotte, by Blank—Crab—Dyer's Dimple—Bethell's Castaway—Why-not—Royal Mare. Catton was sire of Mundig, winner of the Derby, Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anne, sister to Tarrare, David, Trustee, Diana, Contest, Minister, &c. Paynator was sire of Dr. Syntax, a winner at 13 years old, Marksman, a winner when 18 years old, and others of great note.

Coronet's dam brought many other capital runners; Coronation, Lady Georgiana, Diadem, The Black Prince, Jubilee, Regalia, Maid of the Mill, The Fairy Queen, &c. His sisters are excellent brood mares, having bred several fine winners in England, as The Early Bird, one of the leading favourites for the next Derby, Princess Victoria, Taglioni, &c. &c.

PERFORMANCES.

1828. Epsom, May 23, the Town Purse, £50, for all ages, two mile heats.

Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, three years old, brother								
to Coronation, 91lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	4	1	1
Mr. Stanley's ch. h. Thales, five years old, 121lbs.	-					1	2	2
Mr. Bacon's b. h. Forfeit, five years old, 121lbs.	-					2	3	3
Mr. Petre's ch. f. by Tramp, three years old, 91lbs.						3	dr.	
Mr. Mefer's bl. c. Whim, four years old, 114lbs.	-					5	dr.	

In June, Coronet was beaten at Ascot by Brocard and Zoe, for the Swimley stakes. Same place, next day, he ran second to Grampian for the £50, beating Dervise, Memina, Double Entendre and Manola. Same place, he was beaten for a sweepstakes by Mr. Pengander's Tokay, beating Goblet.

At Brighton he was beaten for the Town Purse, by Urganda and Spondee, beating Mirage. At Egham he ran second to Busk, for the Egham Stakes, one mile heats, beating Sunshine, Carib, and another; and second to Babel, (winner of the Oaks,) for the Sunninghill stakes, beating Retreat, John de Bart, and another. Won by a length.

Epsom, October 9, the Metropolitan stakes of 10 sovereigns each, with 50 added, &c. Derby course, eleven subscribers.

Mr. Scaith's br. c. Vulcan, four years old, by Octavius, 116lbs.	1
Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, three years old, 98lbs.	2
Profile, Busk, Upas, John de Bart, Sunshine, Bugle, Prima Donna, and another started, but were not placed.	Won by a head.

1829. Mostyn Hunt, March 25, the Cottisford stakes, of 10 sovereigns each, with 25 added, for all ages, weight for age, once round, about a mile, fifteen subscribers.

Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, three years old, by Catton, 112lbs. 1
 Mr. Saddler's ch. c. Challenger, three years old, by Rubens, 112lbs. 2
 Liston, Jessy, Lycurgus, Harry, Nonsuit, Dandelion, Pet, Whisk, and Christine, also started, but were not placed.

Epsom, June 2, Coronet was beaten for the Craven stakes, by Fleur de Lis, Conrad and Pegasus.

Same place, the Woodcot Park stakes of 10 sovereigns each, with 10 added, &c. last half mile, (handicap.)

Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, four years old, 123lbs.	-	1
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Keepsake, three years old, 104lbs.		2
Mr. Cosby's b. c. four years old, by Rubens, &c. 118lbs.	-	3
Mr. Bond's b. f. Nightshade, three years old, 104lbs.	-	4

Won cleverly.

At Ascot Heath he was beaten for the King's purse.

Same place £50, for horses of all ages, heats the old mile, won in four heats.

Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, four years old, 124lbs, 0	2	1	1
Mr. J. Day's Busk, five years old, 126lbs.	-	1	0 0 2

Tokay, Trample, Bhurtapore, Crane, Amelia, Chew Bacon, Chrysalis, and two others started, but were beaten.

Same place, June 30, Coronet ran second to Hindostan, being beaten a length, two miles and a half—beating Sunshine, Conjuror, Linkboy, Penultima and Pilot; and second to The Alderman, (same day,) being beaten a length, and beating Constantine and two others, two miles and a half.

Stamford, July, he was beaten for the Burghley stakes, nineteen subscribers, once round, being handicapped to carry heavy weight.

Egham, August 25, the Gold Cup, value 100 sovereigns, thirteen subscribers of 10 sovereigns each, two and a half miles.

Duke of Richmond's b. h. The Alderman, aged, 130lbs.	-	1
Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, four years old, 112lbs,	-	2

Won by half a length.

August 27, the Sunninghill stakes, three quarters of a mile, twelve subscribers.

Mr. Ramsbottom's b. f. Zobeida, four years old, 108lbs.	-	1
Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, four years old, 116lbs.	-	2
Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. c. Jour des Nous, four years old, 108lbs.		3

Burlesque, Helas, Jungfrau, Howard and two others also started, but were not placed.

Five to two against Coronet, three to one against Jungfrau, &c. 'Won by a length.'

Northampton, September 9, the County Purse of 70 guineas, for horses of all ages, heats once round and a distance. Won at four heats.

Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, four years old, 124lbs, 4	3	1	1
Mr. Flintham's b. g. Anti-Catholic, three years old, 104lbs. 1	4	3	2
Mr. Tomes' br. c. The Burgess, three years old, 101lbs. 3	2	2	
Mr. Payne's br. h. Belzoni, six years old, 131lbs,	2	1	dis.

Next day, the Town Purse of £50, for horses of all ages, heats twice round.

Mr. Payne's br. c. Merman, three years old, by Whalebone, 89lbs.	1	1
Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, four years old, 120lbs.	3	2
Lord Tavistock's ch. m. Leeway, six years old, 123lbs.	2	3
Mr. Dunn's br. m. Marian, five years old, 118lbs.	-	dis.

Epsom, October 8, the Epsom Grand Stand Cup stakes of 10 sovereigns each, with 25 added, &c. two miles.

Lord Mountcharles' b. c. Coronet, four years old, 119lbs.	-	1
Mr. Radcliffe's b. h. Lawrence, six years old, 133lbs.	-	2
Mr. Gardner's br. f. Emmelina, four years old, 114lbs.	-	3
Capt. Locke's ch. c. Gameboy, four years old, 119lbs.	-	4

Won easily.

Same place, Coronet was beaten for the Metropolitan and Ewell stakes, the Derby course.

1830. At Newmarket Coronet ran second to Hindostan across the flat, beating Coroner, Vat, Christina and Jack Junk. Won by a length.

St. Albans, May 19, the Verulam stakes of 10 sovereigns each, with 50 added, &c. heats twice round, eleven subscribers.

Lord Mountcharles' b. h. Coronet, five years old, 122lbs.	5	1	1
Mr. Roberts' ch. c. Verderer, four years old, 112lbs.	-	1	2
Mr. Coleman's br. f. Bunter, four years old, 109lbs.	2	3	3

Miss Craven, Blinker, Marplot and Camillus also started, but were beaten.

Ascot Heath, June 8, match for 100 sovereigns each, h. f. the old mile.

Lord Mountcharles' b. h. Coronet, five years old, 117lbs.

Mr. Wm. Day's br. c. Augur, four years old, 112lbs.

Same place, he was beaten for a plate, one mile; and at Bath, same month, he started twice without winning, carrying, however, more weight than the winner.

Tavistock, August, the Bedford stakes of 20 sovereigns each, h. f. with 50 added, &c. heats round the mile course, eight subscribers.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, five years old, 120lbs.

Mr. Wreford's ch. h. Upas, aged, 120lbs.

Mr. Nattle's ch. c. Mytton, four years old, 98lbs.

Plymouth, August 10, sweepstakes of 15 sovereigns each, with 100 added, &c. heats two miles and a distance, seven subscribers.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, five years old, 123lbs.

Mr. Finch's b. f. Benefit, four years old, 111lbs.

Mr. Ley's b. c. Ofellus, four years old, 114lbs.

August 12, handicap Purse of £100, heats once round and a distance.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, five years old, 124lbs.

Mr. Ley's ch. h. Upas, aged, 123lbs.

Mr. Ley's br. h. Souter Johnny, five years old, 112lbs.

Mr. Hayward's ch. c. St. Lawrence, four years old,

Exeter, August, 18, £50, one mile heats, the new course.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, five years old, 126lbs.

Mr. Ley's b. h. Omen, five years old, 126lbs.

1831. Taunton, July 12, the Taunton stakes of 25 sovereigns each, with 30 added, &c. two miles, twenty-three subscribers.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, six years old, 120lbs.	-	-	1
Mr. Hobart's ch. h. Cornelian, five years old, 115lbs.	-	-	2
Mr. Reeve's b. m. Flora, five years old, 110lbs.	-	-	3
Mr. Radcliffe's br. h. Brownlock, aged, 120lbs.	-	-	4

'A very severe race between the first two.'

At Exeter he was beaten by Brownlock, giving him a year.

Plymouth, August 3, sweepstakes of 5 sovereigns each, with 50 added, heats about a mile and a half.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, six years old, 124lbs.	-	1	1
Mr. Gondy's b. m. Czarina, five years old, 116lbs.	-	3	2
Mr. Wreford's b. f. Wilna, three years old, 88lbs.	-	2	dis.

August 4, handicap purse of £100, heats once round and a distance, won in four heats.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, six years old, 134lbs.	3	0	1	1
Mr. Biggs' b. m. Whisk, six years old, 138lbs.	4	4	4	2
Mr. Gould's ch. c. Firman, four years old, 121lbs.	2	3	2	3
Sir L. Glyn's b. f. Jenny Virtpre, four years old, 136lbs.	1	0	3	dr.

'A race of great severity.'—*Sport. Mag.*

Tavistock, August 9, the Bedford stakes of 20 sovereigns each, one mile heats, ten subscribers.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, six years old, 121lbs.	-	1	1
Mr. Wreford's b. f. Wilna, three years old, 84lbs.	-	2	2
Mr. Gould's ch. c. Firman, four years old, 110lbs.	-	3	3

At Blandford he was beaten by Brownlock, giving him a year and 4lbs.

Dorchester, purse of 65 sovereigns added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, heats two miles and a quarter, seven subscribers,—handicap.

Mr. Hayward's br. h. Terror, six years old, 122lbs.	1	4	1
Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, six years old, 128lbs.	4	1	2
Mr. Radcliffe's br. h. Brownlock, aged, 130lbs.	-	3	2 3
Mr. Jones' br. f. Slander, four years old, 112lbs.	2	3	dr.

'Each heat well contested.'—*Johnson's Rac. Cal.*

Same day, sweepstakes of 5 sovereigns each, with 25 added, heats one mile and a half, six subscribers.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, six years old, 128lbs.	-	1	1
Mr. Ley's b. h. Omen, six years old, 126lbs.	-	2	2

1832. Taunton, July, £50 added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovereigns each, &c. one mile heats.

Coronet, aged, 129lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	1
Frederica, four years old, 116lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	2

Same place, he was beaten by Cecilia; and at Plymouth by Walter and Omen, for the Saltram stakes, forty-three subscribers, beating Was-sailer.

Exeter, August 9, purse of £100, heats once round the old course and a distance.

Coronet, aged, 132lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Caleb, four years old, 123lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	5	2

Wassailer, five years old, 127lbs.	-	-	-	2	3
Varlet, four years old, 120lbs.	-	-	-	3	4
Lely, six years old, 126lbs.	-	-	-	4	5
Bridgewater, August 21, £50 heats.					
Coronet, aged, 138lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Wassailer, five years old, 132lbs.	-	-	-	2	dr.

Same place, he was beaten for the Bridgewater and Perrat stakes—at Blandford for the Dorsetshire stakes—and at Dorchester for the Maiden Castle and Dorchester stakes.

Dorchester, September 13, handicap stakes, &c. heats one mile and a half.

Coronet, aged, 120lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Metheglin, four years old, 101lbs.	-	-	-	2	dr.
Bacchanal, four years old, 94lbs.	-	-	-	3	dr.

1833. Wells, June, £50, heats two miles and a distance.

Coronet, aged, 131lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Don Juan, aged, 131lbs.	-	-	-	2	2

Temperance and another started, but were beaten.

Bridgewater, July, £50 heats.

Coronet, aged, 128lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Slander, six years old, 128lbs.	-	-	-	2	2
Romer, three years old, 98lbs.	-	-	-	3	dr.

Taunton, July 10, the Taunton stakes of 25 sovereigns each, two miles, thirteen subscribers.

Coronet, aged, 117lbs.	-	-	-	1	
Firman, six years old, 118lbs.	-	-	-	2	
The Hermit, four years old, 101lbs.	-	-	-	3	

Same place, he was beaten for a plate, having pulled up in the first round by mistake.

Exeter, August 15. 100 sovereigns, heats once round and a distance, won at four heats.

Coronet, aged, by Catton, 136lbs.	-	-	4	2	1	1
The Hermit, four years old, 120lbs.	-	-	2	1	2	2
Cinderella, five years old, 121lbs.	-	-	1	3	3	dr.
Lady Lydia, six years old, 126lbs.	-	-	3	4	4	

Plymouth, August 23, he was beaten for a handicap purse, by Lady Elizabeth and Landsend, beating Cinderella, Wallflower and Chattoms.

Same day, he won a handicap stakes of 5 sovereigns each, with 30 added, heats.

Coronet, aged, 126lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Gnostic, four years old, 88lbs.	-	-	-	2	2
Lady Lydia, six years old, 104lbs.	-	-	-	4	3
Wallflower, four years old, 97lbs.	-	-	-	3	dr.

Dorchester, September 5, the Dinner stakes of 15 sovereigns each, &c. heats a mile and a half, four subscribers.

Coronet, aged, 127lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Clara, four years old, 120lbs.	-	-	-	2	2

At Abingdon, he was beaten for two sweepstakes, a mile and a quarter.

1834. Plymouth, sweepstakes of 5 sovereigns each, with 50 added, &c. heats once round.

Coronet, aged, 126lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Spondee, four years old, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	2

Coronet this year started for the Bridgewater stakes, and a purse of £50 at Bridgewater; ran second to Cecilia, beating Terror, for the Taunton stakes, at Taunton; second to Cecilia at Plymouth, for a purse of £100, beating Changeling, Pounce and another; and started at Exeter for a purse of £100, for which he ran second the last heat, beating several horses.

1835. Coronet did not start, but covered a few mares, and his get is said to be remarkably beautiful and promising.

1836. He was again trained, and started twice, winning once. He was purchased this year and imported into Virginia.

Coronet ran at Epsom, Ascot, Brighton, Egham, Stamford, St. Albans, Plymouth, and other fashionable courses. He beat many good horses, amongst them Brownlock, a winner twenty-nine times, Dervise, Spondee, Busk, a winner twenty-three times, Upas, Sunshine, Challenger, Liston, a winner *fifty-one* times, Whisk, a winner twenty-five times, Tokay, a winner nineteen times, Linkboy, a winner twenty times, Belzoni, Lee-way, Lawrence, a winner nineteen times, Emmelina, Gameboy, Coroner, a winner twenty-four times, Miss Craven, Augur, Benefit, Omen, a winner twenty-five times, Cornelian, Firman, Jenny Vertpre, Frederica, Wassailer, Terror, a winner twenty-one times, Pounce, and a great many others. Coronet himself won about thirty races; showed great bottom and speed on the turf, and illustrates in his own case the family trait of lastingness, he having won when eleven years old, and been taken from the turf perfectly sound. He won seven times at broken heats, and four times at four heats.

Coronet is about fifteen hands and a half high, a good bay, a horse of great strength, beauty, and symmetry, of fine action, and without blemish of any kind. He covered in Louisa county, Virginia, in 1837, at \$60; and makes a season the present year in Georgia, at Macon. M.

BREEDING, TRAINING, &c.

In order to a correct estimate of the imported horses, a more intimate knowledge of the turf in England than most of your readers have an opportunity of acquiring, and which few would take the trouble of doing if the means were afforded them; this arises from a variety of causes not incident to the races of this country. It is scarcely necessary to mention that with us, the distances are regular, and the weights gradually increasing, and fixed according to the age of the horse; hence if a horse is superior to all the horses of his year, with equal management he wins all his engagements, and if able to take up his regular weight, retains his superiority until time or accident force him to withdraw; provided always, that his owner is content to run him only those distances for which his powers are adapted; for strange as it may seem, some of our best managers on

the turf, have lost many races by running horses beyond their true distance. This experiment can only succeed when other horses are entirely out of condition, therefore, even success cannot justify the hazard, having the effect of inducing us to try it again, when failure and defeat is the consequence. In England, the distances are irregular and the weights arbitrary and various, and a large number of their most popular races, are handicap plates, when it must be evident to any one conversant with the subject, that the 'race is not always to the swift,' nor yet to the stout, and from this cause, uninterrupted success there, if the horse remains long on the turf or runs often, is almost impossible, though he may be the best in the kingdom, and indeed, those considered the best, are seldom great winners of cups and plates, they may win a few, but in a little time they are handicapped so high, they must lose.

It sometimes happens, that a horse is favourably or fairly weighted one season wins most of his engagements, this influences those who fix the weights for the next; when running under higher, (comparatively) with the same horses, he loses all his engagements, this is sometimes done under the honest impressions of those appointed to handicap the horses, and at others, whether intended or not, it becomes a good thing for the betting men.

That a horse confessedly good, is always handicapped to disadvantage, there can be no question, and of this you find almost daily instances; the object of the handicappers being to place the horses on a footing, by varying the weights, they must exercise more than common judgment, to bring one horse up to the speed of the other, and not carry him beyond; again, to insure a strong field, it is necessary to handicap the inferior horses so favourably as to induce their owners to start them; this, in my opinion is taxing unfairly the powers of a good horse, and tends to lessen his real value. Hornsea, by Velocipede, at long races and fair weights, is among the best horses in England, his owner, Lord Chesterfield, enters him, and is sure to start whatever weight they may place on him, and usually to back him. In 1836, then four years old, he won nearly all his engagements, and at five, he as regularly lost his handicap races; in 1836, for the Goodwood cup, he beat Lucifer, the same age, at equal weights, winning the cup, and Lucifer not named in the race; the next season at the same place, running the same distance for the Goodwood stakes, but handicapped to carry Lucifer 28 pounds, Lucifer won, and Hornsea was third in the race. Here the best horse was beaten, and I suppose we must say fairly, as it was the weight agreed on—if a fair race, it is a bad system.

How many races of four miles heats, would the matchless Trifle have won, if she had been handicapped at five and six years old; such was the terror of her name, that our racers would never have known what weight to place on her; I have no doubt it would have greatly lessened her value to Mr. Johnson, and deprived the little mare of much fame to which she should have been justly entitled. This mode of racing, in my opinion, is much against the interest of breeders, as it has a tendency to depress

the prices of racing nags, as a common horse favourably weighted, is as valuable as a better one.

It may corrupt the gentlemen of the turf, for a favourite so handicapped as to insure his losing, will still be backed by those not up to *trap*, and those who fix the weights, may benefit by their own management, this can in no way be prevented, for if not permitted to bet themselves on the race, others may do so for them. Our plan of established and fixed weights for age, is much the better one; so long as a horse can master his weight and win, he should be permitted to do so, and his owner derive every advantage from his superiority; this will always insure long prices for good horses. In England, horses are owned by persons who from circumstances run them so differently, this has great influence on their success and character, some gentlemen of large fortune, who breed extensively and run their horses as an amusement, having more pride in the success of their stock, than anxiety for the amount won; these gentlemen usually run their horses but seldom, only when in fine condition, fresh and under circumstances the most favourable; if such a person breed only a fair performer, he is sure to lose but few races, and if they chance to raise one really good, he may leave the turf without losing a single race, and with more reputation than a better horse in different hands; again, when some of those betting men get a good horse, either by buying or breeding, he is usually put in the best possible hands; when *started to win*, it is usually under favourable circumstances, thus being reserved only for the great stakes, he is therefore always fresh, when handicapped in such way as to make it almost certain to win, they back him to do so, but if he is handicapped high, he is declared not to start, or if he starts under these circumstances, if the *horse is beaten the owner wins*; horses under these circumstances, may leave the turf without defeat, or such races as he does lose, may not have been the fault of the horse. There is another class of sportsmen, whose horses always come fairly by the reputation they acquire; these are gentlemen of moderate means who from circumstances are constrained to make the most of their horses, these run for all the plates and cups they have the least chance of winning, and indeed, for many there is not the smallest probability of winning, these horses in the back end of the season, when stale from travel and racing, are often beat by fresh but inferior horses, from among these I would choose horses for our country, if sometimes defeated they yet ran stout and well, I should greatly prefer them to a horse that made a few splendid short single heat races.

From what is here stated, it is certain no horse should claim a reputation from the mere fact of his having won many races and lost few, unless the circumstances under which he won, shows an evident superiority; in those races where the weight is entirely arbitrary, his winning must depend entirely upon his being favourably or unfavourably handicapped, or there is *nothing in weight*; the same may be said of matches, these are mostly won or lost in the making; and this is one reason why I prefer those horses that have distinguished themselves for *king's plates*, for these they never run less than two miles, generally heats. The weights though

high are regular, that is, each horse carries weight according to his age ; all are on a fair footing in that particular, and if he wins, it is evidence of superiority for that distance. Many persons in this country, and the writer was once of that number, are under the impression that there are but few game horses in England, this is a mistake ; it is true that at some of the most fashionable courses and for some of the most popular stakes they run only single heats and mostly under two miles, for these races many of the horses are surely deficient in what we term bottom ; for these races they breed or buy speedy horses and if stout beside well, but speed they must have—any one who has seen a Derby or a Leger race will be struck with the large portion of the field evidently beaten before they have gone half the distance, yet both these races are under two miles—those that tire are not the horses for us. Some of these Derby or Leger horses, shew fine game afterwards in long or repeating races, and others might have done so but they were not tried, but not those that lost for want of game. Venison ran third for the Derby won by Bay Middleton, and the same year he won 12 times, running all distances from two to four miles for stakes, cups and king's plates and against all ages, he surely was a horse of fine game ; had he run only at New Market he would not have had half the reputation he is now most justly entitled to. In the south of England and at what are generally denominated the racing capitals, they usually run only single heats ; but the number and importance too of the provincial meetings have increased greatly in a few years, particularly near the commercial and manufacturing towns ; these are patronized by the nobility and gentry in their vicinity, and are as well attended as any meetings in the kingdom. Here the two and three year olds usually come out, and their breeders generally attend to witness their *debut*, here also the book-makers come that they may witness the performance of the Derby and Leger colts. At these meetings the cups and king's plates are all run for, two miles and upwards, these require game horses, the number and value of the stakes and the wealth and high standing of those who attend them are gradually but certainly changing the mode of racing and the character of the racehorse in England. Some years past under the influence of Sir Charles Bunbury's popularity, who himself owning a *soft stock*, persuaded a large number of his brother racers that it was 'incompatible with the humanity of a British sportsman to run his horses long or repeating races, and the consequence has been that many speedy garçons have had high reputation on the turf, and afterwards did much injury to the blood stock of that country, and these horses and their descendants have induced a belief abroad that the English racehorse was deficient in game ; it is true that many famous or perhaps more properly speaking, popular stallions were of that sort, but at all times there have been horses among them able to run and repeat heats of four miles—and any man may select them by referring to the Stud Book without the aid of the Racing Calendar—observe what mares have brought not only the most but the best racehorses—and it is gold to silver that they come of a stout family—such he will find it by the records of the English turf, and such is the experience of the turfites and breeders of our country.

The cups run for at these provincial courses are of great value and confer high reputation on the horses that win—the cup is usually worth from 500 to 1,000 dollars, the entrance is from 15 to 25 guineas—these are handicap races, where a horse is required to carry weight according to his supposed powers; the cup, the forfeits, and entries make up a handsome sum—accordingly we find among the entries the winners of the Oaks, the Derby, and the Leger, when their owners suppose they can go the distance; thus we see Touchstone, the Queen of Trumps, among the entries for cups, plates, &c., and others of scarcely less fame, such as Hornsea, Chasse, Beeswing and Birdlime—this last won the tradesmen's cup at Liverpool, July meeting, 1836, for this there were sixty entries, value of the cup 200 sovereigns and 100 sovereigns added in specie, entrance 25 sovereigns 15 forfeit, 5 if declared. The gross amount received by Mr. Mostyn was one thousand and ten sovereigns, he had certain expenses to defray which left him a winner of 930 sovereigns, or about \$4,000—such a purse will always induce the best horses to start and insure reputation to the winner. Accordingly in this same race we find General Chasse the victor of Touchstone, winner of the Leger, and Mundig, winner of the Derby.

They have three meetings at Liverpool, one in May, one in July, and one in October, the two first last four days, and there are four races each day, the last meeting is not so important or well attended,—among the patrons of this course are Marquis of Westminster, the Earl of Derby, Lord Sefton, Molyneux, and Stanley, and many gentlemen of fortune who breed largely and run their own stock. Near all the large manufacturing towns we find regular meetings established, equal to that at Liverpool in the value of the purses, the reputation of the horses run there or the number, wealth and rank of those who attend them.

It is my opinion that the best horses in England run at those courses, and if I were to select a stallion for this country, that *I intended to keep* under the expectation of *his succeeding*, it should be one that had distinguished himself among the *provincials*.
A.

THE RACING SEASON, 1837.

'Farewell to the season, 'tis over.'

Before I commence my review of the past racing season, I will venture a few remarks on the present state of the turf and its chief supporters. In the first place, I cannot too much censure the somewhat novel system practised by two or three of the leading stables during the last year, of running horses in the names of persons who are not in fact their owners, the *real* ones being kept in the back-ground for some reason, and most probably a wise one. Be this however as it may, it is frequently construed, and very reasonably so, in an unfavourable light; therefore, for the interest of racing it cannot be too soon removed. As a proof of what I have just asserted, it is as clear as the 'sun at noon-day' to nine-tenths of the betting fraternity, that John Day is *not* the legitimate owner of

the many horses 'booked' to him in your Calendar, to wit: Venison, The Drummer, Airy, Chapeau d'Espagne, D'Egville, and a host of others too numerous to mention, which have been running in a sort of 'here to day and gone to morrow' manner, all over the country, greatly assisted by those modern conveyances, caravans, and not a little to the annoyance and discomfiture of many a local trainer, who no doubt thinks it an infringement on his rights. There has been also a vast deal of mystification prevalent as to whether such-and-such a horse was *intended* to run or *not*; indeed there has been scarcely a betting race of any interest in the market but what has been affected in some degree or other by this glorious uncertainty; and notwithstanding the suspicious remarks, which must have reached the ears of the parties concerned, they maintained 'the even tenor of their way' to the end of the chapter. The above circumstances have caused much unpleasant feeling to a great number of our liberal patrons of the turf, as well as to the *legs* who follow racing professionally; and when it is considered how easy it is for the *real* owner of a favourite to get some kind friend to bet to any amount against his horse and then at the eleventh hour to merely tell the public that his horse has '*hit his leg*' (this is the favourite term) and cannot come; they have unquestionably a right to view the frequent occurrence of such cases in a suspicious light. Such of my readers as are betting men, will immediately recollect, and most probably to their cost, many instances of the above nature during the past season; indeed, one influential *leg*, remarkable for his 'gentlemanly' behaviour and 'bland' address, who heretofore has confined himself to speculations on the horses of other persons, now makes his appearance, as the *bona fide* owner of a little string of running horses at Newmarket, one of which is a prominent favourite for the next year's Derby. Notwithstanding all those drawbacks, (and drawbacks they certainly are) the nominations for the ensuing year are not only exceedingly numerous but the different lists also contain the names of several gentlemen new to the turf, but known as 'good men and true' in the hunting field, which has a sort of brotherly connection with the race course. The entries for the stakes at the different Newmarket, Ascot Heath, and Goodwood meetings, are amazingly good, the Goodwood being unprecedentedly large; and stakes for 1839 and 1840 have closed with such a host of subscribers that at once shows the powerful influence of his grace of Richmond on the turf, and tells us what can be done by a little perseverance when backed, as it is, with excellent judgment.

As the great racing meetings increase, so as a natural consequence, the minor or provincial meetings decrease, and the Warwick, Bath, and Cottesford spring races, together with many of the others, have fallen sadly into decay. At Bath, Wreford's Wisdom won his two races so easily, that 'honest John' and his *select* party entertained strong hopes of doing the 'trick' at Epsom, and 8 to 1 was taken freely about the lot, Wintonian, being supposed to be the best, Defender having something queer with his hocks.

The gloomy state of the weather acted as a great check to many who

are in the habit of frequenting the Newmarket meetings, and I scarcely ever remember to have seen a 'duller affair,' as my friend John Greatrex, Esq. would call it, than the Craven meeting. The trial stakes afforded no insight into futurity, as is frequently the case, and Hock was far, very far, from intoxicating his friends and admirers in his after races. The Riddlesworth, like those of former years, was thought to be, barring accidents, a certainty to Lord Jersey. Though his Lordship won it, yet the result seemed to prove that old Edwards had held the field (bad as it was) too lightly; and by not sufficiently preparing Achmet, it required all Robinson's fine riding to make him a winner by little more than a head, 'too near to be pleasant' as Sam Spring observed. Achmet's running afterwards on the Thursday, for a sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, showed him in much better light, and the ease with which he disposed of Quick-silver (thought at the time by Prince to be pretty good) increased amazingly the confidence of his supporters. There were evidently great doubts in Lord Exeter's stables as to which was *their* Derby nag, and after all they stood their money upon the wrong horse, as the running has since told them. Troilus, as I informed my readers in the spring, was at one time thought to be the best, and his running, must unquestionably have convinced Lord Exeter of the fact of his being so; yet the three—Hibiscus, Troilus, and Dardanelles—were, and still are, too near together to afford much hopes; for it is very rare that three first-rate horses of the *same* age eat the *same* owner's corn in the same year.

The mares were a sorry lot, and although the running of Chapeau d'Espagne proved her at Newmarket to be the queen, yet it is surprising how any one could be found so simple as to take so low as 2 to 1 about such a scratching thing as she is, for such a race as the Oaks, where strength is as needful a quality as speed. There was not—thanks to training two-year-olds off their legs and making the great stakes for twos and threes only—a four-year-old out during the three meetings that could earn his corn, excepting Elis, Venison, and Slane, and it seems to be a matter of considerable doubt whether any of these will show again,—so much for *fast* training!

The running of Achmet for the 2,000 gs. stakes, and his improvement, not only in appearance, but also in his manner of galloping, induced some of the very best judges to select him as their 'principal,' to stand their greatest stake upon, and his disappearance on the eventful day caused many a woful look on the Epsom downs. I am decidedly of opinion that had this horse kept right he would have shown in the foremost rank at the finish of the Derby race. The running of Mustee (who was a tolerable second to Achmet for the 2000gs.) gave 'honest John' and his noble confederate a pretty correct line to go by, but unfortunately for them Mustee died the following week at 'home quarters,' and Defender and Wintonian were not to be found when wanted. The Newmarket stakes sent Rat-trap to the head of the poll in the Derby betting, and the style with which he caught and cut down his opponents (a pretty fair sample of the Newmarket three year olds,) certainly justified his friends in entertaining considerable hopes of him for the Derby; yet this form and

cowardly disposition (which at least ought to have been known to his immediate party), were a sufficient reason to make his admirers hedge their money at a good profit; and which his spirited owner gladly availed himself of at about one-tenth of the odds he had backed his horse for.

The Chester meeting afforded the usual quantum of sport, but if I omit the Trade Cup (won by General Chasse at a high weight), the races upon the whole were confined to second-rate horses only; these however, by dint of good handicapping, and a fair sprinkling of public money, caused not only much sport to the amateur, but also opened an 'exchange' for speculation to the *legs* in that part of the country.

The second spring Newmarket meeting afforded a solitary interesting race—the Rowley mile plate. In 1826, this race was won by Lord Egremont's Lapdog, who afterwards won the Derby at about Phosphorus's odds; and in 1828, the Duke of Grafton's Turquoise won it and the Oaks, also at very long odds, being the only two winners of this and either of the great Epsom races during ten years—yet this race is called a criterion for the Derby! To keep up its character, however, Phosphorus carried this plate and the Derby off; although for the former he was declared short of work and in physic; and for the latter stated to be lame—this makes good the old turf adage 'tis dangerous to be safe.' This race told the Boyces that they had made a *slight* mistake in their trials.

The Derby of 1837 had, alas for the backers of horses! many untoward events, in short I never recollect so many good favourites being sent to the right about as was the case this season. Amongst the principal ones we had Jereed, Achmet, Benedict, Defender, and Wintonian, backed at 9 to 1 and less; then come Flare-up, Cartoon, Delusion, Sambo, and Lord Stafford in the second class, all backed for good round sums at 20 to 1 and even less;—it only remains to be stated that with the exception of Benedict, (who would have been much better in his box at Ascot Heath,) not one even started for the stakes—tell it not to the backers of horses! There was a similar fatality, only on a smaller scale, in the same race in 1826, when The General, Panic, &c., did not show; at the start there was 6 to 4 against Mr. Forth's Premier, and, if my memory be correct, he was the first beaten in the race.

Phosphorus was well known by his noble owner and his trainer to be what is called a wear-and-tear horse, yet wanting a turn of speed for the short flat courses at Newmarket. At Epsom he was quite at home, and had he continued as well as his friends could have wished, he would have figured at somewhere about 8 to 1 against; indeed his performances entitled him to this position in the odds, if we take the supposed chance of Rat-trap at 6 to 4—his price at starting. Notwithstanding a limping sort of going on the morning of the race, I have reason to believe, that the trainer of Phosphorus never imagined his chance completely *out*; and honest John (who had the option of riding him or Wisdom,) looked 'unutterable things' when informed that Phosphorus had won. The *little-leg* losers on Caravan, having been by far too sanguine on their favourite, 'vented their venal spleen' on the jockey, as is too frequently the case with the unfortunate second in a great race. It would indeed be superfluous

on my part to say one word on the excellent character and superior horsemanship of Arthur Pavis, and I shall only state that, not only Lord Suffield, but every real judge of racing, considered the horse admirably ridden. The places of the other favourites in the race tallied, not only with their previous public running, but generally with the opinions of both owners and trainers.

Of the Oaks it will be sufficient to observe, that a more wretched lot of three year old fillies never showed in the Warren; yet the race with probably the exception of Egeria, (who will not run in a crowd, much to Mr. Thornhill's loss this season,) was carried off by the best of the 'kit,' as old Richard terms it. If ever Miss Letty and Egeria run a match at Newmarket at equal weights, I think the Oaks running will prove that the 'race is not always to the swift.'

Ascot Heath races are in a state of improvement, and the sport upon the whole this season was good without calling for any particular remark. Mango won his two races cleverly, and Touchstone closed his career as a racer by winning, in glorious style, the gold cup against Slane, whose running during the year has proved him to be a very good racer, and his defeat certainly adds another feather to old Touchstone's cap, for the latter trotted in!

The Newton Meeting brought the Prime Warden into some notice amongst his select friends, by winning his two races in an easy manner; yet I cannot omit to mention that his admirers were much too *fond*, as they might easily have ascertained, by a reference to the defeated, that as a Leger trial race it was but a sorry one. Mr. E. Peel kept up his previous good fortune (and no gentleman deserves it more,) amongst the youngsters in this circuit, by winning the two year old stakes cleverly with Ninny, whose performances justly entitle her owner to form considerable expectations for the Oaks.

At Newcastle, Slashing Harry and Abraham Newland kept their numerous friends in countenance by winning cleverly; while the partisans of Henriade and the Albany colt exhibited strong symptoms of uneasiness, from which, however, they partially recovered before the eventful Tuesday in the Doncaster week. Bee's-wing won the cup in a canter, and his grace of Leeds, carried off, much to the joy of a numerous and respectable company, the Tyro Stakes with that promising filly, Barbarina, against rather a largish field.

The Bath, Bibury-Club, Stockbridge, Cheltenham, and Winchester meetings, afforded scarcely an average of sport if compared with the last six or seven years. At Bath, Cheltenham, and Winchester, the Newmarket horse Slane met but slow followers for tolerably rich stakes, and as a matter of course won as he pleased. Volunteer made his debut at the Bibury Club Meeting by winning in a canter, and he immediately followed up his good fortune by winning easily the two-year-old stakes at Stockbridge and Winchester. He is a nice horse and likely to train on; he is in the Derby.

Of the July Meeting at Newmarket, a very few words will be necessary. Ion, decidedly the best of the two-year-olds out during the week, was not up to concert pitch, or the July would not have gone into Lord Exeter's

pocket, nor the Chesterfield stakes into the noble Lord's of that name; for between Ion and the winners of these races, there is a 'pretty considerable' gap in point of merit. I should like to stand the gallant Colonel's chance for the Derby with the Early Bird thrown in.

At Liverpool every thing went off to the 'heart's content' of the numerous and highly respectable company. It would be well if some racing managers copied the 'rules and regulations,' of the committee of the Liverpool July races, and acted with the same indefatigable spirit; indeed, barring one provincial meeting, (and to that all others must bow,) there is nothing equal to this meeting, whether the consideration be management, company or sport. The two cups were won by Mr. Ramsay's Inheritor, who had been 'bottled up' for the occasion, beating in both races that nice and honest creature, Birdlime. Cardinal Puff defeated Slashing Harry by a head, after some clumsy manœuvring on the part of Scott, to make it appear a race of difficulty—but the *ruse* did not take with the betting men, and consequently nothing was got by the motion.

The Goodwood races were decidedly the 'lion' of the year; in short, every thing appears to be combined at this delightful place to make sport, and please the visitors. The noble duke, aided by one of the most influential members of the Jockey Club, made a splendid 'bill of fare,' and by judicious management, one day was equal to another in point of interesting and speculative races. The Goodwood stakes told the too often told tale that the 'field is always a good horse,' and the cup proved that a certain clever party can make mistakes as well as others, and stand their stake upon the wrong horse. The new fangled proviso of allowances, if not placed, did not seem to have the desired effect, and it caused some dissatisfaction in more quarters than one. Colonel Peel acted in a very fair and open manner, by declaring that Slane only started for the cup to get the allowance. That Slane would have been very near winning the cup, if he had been sufficiently prepared, was the opinion of many good judges, and it is by no means clear to me, that this event would have interrupted his victory on the following day, even when I consider the extra weight he must have carried—he won the Shield in a canter. Grey Momus won his races in good style, and was backed 12 to 1 for the Derby; but from subsequent running the takers have the worst of it, and the Grey's place in the odds is taken by another nag in the same stable, which is unusually full of horses; the opinion of some is that Grey Momus will come again.

My note book affords little information of the York meetings, beyond a great scarcity of horses and some curious rumours respecting one or two of the Leger nags. It is by no means pleasing to be continually 'harping on my daughter,' yet I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact of the York races being in a sad state for want of proper managers, not that the present ones are incompetent—but that there is a chariness in their offers, and a tardiness in their movements, is beyond dispute.

I cannot bring to my memory, a more dull Doncaster week than the one of 1837, whether the number of horses or their inferiority in point of quality, be the question. Mango's running, both in public and private, was quite as good as anything in the North; and Mr. Greville, than

whom no gentleman on the turf can draw a better line, was pretty well convinced he should be there or thereabouts, and in consequence backed his horse freely, and won a good stake, as did also his noble confederate. It is impossible to say how Epirus' chance might have terminated but for the unfortunate accident; I know John Scott entertained a most favourable opinion of his merits, and I for one of thousands regret the circumstance, and more on account of William Scott, who it seems will never be hailed again as a winner on the course—there is, however, this consolation for him, he has won five Legers, two Derbys and one Oaks.

The superiority of Bee's-wing over the crack Leger horses of the year, went a great way towards proving my assertion, made in the spring, that the three year olds as a lot were very moderate. The two year olds were unusually promising, and Don John certainly showed himself as the first of his year. Cobham is likewise very likely to make many friends being a remarkably nice goer, and in a fashionable stable.

At Heaton Park the same liberality as last year prevailed; the running, however, was not so good, nor were the stakes so valuable. Don John was again in force, and won in a manner calculated to raise very sanguine expectations on the part of his noble owner. Most of the all-aged races were without the slightest interest beyond the moment.

The Newmarket October meetings were rendered highly interesting by the great speculations entered into, particularly the two year old races. Mango's running proved, what his spirited owner always told his friends, 'that although Mango might want a turn of speed, yet he could manage a distance with any of his age.' Of the youngsters out during the three meetings, none left off more deserving of patronage than D'Egville; but Ion, Paganini, and Grey Momus are not without friends, and their running certainly affords their admirers considerable hopes.

Taking as a criterion the pages of the Racing Calendar, the sporting world may rest assured that racing is on the increase; and the numerous stakes lately closed, show a striking improvement in the value and character of the different speculative races. Indeed I hesitate not to pronounce, that provided the engagements are conducted upon a more open, clear, and consequently satisfactory principle, the turf will become as flourishing as it ever was, even in its most palmy state.

UNCLE TOBY.

December 11, 1837.

[New Sporting Magazine.]

Mr. John Blevins, of Ala. has recently sold Louisa Bascombe (three years, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific) to the Hon. Alex. Barrow, of St. Francisville, La. She will probably be his nomination in the post stakes of seven subscribers, at \$1,000 each, p. p. two mile heats, that come off at the ensuing spring meeting, over the Eclipse course, New Orleans. Louisa is a chestnut, without white, under fifteen hands. She is light forehanded, but has a game head and a very fine shoulder, with a good back and loin. With plenty of length in her arms, she has remarkably short cannon or shank bones; her hocks also are fine. She won the club purse for mile heats, at New Orleans, in December, and ran second to Angora for the plate.

SPORTING IN THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

Having heard from a friend who had resided some time in the West Indies, a most alluring account of the shooting, hunting, and fishing afforded by the island of Trinidad, the contiguous shores and mountains of Paria and the mouths of the river Orinoco, and being much attached to such sports and having a wish to visit that part of the world, I was easily induced to accompany him to Trinidad, where we cast anchor in the beginning of January, 1834, after a brisk passage of thirty-five days from the Downs. The voyage was one of little incident—we were tossed to our heart's content in the Bay of Biscay, saw the island of Madeira at a distance of ten miles, and plenty of flying-fish, dolphins, and porpoises, none of which we succeeded in taking.

I immediately landed at the town of Port of Spain, the capital, along with my friend who insisted upon my taking up my quarters at his house, where he assigned to me a capital bed-room, with a small closet adjoining, for the reception of my fowling-pieces, boar-spears, cutlasses, and other weapons of destruction; the debarkation of all of which I personally superintended on the following day. They were conveyed to my friend's house on the heads of half a dozen young negroes, while I brought up the rear, followed by a score of sable boys and girls talking and making remarks in their gibberish, among which, I distinctly enough made out these not very flattering nor encouraging observations: 'Massa Buckra he fool for come all de way from England for shootee bird. S'pose Massa go in de woods for shootee bird, fever go shootee he; and den crab go nyam he. Buckra in England fool for true!'

In the course of the same day, I walked over most of the town of Port of Spain, and was introduced to Mr. Bradley, one of the most successful Nimrods of the island, of whose valuable advice and assistance in my sports I shall have a great deal to say in the sequel. He advised me in the first place, to get moderately bled immediately; to live well, but temperately; and to avoid severe exercise for a few weeks, after which he thought I might make an easy excursion without risk of suffering from the climate, and that if I stood the first trial, I should be then quite competent to join himself and a brother lover of the chase, in a grand excursion into the interior of the island, from which he anticipated great sport. Taking Mr. B's hint, I kept myself quiet for nearly a month, during which time I occupied myself in acquiring a competent knowledge of the geography of the island, and the manners of the inhabitants, of which I shall give a short account.

Trinidad is situated in latitude $10^{\circ} 39'$ north, and longitude $61^{\circ} 34'$ west, its most southerly point being within four or five miles of one of the mouths of the river Orinoco. It is forty-five miles in length from north to south, and about thirty-five miles broad from east to west, and forms the western shore of the gulf of Paria. The form of this island has not inaptly been likened to that of an ox's hide. Its north-western point approaches to within seven or eight miles of the coast of Paria, or the Spanish main, the interval being occupied by three small islands, by means of which

there are formed, four entrances or *bocas* to the gulf of Paria, the widest of which is not more than three miles over. The disruption of this island from the neighbouring continent of South America, is strikingly apparent to every observer, not only from its general formation and external appearance, but likewise from its products, both animal and vegetable, its forests affording most of the trees found on the borders of the Orinoco and on terra-firma, and the greater part of the animals of those regions. It is composed of three distinct ranges of parallel hills, running from east to west, the most considerable of which, skirts the whole of the northern coast; another runs through the centre of the island; and the last and least considerable, bounds the whole of the southern coast. The highest point of the northern range does not exceed three thousand feet in altitude. The interval between the northern and central ranges, averaging a breadth of about twelve miles, is composed of an almost entire flat; that between the central and southern being of a similar breadth, but for the most part undulating. Those hills almost entirely, and two-thirds of the low lands are in a state of nature, clothed with magnificent forests which abound with deer, numerous bands of the peccary, or wild boar of South America, the lapa or spotted cavy, together with the agouti or long-nosed cavy, the armadillo or hog-in armour, and the porcupine; there are also, numerous flocks of large red monkeys and of smaller white ones; added to which, the powee or wild turkey, nearly as large as the domestic hen turkey; pigeons and parrots of many kinds, macaws, toucans, orioles and quails, are also abundant. Its fens, or *lagunas* as they are termed in Spanish, are frequented by ducks, teal, snipe, herons, egrets, the great horned screamer, a bird as large as a turkey, and numerous water-hens; while its low plains are, in the month of September, covered with flocks of plover. Those numerous birds and quadrupeds, it may be supposed, are not without their enemies; they are devoured by enormous boa-constrictors, large tiger-cats, and numbers of fierce hawks and buzzards, and by a species of crocodile which is common in the lagunas, not so large or bold as that of the Nile, but sufficiently formidable.

This island is exceedingly fertile. Its principal staple products are sugar, cocoa or cacao, and coffee of excellent quality. It is, although an English possession subject to the laws of Spain, which the inhabitants greatly complain of, with what justice I know not, but I was glad to find that the code contained no game laws. The population of the island consists of about fifty thousand inhabitants, of many nations and colours. Port of Spain, its chief town, is situated on the sea-coast, and is well and regularly built, all the streets crossing each other at right angles. The town is well supplied with water, has its flesh, fish, poultry and vegetable markets, where all those articles are abundant and to be had at reasonable prices. The law courts of the island are held at Port of Spain, the trials in which are not a little amusing; indeed, I found them so much so, that I spent in the courts the greater part of my leisure time. Courts more grotesquely ridiculous than those of Trinidad can hardly be conceived. The judges presiding in them are a mixture of English and Spanish lawyers, and the bar is made up of a medley of South American doctors of

canon and civil law, English barristers, Old Bailey attorneys, with a plentiful sprinkling of island licentiates, whose whole library consists of a Spanish law-work, entitled rather curiously, the 'Commentaries of Assez.' Several of them are in extensive practice, which is easily accounted for. Gifted with the gab and a little mother-wit, it did not require them to draw largely upon the latter to discover that a mixture of Spanish and English law, was an incongruity so monstrously absurd and unintelligible as to render it more conducive to their success to drop law altogether, and trust to a little common sense and more impudence; the latter finding a full vent in an overflowing glibness of tongue, not a little edifying to their enraptured clients. Here I was told—and from the peculiarity of the studies to qualify for the Trinidad courts, it will not appear surprising—that affairs of *honour* were not uncommon among the gentlemen of the long robe. Counsel had been frequently chastised on their exit from the court, by disappointed or enraged parties or witnesses, and although things had been for a while wonderfully quiet, I was informed that some time back, duels were very frequent among them. I must, however, do those I had the pleasure of knowing, the justice to say, that I found them gentlemanly and agreeable in their deportment.

There are some among those lawyers who are not without considerable readiness of wit, of which the following is a sample. The court was about to proceed to try a cause, but on its having been called by the clerk, a Dr. Bétancourt, the counsel for one of the parties was not present, and the chief justice inquiring where he was, the opposing counsel naturally looked towards the door to see if he were coming. I must here remark, that it is by no means rare in Trinidad, to see not only dogs, but goats, pigs, sheep, and even greater animals, intruding into the court-house, the doors of which are kept wide open during the day, without which it would be impossible to breathe. Now while in the act of looking towards the door, most propitiously for the exercise of the man-of-law's wit, a donkey put his head in at it, upon which the facetious lawyer turning to the bench, exclaimed in French, which was allowed to be spoken in the courts among some three or four other languages, '*Voilà bête-en-court,*' which, it is needless to say, convulsed the bench and bar with laughter.

Strange mistakes are common in the murderous attempts of the Spanish lawyers on the king's English. An old doctor of canon law, who was allowed on all hands to be one of the great *guns* of the profession, wishing to enforce upon the understanding of the judges that a married woman, whom the English law terms a *femme-couverte*, had been wrongfully committed to prison in a civil action, thus with a solemn gravity commenced his argument. 'May it please your honourables, dis woman when she was in the gaol was ——,' making use of a word of frequent occurrence in the stud-book. This statement was received with a roar of laughter by all who *discovered* the old canonist's mistake; he himself was quite disconcerted; he had got on a wrong scent; the speech which he had prepared, denouncing this scandalous breach of the liberty of the subject, as he supposed it to be, would not fit; and as they say in Westminster hall, he 'took nothing.' But for the present, enough of Trinidad

and its lawyers, who, although fair game, I shall cease hunting, while I look after a few deer.

I had now been amusing myself as well as I could in Port of Spain for nearly a month, when my sporting friend, Mr. Bradley, invited me to join him and Mr. Lightfoot in deer-hunting, to which I readily consented. Accordingly at four o'clock the next morning we proceeded on horseback, armed each with a fowling-piece, to a spot in a delightful valley, about four miles from the town, where we were met by a mulatto huntsman named Fernando, and an Indian, his assistant, having with them a pack of ten dogs of different breeds and cross-breeds, from the fox-hound down to the turn-spit; and with this motley collection we proceeded to work in the following manner. Having sent our horses to a neighbouring sugar estate, my friends and I were stationed by Fernando at the distance of about a hundred yards from each other, along a road running through the centre of the valley which was covered with cane-fields. The valley was formed by steep hills, upwards of fifteen hundred feet in height and well wooded to their summit. Fernando now leaving his assistant with us, commenced beating the woods on the hill-side with his dogs, which he had not done for more than a quarter of an hour when they gave tongue. Having been instructed to be on the look out when we should hear the dogs—as the deer on being roused invariably made for the opposite side of the valley—we were intently on the *qui vive*; and in less than two minutes from the time of our hearing the dogs, four fine deer crossed the road, one of which Bradley brought down in capital style, and another was wounded by the Indian with his cutlass, which weapon he threw at it with astonishing dexterity. In a few seconds all the dogs crossed the road in full cry; and soon after we were joined by Fernando, who expected that the game would be turned and forced to recross the road. We had hardly time to re-occupy our stations, from which we had wandered a short distance, when one of the remaining deer bounced into the road and was as instantly laid low by Fernando's gun. The other two were not long in being disposed of,—that which had been wounded with the cutlass was soon caught by the dogs, and the other was surrounded and killed by a gang of slaves who were at work in a cane-field hard by. Having sent one of the finest to the proprietor of the estate on which we hunted and given to the slaves that killed by them, we entered Port of Spain with no small triumph, preceded by Fernando and his Indian, assisted by two negroes carrying our venison, our rear being brought up by a host of idle blackies rejoicing and shouting. My companions lost no time in distributing the fruits of our morning's sport among their friends, and having eaten with a hunter's appetite a capital *déjeuné-a-la-fourchette* and washed it down with plenty of sangaree and bottled porter, I repaired to the court house; where, after having been congratulated by several of the bar on our morning's success, I wound up the day's amusements with hearing a rich speech of Dr. Bétancourt, as counsel for the defendant in a case of trespass: in which he was not, as on a former occasion, likened by his learned friend to a donkey, although the 'Commentaries of Assez' resounded through the court in frequent quotations by

Dr. B. and his opponent the doctor of canon law, to the great delight of one of the judges, who, I was informed, had the credit of having made a very spirited translation into English of the Commentaries aforesaid.

The white inhabitants of the town of Port of Spain, number about 1,500, the mulatto population is about 4,000, and the blacks, almost all of whom are slaves, amount to about 6,500. Its amusements are many, embracing balls two or three times a month; concerts occasionally; performances by amateurs, some of them of no mean ability, at two small but commodious theatres; races now and then; and once or twice a week a tolerable cricket match. By the way, the climate is too hot for this noble game—having played several times, I speak from experience; even those well-seasoned to the island complained of the severity of its exercise. There is no scarcity of billiard tables; there are frequent boat races; and I regret to say, that cock-fighting is exceedingly prevalent.

Being now, in the opinion of my friend Bradley, thoroughly seasoned to the climate—thanks to his good advice and training—he, Lightfoot, and I, fixed on the first of March, as the day for our starting into the woods in right good earnest; and accordingly on that day, having been joined by Fernando and his Indian, with three couple of the best dogs he could get, armed with our guns, boar-spears and cutlasses, and provided with ammunition and provision for a week, we left Port of Spain. Bradley drove me in his gig, and Lightfoot rode; and Fernando and his Indian brought up the rear on foot, having in their especial charge, a certain little covered cart, wherein were our clothes and hammocks, two gallons of brandy, two dozen of old Madeira, and three ditto of porter, together with sundry hams and tongues, a quantum suff. of biscuit and other little et ceteras and a large canteen. Our place of destination lay about thirty miles eastward of the town; for about sixteen miles, nearly as far as the village, or Indian Mission of Arima, there was a good carriage-road, the rest being a mere Indian path through forests of lofty trees. We halted, dined, and put up for the night, at Arima, where we were overtaken by Fernando and his companion with our cart.

March 2.—Having hired some half a dozen Indians, and transferred our baggage and prog to their heads, our way being no longer practicable for cart or horse, and leaving our gig, cart, and cattle with a friend, we left Arima at day break on foot, and after a journey of eight miles, arrived at the village or settlement of Toruré, entirely inhabited by disbanded black soldiers. Here we found a comfortable hut, which we were directed to as the hotel of the place. It was kept by a very well-behaved black who had held the rank of sergeant in his regiment, and who informed us (for sign-board there was none) that the house was called the Woodford-Arms on account of its having been patronized by the late Sir Ralph Woodford, formerly governor of the island. We lost no time in ordering mine host to do his utmost for us in the breakfasting line, and in due time he set before us a fricassée of fowls, a dish of ham and eggs, with abundance of plantains, yams, and cassava bread, and plenty of excellent coffee—of this ample and varied supply we did not demolish the less on account of our walk.

We were joined here by another mulatto huntsman, named Antonio, with two couple more of dogs; he was renowned for his exploits in the chase, and a finer man I never saw. He was about thirty, a native of South America, and of the class termed peons or labourers; he stood six feet high, and was robust in proportion, without being heavy—but of him more anon. Having rested for a couple of hours, our party now consisting of six, including our huntsmen, bade adieu to our sable host of the Woodford Arms, and after a brisk march of about six miles, arrived at the place of our intended encampment, on the banks of the Oropuche, a fine river well stored with fish. Here we immediately set about constructing a hut, under the comfortable roof of which in less than an hour we were snugly seated, listening with no small anxiety to the hissing—not of the boa-constrictor—but of sundry large slices of ham, having the bottom of a frying pan between them and a rattling fire, while the view of sundry bottles of Madeira and porter in cool a few feet from the hut, afforded ever and anon, a pleasing relief to the warm prospect of the ham.

‘But how build in an hour a hut capable of accommodating six persons?’ I think I hear it asked. Surprising as it may appear, we easily accomplished it, and thus: we had no difficulty in finding four trees growing at distances from each other so convenient as to allow of their being used as posts, and our cutlasses soon procured us a few beams and rafters, which we made fast to our four uprights with vines, or monkey-ropes as they are called, which hang from every tree, and are an excellent substitute for cord. While some were occupied in this, others cut for a covering a sufficient quantity of the leaves of the caratta or fan-palm, which abounded close at hand. Those leaves make an excellent thatch, which will last for many years; they are of the exact shape of a fan, but large enough to serve as a substitute for that article to a giantess of thirty feet high. The leaves were soon adjusted on the roof, the windward part of the hut enclosed with the same material, its earthy floor strewn with plenty of the dry leaves of the same useful tree, and our hammocks slung; having completed our hut, we might have been beheld contemplating our handy work with great satisfaction, after having taken a stiff cup of brandy and water all round. Suffice it to say, that having eaten a hearty dinner, looked round the country a little, made our arrangements for the sports of the following morning, taken a glass or two of wine, and smoked a cigar, we tumbled into our hammocks for the night.

March 3.—During the night I was awoke from a sound sleep, in rather an alarming way. On awaking, I felt a gentle flapping, or rather fanning of wings, as it were, on my face. I instantly, with my hands, brushed away whatever might be there, and distinctly heard something fly off, upon which I sounded an alarm. A light having been procured, it was discovered I had been just bitten by a vampire,* on the cheek, about an

* The Lancet bat, or vampire, genus *Philostome*. It is supposed that they make the incision with the tongue and not the teeth, as has been commonly thought. They are called the lancet bat from their pricking being said to resemble that of a lancet.

inch from the right eye, and that a stream of blood was now trickling from the wound. Bradley also, although quite unconscious of the fact until it was pointed out to him by Antonio, had been bled in the great toe, and had lost some ounces of blood, as the appearances on his hammock fully indicated. Having fortunately with us a supply of lint, we soon stanchd our wounds, and Antonio having with some difficulty convinced us that the incident might not occur again for a month, we got into our hammocks, but for the rest of the night sleep deserted me, leaving in its place a fancied sound of bat-like wings around the hut.

On the appearance of daylight we rose, and each having taken a cup of strong coffee and a biscuit, Bradley and I, with Antonio, strolled out in quest of birds, while Lightfoot and the Indian tried what they could do in the fishing way.—Fernando being left in charge of the hut. We had not gone far, before we fell in with a flock of upwards of a dozen powees,* or wild turkeys, seven of which we succeeded in bagging. A little further on, we fell in with a flock of large green parrots,† five or six of which we brought down from a tree on which they were feeding. Those, with half a dozen pigeons,‡ a porcupine, and a couple of agouties or long-nosed cavs, were the fruits of our morning's excursion.

Having been out about two hours, we now returned to the hut, where we found Lightfoot with four fine fish weighing about ten pounds, three of which, a species of pike called snook, he had himself taken with hook and line, the fourth, a cat-fish, having been caught by the Indian, in a fish-trap or basket, which he had set over night. Our appetites now intimating that it was high time to look after breakfast, and Fernando having made us some coffee, a courbouillon or stew of our fish, and broiled our pigeons after having split and sprinkled them with pepper and salt, we envied no man his breakfast, and did ample justice to our own.

Although we had intended after breakfast to take out the dogs, in the expectation of falling in with a band of the peccary or wild-boar, yet

* These birds are rather larger than a guinea fowl, and belong, I believe, to the genus *Crax*. They are generally found in flocks and are easily shot. They are black with the exception of a few white feathers on the coverts of the wings and on the crest, which latter they can erect at pleasure.

† They were of that species of parrot, termed the common Amazon parrot, the *Psittacus æstivus*, of Linnæus, which is the kind commonly seen in cages. They are strong birds and require No. 5 shot to bring them down, and even when killed they do not always fall, as they frequently in dying fix their claws so firmly in the branch, that they hang there until they decay. They are ugly customers when taken up wounded, biting and scratching severely, of which I have more than once had ample experience. It is no easy matter to discover them when feeding, as they are then perfectly quiet, although at other times, and particularly during rain, they are extremely noisy. They roost in the mangrove trees growing along the sea shore and the banks of rivers, or in trees growing in marshes and difficult of access. They regularly leave their roost at daylight for the interior of the country, returning at about five o'clock in the afternoon, during both of which operations they are deafening with their cries.

‡ The scallop-necked pigeon; *columba speciosa*.

Bradley finding himself rather the worse from loss of blood, in the severe *handling* which his toe had received in its encounter with the vampire on the night before, we put off our excursion till the morrow, determined to take a siesta in our hammocks until one o'clock in the afternoon, and then go in quest of groogroo worms, honey, and vanilla, which Antonio assured us were plentiful about half a mile off. Accordingly, having quaffed our brandy and water, and directed Fernando and the Indian, to have the following dinner ready by four o'clock, to wit—some parrot soup, the porcupine stewed, one agouti roasted, one powee or turkey split, grilled, and highly devilled, some palm or mountain cabbage boiled, a sallad of the same, to have a wooden skewer ready for toasting our worms when caught, and by no means to neglect cooling carefully our Madeira and porter. After having delivered these instructions, we sallied forth, though with no prospect of exciting sport in collecting worms, vanilla, and honey, yet with pleasing anticipations of the pleasures that would await us at our return.

We had not proceeded more than two hundred yards from our quarters when we fell in with, sitting in a large tree, a troop of some twenty or thirty large red monkeys, the same which Antonio said had been screaming most hideously all the morning. We instantly commenced a smart fire upon their rear ranks as they scampered off in disorderly retreat, but with little effect, as our shot was only No. 5; one however fell, which proved to be a female, with its little one clinging to it as a child would to its mother. Proceeding onward, a strong smell of vanilla was now perceived, yet, for some time, the parent plant was not to be found, until at length Antonio's hawk's-eye discovered it entwining a decayed tree. After procuring a dozen pods of the fruit, we went to our honey-tree, which had been discovered by Antonio, on one of his former excursions. The tree was a decayed one, in the hollow of which, some feet from the ground, was the hive, and in order to get at it we had to cut down the tree, a work of not many minutes to the brawny arm of Antonio. Although much was lost in the fall, we notwithstanding succeeded in getting three or four jars of it.

Our Apician tastes now turned towards the groogroo worms, which, not far off, we found ample store of, in the delicate heart of a palm or mountain cabbage tree, which Antonio a month before had felled, with the double object of using its top or head as a vegetable, and leaving its heart or trunk, as the bed or deposite for the eggs of a large beetle, from which eggs in due time is produced a large thick worm or caterpillar, which when toasted is superior to the most delicate marrow. We now made for our sylvan home, where soon arriving, we found our dinner in course of preparation. Having given directions to Fernando, who officiated as our cook, to prepare the worms in his best style, and to place them, with the grilled turkey, on the table, or rather on the ground, (for mother earth, with caratta leaves by way of cloth, was our table,) we reclined in our hammocks, first paying our respects to the brandy and water, to quench the thirst occasioned by the heat of the climate. In a short time dinner was announced, and we were not long

in attacking it sharply. The parrot soup was capital, the porcupine excellent, the agouti good and not unlike hare, and the wild-turkey almost rivalled an 'alderman in chains,'—a turkey and sausages from Norfolk. The mountain cabbage I found superior to any vegetable I had ever tasted; it is not unlike asparagus in taste but infinitely better. It is boiled in large pieces, two or three of which are sufficient for a dish; is white, of a marrowy consistence, and of an agreeable bitter; our sallad made of it in its raw state, was not inferior to that made of lettuce. But of the groogroo worms that twisted and twirled, when spitted before us and toasted,—of those worms what shall I say! It was some time before I could bring myself to taste them, but the encouraging example of Bradley and Lightfoot, and a little rallying from them on the score of my squeamishness, soon got the better of my scruples;—suffice it to say that I found them more delicious than the finest marrow. Taking a dram to keep all quiet, we spent the evening sipping our Madeira leisurely, talking over the sports of the day, and arranging those for the morrow, until darkness reminded us that it was time to betake ourselves to our hammocks for the night.

March 4.—Our enemy the vampire did not visit us last night, but we were assailed by foes though less alarming, yet far more annoying in their attacks, I mean swarms of mosquitoes. The former approaches you without noise and lulls with its wings the pain of its bite, while the latter first murdering sleep with their infernal buzz, then torture you with their diabolical sting. I invoked Somnus in vain, he seeming only to deride me through the hoarse snoring of my companions, when at last losing all patience, I knocked up Antonio to consult him as to getting rid of the nuisance. The noise awoke Bradley, and he learning the cause, advised me to take what he called a *musquito-dose*, the only remedy he said he knew of, and which was a cup of brandy and water nearly half and half. Having straightway swallowed the potion, I curled myself in my hammock in the least possible assailable posture; the libation seemed to have propitiated the drowsy god, for I soon fell asleep.

We turned out of our hammocks at daylight, sipped our coffee, and leaving the Indian in charge of the hut, separated in two parties, Bradley and I accompanying in one direction Antonio, having with him his dogs; and Lightfoot going with Fernando and his pack in an opposite one. This arrangement took place in consequence of a bet between our swarthy huntsmen, as to which of the two should kill the most game. Our party had gone about half a mile, when the dogs beginning to bark about a hundred yards from us, we ran to them, when what was our surprise on beholding within a few feet from them an enormous boa-constrictor,* which with erected head and a sharp hissing, was keeping them at bay. I was for immediately firing into its jaws, but Antonio drew me back, saying that I was inexperienced and knew not how to kill it, and then beat off the dogs, but not before one of them, a large Scotch terrier, who

* In Trinidad there are few serpents dangerous to man besides the boa-constrictor, of which there are three species. They are found from ten to twenty-five feet in length, but are much larger on the continent of South America.

had ventured too near his snakeship, had for his rashness been admonished by him with so severe a shake, as to send him yelping away in double quick time. Directing Bradley and myself to keep a few feet in his rear, in case our assistance should be wanted, Antonio advanced to within eight feet of the monster, which, with expanded jaws, now hissed more frightfully than ever, and taking a steady aim, fired into its mouth a charge of No. 5 shot, shattering its jaws and killing it on the spot. It proved nearly twenty feet in length, and a good deal thicker round than my hat. The difficulty now was to get to our hut this specimen of our prowess, in order that its skin might be taken off and preserved. This, however, we accomplished by lashing it to a long pole, and it required our utmost united exertions to bear it to our hut, where we set the Indian about skinning it, and immediately returned, diving into the forest.

In about half an hour, Antonio, who always preceded us a few yards in our march, suddenly halted and whistled in a low tone in token of game being in view; when, looking in the direction in which he pointed, we perceived about thirty yards from us, a band of some twenty peccaries* or hogs, which, strange to say the dogs had not scented. We immediately fired on them, upon which one fell, and the rest then running off, our dogs were soon in full cry after them. A wounded one was soon overtaken and dispatched with our spears, and a little further on we came up to four more, which had taken refuge in a den under the roots of a gigantic tree. Giving them a volley, we fell upon them with our spears and soon disposed of them all, but not before they had so desperately wounded our Scotch terrier (whose temerity unfortunately for him had not been cured by the boa-constrictor's rough treatment,) as to render it necessary for us to shoot him and thus put him out of pain. It was now high time to think of retracing our steps to the hut—but how was our game to be transported thither? Antonio, however, did not leave us long in doubt as to the practicability of this. Having by means of cords of the monkey-rope, slung a hog across the shoulders of Bradley, and another on mine, and having lifted on his herculean back the remaining four, he led the way with so rapid a step, notwithstanding his ponderous burden, as to render our keeping up with him no easy task; but fortunately for us, a walk of about a mile brought us to our hut at about ten o'clock, A. M. where Fernando and Lightfoot shortly joined us with a young fawn, about six weeks old, one hog, and two armadilloes.

To give some account of Lightfoot and Fernando. Not long after setting out their dogs had raised the fawn and its dam, which latter however

* *Sus Peccary*. The peccary, or Mexican hog as it is sometimes called, resembles the common domestic hog, but is not so large, and the two also vary in their organization, the external difference most characteristic being a gland in the back of the peccary, between the flesh and the skin and nearly an inch in diameter; above which gland there is a little aperture in the skin about two or three lines in diameter, from which exudes a yellowish fluid of a most disagreeable odour. It defends itself with a great deal of courage when attacked by the hunters, some of whom they have been known to destroy. It is, however, tamed without difficulty, when it will play with and follow man like a dog.

had escaped. They then fell in with the hog; Fernando's account of the capture of which was not a little amusing, but somewhat at the expense of Lightfoot. My worthy friend, Lightfoot, in boar-hunting, ever thought with Sancho Panza, 'that discretion is the better part of valour,' the practical application of which useful maxim he did not fail to draw largely upon, in his encounter with the boar during this morning excursion. It seemed the animal, after a hard run from the dogs, had taken refuge in a hollow under the roof of a tree growing at the side of a precipitous ravine, to which hollow the only access was by the beast's own narrow track, and that with great difficulty, and not without clinging to the shrubs growing by the side. Lightfoot, however, having with much labour succeeded in gaining, along with Fernando, the mouth of the animal's retreat, was immediately saluted by him with a certain loud grinding noise of his tusks, which seemed to intimate in no unintelligible terms that he was resolved to die game. This, thought Lightfoot, was a great *boar*, and he determined to be circumspect. It was true Fernando was about to shoot his enemy, but what if he should not do so effectually? and the animal only infuriated by his wound, should rush from his den and enforce his right of way by forcing the intruders down the precipice? What was to be done? He must either leave the field of battle, or risk danger, which he had no stomach for. But my friend's mind, ever fertile in expedients, soon found a remedy, which, while it would insure him safety, would allow him to overlook, if not actually engage in Fernando's operations. He therefore soon snugly and securely seated himself among the ample branches of the same kindly overhanging tree, at whose root was the peccary's retreat. But from this convenient, though inglorious situation, Fernando was however, not long in relieving him, for, putting the gun close to the boar's neck, he shot him dead on the spot, and then immediately dragged him from his den.

Bradley, to whom the decision of the hunting bet had been referred, having awarded the prize to Antonio, we breakfasted, and then set about the preservation of our large stock of fresh meat, by buccaning or smoke-drying the whole, with the exception of what was required for our immediate use, and having despoiled our boa-constrictor of his skin, and extended it in a proper position for its drying, we drank, in our usual bumper of brandy and water, success to our future sports, and jumped into our hammocks. Having enjoyed an hour or two's snooze, we turned out; and after giving orders for dinner, Bradley, Lightfoot, and I, accompanied by Antonio, strolled out in search of birds, and in less than an hour returned with five turkeys, three pigeons, ten parrots, and two large macaws, and also bringing with us two fish, weighing together nearly ten pounds, which we found in our fish traps. On our return to our hut, we were agreeably surprised on finding two visitors, a Dr. W. and his friend, who were on their way to the village of Toruré, where they intended to pass the night, and to start from thence for Port of Spain on the following morning. Having refreshed themselves with some of our cold provisions, for they would not stay to dine, and drank two or three

glasses of brandy and water, they took their leave, first promising to send us four blacks from Toruré, for the purpose of carrying our baggage and and game, and to have our gig and horses ready for us at Arima; for we had determined to break up our encampment after breakfast on the following morning, and return to town. Dinner being soon after announced, we sat down to one, which might well have made a table groan, had it been placed upon such an article of furniture; suffice it to say, that after feasting on fish, flesh, fowl, insects, and reptiles, (for Fernando's Indian had to-day shot a guana, or large lizard, which made a fricassée equal to that of the most delicate chicken,) over our wine, we planned the operations of the following day, which were these: we were to shoot as much as we could before breakfast, and after that meal start for town. At the close of day, having smoked our cigars, and taken, in anticipation of our buzzing visitors of the night before, a powerful mosquito dose, we gained our hammocks, invoking Somnus and uttering maledictions against vampires and mosquitoes.

March 5.—According to our last evening's arrangement, after having taken our usual cup of coffee, at day-light this morning we separated in two parties, Lightfoot, myself and Antonio in one, and Bradley and Fernando in the other—our attention being wholly turned to the feathered tribe, with the view of presenting to our friends in town any we might kill, as we had made large promises previous to setting out. In about a couple of hours both parties returned to the hut, having bagged in all eleven turkeys, nine pigeons, fifteen parrots, and a porcupine. Having breakfasted, and placed our baggage and game on the heads of the blacks, whom our kind visitors of the day before had been good enough to send us, Fernando, Antonio, and the Indian, being also laden with no small part of the burden, we steered for Toruré, where, at about twelve o'clock we were welcomed by our sable host, of the Woodford-Arms, who informed us that our horses, in consequence of the drying of the high road, had been enabled to arrive there, and were saddled awaiting us. He insisted upon treating us to a glass of rum punch, which we dispatched, nothing loth, and presented him in return with a turkey and our porcupine—the latter being rather an ugly customer, by the way, to bag, in every sense of the word, on account of his quills, and with whom on that account we were not sorry at parting. Leaving Fernando, Antonio, the Indian, and the four blacks, to pull foot with the heavier part of our game, Bradley, Lightfoot, and I, mounted our steeds, throwing our birds across our saddles, and soon arrived at Arima, where, finding the gig ready, and a horse for Lightfoot, we started for town, where we arrived at about six o'clock in the afternoon, to the no small astonishment of the inhabitants, as we drove up the principal street, our gig literally almost covered with birds.

E. D.

RACING CALENDAR.

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) RACES,

Over the Sulphur Spring Course, commenced on Tuesday, October 17, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200, each, h. f. Two mile heats.

Philo C. Bush's b. f. by Star, dam by Sir Alfred, received forfeit.

Second race, same day, purse \$150, free for all ages, three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings, allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Philo C. Bush's b. f. Albertina, four years old, by Leviathan, dam by Camilla,	-	-	-	-	1	1
John Calvert's ch. h. Missouri Franklin, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Florizel,	-	-	-	-	2	dr.

Time, 2m. 2s.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; weights as before. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. f. Mile heats.

P. C. Bush's f. by Star, received forfeit.

Second race, same day, purse \$200, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

John Frost's gr. f. Fleta, four years old, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar,	-	-	-	-	1	1
John Kimble's ch. f. Proof Sheet, three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Philo C. Bush's b. c. James Townley, four years old, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian,	-	-	-	-	3	dis.
John Calvert's b. c. Singed Cat, four years old, by Bellair, dam by Whip,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 4m.—3m. 59s.

Third day, sweepstakes for two years olds, feather weights. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. f. Mile heats.

John Frost's ch. f. Rancopus, by Flagellator, dam by Harwood,	-	-	-	-	1	1
J. F. A. Sandford's ch. f. Ellen Fletcher, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.

Dr. Lott's nomination paid forfeit.

Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 5s.

Second race, same day, purse \$300, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Uzzell & Bissell's ch. f. Molly Long, four years old, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Janus,	-	-	-	-	1	1
John Kimble's b. h. Henry Archy, aged, by Sir Henry, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Philo C. Bush's gr. m. Forest Maid, six years old, by Pacific, out of Old Matilda,	-	-	-	-	3	dis.

Time, 6m. 13s.—6m. 14s.

Fourth day, purse \$500, free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

John Frost's ch. h. Franklin, five years old, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, walked over.

Second race, same day, poststakes free for all ages; weights as before. Four subs. at \$25 each, with \$50 added by the proprietor. Mile heats.

Philo C. Bush's b. c. James Townley, four years old, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Dr. Harman's ch. h. Sam Houston, five years old, by Ratler, dam by Hambletonian,	-	-	-	-	3	2
Mr. Judy's b. c. Douglass, three years old, by Sir William,	-	-	-	-	2	3

John Calvert's b. c. Dick Johnson, drawn.

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 55s.

Fifth day, a silver pitcher, valued at \$75, given by the proprietor; free for all horses that have not won a stake or purse on any of the previous day's racing. Two mile heats.

John Kimble's ch. f. Proof Sheet, three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel,	-	-	-	-	1	1
John Calvert's ch. c. Dick Johnson, three years old, by Royal Charlie,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.
Dr. Harman's ch. h. Sam Houston, five years old, by Ratler, dam by Hambletonian,	-	-	-	-	-	dr.
Time, 3m. 59s.—4m. 5s.						CHAS. KIMLER, <i>Sec'ry, pro tem.</i>

BEAN'S STATION (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, October 18, 1837.

First day, purse \$125, entrance \$25; free only for two year olds, carrying 70lbs. One mile out.

John McGhee's (Col. G. Bunch's) ch. c. by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Capt. J. Scrugg's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	2	
George Rutledge's ch. f. Maria Smith, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Bagdad,	-	-	-	-	3	
Mr. Guthrie's ch. f. by Nothing, out of Nothing, was no where in the race.	-	-	-	-	-	
Time, 2m. 1s.						

Second day, purse \$175, entrance \$50; free for all ages, three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

John McGhee's ch. c. Zebedee, four years olds, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Joe Kent,	-	-	-	-	1	1
George Rutledge's gr. h. Wake Robin, five years old, by Jerry, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 1m. 57s.—2m. 2s. Track still deep.						

Third day, purse \$225, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

James Scruggs' ch. f. Levinia Rudd, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Betsey Epps, by Timoleon,	-	-	-	-	1	1
John McGhee's (Maj. Ainsworth's) ch. h. Traveller, six years old, by Arab, out of the dam of Hugh Lawson White, by Conqueror,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.
Time, 4m. 1½s.—4m. 4s. Track still deep.						

Fourth day, purse \$75, entrance \$25; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

Capt. John B. Proffett's br. f. Jane Bohorqua, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic, by Sir Charles, walked over.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for two year olds, weights as before; eight subs. at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit. Mile heats.

James M. Hord's (D. Carmichael's) b. f. Lady Holstein, by Bertrand, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Capt. John B. Proffett's b. c. Sir Elliott, by imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Frolic, by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.
Col. James Powell's b. f. Ann Barrow, by Cock of the Rock, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 2m. 3s.—2m. 4s.						JAMES SCRUGGS, <i>Sec'ry.</i>

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) RACES,

Commenced on Monday, October 30, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Five subs. at \$50 each, with \$50 added by the proprietors. Mile heats.

R. W. Wither's gr. f. Alice Gray, four years old, by Pulaski, out of Bellair,	-	-	-	-	1	1
John R. Head's ch. f. four years old, by Havoc,	-	-	-	-	2	dr.
Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. three years old, by Wild Bill,	-	-	-	-	3	dr.
Eli Abbott's b. c. three years old, by Wild Bill,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.
A. Lang's b. h. five years old, by Stockholder,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 57s. Won easily.						

Second day, sweepstakes for three years olds; weights as before. Six subs. at \$100 each, h. f. Mile heats.

Samuel H. Early's b. c. by Wild Bill, out of Morocco Slipper,	2	1	1
Wm. M. Inge's gr. c. John Gayle, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet,	3	3	2
A. Webster's b. f. Henrietta, by Bertrand, dam by Whip,	1	2	3
John Blevins' b. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Hal, fell and broke his neck, leading the first heat,			dis.
The nominations of R. W. Withers and N. B. Starke paid forfeit.			
Time, 2m.—2m. 1s.—2m. 4s. Track heavy from rain.			

Third day, sweepstakes for three years olds; weights as before; three subs. at \$200 each, h. f. Two mile heats.

R. W. Withers' ch. c. Puckler Muskau, by Alonzo, out of Sally Hor-			
net, by Virginian,	1	1	
Wm. M. Inge's ch. f. Alabama Maid, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Wil-			
liam of Transport,	2	2	
H. A. Tayloe's nomination paid forfeit.			
Time, 4m. 52½s.—4m. 44s.			

Second race, same day, proprietor's purse \$300, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

John Blevins' ch. c. Linwood, three years old, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet,	1	1	
H. A. Tayloe's ch. m. Virginia Gregory, five years old, by Platoff, dam by Hephestion,	2	2	
John R. Head's b. c. Balie Peyton, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy of Transport,			dis.
Time, 4m. 26s.—4m. 36s. Track very heavy and raining.			

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$1,000, entrance \$50; \$200 to be awarded to second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

John Blevins' ch. f. Glance, four years old, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet,	1		
H. A. Tayloe's gr. f. Eclipse, four years old, out of Thaddeus,			bolt.
John R. Head's gr. h. Albatross, by Washington, dam by Sir Archy,			dis.
Time, 9m. 21s. Track very heavy.			

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for mules. Seven subs. at \$10 each, p.p. Mile heats, best three in five. No distance.

A. B. Bell's bl. mule,	1	5	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's b. mule,	3	2	2	2
Carney Herrald's gr. mule,	2	1	3	3
Thomas Woodward's dun mule,	5	3	5	4
Edward Johnson's bl. mule,	4	4	4	5
George S. Dugger and R. B. Hatter paid forfeit.				
Time, 3m. 11s.—3m. 18s.—3m. 32s.—3m. 26s.				

Fifth day, poststakes. free for all ages; weights as before; seven subs. at \$200 each, p.p. Two mile heats.

Wm. M. Inge's b. m. Hortense, five years old, by Pacific, dam by Little Wonder,	1	1	
John Blevins' ch. f. Louisa Bascombe, three years old, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific,	2	2	
John B. Jones' gr. m. Alice Grey, five years old, by Pulaski, out of Bellair,	3	3	
Samuel H. Early's gr. f. four years old, by Eclipse, out of Thaddeus,			dis.
Wm. H. Leland's b. m. Millwood, five years old, by Cherokee, dam by Paragon,			dis.
The nominations of A. Whitlock and N. B. Starke paid forfeit.			
Time, 4m. 30s.—4m. 36s. Track still heavy.			

Sixth day, poststake for four year olds; weights as before. Four subs. at \$500 each, p.p. Two mile heats.

Edward Johnson's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Thaddeus, received forfeit from N. B. Starke, William A. Varell, and Levin Gale.

Second race, same day, Greensboro' plate, valued at \$100, with \$50 and the entrance money added by the proprietors; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

H. A. Tayloe's ch. c. four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Thaddeus,	1	1	1
Albert Jackson's b. f. Henrietta, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Whip,	2	2	2
A. Webster's b. g. Tillman, five years old, by Tillman, dam by Sir Archy,	3	3	dis.
John J. Jewell's ch. h. Palladium, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Alfred,	4	dis.	
Time, 2m. 10s.—2m. 14s.—2m. 27s. The last heat ran in a heavy rain.			
HENRY A. TAYLOE, Sec'y.			

HUNTSVILLE (Ala.) RACES,

Commenced on Monday, October 30, 1837.

First day, purse \$200, entrance \$20; free for all ages; two year olds carrying 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Edward Connor's b. f. Talledega, three years old, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette,	1	1	
James H. Bradfute's b. h. Harkaway, six years old, by Merlin, out of Isabella,	4	2	
Richard Pryor's ch. c. Sir Charles, Jr. four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Thaddeus,	2	3	
Wm. Patrick's ch. h. Sportsman, five years old, by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian,	3	4	
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 58s.			

Second day, purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

James H. Bradfute's b. f. Mary Wynn, four years old, by American Eclipse, out of Flirtilla, by Sir Archy,	1	1	
Nathan Terry's b. h. Watkins Leigh, six years old, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison,	2	2	
John Reedy's b. c. by imp. Leviathan, three years old, dam by Ravenswood,	3	3	
Time, 3m. 59s.—3m. 58s.			

Third day, purse \$500, entrance \$40; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

John Connally's b. c. Little Pilot, three years old, by Wild Bill, out of Hippy, by Pacolet,	1	1	
Wm. H. Ghee's b. c. Van Buren, three years old, by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy,	3	2	
Nathan Terry's gr. f. Richarda, four years old, by Sir Richard, dam by Sir Archy,	2	3	
Time, 6m. 7s.—6m. 10s.			

Fourth day, purse \$700, entrance \$50, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Samuel Ragland's bl. h. Othello, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy,	1	1	
John Connally's ch. c. four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet,	2	2	
James H. Bradfute's ch. f. Victoria, four years old, by American Eclipse, out of Catharine Warren, by Virginian,	3	3	
Time, 7m. 55s.—8m. 7s.			

ELKHORN (Ken.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, November 1, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for two year olds, 75lbs. subs. \$100, h. f. Mile heats.

Lewis Sanders' (Lewis Smith's) ch. f. Julia Dumont, by McDuffie, dam Mandane, by Turpin's Pulaski, grandam Marcella, the dam of Fanny Wright,	2	1	1
Wm. Buford, jr's ch. f. Ellen Tree, by Medoc, dam by Tiger,	1	2	dis.
Time, 2m. 9s.—1m. 58s.—2m.			

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$300, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Rob't Burbridge's b. c. Bob Ewing, three years old, by Woodpecker,					
dam by McDuffie,	-	-	-	-	1 1
Sidney Burbridge's b. m. Caroline Scott, six years old, by Sir Archy,					
of Transport, dam by Wild Medley,	-	-	-	-	2 2
Geo. H. Sinclair's Kate Plowden, six years old, by Kosciusko dam by					
Whip,	-	-	-	-	4 3
George N. Sander's ch. m. Tolivia, five years old, by imp. Contract,					
dam Diamond, by Turpin's Florizel,	-	-	-	-	3 4
Time, 6m. 10s.—5m. 58s.					

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$200, free for all ages; weights as on previous day. Two mile heats.

Rob't Burbridge's ch. f. Mary Serene, three years old, by Plato,					
dam by Whipster,	-	-	-	-	3 1 1
Benjamin Luckett's b. h. Chilton, five years old, by Seagull, dam					
by Wonder,	-	-	-	-	1 2 2
James Dunn's b. c. Collier, Jr. three years old, by Collier, dam by					
Whip,	-	-	-	-	2 3 dr.
George H. Sinclair's (J. M. Marshal's) br. f. Massalino, by Sir					
Archy of Transport, dam by Black-and-all-Black,	-	-	-	-	4 4 dis.
Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 58s.—4m.					

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for two year olds, subscription \$50, h. f. Mile heats.

Lemuel Sander's br. c. Dr. Ben Dudley, by Bertrand, dam Lady Gray,					
by Robin Gray, 80lbs.	-	-	-	-	1 1
George N. Sander's b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, dam Budget					
of Fun, by Kassina, grandam Lady Gray, by Robin Gray, 72lbs.	-	-	-	-	2 dis.
Capt. Holton & Russell's b. c. by Bertrand, 75lbs.	-	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 55s.					

Fourth day, sweepstakes for three year olds, that had never won a race. Subscription \$50. Mile heats.

Benj. Luckett's b. f. Maria Russell, by Ratler, dam by Stockholder,					
Lewis Sanders Jr's (Burbridge & Harper's) ch. c. by Kosciusko, dam					
by Moses,	-	-	-	-	2 2
S. T. Drane's b. c. by Woodpecker,	-	-	-	-	3 dis.
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 58s.					

CAMDEN (S. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Monday, November 6, 1837.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 90lbs.; fillies 87lbs. Six subscribers at \$100 each, h. f. Mile heats.

We have not received the result of the above sweepstakes, which is not noticed in any of the South Carolina papers.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$600; free for all ages; weights for three year olds, as above; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile beats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. c. Lath, four years old, by Godolphin, out					
of Pocahontas,	-	-	-	-	2 1 1
Col. John J. Moore's ch. f. Dorabella, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr.					
out of Leocadia,	-	-	-	-	3 3 2
Col. Flud's ch. h. Sir Kenneth, six years old, by Crusader, out of					
Carolina, by Buzzard,	-	-	-	-	1 2 3
Time, 7m. 57s.—8m. 2s.—8m. 7s.					

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. Milwaukie, four years old, by Bertrand, out					
of Rowena, by Sumpter,	-	-	-	-	1 1

Col. Adams' gr. c. Leiber, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Oscar, 2 2
 Leonard Phelps' ch. f. Maria Smith, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, 3 dr.
 dam by Arabian Bagdad,
 Time, 5m. 54s.—5m. 50s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$350, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. W. H. B. Richardson's ch. m. Betsey Astor, five years old, by Crusader, dam by Little Billy, 2 1 1
 Col. Adams' b. m. Hebe, five years old, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, 1 2 2
 Time, 3m. 54s.—3m. 54s.—3m. 55s.

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse, \$350, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. h. Wilcox, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Wilcox's mare, 1 1 0 1
 Powell McRa's ch. c. Eclat, four years old, by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko, 3 4 0 2
 R. C. Richardson's ch. f. Aunt Pontypool, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam by Virginian, 4 2 3 3
 Mr. Darby's b. c. Chester, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam by Kosciusko, 2 5 4 4
 Leonard Phelps' gr. h. Livingston, five years old, by Medley, dam by Eaton's Van Tromp, 5 3 dis.
 Time not given.

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, November 14, 1837.

First day, silver pitcher and cup, valued at \$150, for three year old colts 86lbs.; fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

G. Edmondson's gr. f. Alice Ann, by Director, dam by old Gallatin, 1 1
 H. F. Young's gr. f. Chainey Hester, by Mucklejohn, out of Quick-silver, 2 2
 T. G. Sanford's b. c. by Young Virginian, dam by Mohawk, 3 dis.
 J. A. Jones' b. f. by Sir John, dam by Rockingham, - dis.
 Time, 2m. 2s.—2m. 3s.

Second day, purse \$300, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmondson's ch. m. Jane, four year olds, by John Richards, dam by imp. Expedition, 1 1
 J. Morrison's m. Sally Vandyke, five years old, by Henry, dam by Oscar, 2 2
 Thomas G. Sanford's b. h. David Bailey, five years old, by Riega, dam by Mucklejohn, 3 3
 Time, 4m. 1s.—4m. 7s.

Third day, purse \$600, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

G. Edmondson's gr. h. Turnbull, five years old, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew, 1 1
 J. Morrison's b. h. Southerner, by Bulloch's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen, 2 dr.
 Time, 6m.—7m.

Fourth day, purse \$800, free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

J. Morrison's gr. h. Kite, four years old, by Bulloch's Mucklejohn, out of Eliza Splotch, 1 1
 Thomas G. Sandford's b. h. David Bailey, five years old, by Riega, dam by Mucklejohn, 2 2

A. H. Kenan's b. h. Volney, six years old, by Industry, dam by Telegraph, - - - - - dis.
 James Germany's b. g. Jim Brown, five years old, - - - - - dis.
 Time not given.

Fifth day, purse \$350, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

J. Morrison's b. h. Southerner, by Bulloch's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen, - - - - - 2 2 1 1 1
 G. Edmondson's gr. f. Alice Ann, three years old, by Director, dam by old Gallatin, - - - - - 1 1 2 2 dr.
 John A. Jones' b. f. three years old, by Sir John, dam by Rockingham, - - - - - dis.
 Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 55s.—2m.

TARBORO' (N. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, November 21, 1837.

First day, match, \$200 a side. Mile heats.

Mr. Wynn's b. f. Polly Carey, by imp. Luzborough, - - - - - 1 2 1
 David McDaniel's bl. c. Envoy, three years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Virginian, - - - - - 2 1 2
 Time, 2m. 1s.—2m. 5s.—2m. 9s.

Second day, purse \$150, free for all ages; three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. f. Susan Lindsay, four years old, by Marion, dam by Fantail, - - - - - 1 1
 David McDaniel's b. m. Lady Bitter, five years old, by Marion, dam by Truxton, - - - - - 3 2
 J. K. Bullock's ch. c. Uncas, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Shawana, - - - - - 2 dis.
 J. C. Claiborne's b. m. Mary Lyle, was entered, but being amiss, was drawn.
 Time, 4m. 12s.—4m. 9s.

Third day, purse \$350, free for all ages; weights as above. Three mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's ch. c. Mediator, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon, - - - - - 1 1
 David McDaniel's b. h. Pioneer, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, - - - - - 4 2
 Joshua K. Bullock's gr. f. American Maid, three years old, by Eclipse, out of Eliza Splotch, by Sir Archy, - - - - - 2 bolt
 Wm. M. West's b. c. Johnny, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, - - - - - 3 dis.
 J. C. Claiborne's ch. c. three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, - - - - - 5 dis.
 Time, 6m. 6s.—6m. 2s.

Fourth day, handicap purse \$200, free for all ages; weights as above. Mile heats, best three in five.

J. C. Claiborne's b. f. Mary Lisle, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, - - - - - 1 1 1
 David McDaniel's b. h. Pioneer, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, - - - - - 5 5 2
 Wm. W. West's b. c. Johnny, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, - - - - - 2 3 3
 E. J. Wilson's ch. c. Mediator, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon, - - - - - 3 2 4
 J. K. Bullock's ch. c. Uncas, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Shawana, - - - - - 4 4 5
 Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 59s.—1m. 57s.

Commenced on Tuesday, November 14, 1837.

Dr. Guignard's ch. g. Clodhopper, five years old, 109lbs.	-	1	2	1
Col. McCargo's ch. h. Genito, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 102lbs.	-	3	1	2
Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. Gerow, three years old, by Henry, out of Vixen, 90lbs.	-	4	3	3
Col. Spann's b. c. Convention, four years old, by Bertrand, out of Poor Girl, 102lbs.	-	2	4	4
Time, 6m. 6s.—6m. 5s.—6m. 13s.				

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds; two mile heats.

Col. Hampton's b. f. Emily, imp. by Emilius, dam Elizabeth, by Rain-bow, 87lbs.	1	1
James Sinkler's ch. f. Jeannette Berkley, by Bertrand, Jr. out of Carolina, by Buzzard, 87lbs.	2	2
The rest paid forfeit. Time, 4m. 2½s.—4m. 1s.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$260; two mile heats.

Col. Fludd's b. f. Lily, imp. three years old, by The Colonel, out of Fleur de Lis, 87lbs.	1	1
Mr. Newby's gr. g. Hardheart, aged, by Mercury, dam by Chuck-a-luck, 123lbs.	2	dr.
Capt. Spann's b. c. Falcon, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Charles, 90lbs.		dis.
Time, 4m.		

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$1,000; four mile heats.

Col. McCargo's b. c. Steele, three years old, by imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Sally Eubanks, 90lbs.	1	1
Col. Hampton's ch. f. Charlotte Russe, four years old, full sister to Trifle, 99lbs.	2	2
Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. John Guedron, three years old, by Bertrand, out of Nancy Hare, by Percussion, 90lbs.	3	3
Col. Spann's ch. f. Dorabella, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. out of the dam of Venus, 99lbs.		dis.
Col. Fludd's ch. c. Rienzi, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam Carolina, by Buzzard, 102lbs.		dis.
Time, 8m. 5¼s.—8m. 2s.		

An unusual interest was excited by this race. The brilliant entries made with the stewards the evening previous, gave a greater promise of sport than any race we have had for years on our course. Each horse seemed to have his backers and friends. In consequence of which the attendance was numerous, and the grand stand filled with the fashion and elite of the city.

The horses were brought to the poll in the following order: Dorabella, Rienzi, Guedron, Steele, Charlotte Russe. A beautiful start was made, all getting off well together. Charlotte Russe, however, soon took the track, when Guedron went up to her and made play for two miles, he then dropped back and gave way to Steele, who gradually creeping up made a dash at the filly in the back stretch of the fourth mile, and after a beautiful struggle, won the heat. Guedron third—Rienzi and Dorabella distanced.

In the second heat, Guedron led off in good style, Charlotte Russe and Steele, well up for two rounds. During the third mile, Charlotte took the lead, which she maintained to the entrance of the back stretch of the fourth mile, when Steele went up as before, and won the race cleverly. Guedron third.

It is proper to remark that Charlotte Russe ran the above race under great disadvantages. Her defeat has been ascribed by many of her friends to the bad condition she was in, having taken cold in travelling from Columbia to Augusta, besides having suffered considerably from her recent accident on the rail road. No one that had ever marked her agile and fawn-like action when in health and spirits, so buoyant and graceful indeed, that

'A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.'

No one, we say, who had ever marked this, her peculiar manner of moving, but must have seen at once she was evidently 'off her foot' in the above contest.

These remarks, however, are not made to disparage in the slightest degree her successful competitor, who so well contrived to *steal* a march upon the knowing ones. We desire not to pluck one laurel from the bright garland that surrounds his brow. We deem him a colt of the greatest promise, destined most certainly to run a brilliant career, and to reap a glorious harvest. 'Honour to whom honour is due,' but we are equally bound at the same time, 'to render unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's,' and to make in behalf of an unfortunate rival, such explanations as she may be entitled to.

Of John Guedron (brought to the post by the far-famed trainer of the celebrated Bascombe) it should, also in fairness be stated, that he was not by any

means 'up to the mark,' not having been sufficiently long on the ground to be put in order for this race. The time he made afterwards in the Saturday's race, which he won, we think corroborates this opinion.

Second race, same day, purse \$60; mile heats.

Mr. Newby's gr. g. Hardheart, aged, by Mercury, dam by Chuck-a-luck, 123lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
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Mr. Richardson's ch. f. Ellen, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam by Virginus, 99lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
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Time, 2m. 1s.—2m. 3s.

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse \$600; three mile heats.

Col. McCargo's b. c. Billy Townes, three years old, by imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 90lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
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Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. Gerow, three years old, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 90lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	5	2
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Dr. Guignard's ch. g. Clodhopper, five years old, 109lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	3
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Col. Richardson's ch. m. Betsey Astor, five years old, by Crusader, dam by Little Billy, 109lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	3	dis.
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Col. Fludd's ch. c. Rienzi, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam Carolina, by Buzzard, 102lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	4	dis.
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Time, 6m. 6s.—6m. 2s.

Second race, same day, purse \$70, two mile heats.

Col. Spann's ch. f. Dorabella, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. out of the dam of Venus, 99lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
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Col. Richardson's ch. f. Ellen, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam by Virginus, 99lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
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Time, 4m. 10s.—4m. 10s.

Sixth day, Jockey Club purse \$400; two mile heats.

Mr. Sinkler's ch. f. Jeannette Berkley, by Bertrand, Jr. out of Carolina, by Buzzard, 87lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
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Col. McCargo's ch. c. Genito, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 90lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	5	2
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Col. Fludd's b. f. Lily, imp. three years old, by The Colonel, out of Fleur de Lis, 87lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	3	3
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Mr. Richardson's b. c. Delville, three years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam Coquette, 90lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	4	4
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Col. Spann's b. c. Convention, four years old, by Bertrand, out of Poor Girl, 102lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	5
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Time, 3m. 56½s.—3m. 56s.

Immediately after the above race was decided, it was agreed between the owners of Convention and Delville, to run them another heat for an inside stake of \$100, added to a purse of \$50, given by the club. They ran a dead heat in 3m. 57s. Upon starting the second time, a beautiful race ensued, which terminated only by a length, in favour of Delville, in 4m. So well matched were these horses, that the success of Delville, we think, may in a great measure, be attributed to the fine riding of Col. Hampton's boy, who jockeyed him on the occasion.

Seventh day, purse \$650 83; three mile heats; handicap race.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. John Guedron, three years old, by Bertrand, out of Nancy Hare, by Percussion, 85lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
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Col. Spann's ch. f. Dorabella, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. out of the dam of Venus, a feather,	-	-	-	-	-	3	2
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Dr. Guignard's ch. g. Clodhopper, five years old, 104lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	4	3
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Mr. Richardson's ch. m. Betsey Astor, five years old, by Crusader, dam by Little Billy, 90lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	4
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Time, 5m. 59s.—5m. 57s.

Second race, same day, purse \$65; best three in five.

Mr. Newby's gr. g. Hardheart, aged, by Mercury, dam by Chuck-a-luck, 123lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1	1	1
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Col. Spann's b. c. Falcon, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Charles, 90lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2	2	dis.
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Time, 2m.—2m. 1s.—2m. 3s.

JOHN B. IRVING, Sec'y.

TURF REGISTER.

Blooded Stock of COL. EDMUND M. WAGGENER, of Adair Co. Ken.

1. VAN TROMP, foaled spring 1825, a dark brown tipped with red, stands fifteen and a half hands high, compactly and powerfully formed; bred by Mr. Wm. N. Edwards, of Warren county, N. Carolina, who raised and sold him to Wm. Hanley, of Virginia, and who certifies:

'I have this day sold to Mr. Hanley, of Greenbrier county, Va. my br. horse young Van Tromp. And I hereby certify that he was foaled mine. He was got by Mr. John R. Eaton's br. h. Van Tromp. His dam was got by Sir Archy, his grandam by Diomed. I purchased the dam of Young Van Tromp, of Mr. Benjamin Lane, of Brunswick county, Va.

W. N. EDWARDS.'

Warren, N. C. Feb. 26, 1830.

Eaton's Van Tromp, was got by Wm. R. Johnson's Sir Hal—Sir Harry, imp.—Sir Peter Teazle, imp.—old Highflyer—King Herod—Tartar—Partner—Jig—Byerly Turk. His dam by imp. Cœur de Lion, he by old Highflyer, imp. Cœur de Lion's dam by O'Kelly's Eclipse. See A. T. Reg. It is obviously seen that Young Van Tromp possesses as large, or a larger portion of Highflyer blood, than any other horse of the present day among us. Old Van Tromp—Sir Hal—Cœur de Lion and Castanira, (Archy's dam) were all Highflyer bloods. Young Van Tromp is a very superior horse in point of form, and has been a superior racehorse at all distances. 'Over the Lewisburg Va. Course, mile heats, he beat Mr. Gibbs' celebrated racehorse Pilot, with so much ease as to afford no amusement to spectators; running under the hardest pull. In the fall, 1830, over same course, he beat Mr. Brenham's racehorse Billy Beaver, and Claudius Buster's celebrated horse Tansy Bocoock, two mile heats, with the same or greater ease; as it was manifest to all spectators, that it was with difficulty his rider could prevent his distancing both those fine horses. He ran both heats in less than 4m. each, under the severest pulling.' He has beat some of the best quarter horses.

WM. HANLEY.

In May last, Van Tromp, running four mile heats, over the Burksville Course, after closing the first heat, and

whilst running the third mile in the second heat, let down in both fore legs. He was gross and heavy in flesh, carried 127lbs. then rising thirteen years old. He astonished the field of spectators; as it was evident he could have distanced both his competitors, if he had been properly managed. He was running thirty yards ahead under the pulling strength of his rider, when he let down. He run the heat out upon his pastern joints, though beaten of course.

2. SIR OLIVER, ch. c. foaled May 20, 1834, got by Ratler—Candidate—Virginius—Diomed, &c. His dam by Howard's Tempest, grandam by old McKinney Roan. Tempest, by Diomed, his dam by old Medley, (died in Missouri, 'tis said) McKinney Roan, by old Celer, his dam by imp. Fearnought. For Ratler's pedigree, see A. T. Reg. vol. vi. p. 636.

3. OLIVETTA, ch. f. foaled May 16, 1835, got by Ratler, dam by Selim Whip, grandam by Kennedy's Diomed, he by imp. Diomed. Selim Whip, by Blackburn's Whip—imp. Whip.

4. HUNTRESS, b. foaled spring 1833, stands fifteen hands three inches high, got by Van Tromp, dam by ———, grandam by Hannibal, g. grandam by imp. Sharp, g. g. grandam by Lindsay Arabian, g. g. g. grandam by old Mark Anthony, g. g. g. g. grandam by Silver-eye, g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Janus and out of a mare imported by Gen. Spottswood, of Spottsylvania Co. Va.

EDMUND M. WAGGENER.

I will ask the favour of you to publish the following certificate of Allen J. Davie, Esq. correcting the pedigree of two of his imported fillies, as published in the last January number of the Register.

'This day sold to Jos. M. S. Rogers, two fillies called Doris and Ringlet, both imported by me last fall from England, which fillies are four years old the ensuing spring. In witness whereof, I hereby sign and seal, this 8th day of March, 1835.

ALLEN JONES DAVIE.

DORIS, ch. f. four years old this spring, got by The Colonel, her dam Arethissa, by Quiz—Persepolis, by Alexander—Alfred mare sister to Tickle Toby—Celia, by Herod—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse, by Marske—

Spiletta, by Regulus—Mother Western, by Smith, son of Snake—Lord Darcey's old Montange—Hautboy—Brimmer.

RINGLET, b. f. four years old, this spring, by the Colonel, dam Adeline, by Soothsayer—Elizabeth, by Orville—Penny Trumpet, by Trumpator—Young Camilla, by Woodpecker—Camilla, by Trentham—Coquette, by the Compton Barb, sister to Regulus, by the Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson, by the Bald Galloway—Snake mare—old Wilkes, by old Hautboy. The above fillies were bought by me, and intended for training, but they both had the distemper so badly, that I abandoned all intention of training them, and they have been sold as brood mares to Messrs. Rogers & Co.

ALLEN J. DAVIE.

March 8, 1838.

By publishing the above, you will much oblige the present owners of the fillies, and enable the public to see the true source from which they have sprung.

JOS. M. S. ROGERS.

White Plains, Northampton Co. N. C.
March 13, 1838.

*Blooded Stock of ALEXANDER THOMAS,
of Oglethorpe county, Ga.*

1. HUMPHREY CLINKER, gr. h. foaled 1828, got by Sir Andrew, dam by Contention, grandam by imp. Whip, g. grandam Thomas' running mare Queen of May, by Thomas' Celer, g. g. grandam by imp. Shark, g. g. g. grandam by Rockingham, (Rockingham, out of Nelson's imp. mare Blossom, by Partner, best son of Morton's Traveller,) g. g. g. grandam by Matchless, (Matchless, by Fearnought) g. g. g. grandam by imp. Jolly Roger.

2. ANDROMACHE, gr. m. foaled 1826, got by Sir Andrew, dam by Potomac, grandam by imp. Whip, g. grandam by Partner, (he out of a Shark mare, by Celer) g. g. grandam by imp. Flimnap.

3. CAVALIER SERVENTE, gr. c. foaled 1835, the 11th of April, and out of Andromache, the above mare No. 2, got by old Bertrand.

4. EAU DE VIE, b. c. foaled April 21, 1837, out of Andromache, No. 2, by Chateau Margaux.

5. RAHAB, THE HARLOT, foaled 1834, April 14, by old Eclipse, dam by Sir Andrew, grandam by imp. Star, g. grandam by Partner, (he out of a Shark mare, by Celer) g. g. grandam by imp. Flimnap.

6. JIM COOLER, g. c. foaled 1835, March 28, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Sir Andrew, grandam by imp. Star, g. grandam by Partner, (he out of a

Shark mare, by Celer) g. g. grandam by imp. Flimnap.

7. HETT BANG-UP, b. f. foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, dam by Mucklejohn, grandam by Oscar, g. grandam by imp. Whip, g. g. grandam Thomas' running mare Queen of May, by Thomas' Celer, g. g. g. grandam by imp. Shark, g. g. g. grandam by Rockingham, (Rockingham, out of Nelson's imp. mare Blossom, by Partner, best son of Morton's Traveller) g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Jolly Roger.

8. KITTY FLIRT, foaled March 10, 1837, by Humphrey Clinker, dam by Marcellus, (Marcellus, by Sir Andrew, grandam by imp. Whip, g. grandam by Partner, (out of a Shark mare, by Celer,) g. g. grandam by imp. Flimnap.

9. ADELINE HAWES, foaled Feb. 16, 1838, and full sister to the above.

A. THOMAS.

Lexington, Ga. Feb. 1838.

List of Blooded Stock belonging to Wm. Palmer, of Henry Co. Ken. continued from vol. iv. p. 546.

1. BETSEV BROWN, her produce:

FLYING JIB, ch. f. foaled June 27, 1836, by Orphan Boy, he by Sir Archy. Ch. f. foaled June 5, 1837, by Orphan Boy, dead.

In foal by Davy Crockett.

2. MOLL BARKER, her produce:

B. c. foaled April 15, 1837, by Randolph.

Missed to Orphan Boy.

3. RABBIT, her produce:

LIGNUMVITÆ, ch. c. foaled May 15, 1836, by Orphan Boy.

In foal by Orphan Boy.

4. ANN REED, her produce:

HAMILTONIA, ch. f. foaled May 20, 1837, by Orphan Boy.

In foal by Orphan Boy.

5. SALLY STONE, ch. f. foaled May 20, 1833, by Randolph, dam by old Hamiltonian.

6. MISS STARR, br. f. two years old last grass, by Star, dam by Walnut.

7. LADY RACKET, ch. f. two years old last grass, by Orphan Boy, dam by Royalist, grandam by old Whip.

These two last fillies bid fair for race nags.

8. Ch. c. one year old last grass, by Lance, dam by Cherokee, grandam by Quicksilver.

9. AQUILLA, ch. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Willoughby, grandam by old Whip.

WM. PALMER.

Walnut Grove, Henry Co. Ken. Jan. 22, 1838.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1838.

NAME AND COLOUR.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEALINS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Adonis	Eclipse	By Ogle's Oscar	Wrightsville, N. C.	20	Young Bridges.
Alexander, gr.	Pacolet	Jenny Ribbon, by Doublehead	Columbia, Ky.	30	Dr. John D. Winston & Co.
Andrew, ch.	Sir Charles	By King Herod	Chesterfield Co. Va.	60	George W. Johnson.
Anvil, br.	Mons. Tonson	Isabella, by Sir Archy	Gallatin, Tenn.	35	Ballie Peyton
Arab, b.	Sir Archy	Bet Bounce, by imp. Sir Harry	Eatonton, Ga.	30	Maj. T. G. & F. C. Sanford.
Apparition, b. (imp.)	Spectre	Young Cranberry, by Thunderbolt	Ellicott's Mills, Md.	50	T. R. S. Boyce.
Autocrat, gr. (imp.)	Grand Duke	Olivetta, by Sir Oliver	Todd Co. Ky.	60	Capt. Roscow C. Dickinson.
Barefoot, ch. (imp.)	Tramp	Rosamond, by Buzzard	Louisville race course, Ky.	75	Lewis Sherley.
Berner's Comus, br. (imp.)	Comus	Rotterdam, by Juniper	Boardman's Mills, Huntsville, Ala.	80	E. H. Boardman.
Bertrand, b.	Sir Archy	Eliza, by imp. Bedford	Near Lexington, Ky.	100	James Lyndsay.
Birmingham, br.	Bertrand	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant	Augusta, Ga.	60	H. Dalby.
Black Arabian, bl. (imp.)	Stockholder	By Sir Hal	Elkhorn race course, Ky.	50	Maj. Ben. Luckett.
Black Heath, bl.	Sir Archy	Lady Racket, by imp. Diomed	Farmville, Pr. Ed. Co. Va.	30	Thomas Flournoy.
Bolivar, br.	Sir Hal	Romp, by imp. Messenger	Lynchburg, Va.	10	Samuel G. Adams.
Borodino, b.	Henry	By imp. Buzzard	Grass Hills, Gallatin Co. Ky.	25	George N. Sanders.
Bravo, gr.	Waxy	Bet Bounce, by imp. Sir Harry	Sulphur Spring C. St. Louis, Mo.	30	Payne & Sanford.
Brilliant, br.	Sir Archy	Grey Duchess, by imp. Gracchus	Elizabethtown, Ky.	25	Birch & Sherley.
Busiris, ch.	Eclipse	Sally Walker, by Timoleon	Russelville, Ky.	30	James M. Beal.
Cadet, b.	Medley	Lamia, by Gohanna	Near Philadelphia, Pa.	20	Gen. C. Irvine.
Cetus, b. (imp.)	Whalebone	Wasp, by Gohanna	Near Middleton, Montgo'y Co. Ky.	75	Horace Benton.
Chateau Margaux, br. (imp)	Sir Archy	Black Ghost, by Oscar	Fairfield, Va.	100	Capt. John S. Corbin.
Chanticleer, b.	Pacific	Wilkes' Madison	Mount Meigs, Ala.	30	Alexander Carter.
Chesterfield, b.	Duroc	Romp, by imp. Messenger	Leetown, Jefferson Co. Va.	70	Thomas G. Baylor.
Cock of the Rock, b.	Lottery	By Cerberus	Franklin, Tenn.	35	A. T. Nolen.
Consol, br. (imp.)	Imp. Contract	By Whip	Mouth Yellico, Monroe Co. Tenn.	50	John McGhee.
Contract Junior,	Sir Charles	By imp. Dungannon	Boardman's Mills, Huntsville, Ala.	35	E. H. Boardman.
Collier, ch.	Oscar	By Paynator	Jacksonville, Ill.	50	Mallory & Hunt.
Columbus, b.	Catton	Fatima, by Arabian Sheik	Madison race course, Ky.	100	Jas. E. & W. G. Miller.
Coronet, b. (imp.)	Muley		Near Lexington, Ky.	60	G. E. Gillespie.
Daghee, b. (imp.)			Macon, Ga.		George B. Robertson.
			Harlem, N. Y.		Edward C. Mayo.

LIST OF STALLIONS—CONTINUED.

NAME AND COLOUR.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEALINS	OWNER OR AGENT.
Davy Crockett	Hephestion	By Mendoza	Campbellsville, Henry Co. Ky.	\$20	William Palmer.
Drone, ch.	Mons. Tonson	Isabella, by Sir Archy	Kendall race course, Md.	30	James B. Kendall.
Eclipse, ch.	Duroc	Miller's Damsel, by imp. Messenger	Woodford Co. Ky.	100	E. M. Blackburn.
Emancipation, b. (imp.)	Whisker	Ascot Lass, by Ardrossan	Near Columbia, S. C.	75	Col. W. Hampton.
Enceip, b.	Star	Seymour's Eagle	Near Lexington, Ky.	30	Capt. Henry Daniels.
Exile, b.	Imp. Leviathan	Imp. Refugee, by Orville	Near Florence, Ala.	50	Elias Fairis.
Felt, b. (imp.)	Langar	Steam, by Waxey Pope	Berryville, Clark Co. Va.	30	Col. Josiah Wm. Ware.
Festival, ch.	Eclipse	By Timoleon	Bona Vista, Johnson Co. N. C.	30	Col. John McLeod.
Flatterer, br. (imp.)	Muley	Clare, by Marmion	Near Fayetteville, N. C.	50	Moses Branch.
Flexible, (imp.)	Whalebone	Themus, by Sorcerer	Wilton, Granville Co. N. C.	20	Capt. Ed. H. Carter.
Flying Childers, ch.	Sir Archy	By Robin Red Breast	Canton, Md.	75	Lucius J. Polk.
Fop, gr. (imp.)	Stumps	Fitz James	Mount Pleasant, Tenn.	50	Col. Jas. J. Pittman.
Francis Marion	Marion	Malvina, by Sir Archy	Marianna, Flo.	50	F. R. Gregory.
Gaston, b.	Imp. Truffle	Lady Lagrange, by Sir Archy	Columbus, Miss.	100	Jilson Yates & Co.
Giles Scroggins, b.	Sir Archy	Lady Bedford, by imp. Bedford	Shelbyville, Ky.	50	James Jackson.
Glencoe, ch. (imp.)	Sultan	Trampoline, by Tramp	Florence, Ala.	75	Capt. J. J. Harrison.
Gohanna	Sir Archy	Merino Ewe, by imp. Jack Andrews	Warrenton, N. C.	50	Elsberry Robertson.
Gov. Hamilton, gr.	Sir Andrew	By Bonaparte	Near Thomaston, Ga.	50	Henry Du Pont.
Grand Bashaw, gr.	Imp. Grand Bashaw	By Badger's Hickory	Powder Mills, on the Brandywine.	50	Lewis Y. Craig.
Hedgeford, br. (imp.)	Filho da Puta	Miss Craigie, by Orville	Versailles, Woodford Co. Ky.	50	John Kimble.
Henry Archy, b.	Henry	By Eclipse	St. Louis race course, Mo.	60	Albert A. Jeter.
Hickory John, ch.	John Richards	Kitty Hickory, by Hickory	Lagrange, Troup Co. Ga.	100	John Scott.
Hiazim	Sir Archy	Jenny, by imp. Archduke	Cynthiana, Harrison Co. Ky.	100	Samuel V. Carrick.
Hugh L. White, ch.	Imp. Leviathan	By Conqueror	Sparta, Tenn.	40	Freeman W. Lacy.
John Bascombe, ch.	Bertrand	Grey Goose, by Pacolet	Augusta, Ga.	60	T. F. Bowie.
John Bull, b. (imp.)	Chateau Margaux	By Woful	Upper Marlboro', Md.	50	R. B. Harrison.
John Dawson, b.	Pacific	By Grey Archy	Near Selma, Ala.	40	T. R. S. Boyce.
John Richards, b.	Sir Archy	By Ratler	Glasgow, Ky.	15	
Joshua	Gohanna	Crop, by Eclipse Herod	Near Ellicott's Mills, Md.	50	
Kentuckian, gr.	Shakspeare		Athens, Clarke Co. Ky.	100	Payne & Sanford.
Kilton, ch. (imp.)	Figaro	By Blacklock	Sulphur Spring C. St. Louis, Mo.	20	Col. George Ellicott.
Leviathan, ch. (imp.)	Muley	By Windle	Near Gallatin, Tenn.	40	F. S. Heiskell.
Leviathan, Junior, ch.	Imp. Leviathan	By Napoleon	Sinking Creek, near Knoxville, Tenn.		

Little Turtle, b.	Bertrand	Diamond, by Florizel	Grass Hills, Gallatin Co. Tenn.	\$20	George N. Sanders.
Lochnagarr	Godolphin	Maria, by Virginus	Pratt's Mills, Montgomery, Ala.	30	Thos. W. Brevard.
Lord Byron, b.	Stockholder	Patty Puff, by Pacolet	Near Natchitoches, La.	35	Col. Brezeale.
Lurcher, (imp.)	Grey Leg	Harpalyce, by Gohanna	Halifax Co. Va.	50	Wm. H. Day.
Luzbrough, br. (imp.)	Williamson's Ditto	By Dick Andrews	Oakes, Limestone Co. Ala.	100	Dr. A. Whitlock.
Malcolm, b. (imp.)	Sir Charles	By Alfred	Keysburg race course, Ky.	25	F. W. Pankey.
Margrave, ch. (imp.)	Muley	By Election	Spring Grove, Hanover, Va.	75	Col. W. L. White.
Marion, b.	Sir Archy	By imp. Citizen	Chantilly, near Tusculumbia, Ala.	40	Fred. O. H. Sherrod.
Marylander	Rattler	Noli-me-tangere, by Top Gallant	Jacksonville, Ill.	25	John Henry.
Mazeppa, b.	Hotspur	By Francisco	Central course, Md.	40	James M. Selden.
Medoc, ch.	Eclipse	By imp. Expedition	Clifton, Woodford Co. Ky.	75	Wm. Buford.
Merman, br. (imp.)	Whalebone	Mermaid, by Orville	McMinnville, Tenn.	60	Alex. Black.
Mingo, b.	Eclipse	Bay Bet, by Thornton's Ratler	Cooper's Ferry, near Philadelphia.	100	Gen. C. Irvine.
Monmouth, b.	John Richards	Young Nettlepot, by Duroc	Bason Spring, Breckenridge, Ky.	30	J. B. Alexander.
Monmouth Eclipse, ch.	Eclipse	Honesty, by imp. Expedition	Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co. N. J.	40	Jos. H. Van Mater.
Monsieur Tonson, gr.	Pacolet	Madame Tonson, by Top Gallant	Lynchburg, Va.	60	Charles P. Lee.
Ohio, b.	Mons. Tonson	By Sir Archy	Palmyra, Marion Co. Mo.	25	Henry Shacklett.
Orange Boy, ch.	Tuckahoe	Katy-did, by imp. Expedition	Paris, Ky.	30	Eli Current.
Orphan Boy	Sir Archy	By imp. Diomed	Newcastle, Ky.	20	Capt. B. Tyler.
Pacific, b.	Sir Archy	Eliza, by imp. Bedford	Near Nashville, Tenn.	50	Duke W. Sumner.
Packenham	Florizel	Malvina, by imp. Precipitate	Staunton, Va.	50	Jacob Keiser.
Penoyer, b.	Henry	Ariel, by Eclipse	Augusta, Ga.	50	John Morrison.
Philip, (imp.)	Filho da Puta	Treasure, by Camillus	Franklin, Tenn.	100	Thomas A. Pankey.
Philip, ch.	Randolph's Janus	Rosetta, by Trafalgar	Poplar Mount, Va.	50	Henry Maclin.
Plato	William of Transport	Black-Eyed Susan	Fayette, Mo.	75	B. G. Pullam.
Post Boy, ch.	Henry	Garland, by Duroc	Murfreesboro', Tenn.	100	James Holmes.
Powhatan, b.	Arab	By Oscar	Lebanon, Russell Co. Va.	150	G. W. Hopkins.
Priam, b. (imp.)	Emilius	Cressida	Near Richmond, Va.	35	Robert C. Williamson.
Priam	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Desoto City, Miss.	50	Wm. McMahon.
Printer, b.	Sir Archy	By Printer, by Gohanna	Garey's Ferry, Florida.	25	W. C. Allen.
Puzzle, b. (imp.)	Reveller	By Juniper	Patrick Co. Va.	50	Shelton Kennerby.
Rattler	Sir Archy	Imp. Robin Red Breast	Gallatin, Tenn.	30	G. W. Parker.
Rattler, (Waggener's.)	Thornton's Ratler	Blemish, by Gracchus	Oakland course, Louisville, Ky.	35	Edmund M. Waggener.
Rienzi, ch.	Sir Archy	Lady Burton	Mulberry Grove, Florida.	40	Henry D. Holland.
Robin Adair	Mons. Tonson	By Ball's Florizel	Cornersville, Giles Co. Tenn.	40	Henry A. Tayloe.
Robin Brown, ch.	Henry	By Hickory	Greensboro', Ala.	60	Jesse Lutton.
Robin Hood, ch.			Pulaski, Tenn.	40	

LIST OF STALLIONS—CONTINUED.

NAME AND COLOUR.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Rodolph, b.	Archy of Transport	By Haxall's Moses	Westbrook, near Lexington, Ky.	100	\$	Thos. Smith.
Rowton, ch. (imp.)	Oiseau	Katherina, by Woful	Hicksford, Va.	100	150	Dr. A. T. B. Merritt.
Seagull, b.	Sir Archy	Nancy Air, by imp. Bedford	Tompkinsville, Ky.	15		J. S. Barlow.
Senator, gr.	Bertrand	Princess, by Pacolet	Burkville, Ky.	30	40	Dr. J. D. Winston & Co.
Shakspeare, br. (imp.)	Smolensko	Charming Molly, by Rubens	McLenoresville, Tenn.	75	125	R. & G. C. Hurt.
Shark, bl.	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy	Charlotte C. H. Va.	60		Col. Richardson & Gaines.
Shylock, ch.	Cripple	By Potomac	New Hope, Va.			McCulloch & Dickinson.
Sidney, b.	Sir Charles	By Ratler	Bellville, Ill.			John Kimble.
Skyhawk, br. (imp.)	Waxey Pope	Skyhawk, by Musician	Near Nashville, Tenn.	100	125	L. P. Cheatham.
St. Giles, ch. (imp.)	Tramp	Arcot Lass, by Ardrossan	Florence, Ala.	60		James Jackson.
St. Leger, gr.	Eclipse	Young Empress, by Financier	Tree Hill, Va.	25		Col. John P. White.
Stockholder, b.	Sir Archy	By imp. Citizen	Hopkinsville, Ky.	50	75	A. V. Long.
Stockholder, Berry's, br.	Stockholder	By Hamiltonian	Campbell Co. Ky.			James Berry.
Telegraph	Wildair	Lagonia, by Medley	Somerville, Fayette Co. Tenn.	50	75	Capt. Edwin Haskins.
Tobacconist, b.	Gohanna	Yankee Maid, by Florizel	Gallatin, Tenn.			Rev. Hardy M. Cryer.
Tranby, br. (imp.)	Blacklock	By Orville	Near Lexington, Ky.	100		Parker E. Todhunter.
Truffle, b. (imp.)	Truffle	Helen, by Whiskey	Near Milledgeville, Ga.	35	50	Richard Rowell.
Trustee, ch. (imp.)	Catton	Emma, by Whisker	Union race course, L. I.	60		Walter Livingston.
Truxton	Commodore Truxton	By Badger	Terra Haute, Ind.			Jacob H. Powers.
Valentine, br. (imp.)	Magistrate	Miss Forrester, by Diamond	Colt's Neck, Mon. Co. N. J.	50	75	Jos. H. Van Mater.
Van Tromp			Burkville course, Ky.	20		Edmund M. Waggener.
Volcano			Batesville, Arks.	25	40	Tunstall & Noland.
Wacousta, ch.	Stockholder	Forest Maid by Ratray	Near Nashville, Tenn.	30		H. & J. Kirkman.
Walter Scott, b.	Mons. Tonson	Fantail, by Sir Archy	Buckingham, C. H. Va.	20		Philo C. Bush.
Waterloo, b.	Eclipse	Miss Waterloo, by Hickory	Near Maysville, Ky.	50	75	John Kilbey.
Waxy	Sir Archy	Lady Alfred, by Alfred	Near Lexington, Ky.	60	100	John Wimbish.
Whale, br. (imp.)	Whalebone	Rectory, by Octavius	Halfax C. H. Va.	50	75	John Blevins.
Wild Bill, b.	Sir Archy	By Gallatin	Near Huntsville, Ala.	12	20	Maj. Benj. Luckett.
Young Timoleon, ch.	Timoleon	By imp. Whip	Elkhorn race course, Ky.	75	120	Wyatt Cardwell.
Zinganee, (imp.)	Tramp	Folly, by Young Drone	Charlotte C. H. Va.			

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

MAY, 1838.

[No. 5.

CONTENTS.

Taming Wild Horses,	193	RACING CALENDAR—Races at	
The Gin-and-Water Hunt—No. 1, .	197	Little Rock, Ark.	229
Anecdotes of the Turf,	209	Columbus, Ga.	229
On the Price of Stallions, &c. . .	213	New Orleans, La.	231
Description of the Charleston Races,	216	Natchez, Miss.	232
On the Foot of the Horse,	218	Macon, Ga.	233
John Bascombe,	220	Natchez, Miss.	234
The English Racehorse,	222	New Orleans, La.	235
Foxhunting in Alabama,	224	Lawrenceville, Va.	236
Shooting in a Fog,	225	Newmarket, Va.	237
Scraps from English papers,	227	Belfield, Va.	238
Sales of Blood Stock,	228	TURF REGISTER—Pedigrees, . . .	239

TAMING WILD HORSES.

HAVING announced some months since, that the editor of the Turf Register had become possessed of the secret for taming wild horses, some publication of the results of our experiments, has been of course expected, and we now proceed with a statement of facts. We must premise, that there is no man who detests quackery in all its forms, or that abhors more thoroughly the witchery of *charms*, then does the writer of this. It was this contempt for empiricism, that kept him for some years from even listening to the reports of 'taming wild horses' in a few minutes, by aid of some secret means; and when the high respectability of the reporters was forced upon him as a voucher for the correctness of the reports, the same feeling compelled him to attribute those wonderful results, to delusion, to the practice of which, respectable men are as liable to become the dupes as any others. At length, a report came from a source, which could not be doubted, either on the score of respectability, or the supposition of delusion—the reporter practised with his own hands, and witnessed the results with his own senses, (see Turf Register, vol. viii. page 261, 262,

263, and 500.) We then determined to obtain the arcanum, and try it ourselves. We have done so, and we are convinced. We shall now state a few facts. Having had no opportunity of course, to try it on *wild horses*, our experiments have been confined to baulky horses, and we have had but three chances even with them, and they were accidentally met with, and of course we were not *duly* prepared. A friend was found in the street with one of his carriage horses refusing to go. It was an old trick of hers, (it was a mare,) and in a ride of two miles, she had stopt several times, laid down in the road, and acted the stubborn and sulky brute in all its characters. When we found him, our friend was stuffing the animal's ears with soft paper; he had whipped the brute till he was tired, the paper was speedily shaken out by the animal. We approached the mare, asked our friend to desist from further efforts, saying the mare would go presently, at the same time applying the arcanum slightly, but not perceptibly to any of the bystanders. In less than ten minutes, I told my friend I thought she would go; he took the reins, she went off handsomely, travelled seven or eight miles out, returned in the evening, and exhibited no more signs of baulking. We have not heard whether the animal has baulked since; but should not be surprised if it did, as the operation was very slight and imperfect, from our not being properly prepared. The other two cases were both alike precisely, at different times. They were horses with heavy loads of wood on carts, at the foot of the long hill in Charles street. We found the drivers whipping and beating them with the butt end of their whips over the head, and the horses in a perfect frenzy from fear. We prevailed on the drivers to rest the horses, put up the shafts, approached gently their heads, patted them, and applied the arcanum slightly, (being unprepared.) In about five minutes the horses were perfectly composed, and we then told the drivers to take the reins, and start them, but not to let the horses see the whip. They both started handsomely, went up the hill to the top with perfect ease, and without the slightest symptom of a baulk. The crowd of negroes standing around were greatly surprised, and expressed their feelings in loud tones. Now in relation to all of these cases, it may be said, that the change of treatment from an extremely severe, to a mild and conciliatory course, would naturally produce the same result, and therefore, we are not left to the necessity of attributing it to a cause so mysterious as the pretended arcanum. We confess these were precisely our own reflections almost reduced to conclusions, until we had an opportunity of applying the same treatment *without* the arcanum, which had no effect whatever; and before we could return and supply ourselves with the remedy, the horse had been taken out and sent away. But a gentleman on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, has made four experiments with it, much more satisfactory and important than our own. We shall give the description of them in his own words, premising that there is no gentleman in our state who stands higher in the estimation of good men than he does.

1st Experiment.—‘I have a horse that had stopt at a particular hill two or three times. In every other respect, perfectly gentle and kind. When I got to the hill the horse halted, I got out, applied the arcanum, gave him

the word, and he moved off instantly. It appeared to me, that he went with more spirit afterwards than usual.*

2d Experiment.—‘My next experiment was on a BULL. It was for the most part satisfactory. We had to throw a rope around his horns and draw him up forcibly to a post and secure him. For some time pending the operation, he made the most violent efforts at intervals to break loose, but in vain. I discovered that he was pinched severely by the rope about his head, and on relieving him from the pressure, he soon yielded to the influence of the arcanum. A yoke and bow were placed on his neck and he was put in the shafts of a cart alone, and driven a mile out and back, and was perfectly tractable. The two negroes who had hold of him were perfectly astonished. The following day, however, he became sullen, but was gentle to handle, would go a little way and then fall flat on the ground, but was in no way vicious. The third day he exhibited the same sullenness, and after various means had been resorted to, to move him, some straw was placed along side of him, and fire applied to it; as soon as the blaze reached him, he jumped up and went to work honestly. He has fine spirit, can be approached every where, and handled with perfect gentleness—he never laid down after the firing, and never from the first showed any bad symptoms but the one of being sullen.’

3d Experiment.—‘The next trial was on a fine four-year-old mule. A partial attempt had been made to break him last summer, but he kicked every thing to pieces, and I determined to wait for the secret. He was exceedingly vicious, and difficult to approach. We finally succeeded in barring him up in a stall, and getting a bridle on, and securing him properly. The operation commenced by very slow degrees and great caution. He twice got over the bars of the stall with two powerful men holding on to him. You will understand, that his position was reversed, his rump was against the manger, and two bars were put across the stall, resting against the post, the upper bar as high as the top of his back, and to my astonishment he got over, but did not get loose. It was a long time before the arcanum took effect, and I had absolutely begun to despair. A violent storm of wind and rain came on during the operation, and I was much troubled what to do; but just as the rain abated, he began to yield; we could then handle him any where; the gear was put on him, he was led out and put in the shafts of a light cart, the wind blowing terribly, he moved off finely, was driven out several miles and back; taken out, fed, and after dinner, eight or ten light loads of manure were hauled by him. He is true to the draft, has prodigious spirit, and works well in a cart; he has however, kicked a few times. This mule could probably never have been subdued by the ordinary methods.’

4th Experiment.—‘I broke another mule of the same age as the above, this evening, with about one-fourth part as much of the arcanum as was used on the preceding.’

It is proper to remark, that the same gentleman tried the remedy on a fine blooded mare last winter, and failed to produce any effect, or if any,

* This horse balked afterwards with another person. The remedy has not yet been tried on him thoroughly.

very slight. But believing that circumstances prevented a full and fair trial, the report of her case is deferred until another effort is made.

In relation to the experiments above reported it is also proper to explain that the sullenness of the bull might probably have been overcome by the application of the arcanum, though the firing was equally as easily applied. As to the prolonged and tedious operation on the mule, in the third experiment, the cause is perfectly apparent to us, and we were surprised that it did not occur to the very intelligent operator. It was the violent *wind*. We cannot with propriety explain the *modus operandi* of this cause in this place, but it will be perfectly plain when suggested to those in possession of the arcanum. The weather should always be perfectly calm during the operation, or the animal should be placed in a stable perfectly closed against its effects. It was not, we think, the devilishness of the animal, that resisted such persevering treatment, but the unfair chance the treatment itself had of being effectual.

Now let us ask all persons acquainted with horses, to examine the above cases candidly, and to refer to the statements of 'Sigma,' (above referred to,) and then say whether there is any delusion in the 'secret for taming wild horses.' Next to the evidence of our own senses, is the testimony of reputable men; but we surely cannot resist both. We know the magnitude of the draught we are making upon human credulity; but are we not armed with a force that at least authorizes the attempt? We know full well that the present received system of philosophy, will reject even all the testimony we have adduced, because 'the why and because' are not developed—because the philosophers cannot trace the effect to the cause, or because an effect is said to be produced by a cause not heretofore recognized! But we will venture to place before them, a still more formidable stumbling block. This singular effect is produced by causes heretofore held by philosophers to be utterly *powerless*! Though they have been known, perhaps, for hundreds of years, and used by millions of people, with the thoughtlessness of thumbing a nosegay, none but the initiated few ever suspected the power of the toys they were playing with. Physicians do not recognize in them any medical effect whatever, (nor are they mentioned in their books,) and yet the writer of this believes them to possess a power over the animal economy, superior to that of any received practice. *How* they operate the writer has not fully made up his mind upon, but he thinks from the few observations he has been able to make, that they effect a complete change in the nervous system, rendering the animal proof against nervous irritation of all kinds.

The most unpleasant circumstance connected with this great remedy is the necessity we are under of keeping it secret. The few persons who possess it, have obtained it under solemn pledges that it should not be published, and paying considerable sums. We have the privilege of communicating it to individuals in our discretion, but not to authorize them to divulge it to others. This circumstance of secrecy gives it the appearance of a speculation, and causes doubts as to its value. As soon, however, as all interested, shall have been *indemnified*, we have hopes of getting the privilege of publishing it, and we pledge ourselves to the public that we shall omit no effort to accomplish the object.

THE GIN-AND-WATER HUNT.—No. 1.

MICHAEL HARDEY.

When Michael Hardey died, great was the difficulty in the vale of Sheepwash to devise how the Gin-and-water Hunt was to be carried on. Michael, a venerable sportsman of the old school, had long been at the head of affairs, and without paying all expenses, had enjoyed an unmo-
lested sway over the pack and country. His father who lived to an advanced age, left him a comfortable independence, consisting of two or three hundred acres of rich grazing ground, which, with a hop garden, a comfortable cottage house, a well-stocked garden, and an orchard, might be worth as many hundred pounds a year. The house was a substantial old building, partly of dim coloured brick and partly of stone, though in summer nearly the whole of the front was concealed by clustering vines that ran a considerable way up the stone-slate roof.

The house consisted of but four rooms, and a kitchen at the end, with a servant's room above, but Michael only occupied two, viz: a sitting and bed-room on the ground floor. The former was quite a bachelor-farmer's snugger. The fire-place was in a corner, above it was a rude painting of 'Old Partner' taking his gallop, ridden by a lad in white cotton stockings, shoes with high insteps, and ponderous buckles. What furniture there was, had evidently been selected for use and endurance. The square table in the centre was of oak; and the frame-work of half a dozen round-backed chairs, with elbows and black horse-hair seats, was of walnut tree. Small as was the room, the faded green-and-yellow carpet was smaller still, and uncovered portions of the cleanly washed diamond-patterned flags appeared all round. A hand-bell, a bunch of clay pipes, and several tobacco boxes, occupied the shelf above the fire-place, and the room was lighted by a glass door that opened into a slip of a flower garden, railed in from the meadow beyond. Behind the house was the farm-yard, well stocked with pigs and poultry, and a four-stalled stable, barn, cow-house, dove-cot, and other offices formed, with the dwelling-house, three sides of a square, which walls and whale jaw-bone gates on the fourth side completed. Here Michael lived a life of honest, contented simplicity,—rising by day-break, dining at twelve, supping at six, and going to bed at dusk. He drank strong home-brewed ale, and had always a pot and a pipe for a friend.

The vale of Sheepwash, is, as its name would imply, a fertile grazing district in the western part of the county of Kent, of seven or eight miles in length and five or six in breadth, thrown in, as if it were by a frolic of nature, among the poor and perishing soil that forms the superstratum of the greater part of the land around. The north of the vale, at the time of which we are speaking, was bounded by a chain of almost interminable woodlands backed by a lofty range of hills; the south gradually opening away upon the chalky downs that extend to the coast, while the eastern and western boundaries are strongly marked by swelling hills of flints and chalk-stone, and large tracts of hazel copse and hop-pole ground.

With such strong holds for foxes, it will be readily supposed that the farmers of the vale had frequent occasions to complain of the incursions of sly reynard into their folds in the lambing season; and in old Hardey's time, there was a sort of union hunt kept up for the purpose of frightening, and killing, if they could, these troublesome invaders. In these pursuits Michael was ever foremost. It was he who tracked the villian to his earth in the snow, and slept under the hay-stack in the summer to watch his prowlings for his prey; indeed so earnestly did he devote himself to the pursuit, that at last the nature of the animal appeared almost to have entered into his composition, and he could imitate the barking of a fox with such accuracy as to draw them to the very spot. From his boyhood he had been famous for his pursuit of wild animals; no lad could vie with him in ferretting rabbits, finding badgers or martin-cats, or in hunting them down after they were on foot.

When Michael on the death of his father, found himself quietly installed in his snug cottage in the vale, without wife or child to interfere with the wayward humour of his fancy, he bethought him of indulging more liberally in his long cherished predilection for the chase, and accordingly he availed himself of the first opportunity that he met his brethren of the vale to sound them on the subject. This occurred at the annual lamb and wool fair, then held in the month of August, at the sign of the Wool-pack, in the snug little village of Risborough, now a town of some importance. The Wool-pack (for it is still in existence) is one of those snug little hostleries peculiar to the south of England, partaking at once of the cottage ornée and the inn. Over the wooden front, jessamine, ivy, and woodbine twist about in wild luxuriance, as also about the portico formed of branches of oak, nailed in rustic trellisses. It is only one story high and garret windows peer from the centre of the heath-thatched roof. To the right of the door is the kitchen, and on the left the company parlour. The latter is a very old room, with a large low fire-place placed quite back in the hearth, occupying almost the entire end of the room, and capable of throwing warmth round an extensive circle. The high mantel-piece or ledge still supports a range of old-fashioned long-stalked glasses, and the curiously carved old black oak tables and chairs have acquired a perfect polish from use. The floor too, which is made of composition and is kept well sanded over, exhibits divers marks of antiquity.

In this little snuggerly, from time immemorial, the farmers of the vale of Sheepwash had been in the habit of assembling every year, the largest proprietor occupying the seat of honour on the right of the fire nearest the door. Old Hardey had long enjoyed this distinction, and on his decease his son was voted to it by acclamation, though other farmers of greater extent had risen up since the time that old Hardey was elected. Here, then, as Michael sat stirring about a glass of hot gin-and-water, the favourite beverage of the farmers of the vale, he broached the subject of foxes and hunting; he was not a man of many words, but always spoke to the point. They all, he said, kept a nag a-piece to ride to market, and one a little bit better would eat no more corn. According to the present system with the four couple and a half of hounds in the vale they merely

frightened the foxes, for unless they burst them in the open there was no chance of killing them in cover. Now if they would all join, and he thought there would be fourteen or fifteen of them, and keep a couple of hounds a-piece, he would find a horse for a lad to ride to collect them and hunt them himself.

Michael was a popular man even then, but a farmer is a farmer all the world over and very difficult of persuasion. Old Morgan Hains spoke first:—‘The four couple and a holf of hoounds they had served his father and he thought they would serve him,’ and that was all he said. John Fairlamb, whose farm adjoined Michael’s, and who knew and appreciated his keenness, was very willing to join, but would like to have the hounds kennelled in winter. Peter Jewitt thought ‘a pack of hounds wod do as much harm and moir than the foxes, for the pooppies wod be conti-nu-allie a worrying of the lambs. Besides, the horsemen would break the hurdles and damage the hedges.’ Joseph Pinchwell, a lean miserable looking old farmer, whose penurious habits had procured for him the flattering appellation of ‘Starve-beggar,’ was against hounds and hunts of every description. This miserable old man lived at the southern extremity of the vale, just where the flat grazing grounds open upon the undulating downs, and though more injured by the foxes than any of his neighbours higher up, in consequence of the numerous patches of gorse scattered about the hills, he still adhered to what has been well denominated the ‘penny-wise and pound-foolish system.’ He had a fine tract of ground which, had ordinary justice been done to it, would have been as productive and valuable as any of his neighbours, but he never could be induced to lay out a single farthing that did not appear likely to yield an instant return, and his hedges were dying from want of cutting and laying, the ditches were choked up, and there was not a gate upon the farm that would open or shut as it ought.

‘Starve-beggar’ was the beau ideal of a miser. He had been of the middle stature, but his person was bent prematurely and drawn to a curve. Long uncombed grey hairs hung about his furrowed temples and fell in ample tresses upon his broad coat-collar. His face was long and sharp, with at times an air of pensive quiet that lighted up the instant money matters were mentioned, and imparted a painful keenness to small, but excessively piercing grey eyes, surmounted by dark and bushy brows. His nose was of the perfect Roman order, to which a drop was continually hanging, and his mouth was pursed up as though he were a determined economist of his words. He wore a napless three-cornered hat; a single-breasted broad-collared drab coat, with very large curiously engraved silver buttons; a scarlet waistcoat with large pockets and flaps; and drab velveteen breeches without braces; and both summer and winter broad-ribbed white cotton stockings, with high-heeled shoes and large silver buckles. He was the most unpopular man in the vale, for he never either invited a friend into his house, or joined in the convivialities of the Wool-pack if he could get a cheaper dinner elsewhere, and he invariably set his face against every project that savoured of improvement. To expect a man like him—who could hardly find in his heart to keep him-

self—to keep a couple of hounds was quite out of the question, and as soon as he began to speak all parties anticipated his answer, which was a negative of the most decided nature. Several other speakers followed, the doctor amongst the number, who was a decided advocate for Michael's plan, but the majority of the party were opposed to it.

Michael did not press the matter, but for a season contented himself by withdrawing his assistance from the few hounds that they had, in consequence of which, the ravages of the foxes became more serious than ever. True it was that they found them in abundance, for the temptations of the fold and the hen-roost were too strong for the most abstemious-minded fox, and many a good chivey they had after them up to the woods and hazel coppices; but from want of the science and knowledge of Michael, they soon lost them or failed in marking them to ground so as to be able to dig them out.

When another lamb and wool fair came round, Michael, as usual, was found at his old place by the right of the fire at the Wool-pack, surrounded by pretty nearly the same party from the vale that had met there the previous year. The ordinary was over, the landlord had retired, and the Sheepwash-vale party, with two or three wool-buyers, had turned round to a wood-fire (lighted more for the look of the thing than any thing else,) and had sipped a tumbler of gin-and-water each before the conversation became at all general. 'Them fooxes have done me a tarnation deal of mischief this year,' at length observed Morgan Hains, taking a well-browned clay pipe from his mouth; 'them and Willy Collins's cur carn't have worried me less than twonty.' 'Twonty,' exclaimed Stephen Giles, if O've lost one, O've lost furty sin last fair.' Grumbling and farming have long gone together, and farmers are seldom outbid in grievances. In less than half an hour there were as many lambs reported dead as the whole party had brought to the fair. At last, John Thomas, the church-warden, bethought himself of finding a remedy, and proposed paying so much a head for each fox proved to be destroyed. Michael strongly opposed this, and spoke with an eloquence and vehemence that astonished the party, while his thumps on the table brought the landlady into the room to see who wanted more gin-and-water. 'A fox,' he said, 'was a noble animal, and not to be treated like a traitor. If they were too numerous they had the remedy in their own hands,—get a pack of hounds and hunt them as they should be, and he would undertake not only to thin them, but also to show the country sport.' He then resumed his favourite project of each man keeping a couple of hounds. The science of agitation was then unknown, but Michael's character, and the losses the farmers had sustained, together with the intuitive love of hunting implanted in the breast of every Englishman, made them take the matter into their serious consideration. 'Starve-beggar' alone held out, and was for the expeditious mode of shooting them, for which purpose he proposed keeping a gunner (being no marksman himself) among them, who, he observed, might also be useful in driving away beggars, and looking after boundary hedges. No one approving of this suggestion, the party commenced seriously to consider of the best modes of accomplishing their object, which they

declared to be the suppression of foxes and the promotion of sport. Michael made every thing quite simple: 'If among them they would keep fifteen couple of hounds, he would keep a horse and a boy to collect them the day before hunting, and whip into him, and would convert an out-house into a kennel; if he did not show sport over their fine grass vale, and rattle the woods about in the bargain, never trust him.' Never had Michael's tongue been heard to run so glibly, and his enthusiasm seemed catching, for the hand-bell was continually ringing for more gin-and-water. At last, like true men of business, they got a pen and ink, and took down the names of all who were in favour of the proposition. 'Starve-beggar's' opposition had done good; for as the farmers had all seen him set his face against many things that had afterwards proved advantageous, few felt inclined to follow him on any question; and the gin-and-water being all alive within them, they waxed valiant on the subject. Walks for thirteen couple of hounds were soon found, and each man's health was drank in bumpers of gin-and-water as he gave in his adhesion. From that evening's libation the name of the hunt was derived.

Michael then applied himself assiduously to procure hounds, and though they were not such marketable articles in those days as they are at present, before three years expired he met his friends on New Year's day, at Handley-cross, with twelve couple of old hounds, and four couple of young ones. This was a memorable day in the Vale of Sheepwash. Handley-cross, a small square village, with a white washed cross ascended by three steps, in the centre of the green, where the country hirings were held, stands on the gentle slope of a hill that runs from the high hop grounds down to about the centre of the vale, followed in its course by the little sparkling stream of the Esk, which, opening upon the vale, meanders through the grazing grounds like a silvery thread, and, winding among the downs, loses itself in the sea. The village was then chiefly inhabited by hop-pickers, hazel-cutters, and hurdle-makers—a most primitive race. The north side was formed of one row of white-washed cottages, some over-run with vines, some with apricot trees, others with honey-suckle, woodbine, or ivy; at the east end was a green-doored six-windowed house, belonging to the doctor; while the south side of the square was composed of the better sort of farm-houses and home-steads. The solitary public house—the sign of the Hop-pole—was at the west end, along with a few cottages of meaner description which branched off from either side of the township road, that wound round the green on each side.

To this romantic spot Michael brought his pack on the first day that a notice of their hunting was ever sent to any but those who contributed to their support. As may be supposed, it was one of no ordinary interest to our master. Michael was then the comeliest man of the day. He was just turned of forty; but early hours, athletic exercise, and country air, had kept the finger of time from every feature. His close-lying nut-brown curls had not a tinge of grey among them; his eyes were hazel and foxey, his nose inclined to Roman, his mouth small with pearly teeth, and he stood six feet high in his stocking feet, with a broad chest, and

clean well-proportioned limbs. Save when he was in mourning for his father, no man ever saw Michael in any but one costume; a good nut-brown coat, almost matching his complexion, a white neckcloth, large-flapped red waistcoat, broad-striped patent-cord breeches, and brown top-boots with spurs.

The day was beautifully fine, with a very slight tinge of rind upon the ground that half an hour's sunshine would dissolve. Within a few minutes of eight, the foot-people on the cross descried Michael in the vale, crossing the fields by a line of hand-gates with his hounds, and, after a momentary separation from the sight, as he turned into the low lane with high bank-hedges that leads up to Handley, he came trotting upon the green, with his hounds and whipper-in behind him. Many of the hounds threw their tongues with delight on viewing some member of the family with whom they lived; and Michael's gallant black horse curved his rainbow neck, champed on the bit, and struck the ground with his off fore-foot, as if in the conscious majesty of pride, as again he pressed the green sward.

Michael's eye beamed with delight as he viewed the gay group, and he could hardly find in his heart to repress the joyous music of his hounds. He was dressed with rather more than ordinary care on this occasion, his hat was better brushed, his whiskers more neatly trimmed, and he had evidently used the keenest-edged razor in shaving. A clean small-plaited shirt-frill peered from between his snow-white cravat and his coat, which was well thrown back, and displayed a new scarlet waistcoat; his breeches were also new, and his broad buckling boot-garters, fastening above the knee, were made of yellow wash-leather. A small curved horn was slung across his shoulder by a stirrup-leather, and he rode with another spare stirrup-leather round his horse's neck. Then his horse! But who can do justice to that gallant animal? He was a horse for all days, for all men, and for all countries; none of your fine modern fly-away hunters, that can go a racing-pace for half an hour once a fortnight, but one that could go for hours, and that the longest day would never tire;—a fine blood-like coal-black steed of amazing power and substance, standing sixteen hands, on four of as clean, well-armed, flat, bony, sinewy legs, with a slight bend over at the knee (legs that never fail) as ever were seen, set into expanding feet, with bending elastic pasterns; his head small and blood-like, curved inward with somewhat of an Arab air, with ears small and pointed, flashing eyes and wide distended nostrils, set on to an arched neck, with a light flowing mane, joining a back and loins that might carry a castle!

This horse was then six, rising seven, according to the old mode of reckoning, and had been bought by Michael as a two year old, more from his early promise than his pedigree, which was partly unknown. He was the pride of his heart, and thrice had he refused a hundred guineas for him (a large price in those days), from dealers who had heard of him. He generally helped to groom him himself, and they seemed to understand each other so well, that at stable hour in the evening, if Michael failed to visit him, the horse was restless and fretful all night. This

horse, unhandled almost until he was five years old, carried Michael eighteen seasons, and never from first to last, was called by any other name than 'the colt.' Though occasionally lame from accidents, he never was laid off work by other causes, and was run at grass with corn all the summer. Michael rode him in a twisted snaffle with a very broad rein, and a flat flapped saddle with a brass cantrel, and, as we said before, a spare stirrup-leather round his neck.

The whipper-in had been brought up by Michael's father about the farm, and had shared the pursuits of his present master in early life. Peter was his name,—a keen, lengthy, but light-made man, turned of thirty, with all the eagerness and shrewdness of his master, and his whole soul seemed centred in the chase. Michael had rigged him out new on this occasion, with a broad-brimmed hat, a coat with laps reaching down to his spurs, waistcoat and breeches cut off the same webs as his own; and Peter rode with a leather belt round his waist, and a stirrup-leather round his mare's neck. She was one of old Hardey's breeding—a bay with white hind legs, slight, but with a very blood-like figure. Peter at this period rode about ten stone eight. His master somewhat turned the scale with fourteen stone opposite, saddle included.

The hounds had scarcely reached the cross before horsemen came pouring in from all quarters. First came James Fairlamb, with his good-humoured ruddy face shining in the morning sun, trotting along upon a crop-eared brown cob, with a Roman nose. Fairlamb was dressed in a plum-coloured coat with silver buttons, and black boots with lamb's-wool stockings drawn over the knee. Michael and he shook hands most cordially. The Doctor then looked out at his door, dressed in a black coat and waistcoat with drab kerseymere breeches and top boots, and seeing Michael and the hounds, went forth on foot to greet the master, while his maid followed with a foaming silver tankard in her hand, all spiced and doctored for the occasion. This having passed round, he returned to his house, and presently made his appearance on a crop-eared dun pony, with a black mane and tail. Then came Peter Jewitt; then Harry Jones; then another Jewitt; then another Jones; then Morgan Hains and John Thomas came riding together; then a horse-breaker appeared; after him came Stephen Giles, who was followed by Mr. Smith, the overseer, and the parish clerk of Welford; who in their turns were succeeded by Joe Giles, the mole-catcher, and Squire Hanley's keeper. Last of all, wonderful to relate, came old 'Starve-beggar' on a mule, accompanied by his son, the very image of himself on an ass. The old man was in his usual costume,—three-cornered hat, drab-coat, red waistcoat, black velveteens, and white cotton stockings; while the boy's round hat had got a turn up behind from coming in contact with the collar of his jacket, which gave it the appearance of progressing towards a three-cornered one also. Each had a drop at his nose.

Half an hour was consumed at the cross, while the countrymen with their leaping-poles, and the village lasses with their smart ribboned bonnets looked over the hounds, and Michael kept walking the pack round and round, eyeing the pretty girls in return. At last he looked at his sil-

ver-cased hunting-watch, and finding it was half-past eight, and all his comrades come, he called his hounds together, uncoupled the young ones, and crossing the green to the south, run them through a hop-ground and into a hazel copse beyond. Michael was always a remarkably quiet huntsman, doing all the dog-breaking part in the kennel and about home, and the crack of his whip, and one rate of his full, clear, musical voice, was generally sufficient to stop any hound that had once undergone the penalty of chastisement. Peter was on the far side of the cover, and old Jolly-boy, a famous old black and white hound, coming out first, Michael gave one blast of his French horn and drew them together, and having counted them over, trotted down the hill to a narrow dell, formed by the junction of two smaller hills, the lower part of which was grown up with broom, furze, and underwood. Jolly-boy, Boniface, and Dexterous, feathered as they approached the spot, and the former dashing in with a whipper and a long drawn howl, Michael took off his broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, and waving in the pack, cheered them to the echo. The colt pricked his ears, and whinnied with delight, and could scarcely be brought to stand with his head towards the cover as Michael stood erect in his stirrups, with one hand on the cantrel of his saddle and the other holding his whip and reins, while his eagle-eye roved over every part of the dell. *'Have at him there, my jewel!'* cried he to old Bonny-bell—a favourite milk-white bitch that lived with him, and could scarcely ever be persuaded to quit his horse's heels, as she stood whining, lifting a foot and looking him earnestly in the face;—*'Have at him there, my old lass!'* re-echoed he, looking down upon her, and waving his right hand, to induce her to join cry. The old bitch dashed in, and the chorus increased. The gorse was close, or the hounds must have chopped the fox, for he had made two efforts to break up hill so as to fly for the woodland country, and had twice been driven from his point by Michael's voice and the crack of his whip, right upon his very foil. A momentary silence ensued, as they over-ran the scent, and Michael had just cried, *'Look out, Peter!'* to his whipper-in, who was stationed on the opposite hill, when the fox dashed over a piece of stone wall between two large ash trees in the high hedge at the foot of the cover, and with a whisk of his brush, set his head straight down the vale, crossing over a large grazing ground of at least a hundred acres. *'Silence!'* cried Michael, holding up his hand to the foot people, who were congregated on the hill, as he turned his horse short and galloped to the point at which the fox broke away, where with a scream of his bugle, he presently had the old hounds at his heels, and hat in hand he waved them over the wall. Jolly-boy feathered for a second on the grass, and then with a long protracted howl, as if to draw his brethren to the spot, he went away with his head in the air, followed by Dexterous, Countryman, Bonny-bell, and True-boy, and after them went the body of the pack.

'Gone away!' cried Michael, *'gone away! tally-ho! tally-ho! tally-ho!'* *'Get away, hounds! get away!'* holloed Peter, cracking his whip as he trotted down the steep hill; and putting his bay mare straight at the fence at the bottom, went crash through it, with a noise that resembled

the out-bursting of a fire in a straw-yard. Then came the rush; the colt threw the stone wall behind him, as a girl would her skipping-rope; and James Fairlamb's cob came floundering after, bringing down the coping stones, with a rattle and clatter that would have been awful if hounds had not been running. The third man was the doctor on the dun, who made it still lower; and after him came Peter Jewitt and John Jones, (the latter leading over,) and impeding the progress of John Thomas, the other Jewitt, the other Jones, Morgan Hains, the overseer, and the parish-clerk of Welford, who all kept holloaing and swearing away—as obstructed gentlemen in a hurry generally do. Last of all, again, came old ‘Starve-beggar’ on his mule, and young ‘Starve-beggar’ on his ass. The foot-people seeing how hopeless was the case, stood upon the hills, lost in mute astonishment, eyeing Michael on his black, careering over the meadows and hedges in a straight line with the pack, followed by Peter on his bay, and Fairlamb on his cob, until the plum-coloured coat of the latter assumed the hue of the others, and hounds, horses, and men, grew

‘Small by degrees, and beautifully less.’

‘*Gently, colt!*’ cried Michael, as the black horse bounded over the fifteenth fence, with all the dash and vigour with which he had cleared the wall, and the hounds threw up over a fallow, the first check they had come to. ‘Yon way!’ cried a countryman on a bean-stack, who had headed him, extending his arm like a telegraph; ‘to the left, past the hurdles.’ ‘*Let them alone!*’ cried Michael, ‘*let them alone!* Jolly-boy has it down the furrow; hoic to Jolly-boy! hoic!’ and a wave of his hat brought the pack forward, and away they go full cry, making the welkin ring with the music of their deep-toned notes.

‘A cry more tuneable

Was never holloa’d to, nor cheer’d by horn!’

Forward they press; and Conqueror usurps the place of Jolly-boy. Poor dog, nature must not be denied, and age has slackened the vigour of his limbs! But they come to slow hunting, and the old hound’s unerring nose keeps the pack upon the line. The ground is stained with sheep, which scampering in a half circle as the fox went past, complete the ring, now that they hear the hounds. Michael pulls up, Peter is at his side, Fairlamb is in the next field—crack goes a rail, and the Roman-nosed cob is over, and the doctor’s dun comes up just as Michael puts his finger in his ear, and screeches the pack forward to old Bonny-bell, who speaks to the villain under the gate. It is a rotten old thing upon one hinge, formed of at least twenty spars and rails, all-rattling and jingling out of concert, and is fastened with hazel-bands and pieces of knotted rope. Michael’s ponderous iron-headed whip breaks through them at a blow, and, thrusting the gate back with his right leg, he passes through and enters the open common beyond the vale. They are now upon the downs! all is brightness and space; Handley-cross appears like a speck in the distance, rendered visible only by the dark yew trees on the side of shady Camp-hill, and the vale looks like a web of green cloth stretched out upon the barren space around.

They approach rising ground, and the pack no longer press forward in eager jealousy, but each hound seems settled in his place; in truth, the pace has told upon uneven condition, and four hounds alone carry the scent. The ground becomes steeper and steeper, and even the fox has traversed the 'mountain's brow' at an angle. Now Climbank's outline stands in clear relief against the blue horizon, and the pack wind after him in long-drawn file. Michael jumps off the colt as he approaches the steep ascent, and runs up, horse in hand; Peter follows his example, but Fairlamb sticks to the cob, and the Doctor begins kicking and digging the dun with his spurs.

The heights of Ashley-downs are gained, and the scene changes. The horizon is bounded by the sea, upon whose briny bosom float some pigmy vessels, and the white breakers of the shore are just visible to the eye. It may be five miles off, and the space between is undulating and open, save towards a tract of woodland that appears to join the coast. The Doctor reaches the summit of Ashley-downs, and pulls up fairly exhausted. He takes off his hat and mops the perspiration from his brow, as he sits viewing hounds, horses, and men, swinging away down the hill like a bundle of clock pendulums into the vale below. Not a house to be seen! no, not even a cottage, and as the hounds turn to the right, and run the depths of a rocky dell, whose projecting cliffs support venerable yews and red-berried hollies, their music rends the air,

'As if a double hunt were heard at once.'

'It's twenty years since I was here,' said Michael to himself, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, 'and the fox beat me I recollect. If we can but press him out, death must follow. That's the very crag!' added he, 'just below the crooked oak. He has tried it, but thank goodness, Jolly-boy carries the scent beyond! *Yooi on, hounds! yooi on!*' holloas Michael from above, with a crack of his whip to some tail hounds that kept snuffling at the sides; '*Forrard, away forrard!*'

The dell opens into a broader expanse of better soil, and the whole pack pour forth into the vale beyond with a chorus and a melody 'of musical discord and sweet thunder,' that makes even Fairlamb's cob, though somewhat distressed, snort and prick up his ears with pleasure. Forward they go, with every hound upon the scent and speaking to it.

'What lengths they pass! where will the wandering chase
Lead them bewilder'd!'

'He's close *afoor* you!' cries a shepherd from a straw-thatched hut, whose dog having chased the fox caused a check, and Michael cast forward at a trot. A flock of sheep wheeling round a field directed him to the line, and old Bonny-bell hits him off at the hedge row. All hounds then stoop to the scent and dash forward into the large wood beyond with mischief and venom in their cry. The wood is open at the bottom and they get through it like wild-fire. Michael is with them, and Peter is outside, with Fairlamb behind. The wood becomes studded with ever-greens and gradually opens upon a lake with a bridge of costly structure

at the end; Michael views the fox dead beat, with his tongue out and brush dragging along the ground just turning the corner to cross the bridge; and dashing forward, hat in hand, in another minute runs into him on the mossy lawn by the terrace of Ongar-castle, just as the Earl of Bramber and family are sitting down to breakfast!

Who shall describe Michael's ecstasy, as jumping off the colt he picked up the fox and held him high above the baying pack! There he stood on the beautifully kept lawn, with his fox grinning in grim death in one hand and his low crowned hat in the other, whooping and holloaing old Bonnybell and the pack up to him, while the colt, in a smoking white lather, kept moving about, stamping and pawing up the mossy bank as he went. Then Michael pulled his bugle round and sounded a blast that brought Peter and Fairlamb along at the best pace they could muster, just as the Earl of Bramber threw up the breakfast-room window, and the lordly towers of the castle flashed upon Michael's mind. All, however, was right, for his lordship having been a sportsman himself, entered into his feelings, and stepping out upon the lawn, banished the idea of intrusion by congratulating Michael on his sport. The ladies too followed his example, and even forgave the trampling of the 'colt' on their mossy carpet. The horses and hounds were then withdrawn from the terrace to a corner of the park close by, where the fox's brush, mask, and pads being cut off, Peter climbed up a neighbouring oak, extended himself along a strong arm across which he balanced the fox, whooping and holloaing to the hounds, while Michael and Fairlamb did the same below, and the hounds being tantalized by expectation, and baying in full chorus, down went the fox crash into their mouths; *'tear him and eat him!'* was the cry, and he was riven to pieces in an instant.

That day was ever memorable in the vale of Sheepwash, for it gained the country and good will of the Earl of Bramber; and it may be questioned whether any subsequent day's sport, beautiful as many of them were, ever filled Michael with such heartfelt satisfaction. Oft used he to narrate the particulars of the run, and how the colt, after being refreshed with toasted bread and ale* at Ongar-castle, stepped proudly home with the brush nodding from his head-stall, and how honest Peter followed with the fox's head jingling in the couples, and describe Fairlamb's burst of delight, as recrossing the brow of Ashley-down they again came in sight of the vale, and descending the hills encountered old 'Starve-beggar' as he stood in the act of fastening up the gate they had pushed through in the run.

From that time forward, Michael hunted the country twice a week in the old rough-and-ready sort of way; going out sometimes on one day sometimes on another, sometimes at one hour, sometime at another, just as it suited the convenience of his neighbours and friends, making the fixture for the next day's hunting at the close of the last day's sport. The

* This used to be a favourite specific with sportsmen in the last century. The author of the *British Sportsmen* relates how his old huntsman used to make an indifferent horse carry him well, when 'comforted' with toast and wine, or toast and ale.

hounds, though nominally trencher-fed, for the most part took up their quarters at Michael's after the season commenced, and though there was a kennel with plenty of clean straw on the benches in the range of farm buildings, the door was never shut, and the hounds just lay up or walked about as it suited their inclination. Size, condition, and the evenness of speed were things not much attended to; and if Michael killed his fox, he was indifferent how many hounds were up at the death, so long as he had plenty of music during the run. As a huntsman he was remarkably quiet, seldom speaking to his hounds, rarely lifting them, and never using his horn, except to get them away from cover and at the death of his fox. In large woodlands, with which the outskirts of his country abounded, he was super-excellent. No man knew the run of his fox so well, or understood the art of throwing in his tail-hounds to advantage like himself. Perhaps such a huntsman as Michael and such a whipper-in as Peter never met before, for each played into the other's hands, and stealthy and stout must have been the fox that could beat them with any thing of a scent. Three horses between them were all they ever had at once, and if Michael tired his he took Peter's, though latterly, Peter oftener got Michael's than Michael got Peter's. Michael had no regular subscription neither did he ever ask any man for money. Some gave him corn, some gave him cash, some walked him puppies, and some took in his hounds, his horses, and himself when he hunted the country below Ashley-downs. Every thing, however, went on smoothly and well; Lord Bramber sometimes patronized the pack; and with the exception of old 'Starve-beggar,' all the farmers in the vale and round about did their best to preserve foxes, and many suffered patches of gorse to grow up on their farms for fox-covers that would otherwise have been stubbed or burnt. Time rolled on; five and twenty years passed away, and though Michael got fat and grey and they all got old, no one observed the difference in his neighbour, so gradually and imperceptibly did age steal upon them.

During his last season of hunting the country, Michael experienced a blow which tended considerably to shorten his days. A chalybeate spa was discovered at Handley-cross and the hitherto secluded little village was converted into a watering-place. None but Peter knew how it affected him, and the anxiety he suffered. A watering-place must be established on the spur of the moment, when the beverage is in repute, otherwise the mania subsides, or passes away to another spot; and when, according to ancient custom, Michael arrived there with his hounds on New-year's day, and found the little village swelled into three times its former size, with a 'Royal Library and Bazaar,' with two yellow flies and a green bath garden-chair, usurping the place of the little white-washed vine-covered cottages, and saw masons and carpenters at work in all directions, he 'his heart mistrusting,' 'asked if that were Handley-cross?' Then, as he turned across the space that once was green, to proceed to his usual draw, and found the hazel copse occupied by 'Rosamond Cottage,' 'Belle-vue Villa,' 'Claremont House,' and 'Sion Terrace,' the old man's nerve forsook him, and he burst into a flood of tears.

Nor were the visitors whom the spa attracted more to his liking than the place itself. Up to the period of its establishment a scarlet coat had never been seen with his pack, but very soon after, three break-neck Oxonians, whose families had been sent there by the quack doctor who discovered the spa, came out on run-away hack horses and killed him two favourite hounds in one day. Winter, however, did not monopolize the favours of a sickly public. Summer brought its train of patients, with their donkey-riding, fly driving, pick-nicking and gipsying parties, who pried into every quiet corner of the country, establishing lovers' seats, and discovering waterfalls, echoes, caverns, and mysterious grottos without number.

The only consolation that poor Michael received under the weight of these accumulated afflictions was, that the romantic daughter of a cheesemonger in the Barbican, who had been sent to purge herself of her love of a barber's boy, having discovered 'Starve-beggar's' retreat, proclaimed him to be a hermit, and drew the whole of the time-killing population to his residence; and the more 'Starve-beggar' fumed and raved, the more determined were they to procure a sight of so extraordinary a being, and the more numerous and audacious were the disturbers of his once peaceful abode.

Michael Hardey saw but little hunting after the last meet at Handley-cross. In the autumn of the same year he began rapidly to decline, and ere it was time to take the field again he was numbered with the dead. He left his property to his right heir, a brazier at Bridport, subject to an annuity of twenty pounds to Peter, and the like sum to the support of the pack, so long as they hunted the vale of Sheepwash, and went by the name of the 'GIN-AND-WATER HOUNDS.'

[Eng. Sport. Mag.]

ANECDOTES OF THE TURF.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.—JOHNSON.

Every year brings forth fresh and eager aspirants for turf honours, but few indeed are fortunate enough to reap a golden harvest. I have heard it remarked by a long experienced and shrewdly observing turfite, who had made a mature calculation on the 'stay,' as he termed it, of the subscribers who were in the habit of frequenting the subscription room at Tattersall's, that the average scarcely reaches six seasons. Now, when the circumstances of the case, and the easy introduction of any individual who may desire to become a member, are taken into consideration, together with the expenses and other contingencies, necessary to visit the different racing meetings, the wonder is that the average is so high. It is well known to every person who interests himself at all in racing matters, that a guinea a year entitles any one to visit this seat of fortune; and as subscribers from long distances, such as Manchester, York, Bristol, &c. only occasionally attend, they are not generally known among the betting

gentry. It is, however, by no means difficult, provided the bettor has the *usual* quantity of assurance, (without which commodity he may indeed despair of turning the wheel of fortune to a profitable account,) to get credit to a considerable amount, particularly if he keeps wide of the sand-banks, and makes his payments with punctuality the first year. It is a singular, but notorious fact, that no class of persons undergo the impositions practised yearly, and even monthly, with the *sang-froid* which characterizes the regular betting community. I have repeatedly noticed a *leg* of some *standing* in the sporting circles, who after poking about the room to get some information, try to profit by his acquired knowledge amongst the smaller fry in the yard. He does not seem to pay any respect to persons, nor to be at all particular with whom he enters into engagements—the name only is required, and the day of settling tells whether he has a man of ‘straw’ or not. The individual to whom I have alluded, has the reputation of being what is technically called ‘a knowing one,’ and although the experience of many losses must have convinced him of his folly in giving such credit, yet it is the same every Derby,—

‘*He trusts again, and is again undone.*’

I have pretty good authority for stating, that one of the oldest, and decidedly one of the most influential members of the rooms at Tattersall’s has upwards of £20,000, on his books as bad turf-debts, a great part of which I am told, is owing by some young and dashing aspirants, who like the player,

‘———— fret their hour upon the stage,
And then are heard no more.’

The stock exchange and the turf exchange, (if I may be allowed to compare them,) are carried on pretty much on the same principle. For instance, if an event takes place abroad, which may have an effect on any particular stock, and a holder of such stock receives private information, he immediately endeavours to profit by it. In a like manner, if a betting man has backed or betted against a certain horse for the Derby, and learns from his trainer that he has broken down, or won his trial, he accordingly hedges, or ‘lays it on thicker.’ Again, when a stock-jobber cannot meet his payments, he ‘waddles’ out a *lame duck*; and the *leg* of Hyde-park corner, if ‘hit’ beyond his power of endurance, ‘levants’—turns the *corner* quickly, and gives *leg-bail* for his appearance.

That ‘there is nothing certain but death and quarter-day,’ the betting gentlemen of the present time can unhesitatingly testify; for independent of the in-and-out running of the three-year-olds, (and most of our great betting races are confined to horses of that age,) which of itself is sufficient to puzzle the most acute *connoisseur* in horse-flesh, yet a greater evil remains behind. I cannot do better, perhaps, than relate a simple fact, which will sufficiently illustrate this grievance. A young gentleman, a Mr. H., well known as a constant visitor at the Newmarket meetings, as well as at the principal country ones, not so much to bet on the ‘coming events,’ as to gratify the ardent love for racing with which he was inspired,—used to indulge in a little speculation on the Derby, Oaks, and

St. Leger. He generally (for he had the character of being an excellent judge of the powers, as well as the chances of a racer), backed six or seven of the most promising ones in the early part of the spring, to some amount, and, as they got up in the market, skilfully hedged—always standing to win whatever might be the result. In 1835, when Mundig won the Derby, Mr. H. had taken, in the early part of the year, the long odds about him with Mr. G., well known at that time as an owner of race-horses, as well as a heavy speculator on the leading races. I think the odds were something like 35 to 1, and the bet to some amount; and ere the decision of the race, Mr. H., as was his custom, hedged the whole sum at somewhat under ten to one. This he was obliged to pay, without getting a shilling of Mr. G., who was reported at the time an immense loser. Mr. H. having thus ‘gained a loss,’ when he expected to be a considerable winner, left the turf in disgust and declined having anything more to do with it. Such is the state of affairs at this gloriously uncertain market, and as there appears to be no legal mode of enforcing payment beyond the sum of £10, it will, most likely, continue to have those disadvantages as long as the turf forms a subject for speculation.

Amongst our betting gentlemen there are two or three that I could name, who, by intense study and sound judgment, are capable of drawing a line between horses (I mean as to weight,) with the greatest possible nicety; and none are more *au fait* in this particular knowledge than Mr. Gully and Mr. Justice. It must now be near a dozen years since that these gentlemen arrived at the Plough hotel, Cheltenham, to bet upon the Gloucestershire stakes, which in those times afforded some interesting if not heavy speculations. They offered considerable odds against the favourites, and, with the exception of one horse, (and this one was supposed not to stand much chance,) very long odds against any other. The horse *barred* by these *learned* gentlemen won tolerably easy; and after receiving their money on the following morning, they left for London, to attend the Leger betting at Tattersall’s, which was rather interesting at the moment. The best of the tale is, however, yet to come. Sir Lewin P. Glyn, a great patron of the turf in the west of England, having either got his good friends, ere they left, to give him a hint, or being equally correct in his opinion on the principal race of the following day,—the Sherborne stakes, I think,—was in consequence a great winner. While receiving payment in the morning, the baronet was heard facetiously to observe, ‘Well! I think I have won every guinea that Gully and Justice have left behind them.’

Of late years, our continental neighbours, the French, appear to have become greatly attached to our favourite and most speculative amusement, and have established a Jockey Club, founded, I presume, upon our rules and regulations, (for I have never seen them,) and patronized by their king. The Duke of Orleans and Lord Seymour have also thrown their influence into the scale, and have engaged Newmarket trainers and jockeys, as well as made purchases of our best blood at a high rate. It may be worth while remarking here that the two Newmarket jockeys (Thomas Robinson, and Edgar Pavis,) under engagements in France,

won the July stakes in 1832, and 1833; Robinson on Captain Hunter's Forester, and Pavis on Mr. Scott Stonehewer's Juliana; both beating the 'crack riders' of all England, and also flooring very long odds, particularly in Forester's race. I feel confident that the opinion of your excellent correspondent, Nimrod, has been, in a great degree, instrumental in establishing the plan adopted by the French; and if this admirable writer on sporting affairs could but be prevailed upon to write a sporting work in the French language, so that those who *run* may read, I doubt not that it would become one of the most popular and widely read books in that kingdom.*

It will be, however, a long time ere French sportsmen experience such a circumstance as occurred in 'our country' at the Epsom-downs, in 1829, when a livery-stable keeper, who was also a trainer and jockey, after a mile-and-half's gallop, pulled up by £20,000 a *better* man than when he started for the race. I allude to Mr. Forth, who won that sum by riding Frederic, and beating *his own* horse the Exquisite, and a large field of others; he won most of the money from these knowing characters, Messrs. Crockford and Cloves. I shall never forget this race; I think the *dash* of speed from Tattenham-corner to the dip, (about three hundred yards from home,) was one of the most severe things I have ever beheld on any course. The ground was as hard as the road in Regent-street, and the dust was like—yet stay, I can compare it to nothing, for I never saw the like! It was indeed an astonishing race; all the favourites were beaten nearly a mile from home! There was Patron (backed at 6 to 4 to win,) the Rhoda colt, Ebury, Morris Dancer, Prince Eugene, and others of high-sounding names, left far behind. The little Frederic (with 33 to 1 against him) was the winner; the Exquisite (at 60 to 1) second; and Lazarus (at about 100 to 1) I believe, third. The following Tuesday at the corner was a glorious day for Mr. Forth, he was certainly 'Receiver General' for the day; and some of the most wary, on turf matters, met from him the provoking reproof, '*Didn't I tell you I should win?*'

There was something like like such a crash in 1833, when Isaac Sadler won the same race with Dangerous; with this exception, that it proved harmless to most of the betting men, as Mr. Sadler, Sir Lewin P. Glyn, and Mr. Hicks, were the only winners to any amount. Dangerous's race was a slice of *luck* to his spirited owner, who was too good a judge of racing to be over-sanguine; particularly when the field (a large one) included the names of such good public runners as Glaucus, Revenge, Forester, Sir Robert, and Catalonian; indeed I know that a party immediately connected with the stable wanted to hedge a bet of £5,000 to 100, and could not.

Stratagem is, I believe, considered fair in love, and in war; whether it be considered so on the turf I know not—*n'importe*, I will a 'tale unfold' to show that it is *sometimes* resorted to. About a fortnight before the St. Leger, 1836, a trial took place in one of the leading stables in the north, and the 'favourite of the summer' having been found wanting, another

* Nimrod has written such a work, and we believe it is now on the eve of publication under the patronage of his royal highness the duke of Orleans.—Ed.

goodly animal was placed in the enviable position of 'first favourite.' The result of the trial was duly forwarded to a gentleman in town, of great influence in the sporting circles, and was supposed to be known to *him only*. This gentleman happened to be rather late in his attendance at Tattersall's and upon his arrival there, how great was his surprise to find that Mr. G——x had, by some means or other, profited largely by the knowledge of the trial, thereby preventing the party getting on at all. The gentleman having written to 'the Brothers' and informed them of this 'untoward event,' it was upon strict, though secret inquiry, found that the trial had become known through a lad in the stable, a relation of a celebrated trainer at Newmarket, who was in some degree connected with Mr. G——x's turf speculations. And now the *cure*. A day was fixed for another trial between the horses, and, unknown to any of the lads, the winner of the previous trial was made to carry a *heavy saddle* about 14lb. weight; this just reversed the thing. As soon as the post allowed, the news of this trial reached Newmarket, and was duly forwarded to the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, where Mr. G——x resides. It only remains to state, that the party connected with the northern stable completely succeeded in the manœuvre; Mr. G——x got quit of his fancied 'good and safe things,' and in return was pretty freely dosed with a kind of *Gladiator sauce*. In the sequel, however, these doings did not pay for the trouble, as the 'favourite' came off but second best.

New Sporting Magazine.]

UNCLE TOBY.

PRICE OF STALLIONS, &c.

MR. EDITOR:

Philadelphia, April 17, 1838.

Your April number is before me containing a long list of stallions with prices affixed for their services, &c. I could not help animadverting upon the impropriety of their owners demanding from the patrons of the turf, terms entirely incompatible with all reason, and without a parallel in *any other country*. As this subject has no hitherto claimed a notice in your Magazine, I feel it a duty to state my views, and in the expression of them, trust, that no one will understand me as wishing to cast a reflection upon any gentleman, or his horse. I say then, that in reviewing this list, it will be seen that 20 stallions are valued at \$50 the season.

10	"	"	60	"
5	"	"	75	"
1	"	"	80	"
14	"	"	100	"
1	"	"	150	"

Now sir, I start upon the principle, that every 'labourer is worthy of his hire,' that every business should claim a fair, but not *unreasonable* support, and that extravagant profits deserve no encouragement.

Your interesting volumes are constantly exhibiting to your readers the advantages resulting from breeding, the large prices obtained for stock, calculated to 'mislead the ignorant, and confound the wise.' Is the pub-

lic to infer, that, because one three or four thousand dollars is frequently paid for a colt, they have only to breed from good stock, to obtain the same remuneration? Let us look into the cost of rearing a colt; two thousand dollars must be given for a brood mare.

The interest on which at six per cent. is,	-	-	-	\$120
Her keep for nine months, at \$2 per week is,	-	-	-	78
Services of the stallion for the season,	-	-	-	100
Expenses and keep while absent, including the hire of a groom,				100
Keep of colt for three years, at \$2 per week,	-	-	-	312
Cost of a colt <i>untrained</i> or <i>broke</i> , at three years old,	-	-	-	<u>\$710</u>

I am perfectly aware that these expenses may be reduced when you have several mares to travel a distance; but who can shape this calculation into such form as to show a less cost than \$500? None I think. I will, therefore, assume this lowest sum, and base my calculations accordingly. It is well understood, that the best stock will not produce more than one colt in ten worth a two thousand prize, or one in fifty that shall be deemed a fine performer, worth \$10,000; let us, therefore, review the profits or loss attending this business.

Three colts at three years, valued at \$300 each,	-	-	-	\$900
One colt at three years,	-	-	-	2,000
Six colts at three years, valued at \$200 each,	-	-	-	<u>1,200</u>
				<u>\$4,100</u>

Cost of rearing ten colts at \$500 each, is \$5,000, loss by the operation, \$900.

Now sir, this is not all, here are no allowances for losses every year occasioned by death or accident to your stock, no doctors' bills, or various other expenses, for instance, a colt cannot be trained for less than \$150.

But it may be said, that I have not valued the produce sufficiently high, I totally differ from this opinion. Turn to the various sales of blooded stock, north of the Potomac; see the prices obtained at the Union Course; look at the sums obtained by Capt. Stockton, at Trenton, Bryan and Craig, at Camden, &c. &c. and you will perceive fine brood mares, stallions and colts, upon which thousands have been expended, bringing only *hundreds*. What then does it signify, that Col. Wynn, with his Isabella, Col. Johnson, with Reality, Mr. Hall, with Lady Lightfoot, or Gen. Irvine with the dam of Mingo, realizing from twenty to fifty thousand dollars, from the produce of *one mare*? Sir, it is like instancing a *speculator* who had been fortunate in realizing \$100,000 by a single dash.

Now, sir, if breeding is to be pursued with a view to profit, does it not follow, that one of the two advantages must be obtained, or both, *an improvement in the value of young stock, or the general diminution in the cost of rearing*; until these advantages be attained, how long may the ignorant be mulcted, by those who tell you of the great cost of their horses, &c. &c.? What, sir, has been this great expense? I will venture to state, that the *Virginia company* have not expended on the *average*, \$5,000, for any of their imports, excepting *Priam*—they have good horses, I admit, that deserve patronage, and I make no doubt, will make valuable crosses on American stock.

But, sir, are not the members of that company sensible of the injury done and doing, by suffering these horses to serve an *unlimited* number of mares? Will Dr. Merritt, a gentleman of intelligence, believe that any animal cannot be weakened by over exertion? What shall then be thought of a stallion serving from one hundred and fifty, to one hundred and eighty mares in the short space of four months, most of which require the services of the horse some two or three times? What then can be expected but a *puny offspring unable to race, and worthless for other purposes*. Instead then of benefitting the country, they become mere money traps for their owners, a gull to the public, and a curse to the community. Is this the way to raise an Eclipse, an Archy, or a Priam? Reason revolts, and common sense condemns. A good horse deserves a good price, but who shall say that a real good racer will prove himself equally as good a stallion? Did John Richards, Medley, Sir Hal, Skylark, Timoleon, Alfred, Arab, Hickory, Tuckahoe, &c. &c. ever produce such? What then think you of an *untried* stallion like Mingo, who, I will admit, was a capital racer, standing at one hundred dollars the season? Sir, I maintain, that no *untried* horse is worth half that money, besides, who has seen a *young* horse beget *many good racers*.

Let us turn to England. Do the horses there cover over forty mares in one season? I answer no! And further, at not over one-half the prices demanded here, where the provender is much cheaper, and other expenses less, and that, it is a *rare* circumstance that any *untried* stallion is patronized at a *high price*.

The plan pursued, sir, is to advance prices only in proportion to the successfulness of such stock.

I am, sir, your ob't servant,

W. WALLACE COOK.

MR. EDITOR:

Richmond, Va. March 10, 1838.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find a beautiful and lively description of the great Charleston race, from the pen of that able and graphic delineator, Mr. J. B. Ransom. I find in southern and western newspapers, occasional sketches on various subjects by this modern aspirant for *poetical* fame, whose style, language, imagery and sentiment, are of that pure, chaste and classic order, which cannot fail to win him many laurels. Yet for fitness of expression, correctness in describing, metaphorical comparison, and originality of thought, nothing that I have seen from his, or any other pen, can surpass the following lines; and I am confident, that while the Carolinians who may read them, will have cause to be proud of their state, that the Virginians can boast of their stock, and that the *racers* throughout the country will hail Mr. Ransom, as a welcome *eulogist*, whose pen has so handsomely celebrated the dignified sports of the American turf.

Yours respectfully,

OLD VIRGINIA.

* Who are suffered to render their services *gratis* the subsequent season, should they fail to get a colt.

THE CHARLESTON RACES.

BY JAMES B. RANSOM.

The race for the purse of \$1,000, came off on the Washington course, February 21st. 'At 12, the roll of the drum brought up Steele, Charlotte, Guedron, Rienzi, and a Bertrand filly, belonging to Col. Spann—at the word, all got off in a crowd, and kept so for nearly a mile, when Guedron mended his pace, which compelled the others to travel along merrily; on the last mile, Steele came in front and won the heat in 8m. 5½s. After the usual space of time had expired, the drum was again rolled, and brought but three to the post—Rienzi being distanced. The word was again given, and a handsome get off—Guedron leading for a mile and a half, when Charlotte passed him after a pretty severe struggle, which she maintained for 2¼ miles, with Guedron close at her heels; the Colonel (McC.) now thought it high time for Steele to put them to work, which he did after a tremendous brush with Charlotte, and succeeded in passing her. From some cause, Guedron fell off very much in the back stretch, and was at least 60 or 70 yards behind the mare on making the last turn; he however made up a great gap in the last 200 yards, &c. &c. Time, 8m. 2s.—track 40 yards over last year.

Steele,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Charlotte,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Guedron,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	3
Time, 8m. 5s.—8m. 2s.											

The breeze blew freshly, and the sun shone bright,
 The crowd was numerous and of varied hue,
 Each face at first was glowing with delight,
 Pleased with the prospects, and the glorious view,
 But some towards the last grew '*mighty tight*,'
 While others turned a most decided *blue*;
 Thus, from each jockey's face you quickly learned,
 Which way the scale of fickle *Fortune* turned.

From north to south, wherever I have been,
 To find true splendour, *Charleston* is the place—
 But that which gave most spirit to the scene,
 Was the bright galaxy of female grace,
 From matrons grave, to Misses of thirteen,
 All gazed with interest on the splendid race—
 But what can prosper, (save destructive war,)
 If woman's smiles and beauty are not there.

The *Club* and *Ladies*' kept the Jockeys' hall,
 And some distinguished strangers from the crowd—
 The strictest order was observed by all,
 As well the vicious, as the vain and proud;
 The '*Pinks*' and '*Fancies*' kept the outer wall,
 For no commingling portions were allowed,
 But some few '*Pigeons*' now and then were trick'd,
 And caught by '*Ropers*' and completely pick'd.

No specks of cloud obscured the azure sky,
The track was excellent, the day was fine,
And every veteran sportsman's heart beat high,
When five young champions marched along the line
First *Dorabella* came, then *Rienzi*,
Then famous *Guedron* slipt across the *twine*,*
Next *Charlotte Russe*, a nag of wind and heel,
Then old Virginia's noble son (of) *Steele*.

The first named nag was slender as a deer,
And young *Rienzi*, equally as frail,
So to contend with three '*crack nags*' was clear,
They both forever must be doomed to trail—
But still they ran, and falling in the rear,
They find their strength, and breath, and vigour fail;
Yet they may test the palm another day,
And bear the prize triumphantly away.

John Guedron, who had won a glorious name,
Came to the contest in exulting mood,
Depending mainly on his sterling game,
His form and mettle, and his action good.
But ah! alas, he sacrificed his fame,
And failed to shew his true *Sir Archy* blood—
He is the pride of Georgia, and her boast,
And may regain the laurels he has lost.

Now at the sound of music by the *band*,
Miss *Charlotte Russe*, the Carolinians' pride,
With buoyant step came prancing to the stand,
Like a coquette, or some just married bride—
Her gay gallants however were at hand,
One just before and one on either side—
She ran with speed and elegance, 'tis true,
But all her noble efforts would not do.

Young *Steele*, as though quite conscious of his speed,
Stood unassuming, waiting for the start,
Of high descent, a long distinguished breed,
He moved with ease, or flew swift as a dart,
Won the great prize, and gained the highest meed,
And nobly acted his conspicuous part—
The son is worthy of his noble sire,
Huzza, for '*Old Virginia never tire*.'

For the first round Miss *Dora* led the dance,
The rest together followed in the rear;
First one would pass—another would advance;
Now *Charlotte* dashed, now *Guedron* seemed to near,

* The rope or string stretched across the race track.

Then *Steele* concluded he would take his chance,
And run out foremost seemed his greatest care—
Long in the rear, his jockey kept his stand,
But pass'd the goal in front—and hard in hand.

The drum was tapt, and the arena clear'd,
And soon the desperate contest was renewed,
Yet only three competitors appeared,
But nobler ones few sportsmen ever viewed—
Away they flew, with *Guedron* in the lead,
But *Charlotte Russe* soon passed her Georgia beau,
Yet *Old Virginia* had both wind and speed,
And then the way he pass'd them both *won't slow*.

[Charleston Patriot.]

ON THE FOOT OF THE HORSE.

What are technically called *pumied* feet, are frequently consequent on a thin crust which allows the sole to sink and become *pumied* or convex; and there is scarcely any disease of the feet more formidable and injurious. When the diseased convexity of the horny sole has become confirmed, past redemption, all that then remains is to adapt the shoe as near as possible to the altered form of the hoof, and also to attend particularly to the mode of treating the hoof at the time of shoeing. As it is necessary, even in a perfect and healthy foot, to take care that the shoe does not press partially on the sole, it must be manifest that this caution is particularly necessary in regard to a *pumied* or convex foot, in which condition the centre of the sole will consequently be nearer the ground in proportion to its convexity. It will therefore be necessary to prevent that pressure from taking place, by making the shoe on the outside rim, double the thickness of the inside one, so as to allow a picker to pass clear between the surface of the sole and the upper surface of the shoe. This plan not only protects the sole, but admits of the low under surface of the shoe that is next the ground being flat, and consequently less liable to make the horse slip when on a clayey soil. In treating the hoof, let it be remembered, that the heels of a *pumied* foot are always low, and consequently require no paring, indeed nothing more than merely cleaning off the ragged edges of the frog. The chief growth of the horn runs to the toe, which ought on this account to be kept as short as possible. When the disease before mentioned, has existed any length of time, the coronet begins to waste and to diminish considerably in its circumference, hence the foot in a *pumied* horse when raised, has the appearance of being slung, and to have no firm action when it alights on the ground. A foot of this description, as has been before observed, is utterly incurable, and all that can be done is to palliate its effects, if possible, by careful and proper shoeing. There is another disease more common to a *pumied* foot than to most others; it is called a 'seedy toe,' and consists of a gradual destruction

of the horny part of the toe, producing a separation from the laminæ, and converting a certain portion of the horn into dry dust or powder, attended also with a cleft in front. The internal laminæ of that part of the hoof in this case having no vital action, or power of cohesion, the two surfaces continue asunder, and the gravel working its way into the cavity, irritates and inflames it, producing at the same time lameness in a greater or less degree. The cure is naturally very tardy, and sometimes very uncertain, requiring several months before its natural action can be restored. The proper operation to be performed in this case is, to cut away all the dead substance of the hoof, and to stimulate the exposed surface either by the application of strong blistering ointment, or to pass the actual cautery on the outward surface of the horn just above the part where the fissure begins. The disease is more common to the hind-foot than to the fore, and generally attacks horses employed in draught work.

The next variety in the state of the hoof is constituted by circumstances very opposite to the pumied foot, and of course requiring a very different mode of treatment. The alteration here mentioned, arises from contraction of the hoof generally, but more particularly of the heels. In the pumied hoof, the horn is generally weak and tender, the sole sinking to the ground, but in the contracted foot, the reverse takes place, for the sole becomes preternaturally concave, in consequence, in a great measure, of its not being able to resist the contracting power of the walls or crust, which in feet of this description is always remarkably thick and strong. From this compression of the crust, and from being kept off the ground by the height of the heels, the frog to a great degree becomes contracted, and a sanious fetid discharge, known by the appellation of 'running thrush,' generally ensues. This renders the frog very tender; hence, if the horse happens to tread on a stone, or any other hard substance he is very liable to fall down. It is generally the practice, though a very improper one, to stop the discharge by the application of astringents; and in this case lameness often arises in the foot, and continues until the discharge returns. The best mode of treatment is, to keep the part well washed with soft-soap and warm water, and afterwards to apply a turnip, or any other antiseptic poultice during the time the horse stands in the stable. It is also beneficial to the hoof in general, to be immersed in moisture, such as bran-poultice, or in the patent sponge-boot, keeping it constantly wet. Various expedients have been adopted to relieve the foot, such as scoring the hoof perpendicularly from the coronet to the ground. These scores are made with a drawing-knife on the horn, as deep as can be done without risking the safety of the foot, that is to say, without going to the quick. The effect is supposed to arise from dividing the circular fibres of the horn, and thereby diminishing the power of contraction. This effect is, however, very doubtful, as the coronet still retains its contractile action. It requires at least eight or nine months for the hoofs to outgrow these scores, and therefore it is generally most advisable to turn the horse out to grass for nearly that length of time. In addition to these perpendicular scores it is customary to rasp the quarters of the hoof as thin as they can bear.

In the treatment of a foot of this description, it is essentially necessary that the heels should be pared down as much as possible, so as to bring the frog as near to the ground as can be done. This pressure on the frog tends to expand the heels and to keep the frog healthy. In the construction of the shoe, it will be necessary to observe, that the sole of the hoof is naturally concave, and therefore has little or no contact with the ground. This formation therefore admits of the shoe being a little concave also, and this may be done by making the outside edge of the web double the thickness of the inside. This shoe was first brought into notice in this country by Mr. St. Bel, the first who held the office of Professor. We believe, however, that he took the idea from La Fosse and Osmer. As it requires a little more trouble in the making, of course the blacksmiths set their faces against it.

D. E.

New Sporting Magazine.]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

In the 'Southern Advocate' of the 3d inst. we find the following article relating to the pedigree of *John Bascombe*, and our correspondent 'B.' from which it will be seen that 'B' fell into an unintentional error, from the obscure manner in which the pedigree was published. We are glad to have the matter satisfactorily explained; it is rather fortunate, after all, that the question should have been mooted at the present time, inasmuch as Bascombe stands on higher ground than ever, the authenticity of his pedigree having been so fully substantiated as to set at rest any doubts that might hereafter have arisen. We quote the explanation of a friend of our correspondent 'B.', with his judicious suggestions.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

'A friend has called our attention to an article transferred to the columns of the Advocate of the 20th March, from the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, which contains an erroneous statement respecting the pedigree of John Bascombe. The following is an extract:—

'There is a living example before our eyes (and he is not alluded to but with the most friendly sentiments, and with feelings of regret) in which the value of a stallion will be lessened in public estimation for the want of an authentic pedigree. John Bascombe was got by Bertrand, and his dam by Pacolet; further than this the record does not show—what a pity! His appearance and performance are those of a thoroughbred of the first order, but whether he is or not no man can vouch, and because of this uncertainty, his get can only be appreciated according to their individual merit on trial.'

Our friend referred to the advertisement of John Bascombe in the Spirit of the Times, wherein his pedigree is set forth as follows:—'John Bascombe was got by old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by imported Citizen, grandam by imported Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon,'—Figure, Slamerkin, Wildair.

Now, the error which the writer in the Spirit of the Times fell into,

originated from the obscure manner of stating the above pedigree. The advertisement, after giving the sire and dam of John Bascombe, leaves the maternal line, and runs off to the pedigree of the sire of Grey Goose, (Pacolet,) by imported Citizen, (which, by-the-bye, is not correct, we believe.) Upon a more attentive examination of the advertisement, the meaning would appear to be, and so it should have been stated—Bascombe was by Bertrand out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, g. dam by Buz-zard, &c. &c. Had it been thus set forth, the writer for the Spirit of the Times never could have fallen into the error.

There are four Grey Gooses in the Stud Book, and none of them by Pacolet.—There are also two Pacolets, but neither by imp. Citizen, and there is reason to believe that the Pacolet which was the sire of Grey Goose, was got by Pacolet, son of imp. Citizen, as that is the horse which Col. Elliott had in Tennessee.

We are much obliged to our friend for the above explanations of the pedigree of John Bascombe, which we presume to be correct, though there is no record of it in the Stud Book, and we hope the editor of the Spirit of the Times will transfer this correction to his columns. Since, however, the question has been started, it will doubtless be gratifying to the friends of the thoroughbred horse to see an extended and authentic pedigree of this splendid animal, recorded in such manner as not to leave a doubt upon the minds of the public. There are, no doubt, a large number of thoroughbred horses whose pedigrees have been entirely lost, and it appears to have been the object of the writer in the Spirit of the Times to enforce upon breeders the importance of an authentic Stud Book of all the native stock in the country. If any thing would stimulate them to patronize and assist such a publication, the doubt and obscurity of such a horse as Bascombe would do so. The remarks made respecting him, did not originate in unfriendly feelings, but in regret of the uncertainty respecting him. So far as other celebrated horses are similarly situated, we sincerely hope no time will be lost in establishing their lineage, and in respect to all the young stock now coming forward, we trust enough has been said to convince the owners of the necessity of having their pedigree duly and authentically recorded.

While on this subject, it may not be amiss to say a word respecting the usual practice of naming colts in sweepstakes, and entries for Jockey Club purses—a practice, which if not reformed, will some day, and no one knows how soon, lead to angry disputes and dissensions among the friends of the turf. We frequently see an entry of a horse read after this sort: 'Mr. A. B. names ch. f. by Leviathan—dam by Pacolet.' The object of the Jockey Club rules should be, and most generally are so expressed, that such a description of the horse entered should be given in the entry, that he cannot be mistaken or another substituted for him. Now, by the terms of the above entry, if admitted to be good, any ch. f. by Leviathan, whose dam was by Pacolet, might start, because if those facts could be established, they would answer the description. If the dam had no name, she should be described, as to colour, age, &c., with the addition of her breeder's name and location and such other circumstances

given as would enable the enterer to identify the animal brought to the post.

Whenever a real good one presents himself at the starting post for an important sweepstakes, and is objected to on account of a defective entry, then the evils of this irregular practice will become manifest, and all with one accord will demand a reform. The short and long of it is, we cannot get on either systematically or harmoniously unless we have a Stud Book of unquestioned authenticity as a record of pedigrees, and well matured Jockey Club regulations, for adjusting all disputes on turf matters. It is not probable a first attempt at either will be successful, but if all who are interested in the subject will lend their aid in correcting errors that may creep into publications of the day, these corrections may afterwards be incorporated into subsequent editions, and at length we may have a Stud Book which most breeders will be content to receive as authentic.

THE ENGLISH RACEHORSE.

The form and size of the racehorse in England has undergone a great change in the last forty years, previous to that period he was usually short-legged and strong, rarely exceeding fifteen hands, and often under fourteen, yet he was master of high weights and ran long repeating races, and in many instances lasting until eight or nine years old; these horses were seldom trained until rising three, and many of them did not race till five.

The racehorse of the present day is from fifteen and a half to sixteen hands high, and this size is usually acquired at three years old; they are now trained at two, many even younger, and most of them are in two and three years old stakes, many of them break down at three, and most of them at four; hence some well informed writers insist that the racehorse has degenerated, that although he runs short races and single heats generally, yet he does not last like the horses of the olden time, and many assert that he has neither the speed nor the game of the more immediate descendants of the Arabians, from whom they all trace. This has been attributed by some to the manner in which colts are now bred for the turf, forced by high keep, in their growth from the day of their foaling, until placed in the training stable at two years old, they have by that time attained an unnatural size; without that maturity necessary to give strength and consistency to the muscles and tendons, or firmness and solidity to the bones. Thus many in their early races from great exertion are irrecoverably ruined, as colts, or sustain such injuries as require incessant patching and attention to keep them on their legs, thereby greatly lessening their value.

Others assert that the racehorse has been gradually but regularly improving for one hundred years, that the present mode of rearing and training tends more fully to perfect and develope his powers, that his speed is greater from his increased size and stride, while at the same time he has lost nothing of his stoutness or game, that whatever may have been the

speed of Childers or Eclipse, many horses of the present day are superior to them. When told the time of their horses does not equal that of Childers, Firetail, Pumpkin, and some others, the reply is, 'their speed is mere fable,' now I do not see how they can hope others to believe their statements of the improvement and superiority of the racers of this day, when they refuse to believe their own ancestors on the same subject; this is to say we are more honest than our fathers, this may be *true of islanders*, but in general the *moral* of the present generation is not supposed much better than that of the last.

It is probable that in the days of Childers there were comparatively few blood horses in England and his superiority (by contrast) to all his competitors, gave him a higher reputation or perhaps a more exclusively high reputation at that day, than any horse could acquire now, because of the general diffusion of *thorough blood* in the country and the great number annually trained under similar circumstances of breeding and management, there is less chance of any one horse being so superior to all his cotemporaries as to get the reputation of Childers or Eclipse; this however is no reason to question the truth of those gentlemen who reported the time they were able to perform their races in. We have no better blood at this day, nor do I believe better horses; as good we may have although some difference of opinion may exist as to the improvement or degeneracy of the English racehorse, no one can doubt that they usually break down at a much earlier period than formerly, for this there must be some cause that has a general and regular influence. Least some may doubt the truth of this assertion, I will produce some evidence from the Racing Calendar to show the large proportion of young horses on the turf, and afterwards enter into an enumeration of the causes that may have produced this effect. On referring to the list of winning horses in Great Britain for the year 1836, I find that Sultan had twenty winners that year, of these eighteen were four years old only and under that age, one six years old, and one nine, only two that were more than colts in the language of the turf. Emilius a horse of similar reputation in the same year had fifteen winners, all four year olds and under, not one above that age. Now here are two of the most celebrated stallions in all England, one of them has two winners more than four years old, and the other not one: of what value can such horses be to any one but those engaged in colt stakes. These horses are selected because they are among the most popular stallions; from the length of time they have been standing and enjoying the patronage of the most wealthy breeders in England, they should have had stock of all ages now on the turf, it is therefore all important the true cause or causes of this glaring defect should be pointed out.

This shall be examined in my next.

A.

ROSCOE C. DICKINSON, Todd county, Kentucky, claims the name of POLLY TAYLOE, for a grey filly, by imp. Autocrat, dam by Thunderclap, foaled April 3, 1838.

PEDIGREES WANTED—of Catharine Warren, by Virginian, and of Nancy Warren, by Timoleon, (Mayfield's,) as far as they can be extended.

FOX HUNTING IN ALABAMA.

MR. EDITOR:

Tuscaloosa, April 15, 1838.

I have been pleased with the hunts and chases contained in your late numbers, and will, in future, send you occasional accounts of our sylvan sports. The following is a minute from one of our breaking up fox hunts for this season. On Saturday morning, the last day of March, the mellow horn was softly heard, winding its sweet sound around the newly budding groves, and the gladdening voices of many anxious 'Welkins,' 'Lowders,' 'Roletts,' &c. rang through our town. 'Twas about the dawn, and all was silent, the winds were caverned, and the ground was moist with a heavy dew. We came to the hunting ground in a short time, and a very small circle contained our competitor; between day-break, and sunrise, we were startled with the joyous sound of Welkin's voice, in a few moments, Rolett, Rock, Celeste, Drummer, and Wellington. gave tongue, and trailed off in beautiful style, but a few minutes more, and tongue was heard from the whole pack of twenty-four, all sounding different notes, and apparently keeping regular time. The flashing eyes of every youth bespoke the happy emotions of his soul, as they would tip-toe in their stirrups, anxious for the sign to charge. A new and louder burst from the pack convinced us that Reynard was unken-
nelled, and now for the first time, the unanimous shout of the hunters burst forth, which called in return the still sweeter melody from the pack. They ranged down the river about a mile below town, and then left the banks and crossed an old field into a pine thicket. Here we first got a glimpse of the fox as he passed and knew he would give us a full chase of six hours. He made several circles in the thicket, frequently crossing roads, and at last took off due south, into the open woods, we were often in full view of all the pack and fox also, at the same time. He yet carried his brush perpendicular. But on our next view after he entered the thicket, his mouth was open, tongue out, and brush on the ground. It was about eleven o'clock when we were all straining for advantage, and the constant roar of the pack led us to believe the crisis was near at hand, all seemed mutually to have observed the design of Reynard as he dashed to a ball pond, about two or three hundred yards across. This was his last resort, to cross it, and enter a heavy thicket of underwood, all reached the border in time to see him leap in, and before he ran fifty yards the whole pack entered; and now my dear sirs, imagine the excited moments with dogs, horses, and hunters. One hundred yards further and his brush was taken as a plume by the writer. The winding horns were then all blown with triumphant joy as we passed into town. P.

MR. EDITOR:

Hopkinsville, Kentucky, April 2, 1838.

Dear Sir,—In the report of races over the Hopkinsville course last fall, the time of the second heat of two miles, which was won by Mary Jane Davis, was incorrectly given, it should be 3m. 55½s. instead of 4m. 2s. over a track thirty yards more than a mile. Hardy Crier and Miantonimah, who ran in the sweepstakes race, were said to be much amiss, which accounts for the slow time in that race.

R. K. LATHAM, Sec'y.

SHOOTING IN A FOG.

There is a good deal to be done in a fog when one knows the country well and *can* shoot in such a state of the atmosphere, which is not so easy as may be imagined. Independent of the obscurity, there is a deception in a fog; one shoots *over* things. And again, they are often much nearer than we imagine them to be. Thus it is that, on first shooting in a fog, a man is apt to miss frequently, because he shoots over the game and shoots too soon. In the latter case, there are two reasons for missing; the one, firing in too hurried a manner; the other, that the shot are not spread, and therefore the chances of killing diminished in proportion. Having glanced at those difficulties in the way of sport on a foggy day, I will proceed to copy from my game-book, a few notes which I have occasionally made after shooting in a fog. First then, it is a rare day to find pheasants out of cover, and a sportsman who has a favourite beat adjoining a preserve, ought never to let slip the opportunity of paying it a visit on a foggy day. In any double hedge-row, running up to a wood or other favourite place in which pheasants are occasionally to be met with, one may reckon with a certainty of finding a brace or two about mid-day, if the fog has been thick during the morning. Then again, for partridges, there is nothing like a fog or mist to enable one to get near them about November and Christmas—perhaps not the first time, but they never fly far; and by following in the direction which they seem to take, or by going over any field which in clear days they have been seen to make for, they are pretty sure to be found. Nor is this all, they are almost certain to *divide* in a fog; therefore by beating the hedges well, after springing and firing at two or three coveys, a great number of odd birds are likely to be found. The first time the covey rises be sure to fire, for by alarming the birds you have an additional chance of separating them, and if once divided the fog prevents their packing again, and thus doubles the chances in favour of your making a good bag. Then as to dogs, nothing is better than a steady spaniel or a retriever. A dog that ranges will by no means do; for, to say nothing of your being unable to see him stand three score yards off, you cannot tell the direction the birds go in, supposing him to run up a covey, or the birds to rise as soon as he points, which at this period of the year is most likely to be the case.

But of this kind of shooting none comes up to duck-shooting, after a little practice at it, and knowledge of the haunts of the fowl. The fog forms in a manner banks, bushes, osier-holts, reed-beds, and all the usual screens, behind which one sculks when approaching wild-fowl on land in clear weather. I don't think the fog of any advantage to a punt-shooter, but it enables the landsman with a little circumspection to get within shot of any fowl he finds. The fowl too, seem inert and stupid at these times; whether they imagine, that because they cannot see in a mist, the like obstacle prevents their enemy from discovering them, I cannot pretend to decide; but this I know, that in any river, brook, or back-water frequented by wild-fowl, and widgeon more especially, very fine shooting may be had when the fog is densest, and a slight wind carries off the effluvia of

one's breath from the fowl. Some may be surprised at this expression, but those who are acquainted with the habits of these birds, and have lived in the neighbourhood of a decoy, know well enough that the wild-duck's bright eye is only matched by her extraordinary sense of smelling, and that the owners of the decoys in the dead of winter, and during the most piercing cold, are unable to have a fire, or any hot victuals, if the wind be in such a quarter as to blow the smoke or smell over the decoy. There is a large pond, or rather a lake, near the Old-fen decoy, round the margin of which are alders and osiers growing, with reeds running into the water at various places, where I have, one time and another, killed some scores of fowl. On the fourth of December, which was about as foggy a day here as I can recollect, I set out in company with a friend, to try our luck at the pond. We stationed ourselves about two hundred yards apart, with a boy between us, to give and convey signals, by means of a line extending from him to us both, when the fowl were near either of us, so as to enable both to fire upon occasion. The boy was the first to telegraph us, and on approaching him, which we could do without the least fear of the birds perceiving us, we saw a fine team of ducks swimming slowly and pluming themselves in a nook formed by a reed-bed, within thirty yards of him. I had a fowling-piece by D. Egg, which carries five ounces of shot with very little recoil, and my companion a large duck-gun, equal to about four ounces. We both fired together, and out of eleven ducks only six took wing, one of which, after performing various odd gyrations, came down plump into the water, from which we readily transferred him to the land. I cannot tell whether they were the same birds that returned or not but in about ten minutes—which is about the time wild-fowl generally take, on being raised, before they settle again—down came five ducks within twenty yards of me. They came so suddenly and so near, that I thought it best to be quick with them, so without giving any signal of what I was about, I fired and killed three. The remaining couple went close past my friend, who however was not so fortunate; he fired and missed, although he allowed he ought to have killed, as the birds were sufficiently near, he said, for a common double gun to have insured him them both. I judged he fired over them, being a novice at shooting in a fog, or what is equally bad, fired at them hastily and too near. Nothing requires a steadier aim than a duck, for nothing carries away more shot, or is more easily missed from over confidence. I need not relate every incident of the day's diversion, but a right good day's sport we had, and a good bag at the close. The same system is to be adopted in any river, pond, mill-dam, or other place to which fowl resort, and all that is required is patience, silence, a flannel shirt over your Irishman, and a flask of cogniac to keep out as much of the cold and fog as possible. An occasional walk for half an hour, if the weather is piercingly cold, will restore the animal heat by accelerating the circulation of the blood; but I must say, that I never yet found the cold unbearable so long as the sport lasted.

When snipes are in wisps, they may be shot at any pond-head or marshy spot near the river, by waiting for them and firing the moment they alight. I have killed from three to five at a shot in this manner, and

by waiting until they came round, have had a second and third shot in the same place, with varied or it might be, with no success, but seldom without killing one bird. Woodcocks are always on the move in a fog, and by waiting near the hand-gates or walking up the ridings of the covers, if there be cocks in the wood they are sure to come flapping up or down the rides. White nets suspended in the rides during a fog are safe to hold a couple of cocks or so, and any one inclined for variety's sake, to a day's diversion in the woods with these birds, will find that either his gun or his nets, and perhaps both, will insure him sport. A fog is generally the precursor of a frost, or the signal for its breaking up, and I have known a flight of cocks both come to and leave a wood during a foggy day, and have had at least a dozen shots in the ride during the time, of course of the haphazard order, but some of them easy enough—as easy as in one of those bright days, 'when skies are blue and earth is gay.' N. W.

PETERBOROUGH, January, 1838.

[New Sporting Magazine.

RACEHORSE CARRIAGE AND STABLES.—Several vans on an improved principle to that which conveyed the winner of the St. Leger to Doncaster last year, have been manufacturing during the last few weeks at Herring's, on the Westminster road. These are made much lower the ground by crank axletrees; besides, there is a drop at the back, from the level of the body of the van. The door is much longer, and falling down, forms the descent to the stable, thus dispensing with the lumbering apparatus had resource to in the original plan to make the slope from the van to the ground. The stable accommodation in the carriage is good.

DEATH OF LORD BERNERS.—We regret to announce the death of Lord Berners. This venerable nobleman, so long known as 'the sporting Col. Wilson, of Newmarket,' was in his 77th year, and was a universal favourite on the turf, where he continued to enter horses and attend the races to the last, and with unabated interest. His Lordship's falconry establishment was also well known, as he gave annually several flights of hawks at the Newmarket meetings.

After a sporting dinner at Egham, lately, a gentleman of that place betted a friend of Mr. Downton £15, that he (Mr. Downton,) did not kill five pigeons out of ten, from five traps, placed nine yards apart, 21 yards rise, on Moulsey Hurst, which, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, he won in very masterly style, by killing all his birds except the first, which fell dead when but a few yards out of bounds.

Rosebud, the famous hunting mare belonging to Mr. A. Isted, of Ecton, Staffordshire, died lately, aged 24 years. She was hunted eleven years without being lamed.

A correspondent informs us that Mr. Nowell, of Underly, is about to dispose of the whole of his breeding stud, young stock, &c.

George Jackson, gamekeeper, to A. French, Esq. of French Park, county Roscommon, on the 1st inst. shot four swans, at four successive shots, with a rifle and ball, out of a flock of seven, on one of the lakes near that place, and was of opinion that he could have shot all of them had not a dog belonging to a countryman sprung the remaining three, for after the first was shot they continued sailing round the dead one. The distance must have exceeded 150 yards. [Spirit of the Times.]

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK.

The blood stock recently imported from Liverpool, per the China, to Charleston, were sold in that city on the 18th inst. A slip by the express mail, from the 'Courier' office, furnishes us with the prices, but not the address of the purchasers, which we should have preferred :—

1. Prima, b. m. by Priam, out of Dahlia, in foal to Discount,	-	-	\$800
2. B. m. five years old, by Filho da Puta, out of Zepherinas, also in foal to Discount,	-	-	620
3. Frances, br. m. by Emilius, in foal to Birdcatcher,	-	-	610
4. B. m. five years old, by Memnon, out of Eleanor,	-	-	575
5. Lady Sheffield, ch. m. by Recovery, out of Primrose,	-	-	525
6. B. m. by Emancipation, out of Sligo, in foal to Discount,	-	-	365
1. A thoroughbred Durham cow, in calf,	-	-	225
2. " " " " - - - -	-	-	205
3. " " " " - - - -	-	-	160
4. " " " not in calf, - - - -	-	-	70
5. " " Yearling bull, - - - -	-	-	140
6. " " Bull calf, - - - -	-	-	35

It was unfortunate for the importers that this stock was not in Charleston during the races, when it would have brought fifty per cent. more probably. If imported on speculation, as we suspect, 'the operation' has not been a very bad one after all, 'although' the market selected, could not have been worse chosen; the only stock required in South Carolina, or that will command liberal prices, being the very best. Hardly a turfman in that state would accept a moderately good horse, but is ready to give almost any sum for a first-rater. [Ib.]

WM. R. BARROW, Esq. of St. Francisville, La. has purchased Mad Anthony, (late High Pressure,) for \$7,000, of Walker Thurston & Co. Mad Anthony is a three year old, coming four years in May; he was bred in Kentucky, and got by Trumpator, out of a mare by Jenkins' Sir William.

JOHN F. MILLER, Esq. of New Orleans, has bought Jasper, of Mason Thompson, Esq. of Kentucky, for \$3,000. Jasper is a bay, four years old, and was got by Columbus, out of a Diomed mare.

Capt. HARRISON, of Benton, Alabama, has purchased of Mr. John Connolly, of Huntsville, his b. c. Pollard, three year old, by Wild Bill, out of John Bascombe's dam, for \$2,000.

Hon. THOMAS W. CHINN, of Baton Rouge, La. has bought of Walker Thurston, his gr. g. Mogul, by Lafayette Stockholder, for \$1,000. [Ib.]

RACING CALENDAR.

LITTLE ROCK (Ark.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, November 8, 1837.

First day, purse \$150, free for all ages; three year olds, carrying 80lbs.; four year olds, 94lbs.; five year olds, 106lbs.; six year olds, 112lbs.; and aged, 120lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Jared McCarty's gr. m. Penelope, five years old, by Pacolet, dam by Sir Archy,	2	1
T. T. Tunstall's ch. h. Independence, four years old, by Tom Fletcher,	1	dis.
R. C. Hawkin's br. g. Henry Sweat, aged, by Sir George, dam by Wonder,	3	dis.
David Burress' gr. c. three years old, by Massena, dam by Florizel,	4	dis.
Wm. Rainey's gr. g. Pacolet, six years old,	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 58s.—2m. 4s.		

Second day, purse \$200, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

T. T. Tunstall's ch. h. Independence, four years old, by Tom Fletcher,	1	1
John Loring's b. h. Sir William, aged, by Sir William, dam by Alexander,	-	dis.
F. A. McWilliams' ch. h. Jack Downing, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Duchess,	-	dis.
Time not kept. Sir William, let down.		

Third day, purse \$300, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

John Loring's b. m. Mary Ellen, aged, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention,	1	1
C. F. M. Noland's b. m. Charline, four years old, by Pacific, dam by Gray-tail Florizel,	2	dis.
R. C. Hawkins' br. h. Uncas, aged, by Desha's Randolph, dam by Dungannon,	3	dis.
Time, 6m. 37½s.—6m. 46s.		

The track which is thirty yards over a mile was exceedingly heavy the two last days.

D. B. GREER, Sec'y.

Spirit of the Times.]

COLUMBUS (Ga.) RACES.

MR. EDITOR:

Columbus, Ga. March 5th, 1838.

Dear Sir,—The races over the Western Course at Columbus, Ga. have just concluded, and I hasten to report them for publication in your valuable Magazine. The attendance was quite thin, notwithstanding the fine purses offered by our spirited proprietors for contention. Perhaps it was owing to their being too early. Yet however, we had good running, and those who were present seemed to be highly gratified.

The week's amusements were opened on Monday the 26th February, with a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three year olds this spring, \$200 entrance, seven subscribers, three started, four pd. ft. two mile heats.

Bonner & Iverson's ch. c. Count Zaldivar, by Andrew, dam by Timoleon, a feather,	1	1
Col. John Crowell's b. f. Florida Hepburn, (imp.) full sister to Lottery, by Tramp, dam by Whisker,	2	2
Dr. Robert Carnes' ch. c. Porter, by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, ran restive and was	-	dis.

Gen. Woodward's Jackson colt, H. Kendall's colt, by Robin Adair, John Woolfolk's Truffle filly, and M. W. Thweatt's Monsieur Tonson colt, pd. ft.

Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 54s. A most excellent race for two year olds.

Second day, Jockey Club purse for \$300. Mile heats.

Col. G. Edmondson's b. c. Southerner, four years old, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, dam, the dam of American Citizen, 100lbs.	-	-	-	2	1	1
Col. John Crowell's b. c. Gov. Branch, three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Shawnee, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	2
Buckler & Terries' ch. c. Dr. Burton, two years old,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 53s.—2m. 1s. This race was handsomely contested throughout.

Third day, proprietor's purse, \$500. Two mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's b. f. Miss Susan Dodge, (imp.) two years old, by Tramp, dam by Whisker, feather,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. G. Edmondson's ch. f. Ione, four years old, by John Richards, out of Lady Morgan's dam, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 3m. 53s.—3m. 52s. In this race most of the knowing ones of the turf were estray. Two to one were offered on Ione and but few takers. The feather weight gave the little filly the complete go-by over the 97lbs.

Fourth day, purse \$700. Three mile heats.

Col. G. Edmondson's gr. h. Turnbull, five years old, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew, 110lbs. Galloped for the purse, there being no competitor.

Second race, same day, a post sweepstakes \$25 entrance, \$100 added by the proprietors, three entries.

Col. G. Edmondson's b. c. Southerner, four years old, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, dam, the dam of American Citizen,	-	-	-	1	1
Hon. A. Iverson's (Col. Howard's) b. f. Ann Floyd, three years old, by Gohanna, dam by Wildair,	-	-	-	2	dis.
Capt. John R. Lloyd's ch. h, five years old, by Rob Roy, dam by Phenomenon,	-	-	-	3	dis.

Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 52s. All the horses carried feathers.

Fifth day, purse \$1000, four mile heats.

Bonner & Iverson's ch. c. Count Zaldivar, two years old, by Andrew, dam by Timoleon, feather,	-	-	-	-	1	1
G. Edmondson's gr. c. Kite, four years old, by Mucklejohn, out of Eliza Splotch, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 8m. 15s.—8m. 8s. The track very heavy from a severe rain the over night. In this race it was hard to tell which was the favourite. Both parties seemed a little shy; the colt having run a pretty hard race on Monday, of two mile heats, which created a fear that it might make him too sore for this day's performance; yet the young and noble Count still retained the good opinion he so gallantly earned on Monday, by beating Kite with little trouble. Kite had made one or two fair races; yet as our old and very worthy friend Col. Crowell, said, 'that d——d colt has too much foot for most of your horses.'

Second race, same day, a sweepstakes for all ages; single dash of a mile; \$10 entrance; \$100 added by the proprietors; four entries.

G. Edmondson's b. c. Southerner, four years old, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, dam, the dam of American Citizen,	-	-	-	-	1
Col. Crowell's b. c. Gov. Branch, three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Shawnee,	-	-	-	-	2
A. Iverson's ch. g. Fred. Bailey, four years old, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet,	-	-	-	-	3
J. Ragland's b. g. Tom Long, five years old, by Cherokee, dam by Conqueror,	-	-	-	-	4

Time, 1m. 54s. Track heavy.

Sixth day, purse \$400; one mile heats; best three in five.

G. Edmondson's g. h. Turnbull, five years old, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew,	-	-	-	-	2	2	1	1	1
Col. Crowell's b. f. Susan Dodge, (imp.) two years old, by Tramp, dam by Whisker,	-	-	-	-	1	1	2	2	dis.

Above, you have the correct report from the minutes of the Club.

With great respect your obedient servant,

SAMUEL M. JACKSON, Sec'y.

NEW ORLEANS (La.) RACES,

Commenced over the Metairie Course on Wednesday March, 23, 1838.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$500. Mile heats.

A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Tishimingo, three years old, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	1
James S. Garrison's ch. c. Charles Magic, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by imp. Magic, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	3	2
Thomas J. Wells' ch. f. Taglioni, three years old, by Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	4	3
Alexander Barrow's b. m. Lilac, five years old, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	4

Time, 1m. 50s.—1m. 54½s.

Second race, same day, Jockey Club purse \$750. Two mile heats.

A. L. Bingaman's b. c. Mad Anthony, three years old, by Trumpator, dam by Sir William, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	1
James S. Garrison's b. c. Pollard, three years old, by Wild Bill, out of the dam of Bascombe, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	4	2
Dr. Ira Smith's b. c. Arbaces, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Rosicrucian, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	3
Y. N. Oliver's gr. c. Joe Kearney, four years old, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	3	4

Time, 3m. 52s.—3m. 48s.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$1,200. Three mile heats.

Thomas J. Wells' ch. h. Dick Chinn, five years old, by Sumpter, dam by Moses, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	1
Dr. Stephenson's b. c. Paul Jones, three years old, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	3	2
A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. Angora, five years old, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	3

Time, 5m. 52s.—5m. 55s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$2,000. Four mile heats.

Thomas J. Wells' ch. m. Linnet, five years old, by Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	1
D. Stephenson's b. c. Melzare, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	3	2
J. S. Garrison's ch. m. Glorvina, five years old, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	3
A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. Fanny Wright, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Alfred, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	4	dis.

Time, 8m. 12s.—7m. 56s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$700. Mile heats, best three in five.

A. L. Bingaman's gr. g. Mogul, five years old, by Lafayette Stockholder, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	3	1	2	2	1	1
Alexander Barrow's ch. f. Louisa Bascombe, three years old, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	3	1	1	2	2
M. Wells' ch. f. Lavina, two years old, by Leviathan, dam Parasol, a feather, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	2	3	3	3	3

Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 55s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 57s.—1m. 59s.—2m. 1s.

Fifth day, Proprietor's purse \$1,000. Three mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's b. c. Pollard, three years old, by Wild Bill, out of the dam of Bascombe, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	3	1	1
A. L. Bingaman's gr. m. Naked Truth, five years old, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	3	2
H. A. Tayloe's b. m. Hortense, five years old, by Pacific, dam by Little Wonder, 107lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	2	3

Time, 5m. 57s.—5m. 48s.—6m. 2s.

S. M. READ, Sec'ry.

NATCHEZ (Miss.) MATCH RACES.

Saturday, March 3, 1833, match, \$500 a side. One mile.

Col. A. Bingaman's ch. c. Captain McHeath, two years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey, 70lbs.	-	-	-	-	1
Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, two years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, 67lbs.	-	-	-	-	2

Time, 1m. 53s. Track heavy.

March 5, match, \$1,000 a side. Two mile heats.

A. J. Jetton's b. c. Rosin-the-Bow, three years old, by Bertrand, out of Lady Grey, by Robin Grey, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	1
Davison & Pitcher's ch. f. Mary Jones, four years old, by imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 3m. 56s.—4m. 2s.

March 10, sweepstakes for two year olds; colts, 70lbs.; fillies, 67lbs.; entrance \$500, \$150 forfeit. Mile heats.

Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, by imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Captain McHeath, by imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.*
Wm. J. Minor's (John Routh's) imp. br. f. by Tramp, out of Marchesa, by Comus,	-	-	-	-	3	dr.

Time, 1m. 57s. * Distanced by 'rule.'

Captain McHeath was the favourite at odds. They got away, writes our correspondent, with an excellent start, the Captain taking the lead. The fillies pressed him and kept him at his work during the first burst of half a mile, when he shook them off, and came home a gallant winner by several lengths. Judging from his superior running in this heat, there is no doubt of his ability to have won the stake with ease, but for the following untoward circumstance. His jockey had dismounted according to the instructions given from the stand by the judges, and while Mr. Pryor, his trainer, was ungirthing the saddle, one of the grooms, attendant upon the stable, unthinkingly threw a blanket over him. Exception having been taken to this infraction of the rules of the club by Mr. Minor and Col. Smith, Captain McHeath was declared by the judges to be distanced. The rule is in these words:—

'Rule 42. No clothing of any description shall be put on a horse after a heat, until the rider dismounts, and the saddle is taken off, on pain of being distanced.'

The rule is imperative, and the testimony of its violation was so conclusive, that the judges could have made no other decision. However, it gave rise to a strong ebullition of feeling on the part of several friends of Capt. McHeath, which excited some unpleasant circumstances, and finally induced Mr. Minor to withdraw his filly. Lavinia, having now no competitor, was declared the winner, and the stakes were given up to her indefatigable owner, Col. Smith.

March 13, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Seven subscribers, at \$1,000 each. \$250 forfeit. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Tishimingo, own brother to Lilac,	-	-	-	-	1	1
William J. Minor's br. f. Britannia, (imp.) by Muley, out of Nancy Longwaist's dam,	-	-	-	-	2	2

Mr. Minor's Doncaster, Mr. Wells' Longitude and Jane Elliott, Mr. Elliott's Catharine, and Capt. Duncan's Wren, paid forfeit.

Time, 4m. 5s.—4m. 6s.

Second race, same day, match, \$10,000 a side, \$5,000 forfeit. Jockey Club weights, 107lbs. on each. Three mile heats.

Thomas Jefferson Wells' ch. m. Linnet, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Object, by Marshal Ney,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. Angora, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 6m. 6s. Angora distanced by her jockey's falling off.

Angora had the track; at the tap of the bell they went off together, Linnet pushing for the lead; at the turn, the saddle upon Angora slipped upon her

neck, but Nelson got behind it, and led the dance at a slapping pace along the back stretch, Linnet trailing. In this way they went along at a slashing rate for two miles and a half; in the second mile Dick, upon Linnet, went up and challenged merely as a feeler, and again returned to his former position. There was no faltering, both maintained their killing stroke every foot of the way. In the third mile Nelson, from exhaustion, caused by the loss of his saddle, and the severe pull he was compelled to keep on Angora, fell off, and the contest was over. Angora, however, continued to struggle for the victory, and when her spirited antagonist turned towards the stand, Angora showed her training by also following. Thus were her laurels plucked from her brow without any show; but if it had not been for this untoward accident, the contest would have been without any parallel in this section of the world. Considering the state of the track, the time made was splendid; it was scarcely possible for it to have been in worse order, in many places it being more than fetlock deep.

March 14, match, \$5,000 a side, half forfeit; each carrying 90lbs. Four mile heats.

Thomas Jefferson Wells' ch. m. Extio, five years old, by imp. Levian,	out of White Feathers, by Conqueror,	-	-	-	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. Fanny Wright, five years old, by Ber-	trand, out of Marcella, by Alfred,	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 8m. 15s.—8m. 8s. Track very heavy.						[Spirit of the Times.

MACON (Ga.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, March 20, 1838.

First day, purse \$250, entrance \$10; free for all ages; two year olds carrying a feather; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Thomas Neal's ch. f. Ajarrah Harrison, four years old, by Eclipse,	dam by Gallatin,	-	-	-	1	2	1
Hammond & Lovell's ch. f. Eclipsia, four years old, by Eclipse,	dam by Arab,	-	-	-	2	1	2
A. A. Jeter's (J. Herring's) b. g. Tillet, four years old, by Sea-	gull, dam by Whip,	-	-	-	3	dr.	

Time, 1m. 50s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 57s. Track thirty-three yards short of a mile.

Second day, purse \$350, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Hammond & Lovell's gr. m. Sally Vandyke, five years old, by	Henry, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	2	1	1
G. Edmondson's b. c. Southerner, four years old, by Bullock's	Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen,	-	-	-	1	2	2
Thomas Neal's b. f. Eliza Hunter, three years old, by Red Shark,	dam by Mucklejohn,	-	-	-	3	dis.	

Time, 3m. 49s.—3m. 48s.—3m. 52s.

Third day, purse \$500, entrance \$30; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. Gerow, three years old, by Henry, dam by	Eclipse,	-	-	-	1	1
G. Edmondson's ch. f. Ione, four years old, by John Richards, dam by	imp. Expedition,	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 5m. 59s.—5m. 49s.

Fourth day, purse \$750, entrance \$40; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

G. Edmondson's gr. h. Turnbull, five years old, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew, walked over.

Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam by Percussion, drawn.

Second race, same day, match \$100 a side. One mile out.

C. Swann's bl. g. Cowdriver,	-	-	-	-	-	1
F. Bailey's b. h. Jim Crack,	-	-	-	-	-	2

Time not kept.

Fifth day, purse \$300, entrance \$10; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

Thomas Neal's ch. f. Ajarrah Harrison, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin,	1	1	1
Hammond & Lovell's ch. f. Eclipsia, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Arab,	2	3	2
G. Edmondson's b. c. Southerner, four years old, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen,	3	2	3
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 49s. Third heat time not kept.			

Second race, same day, for a saddle, entrance \$20, added; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Hammond & Lovell's ch. f. Eclipsia, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Arab,	1	1
Thomas Neal's ch. f. Eliza Hunter, three years old, by Red Shark, dam by Mucklejohn,	2	2
A. A. Jeter's b. g. Tillett, four years old, by Seagull, dam by Whip,	3	dis.
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 50s.		

NATCHEZ (Miss.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday March 21, 1838.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$400, entrance \$50; free for all ages; two year olds carrying 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Robert Smith's ch. c. Pete Whetstone, two years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. Rosin-the-Bow, three years old, by Bertrand, out of Lady Grey, by Robin Grey,	2	2
James Shy's b. f. Ellen Brackenridge, three years old, by Trumpator, dam by Robin Grey,	3	3
Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 54s.		

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$700, entrance \$100; free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. h. Scarlet, five years old, by Waxey, dam by Tiger,	1	1
Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, two years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon,	2	2
Time, 5m. 56s.—6m. 18½s.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$200, and a splendid pair of silver pitchers, valued at \$1,000, entrance \$150; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. m. Naked Truth, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Ellen Mar, by Pacolet,	1	1
Col. Robert Smith's b. f. Frances Terrell, two years old, by Bertrand, dam by Rockingham,	2	2
Time, 8m. 6½s.—8m. 16s.		

Fourth day, Proprietor's purse, the entrance money of the preceding days, entrance \$25; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

Col. Robert Smith's ch. c. Pete Whetstone, two years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	3	2	3	1	1	1
James Shy's b. c. Joshua Bell, three years old, by Frank, dam by Little John,	1	1	3	3	2	2
Wm. J. Minor's b. f. Britannia, (imp.) three years old, by Muley, out of Longwaist's dam,	4	3	1	2	3	3
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Capt. McHeath, two years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey,	2	3	dis.			
Time, 1m. 49½s.—1m. 50s.—1m. 51s.—1m. 59s.—2m. 1s.—1m. 54s.						

[Spirit of the Times.]

NEW ORLEANS (La.) RACES,

Commenced over the Eclipse Course, Tuesday, April 3, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Five subscribers at \$1,000 each, \$250 forfeit. Two mile heats

Charles S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. c. Wagner, by Sir	-	-	-	-
out of Maria West, by Marion, -	-	-	2	1 1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. Wren, (own sister to Linnet,) by imp.	-	-	-	-
Leviathan, out of Object, by Marshal Ney, -	-	-	1	2 dr.
M. Wells' ch. f. Taglioni, by imp. Leviathan, out of Susan Hull,	-	-	-	-
by Timoleon, -	-	-	-	pd. ft.
Wm. J. Minor's br. f. Britannia, (imp.) by Muley, out of Nancy	-	-	-	-
Longwaist's dam, -	-	-	-	pd. ft.
Col. A. L. Bingaman's (W. Thurston's) b. c. Mad Anthony, by	-	-	-	-
Trumpator, dam by Jenkins' William, -	-	-	-	pd. ft.
Time, 3m. 49s.—3m. 47s.	-	-	-	-

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$1,200, the second best horse to receive \$200, entrance \$120; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Thomas J. Wells' (J. G. Boswell's) b. c. Joshua Bell, three years	-	-	-	-
old, by Frank, dam by Little John, -	-	-	3	1 1
Minor Kenner's br. c. Richard of York, four years old, by Star,	-	-	-	-
dam by Shylock, -	-	-	1	3 2
William R. Barrow's ch. f. Fanny Bell, four years old, by Murat,	-	-	-	-
dam by Oscar, -	-	-	4	2 3
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Tishimingo, three years old, own	-	-	-	-
brother to Lilac, -	-	-	2	dis.
Time, 3m. 46s.—3m. 47s.—3m. 54s.	-	-	-	-

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$1,800, (the second horse to receive \$300, if but two start, the winner to receive \$1,500,) entrance \$180; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Wm. Ruffin Barrow's b. c. Mad Anthony, (late Pressure,) by Trumpator, dam by Jenkins' William, walked over.

Second race, same day, Proprietor's purse, \$250, entrance \$25, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Capt. McHeath, two years old, by imp.	-	-	-	-
Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey, by imp. Boaster, 70lbs. -	-	-	1	1
Thomas J. Wells' ch. f. Taglioni, three years old, by imp. Leviathan,	-	-	-	-
out of Susan Hull, by Timoleon, -	-	-	4	2
Col. Robert Smith's gr. h. Daniel O'Connell, five years old, by Sir Hen-	-	-	-	-
ry Tonson, dam by imp. Sir Harry. -	-	-	5	3
Dr. I. Smith's br. c. Brown Elk, three years old, by Buck Elk, dam by	-	-	-	-
Sumpter, -	-	-	2	dis.
John F. Miller's ch. f. Jane Elliott, three years old, by imp. Leviathan,	-	-	-	-
dam by Pacolet, -	-	-	3	dis.
C. Bullitt's gr. f. Margaret Carson, three years old, by Mucklejohn,	-	-	-	-
dam by Pacolet, -	-	-	6	dis.
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 49s.	-	-	-	-

Fourth day, the New Orleans' plate, a splendid tea service, value \$1,000, entrance \$100; free for all ages; five year olds and over to carry 100lbs.; four year olds and under, their appropriate weights. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. Angora, five years old, by imp.	-	-	-	-
Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet, -	-	-	2	1 1
Henry A. Tayloe's ch. c. Pactolus, three years old, by Pacific, out	-	-	-	-
of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, -	-	-	4	5 2
Wm. J. Minor's (J. C. Beasley's) b. f. Gance, four years old, by	-	-	-	-
Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, -	-	-	5	4 3
Col. Y. N. Oliver's gr. c. Joe Kearney, four years old, by Medley,	-	-	-	-
out of Kate Kearney, by Sir Archy, -	-	-	1	2 4
Smith & Chinn's b. c. Arbaces, four years old, by Bertrand, out of	-	-	-	-
Virginia by Rosicrucian, -	-	-	3	3 dr.
Time, 3m. 47s.—3m. 49s.—3m. 50s.	-	-	-	-

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse \$3,000, (the second best horse to receive \$500,) entrance \$500; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

James S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. c. Wagner, three years old, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West, by Marion,	-	-	-	1	1
Thomas J. Wells' ch m. Extio, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of White Feathers, by Conqueror,	-	-	-	2	2
Y. N. Oliver's (Col. Robert Smith's) ch. c. Pete Whetstone, two years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	-	-	-	3	3
Time, 7m. 44s.—7m. 57s.					

Sixth day, Proprietor's purse \$600, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats—best three in five.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Tishimingo, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Shepherd, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	1	1	1
Wm. R. Barrow's b. c. Dick Haile, three years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Monsieur Tonson,	-	-	-	3	3	2
Minor Kenner's gr. f. The Jewess, three years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	2	4	3
Thomas W. Chinn's gr. g. Mogul, five years old, by Lafayette Stockholder, (Berry's),	-	-	-	4	2	4
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 51s.—1m. 49s.						

Same day—second race, Proprietor's purse \$250, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

John F. Miller's b. f. Jane Elliott, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet,	-	-	-	1	1
Col. Robert Smith's gr. h. Daniel O'Connell, five years old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by imp. Sir Harry,	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 53s. Won cleverly.					[Spirit of the Times.]

LAWRENCEVILLE (Va.) RACES,

The races over the Lawrenceville Course, commenced on Tuesday, April 3, 1838, and continued four days.

First day, a sweepstakes for three year olds; \$100 entrance, h. f. Mile heats, five subscribers; three started.

Edward B. Hicks' b. f. Matoaca, by Fylde, dam Georgiana, by Napoleon,	-	-	-	1	2	1
Edmund Townes' ch. f. by Fylde, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	2	1	2
George Goodwyn's b. f. by Luzborough, dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	3	3	3
Time, 1m. 58s.—2m. 2s.—2m. 3s.						

Mr. Townes' filly, the favourite. Dr. Goodwyn's filly was too high, but made a good race. It was a very pretty contest between the three.

Second day, proprietor's purse \$200. Two mile heats.

Henry Lewis' b. c. Dromgoole, four years old, by Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 100lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Wm. McCargo's ch. f. Missouri, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 97lbs.	-	-	-	2	2
James H. Spurr's gr. h. by Eclipse, five years old, dam by Sir Hal, 110lbs.	-	-	-	3	0
Edmund Townes' ch. f. Diana, four years old, by Eclipse, 97lbs.	-	-	-	4	0
George Goodwyn's ch. c. Hampden, four years old, by Sir Charles, 100lbs.	-	-	-	5	0
Edward B. Hicks' b. f. Nancy Bell, four years old, by Fylde, dam by Napoleon, 97lbs.	-	-	-	6	0
Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 56s.					

This was a handsome race and won in fine style. The second heat, Missouri was beaten half a length, all the others pretty well up but not placed by the judges, as the horses came through in a crowd Mr. Spurr's horse and some others were rather high in order.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$400. Three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. h. Genito, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 110lbs.	-	-	-	4	1	1
Edward B. Hick's ch. c. Tornado, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 100lbs.	-	-	-	2	3	2
Edmund Townes' ch. f. Eloise, four years old, by Luzborough, 97lbs.	-	-	-	1	2	3
Henry Lewis' ch. h. Speculation, by Medley, dam by Madison, (broke down,)	-	-	-	3	dis.	

Time, 6m. 4s.—6m.—6m. 5s.

Eloise and Speculation were rather fat. Eloise lost the second heat, rather less than a length, and Speculation broke down in this heat.

Fourth day, purse \$100, entrance money added, put up by the proprietor; best three in five. Mile heats.

Henry Lewis' b. c. Dromgoole, four years old, by Luzborough, 100lbs.	-	-	-	1	1	1
Edmund Townes' br. f. by Hedgeford, dam by Timoleon,	-	-	-	2	2	dr.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56.

P. J. TURNBULL, Sec'y.

NEWMARKET (Va.) RACES,

Spring meeting, 1838.

First day, \$1,000, produce stake for three year olds. Two mile heats.

For this race only two colts appeared on the ground, and this being an unusual race for three year olds, Col. Johnson and Mr. Townes, agreed to divide the forfeits; consequently, Col. Johnson's Andrew colt galloped over.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, five subscribers. Mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's br. c. by Luzborough, dam Polly Peacham,	-	-	-	1	1	
O. T. Hare's gr. f. by Andrew, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	2	2	
Wm. P. Mason's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Contention,	-	-	-	4	3	
Thomas D. Watson's ch. f. by Contention, dam Betsey Graves,	-	-	-	3	4	

Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 56s.

Second day, Proprietor's purse \$300. Two mile heats.

O. P. Hare's ch. c. Willis, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Merryfield,	-	-	-	1	1	
Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. Suffolk, four years old, by Andrew, dam by Ostrich,	-	-	-	5	2	
Wm. Eaton's ch. c. Engine, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Washington,	-	-	-	7	3	
Henry Lewis' br. c. Droomgoole, four years old, by Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	2	dis.	
E. J. Wilson's b. c. Sligo, four years old, by Timoleon, dam by Napoleon,	-	-	-	3	dis.	
S. G. Wells' b. m. Fanny Walthall, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	4	dis.	
Thomas M. Buford's b. c. four years old, by Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	6	dis.	

Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 51s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$700. Four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. Atalanta, six years old, by Industry, dam by Ratler,	-	-	-	1	1	
Wm. McCargo's ch. h. Genito, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham,	-	-	-	4	2	
Edmund Townes' ch. f. Diana, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Lawrence,	-	-	-	2	dis.	
O. P. Hare's b. m. Corset, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Remus,	-	-	-	3	dis.	

Fourth day, the sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year olds, ten subscribers, was galloped for by Gen. M. T. Hawkin's filly, by Monsieur Tonson.

Second race, same day, Proprietor's purse \$200. Two mile heats.

Thomas P. Hare's ch. c. Chifney, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam		
Miss Maxey, - - - - -	1	1
Wm. Spurr's g. h. five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, - - -	2	0
Wm. M'Cargo's b. f. four years old, dam by Luzborough, - - -	3	0
Time, 4m. 9s.—4m. 8s.		

The second heat, a dead heat between the two latter nags.

BELFIELD (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, April 11, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs.; nine subscribers, at \$100 each, half forfeit. Mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's br. c. by imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham, by John Richards, - - - - -	1	1
E. B. Hicks' b. f. Lisette, by imp. Fylde, out of Theresa, by Arab, - - -	*	2
J. S. French's b. f. by Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, - - -	*	3
Edmund Townes' b. f. by Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archy, - - -	*	4
M. T. Hawkins' ch. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Timoleon, - - -	2	5
E. P. Scott's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, - - -	*	6
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 53s. Track a little heavy.		

Second day, Proprietor's purse \$250; free for all ages; three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Henry Maclin's b. c. Josephus, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, - - - - -	1	1
William M'Cargo's ch. f. Missouri, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director, - - - - -	3	2
William Eaton's ch. c. Engine, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Washington, - - - - -	2	3
E. B. Hicks' ch. c. Tornado, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, - - -	*	4
H. Wilkinson's gr. h. five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, - - -	4	5
George Goodwin's ch. c. Hampden, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archy, - - - - -	*	6
Wm. Wynne's ch. f. Aggy Thorn, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, - - -	5	dis.
Time, 3m. 58s.—3m. 53s.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$400; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's ch. h. Mediator, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon, - - - - -	1	1
William M'Cargo's ch. h. Genito, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director, - - - - -	4	2
Edmund Townes' ch. f. Eloise, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp, - - - - -	2	3
H. Maclin's ch. f. Miss De Bar, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, - - - - -	3	dis.
Time, 5m. 58s.—5m. 52s. Won without a struggle.		

Fourth day, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Twenty-six subscribers, at \$100 each, \$25 forfeit. Mile heats.

G. A. W. Newsom's b. f. by Sarpedon, dam by Marquis, - - -	*	1	1
W. H. E. Merritt's b. c. by Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon, - - -	*	*	2
T. F. Jones' ch. c. by Marion, dam by Director, - - -	1	2	3
E. P. Scott's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, - - -	*	*	4
S. Morgan's ch. c. by Andrew, dam by Thaddeus, - - -	*	*	5
H. Maclin's b. f. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, - - -	*	*	dis.
J. Y. Mason's ch. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Rasselas, - - -	2	*	dr.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 57s. Track in fine order.			

[Spirit of the Times.]

* Not placed.

TURF REGISTER.

Blooded Stock belonging to JOHN McDOWELL, Rutherfordton, N. C.

1. ONE-EYED PEGGY, a ch. m. purchased by S. P. Carson, of J. Dickson, she was out of Gen. A. Hunter's brood mare Philadelphia, by Ratler, the dam of Philadelphia, was called Betsey Taylor, or the Consul mare, see Turf Reg. vol. 2, p. 623, she was by Bond's First Consul; grandam by Obscurity; g. grandam by Grey Figure, out of the old Slammerkin mare, who was by imp. Wildair, out of the old Cub mare; the Consul mare was the dam of Thornton's Washington, by Ratler; Young Oscar the sire of Philadelphia, was bred by Gen. Ridgely of Maryland, and was got by Tuckahoe, dam by the famous old Oscar of Maryland; grandam by Medley; g. grandam by Cub; g. g. grandam by Tamerlane's Young Oscar, dam was also the dam of Florival and Philadelphia, is also the dam of the Captain, by Rob Roy.

Copy of a letter from Gen. George Gibson, of Washington city, to the Hon. James Graham, of North Carolina.

Dear Sir,—You will find enclosed the pedigree of One-Eyed Peggy, a ch. m. that Col. Carson purchased of J. Dickson, this mare is not only high bred, but her crosses are of the most fashionable kind. Gen. Hunter owns the Captain, her half brother, four years old, a capital racer. Ratler, First Consul, Obscurity, Grey Figure, are not surpassed for purity of blood. As for the Slammerkin mare, no one ever thinks of tracing beyond her. She was by imp. Wildair, purchased and sent back to England after his colts came on the turf there, her dam the imp. Cub mare. If there is any mistake in the above pedigree, Gen. Hunter or Gen. Gibson will please correct it.

2. INDUSTRY, produce of One-Eyed Peggy, a r. f. by Industry, foaled April 1834, in fold to Gov. Burton.

3. JOHN ROSS, a. b. c. named for the Cherokee chief, produce of No. 1, by Reform, he by Marylander, foaled May 30, 1835.

4. MARTHA BURTON, a b. f. out of No. 1, by Gov. Burton, he by Monsieur Tonson, out of Lady Burton, foaled April 21, 1837.

5. ELIZA NELSON, a b. f. by imp. Whale, foaled May 5, 1836, her dam a

chestnut roan mare, was got by the celebrated American horse Pacolet, the sire of the renown Monsieur Tonson; her dam by old Sir Archy, out of a Citizen mare; her grandam by the Arabian horse Bagdad; g. grandam by Dr. Barry's Medley, the thoroughbred horse, son of the old imp. Medley, and was raised by the late Gov. Williams, of North Carolina. The above is the pedigree given me by the late Gov. Burton, of North Carolina.

6. MULTIFLORA, a b. m. with small white spots, foaled September, 1834; her dam by Smith's Diomed; grandam by Daredevil; g. grandam by Bedford, sired by Riot, he by old Sir Archy.

7. SALLY RIDGE, a b. f. foaled Oct. 1835, sired by Riot, her dam was got by the son of Kosciusko; her grandam by Miller's Diomed; g. grandam a Diomed mare.

8. BRIAN BOROIHME, a br. g. got by Riot, out of grandam of No. 7, foaled Oct. 1834. JOHN McDOWELL.

March 21, 1838.

Pedigree and produce of a mare, the property of W. C. BEATTY, Yorkville, South Carolina.

1. BETSEY SAUNDERS, gt. m. foaled in 1827, was got by Stockholder; her dam (full sister to Patty Puff, the dam of Angora,) by Pacolet; grandam old Rosy Clack, (the dam of Tennessee Oscar, 'who was never beat, nor paid forfeit,') by imp. Saltram; g. grandam Camilla, by Wildair—Minerva, by imp. Obscurity—Diana, by Claudius—Sally Painter, by Evans' imp. Starling—imp. mare Silver, by the Bellsizes Arabian.

Her produce:

ALMYRA, gt. f. March 31, 1834, by American Eclipse.

BELL-THE-CAT, gt. c. March 15, 1835, by Rob Roy.

March 26, 1836, b. c. by Herr Cline, died from an accidental injury when young.

1837. Missed to imp. Rowton.

SULTAN KEBIR, ch. c. March 7, 1838, by imp. Rowton.

ROB ROY was bred by Col. Singleton, and got by Sir Archy, out of imp. Psyche, by Sir Peter Teazle—Bordeaux—sister to Saltram, by Eclipse—Snap—sister to Othello, by Crab—Miss Slammerkin.

Summer county, Jan. 29, 1833.

We do hereby certify that the grey filly, called Betsey Saunders, bred by the late Hubbard Saunders, deceased, and purchased at his sale by Samuel Carter, was got by Stockholder, her dam by old Pacolet, out of old Rosy Clack.

Given under our hands the day and date above written.

Signed, SAM'L D. READ,
WM. R. SAUNDERS.

This mare was transferred by Mr. Carter, at Montgomery, Alabama, to Col. Long and Major Mull, of Salisbury, North Carolina, and purchased of Major Mull by her present owner.

For the above certificate and other information respecting this mare, Mr. B. is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Wm. Williams, near Nashville, Tenn. to whom he begs leave thus publicly to tender his sincere thanks.

Blooded Stock belonging to Capt. DONALD ROWE, Orangeburgh, S. C.

1. SALLY RICHARDSON, was got by Kosciusko; her dam by Commerce; her grandam by Little Billy, and her g. grandam by imp. Bedford. Kosciusko was got by Sir Archy, his dam Lottery, by imp. Bedford, out of the imp. mare Anvilina.

Commerce's pedigree is not at hand; he was, however, a thoroughbred horse.

Little Billy, was by Ball's Florizel, his dam by Bay Yankee.

Bedford's pedigree is too well established and known to need further notice.

It will be perceived, that the ancestors of Sally Richardson were very successful racers, at all distances. Commerce was a distinguished four mile horse, beating all his competitors, and leaving the turf with a high character.

Sally Richardson's produce :

1832. A b. f. by Marshal Ney, he by John Richards, out of the Meg of Wapping.

1834. A b. c. by Duke Argyle, he by Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle.

1835. A ch. f. by Duke Argyle, dead.

1836. A b. f. by Vertumnus, he by Eclipse, dam by Defiance.

1837. A b. f. by Vertumnus, he by Eclipse, dam by Defiance.

2. LADY MORGAN, was got by John Richards, and foaled on the 26th March,

1831, her dam Matchless, was got by imp. Expedition; her grandam by Bela Badger's Sir Solomon; her g. grandam Aurora, by imp. honest John; g. g. grandam Zelippa, by imp. Messenger; g. g. g. grandam Dido, by imp. Bay Richmond; g. g. g. g. grandam Slammerkin, by imp. Wildair; g. g. g. g. g. grandam (imp.) by old Cub.

She is with foal by Rowton, and is expected to drop it daily.

3. LEANNAH, a b. m. was got by Seagull, he by old Sir Archy; his dam old Nancy Air, by imp. Bedford; her dam Leannah's, by Whipster, he by Cook's Whip; his dam by Hambletonian, see Turf Reg. vol. 6, pages 111 and 127, for the pedigrees of Whip and Hambletonian; his, Whipster's grandam, by imp. Tup, he by Javelin, &c.; g. grandam by Hall's Union, he by imp. Slim, and he by bay Babraham, &c.; g. g. grandam by Aerial; Leannah's grandam Comet, by Col. Taylor's Yorick; her g. grandam by Gatewood's Shark, he by imp. Shark; her g. g. grandam, the dam of the Shark mare, was brought to Kentucky, from Virginia, at an early day. She was a fine mare, and was highly prized for her blood-like appearance and her stock.

Leannah is sold.

April 10, 1838.

Blooded Stock belonging to JAMES and SAMUEL SHY, of Lexington, Ky.

1. LADY JACKSON, by Sumpter, dam by Spread Eagle, see Amer. Turf Reg. vol. 4, p. 653.

Her produce :

1833. B. f. by Trumpator, sold to E. Adams.

1834. B. c. by Mucklejohn, dead.

1835. March 23, Barbara Allen, ch. f. by Collier.

1836. April 6, James T. Morehead, ch. c. by Medoc.

1837. Vincenta, ch. f. by Messenger Duroc.

1838. April 2, Theatress, b. f. by Mucklejohn.

2. NANCY SHAW, by Sumpter, dam by Knight's Hamiltonian, see Amer. Turf Reg. vol. 6, p. 630.

Her produce :

1837. Crooked Nose, ch. c. by Messenger Duroc, dead.

1838. Timoxena, ch. f. by Messenger Duroc. JAMES & SAMUEL SHY.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

JUNE, 1838.

[No. 6.]

CONTENTS.

English Training, &c.	241	RACING CALENDAR—Races at	
Breeding, Training, &c.	245	New Orleans, La.	277
Westward Ho!—Sporting Sketches		Milledgeville, Ga.	278
of America,	248	Plaquemine, La.	279
Fly Fishing in England,	256	Trenton, N. J.	280
Fly Fishing in America,	259	Union Course, L. I.	281
Spring and its sports,	260	Kendall Course, Md.	282
Aquatic Register,	269	Lexington, Ken.	284
Breeding for the Turf,	273	Central Course, Md.	285
Bailie Peyton—notice and sale of, .	274	Hoboken, N. J.	285
Poisoning Racehorses,	275	Match at Opelousas,	288
Notices of Match Races,	276	TURF REGISTER—Pedigrees,	287

ENGLISH TRAINING, &c.

Most horses in England are trained in public stables, and it is by no means a rare circumstance for three, four, or five colts belonging to different gentlemen, entered in the same race, to be trained in the same stable and the same trial horse used with all of them—this is an essential difference in their mode of racing, or rather management, and ours—one which our clubs would not permit, and one to which few of our gentlemen would submit, and I may add, none could afford.

It is usual to send a colt of promise, and one that has early engagements on him to the trainer at twenty months old, this allows him to be broke and have a light training, that he may be ready for the two year old stakes—the nominations for these stakes have heretofore been made in January, hence the necessity of early training, if they wish to know any thing of their colt.

On going into the stable, he has usually two doses of physic, from four to six drachms aloes, with some cordials added, to prevent its too violent effects—and this too, is the course with all horses in the commencement, whether wanting or not, it is on no consideration to be omitted.

The horse then goes through a course of regular walking exercise, generally two weeks, in this they occupy from four to five hours each day—at the end of that time they commence galloping, and here they differ much from our practice, they take many short gallops—in their language, they take one gallop and five or six canters, with walking between each, and when at full work, they are out sometimes five hours, by this time the horse is thoroughly worried, and in many instances, it has in my opinion, an unfortunate influence on the temper of the horses, and would ruin most of them, but they seldom exercise them more than once a day—at mid-day they are watered in the stable, and in the evening a walk of a few minutes only, they are watered, dressed, and have their evening feed—this is surely the best plan they could pursue, after the long exercise of the morning. It is usual to divide the feeds into five or six, this consists of oats, these are truly good—beans in the proportion of one-third, and hay of the very best quality, old, sweet, and sound. The price is two guineas a week for training, and the owner is expected to pay for medicine, clothing, and farriers and saddlers' bills—the trainer feeds the horse, finds stable and litter, furnishes a jockey to exercise him, and boards him. Now in this division of the expenses, you will observe the charges which the owner and trainer each bear, are distinctly marked out. No horses in the world are so well found in clothes, physic, saddlery and shoes—these are always of the best—but then it becomes the interest of the trainer, that his part of the contract should be fulfilled at as small an expense as possible, hence each jockey is his own nobber—you see but one boy to a horse in all England, and this again influences the stable management of the horse. When a horse comes to the stable from work, his feet are washed out, and a damp sponge or piece of chamois leather merely passed over the legs, and in a few moments the legs are dry, when the dressing of the body begins—sometimes they use a wisp of damp hay or straw, but they use the brush much more than we do—this leaves the skin and hair in the finest possible condition, and as the stables are invariably warm, and they use heavy clothing, the coats of their horses are always fine, and so far as this is an index of condition, they surely are superior to the racehorses in America—but this is by no means a certain test, warm stables and clothing, with good grooming, may give that appearance even when his work has not been of the right sort to enable him to last in a race.

Now as it is easy to give horses on light work this appearance of blooming condition, many of the English shew a want of game in their races, when it is merely a want of proper condition. I am persuaded, there are as many horses of bottom or game now in that country as at any previous period, for though it is true many of the best stakes are run for at short distances and single heats, and most of the breeders in the south of England, breed only speedy stock; yet as there are so many thorough-breds now raised there, many of them show much bottom in racing for

cups and king's plates at the great provincial meetings, and this too, many times when their previous training would not justify such an expectation.

The trainers in England rely on the sweating, to get what they term length in their horses, when they clothe them heavily, and in the latter part of the exercise at the strongest pace, often four, five, or six miles, right an end, and often the last two miles at speed. They consider a sweat somewhat in the light of a trial, and on their plan they are not far wrong—but the system itself is erroneous, and but for the softness of their training grounds, usually moors, with a soft, spongy velvet covering, not one horse in ten would come sound to the post, even now more than one-half train off at three. It is strange, they should not change a practice so at war with common sense and contradicted by daily experience. Every man should know, that with the increased weight of his clothing, made still greater by the quantity of perspiration absorbed, his whole system relaxed by exertion and fatigue, he must be much more liable to break down, than under even greater exertion, when the weight was lighter and his condition fresh. I think it may be safely assumed, that more horses are broken down in sweats than in races, and mainly attributable to their mode of sweating. It is usual after a sweat to wash their legs thoroughly in warm water, then rubbing their heels and fetlocks dry, bandage the legs with strips of flannel dipped in warm water. This they consider much better than the tedious process of rubbing them dry—when a boy rubs the legs, he sits at the side of the horse and rubs both hind or forelegs as the case may be, the horse being required to change the position of his leg for the convenience of the boy. This very position is an evidence they rub the legs but little, or they would have placed themselves so as to operate more conveniently and effectually too. In short a man may see one hundred racehorses trained in England, not one of them will show that his legs are rubbed at all, but his body will be fine as silk—this is a marked difference in the stable management here and there. This you may see at the first glance on viewing the horses: but it is not so easy to determine which is the better system; for my own part I incline to the opinion, that good leg rubbing has a great tendency to promote a healthy circulation in the extremities, and prevent or cure cracked heels, when the condition of the horse will justify the expectation. he should escape that curse of the racehorse in both countries. The English mode shortens much the stable duties, and enables them sooner to dress and feed horses already worried and hungry—it follows on their system of work as the better plan.

In all the training stables there are always one, sometimes two trial horses, for they rely not on timing—so soon as the horses are in condition, the owners are advised, when their horses will be tried, and they may attend or send some confidential person to do so. When all the trials of a stable are made, it follows as a consequence, that the trainer and sometimes his head groom also, alone know the real weights carried by the horses, and also the true relative speed of all the horses in the stable. This opens a fine field for speculation to the trainer and his confederates; when several horses start from his stable for the same purse, he can by

good management raise the reputation of one, he becomes heavily backed to win, when the groom knows full well that a much better will start in the same race from his stable; or if that matter is doubtful, he has it in his power to insure the event, by a slight exertion of his skill, the night previous to, or morning of the race. This is a sure game and may be played strong when the object is sufficient. I look on this, though not usually enumerated, as the largest and most certain part of his profits. He may serve one patron at the expense of another; thus two horses start from the same stable, he says to one, your horse is stout, let him go the pace the whole distance, that is your chance to win—to another, your horse is speedy, nurse him till the last, such a horse will make the running for you, when all are blown, you may come up and win. In this way one horse is sacrificed to increase the chances of the other, and when this succeeds, the kindness of the trainer is not forgotten.

It is true that on the day of the race, the owner generally selects his own jockey and gives him his directions for the race, but he is almost certain to consult his groom on the subject, as he is supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of the horse, then comes his chance of giving a *little profitable* advice.

The jockeys in England are almost a distinct race, bred up, it is true, in some training stable, but once out of their apprenticeship they attend all the races, sometimes riding four races in the same day—they have a regular price for the races won, and also for those lost. When a jockey wins the Derby, the Leger, or the Oaks, it is quite an event in his life, and in gratuities from the winners, he often receives large sums—in some instances, many thousand dollars. Many of them are men quite advanced in years, respectable in character and fortune; some of them enjoy regular salaries from the nobility, of one or two hundred a year—these are then called their first masters, that is, they are bound first to offer their services to them in all races, but if not wanted in a race, they may ride against them, and this often occurs in the variety of weights horses carry in England.

Racing commences the last of April, and ends the last of October, during which period both jockeys and horses are in constant training. After the Newmarket Houghton meeting, the horses are turned out; that is to say, the young ones are fed and fattened, with gentle exercise to promote condition and health. Horses of five, six, and seven years old, are usually turned a part of each day in paddocks, and regularly well fed till the next February, when they are again taken up. The jockeys after living sparsely and on low diet, all the racing season, then once more indulge in all the pleasures of the table to compensate them for their long penance. It is said that the celebrated Buckle always had a roasted goose for his supper the last night of the Houghton meeting, which seemed to afford him the most superlative enjoyment.

These jockeys are most of them required to waste from fourteen to twenty-eight pounds, and as they ride almost every week for six months, they find it necessary to subject themselves to rigorous abstinence and severe exercise, in order to retain their health and strength, both indispensable to their success.

BREEDING, TRAINING, &c.

I came in my last to the conclusion, that if some difference of opinion existed as to the cause, yet all admitted the fact, that in general the racehorse of the present day did not last on the turf as in the olden times. By some it has been attributed to the increased size of the blood horse in England and the consequent change in his form, and by some to his early training and appearance on the turf. There is no question, these causes have united to produce this unfortunate result, but in my opinion, their mode of training with their change in the manner of racing at high weights and short distances have contributed their full share to the evil. In order to arrive at something like a fair conclusion on this subject, it will be necessary to take a short view of the manner horses are usually prepared for Newmarket and the fashionable courses in the south.

Training in England differs materially from ours at this day, and with all due deference, I hazard the opinion, they are far behind us in that art which we learnt of them, and that they are doomed to remain so. In England, training has been confined for a long period to a single class, who have been raised in training stables, which for the last hundred years have pursued the same mode of physic, feed, and general treatment; these men consider all learning as worse than useless, all change as innovation, and all improvement as heresy—in short they are wedded to errors and ignorance. To such men are the blood stock of England entrusted; gentlemen of fortune and education, never trouble themselves with the details of the training stable, all that is expected of them, that they be able to pay the expenses, if they were to interfere in the management of their horses, these knights of the currycomb would take the *studs* and would either send the horse from their *stables*, or insure his defeat—they are like the servants of the people, who some how contrive to play the master. Not so in this country—here many gentlemen are their own trainers, at least, superintend and direct the management of their horses during the whole process; these are the most successful turfites among us. Of these some employ trainers who have been raised in a racing stable, on whose attention and integrity they can rely for a faithful execution of all directions, and some rely on a servant as first groom of his training establishment, but he relies at all times on his own judgment and discretion to direct, while another is left merely to carry out the details. He enters on the management of his stable shackled by no old prejudices, wedded to no errors, sanctioned only by time and ignorance; but willing to avail himself of the aid of his reason and such lights as the experience of others may afford him, he sees a variety of management and managers, among them he selects that mode which success may recommend or his judgment may approve; such a man may and will improve, and such indeed has been the consequence and result. Let us return to English training; the breeders and owners of racehorses are all men of fortune, from the expense none others can embark in it—their young stock are all attended to by grooms who have charge of the breeding studs, and these are

usually managed in the best possible way, as breeding farms are a part of the fashionable expenses of the nobility and gentry, and as those *in the administration* carry on the business at the expense of others, *they spare no cost* and the thing is well done; and I hazard nothing in asserting the blood stock of England are better raised than in any other part of the world, at greater expense it is true, for they all go on the maxim that *the master* is able to pay and should do so. At one year old the colts are usually broke to the halter, regularly stabled, groomed and fed; the ensuing fall, then about eighteen or twenty months old, they go into the training stable, where they undergo a light training, and have a trial of speed about the last of December—as many of the nominations for the two and three year old stakes come on the first of January; a few weeks rest to get them again fresh on their legs, when training commences for the two year olds spring stakes. Some of these come off as early as the first of April, and may be said to continue till the following October—and if they perform well, are again put in training for their three year old engagements, some of which are confined to colts of their own age, but many of them are free handicaps for all ages. These races are seldom longer than two miles, most of them under that distance; all the two year olds run half a mile, and the three year old stakes are from three quarters of a mile to one and three quarters, seldom, if ever repeating, and then only heats of one mile. They usually carry from 108lbs. to 120lbs. on colts, this we should deem high weights; but they risk large sums on their races, and they wish to avail themselves of the experience of such jockeys as may have the skill and strength to manage their horses to the best advantage, and these qualifications are seldom to be found among boys.

The racehorse in England has usually acquired his full size, stride and speed at three years old, but his bones and tendons are by no means matured, the unnatural weight of the horse, being as large at three, as he should be at seven years old, added to the weight of his rider, when multiplied by his velocity, is the burthen or distress which his legs are called upon to bear, and this is in some degree influenced by his stride; hence we see in all countries that short-legged horses usually last best, but legs long or short, no one can be surprised if they break down early, when colts are bred to the size of horses and required to perform their duties. These short races and single heats were introduced in England under the false plea of humanity. The truth is, Sir Charles Bunbury, whose influence did much to bring about this change, got into a somewhat soft set of speedy, jadish horses, suited to neither long nor repeating races; and the betting men, who always have much influence in these matters, saw their advantage in the new system and perpetuated it. Now, I venture the assertion, that the horses of the present time, do not last on the turf as when they ran long repeating races, and if we ever adopt that mode of racing here, the same result will follow; nay more, the horses now in England, that are prepared and run for plates and cups, last longer on the turf than those that run only short races and single heats, though the latter run most of their races under two miles, while the first never run less than that distance, sometimes more, and often repeat; many of these races too are with higher weights than are ever carried in short races.

Let any man take the Racing Calendar and observe the number of aged horses (winners) in any one or any given number of years, look into his performances, and he will find he is a regular plate horse. This has been brought about by the difference in the preparation of the horses, and the fact that a horse in high health, strength and spirit, when called upon to exert all his powers in a single burst of speed, for one mile or a mile and a half, is much more apt to give way, than a horse in fine condition for a long race, who is kept somewhat below his mark for the greater part, and who is not called out till near its close, by which time he will have lost that violent action and great speed for which they are so liable to sustain injury in short races. The most important stakes in England, both in the amount of the purses and the chances for speculation among the betting men, are the colt stakes for two and three year olds. Those who keep themselves well informed on the subject of trials, can always make a good thing of it—with them it is a matter of indifference whether a colt be good or bad, the great matter is to be well informed on the subject, and back him or bet against him accordingly; they never commit the folly of backing a horse because he belongs to themselves or a friend; few of the betting men but have as many wagers against, as for their horses, and if not a real good one, often more.

This system of sporting opens a wide door for fraud. Many of these horses are trained in the same stable, although belonging to different gentlemen, when the race comes on, either the owners often confederate, or the trainer and assistants, all of whom are bettors. On comparing books, may find that if a certain horse (who by the way, may be the best in the stable) wins the purse, all may be losers, and that if another comes first to the post all win. Does any one on this or the other side of the water, doubt the thing will be managed to the best advantage.

At the Derby race in 1837, J. Robinson who had backed Mickle Fell to win, was in the Warren to see the horses saddled, remarked to a groom that his horse seemed not prepared for the race; when the other told him in confidence, (they had been old friends) that Mickle Fell was not to win. Accordingly this horse (though full as a cart-horse) went at the top of his speed, and by the time he had gone half the distance, was beaten entirely off—he seemed to be started to make running for some horse from the same stable, and to afford a sure chance by laying the odds against him; he was a fine dashing looking colt, the full brother of Trustee, Guardian and Mundig—this last won the Derby in 1835, of course in such a field, some could be found to back him. Now it is by no means certain, but this running to lose, may have ruined one of the finest colts in the kingdom, so far at least, as blood, size, and figure, may entitle him to that appellation—in appearance he had no superior in that race, and I doubt if he ever beat a good field after that. But so long as the fashion obtains of making all the best stakes for colts, and these are bred to great size at an early period, and they run short distances at high weights, you may expect them to break down young, their bones and tendons cannot sustain them under the powerful exertions they are called upon to make.

If any man doubts that colts raised on the modern plan are unable to

bear the same work as they did some forty years back, let him recollect the manner in which our horses were trained then and now—with all the care and attention which can be bestowed on them at this day, we have usually as many young ones complaining in the legs as sound. It is now the custom to plough or harrow all the tracks in the up country, or they soon have a string of cripples—forty years back, no such care was taken, yet the horses remained till aged on the turf, under hard work, and long races.

The late Gen. Benton, of Hillsborough, N. Carolina, trained every fall, spring races were then not so common. The course on which he exercised, was a stiff red clay, and at that season usually hard as a pavement. I do not recollect a single horse that gave way in his legs while in training, and he had several that lasted many years under hard work on a hard track—he was as successful as most of his cotemporaries. Horses were then raised so as not to acquire their full size until five years old, indeed many intended for the turf, grew until aged—they made I am certain, better horses. But the breeder was not *so soon* or *so well paid*; hence, the change. I incline to the belief that the early age at which many of the English horses break down, may be justly ascribed to the forcing system on which colts are now reared, the early period at which they are trained and raced, not allowing time for the tendons to acquire due strength and tenacity, and last, not least, to the violent and powerful exertions they are called upon to make in *short races* at two and three years old. I come to this conclusion, not only from the great distress these horses shew after one of these races, but from the fact, that in England the horses running for plates and cups, with the same treatment, are the only horses that now run on—and this fact I oppose to all the theories of the *speculative* and the *canting of those who affect humanity* to favour a dunghill stock.

Long repeating races are the only test of blood, let those who delight in the thoroughbred, hold to our system of three and four mile races, where only stout and good ones can win distinction, none else deserve the first rank.

A.

WESTWARD HO!

SPORTING SKETCHES OF AMERICA.

‘Then farewell, England Old!

If evil times ensue,

Let good come to us,

We’ll welcome them to New.’

The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam, 1678.

‘A pretty object in the landscape is yon distant browsing cow,’ observed John Smith to Peter Brown, as they jogged quietly along in company—history saith not whence nor whither. ‘Cow!’ exclaimed Brown, ‘why man, that is a hog.’ ‘A hog! well, may be it is a hog,’ replied Smith, ‘you know I am not learned in *geography*.’

What in the name of wonder would Smith, in his homely ignorance, have thought of the Hudson river? or in what quarter of the globe would he have supposed it to be, if he had only heard the quaint and queer medley of names given to places on its banks? From its meanderings beneath Glenn's Falls and Snookskill, it would seem to his obedient fancy (wandering with the words) to run riot all over the known world. It winds beneath Mount Ida and 'Captive Troy'; touches at Kinderhook, Catskill, Rhinebeck and Hyde Park; washes Antony's Nose and Fishkill, hurries past Tarry Town, Sing Sing and Dobb's Ferry; sporting with the ancients; hob-nobbing with the moderns; visiting Turkey, Kamschatka, and England; peeping into China and Holland; shewing an inclination for Italy and Egypt, with a decided *turn* for the Russian empire and Greece; and finally, amid the relics of those primitive Indians, among whom its name and knowledge first began, expanding into the beautiful and far-famed bay, which bears upon its bosom the greater portion of the maritime power and wealth of the infant Hercules of the West.

Loudly have the beauties of New York bay been proclaimed by the trumpet of fame, from the mouth of the mighty Hudson, yet the report has sounded faintly and indistinct through the distance, over the waves of the Atlantic; but to the sea-tossed landsman who hails this, the first land after an irksome and monotonous voyage, the opening view of New York bay possesses charms, besides its own individual beauties, which render it more pleasing to the eye than the first peep of flowers in the spring. I shall 'cry back,' now, somewhat in my course, in order to sketch that scene for the special edification of those who have not witnessed it themselves, and for the gratification of reproducing in the mind a sensation which cannot but be pleasing, and have a 'front place' in the memories of all who have.

'Land on the lee-bow!' hailed the second mate from his perch on the main-topsail yard. 'Land on the lee-bow!' echoed the black cook, hanging in the mizen shrouds, and catching at a batch of fugitive salt fish which swung merrily in the breeze. 'Land on the lee-bow!' trumpeted the captain down the cabin sky-light, and all hands were soon mustered on deck, peeping through all sorts of telescopes, and straining their eyes in the direction of the promised land in vain—for though very evident to those who were accustomed to sea-sights, it was as yet invisible to the inexperienced. The dim line, at first only perceptible to the eye of the seaman, in a short time became distinctly visible above the horizon, and a right pleasant sight it was to one and all. The sun was rolling down the slope of heaven for the forty-seventh time since we had parted from the cliffs of Britain, when a foreign land first dawned on our longing eyes: and yet, although but little indebted to a good voyage for forgetfulness, it was with difficulty that I could persuade myself that nearly seven weeks had really slipped away since we had taken our last fond look of home. Trite as is the proverb, 'tempus fugit,' no where is the old fellow's wing so fully plumed as when he shakes it over the head of land-lubberly humanity at sea. The face of time at sea, is like a silent clock without hands, where nothing strikes or points to mark the departing day. The

present hour hurries after that which is gone, in monotony as undistinguished as the rolling billows of the ocean, until it blends with the immaterial nothing of yesterday—at once a copy of the past and a type of the future.

The sun is now shining bright and beautiful upon another morning; the wind is fair, and the gallant ship bounds gaily on her course; the pilot is aboard; the point of Sandy Hook is passed, and now the Narrows, those portals of the western world, are opening wide before her. In front is the channel of the Narrows, guarded by forts and backed by the blue hills of Staten Island; while far away to the right extends the bold coast of Long Island, clothed in a livery of green, relieved by patches of cultivation, bespangled with elegant villas and columned pavilions. The glowing sun is reflected brightly from the snow-white walls and shining tin roofs; but his rays are darted in vain on the gloomy forests that crown the heights and fringe the mountain foot, clad in their sombre cloak of pine and fir, with a plentiful undergrowth of hemlock. In these we see the glories, the novelties, the antiquities of the western world—in her forests, her seas, her soil. Tower and temple, arch and lofty column fall and pass away; but while the monuments of art are crumbling into dust, nature grows young again and renews her strength. The small church-spire, as we near the coast, peeps forth from its nest in the wilderness, and this, his best and simplest, is oftentimes the only mark of man. To all who stand and gaze for the first time upon a new country, thoughts, manifold and new present themselves, but wihal so confused as to become most difficult of analization. Of the spirits of most of our great discoverers on such occasions, we are told that joy was the predominant compound; yet with them all, a shadow was cast over the land which lay before them, from that which they had left.

Who can quit his home careless? No one. It matters not how, or for what period; if soon to return, or never—to the rich, the poor, the happy, the outcast, the friend loved, the forsaken, the pleasure-seeking loungeur, or the wretch who flies from misery and want; to all, home *is*, and ever will be, home! Dangers are to be encountered, difficulties overcome, ere, if ever the beloved object shall greet our eyes again; and according to the lapse of time, we may miss many whom we were used to know, and look in vain for some we have long loved. This train of ideas sprung up like mushrooms in the moonshine, beneath the fostering influence of a first view of New York bay, and certainly no other scene is calculated to bring so many or so varied thoughts into the mind at once. ‘Merry and wise,’ however, is my motto; ‘vive la bagatelle!’ Fun is the sweetening of man’s mixture; laughter the lump of sugar in the world’s cup of bitters; mirth and merriment the flowers that yield the purest honey in the field of life; and I must own that when the new world dawned upon mine eyes, my first thought was that I should cull from these a rich and fanciful nosegay. In no way wiser than my neighbours, I had hitherto trusted to all that I was told about America, and that, in my case, had been by no means a little. To my then untutored ideas, there was no creature on earth, one-half so funny or fantastically original

as a genuine Yankee, nor was there any tune that to my unsophisticated ears sounded so droll as 'Yankee Doodle.' Under the former appellation I, in common with my fellow know-nothings, was wont to class all sorts of people from Maine to Mexico. The sea-serpent had twisted his tail all round about the states; and we only knew the New Yorker and the New Orleanois, the Vermont boy and the Vicksburger, under one and the same comprehensive character.

We all give figures of our own imagining to those things of which we have often heard, though we have never seen them, and colour them as our better knowledge may direct, or oftener as our vivid fancies may suggest. Who then, may I ask, is there of all the mighty host of tarry-at-home travellers, who has not exercised his fancy to the utmost in this respect, and formed to himself, from all that he has heard and read, an impersonation of his own ideal Yankee? Who has not pictured to himself the long-sided, lanky, leggy loafer? A tall, gaunt, stark, stiff, awkward slip of humanity, in a dirty shirt, supporting a broad-brimmed hat, with a shoe-ribbon around his neck, and his high cheek-bones and lantern-jaws, shrouded in an appalling wilderness of collar; a waistcoat displayed with noble neglect, seedy buttonless breeches of a dingy drab, and top-boots tied up to his knees with string. The list of his qualifications is of a piece with his appearance; he is supposed to be an adept at a 'do;' sharp enough to skin a flint with a hand-saw, and able to make the hide into flannel waistcoats; a rogue by instinct, and ex-officio a perverter of time; an assassin of facts, stretching the truth from an inch narrow to an ell broad; an amphibious dare-devil, half-horse, half-alligator; a notion-vender, a falsehood-monger, a dealer in wooden nutmegs; sly as a fox, supple as an eel, and keen as a weazel; in brief, all that is dirty, deceitful, and to be despised. Now all this might have been excusable enough, had things been otherwise than they really are, or had old Father Time stopped short in his onward flight and remained until now, as in the year of our Lord 1691.

On one fine day of June, in that year, the good ship called the Blessing of the Bay, set sail from Sandy Hook, bound to the eastward for the old world, laden with a promiscuous cargo of peltries filched from the Indians, and passengers who had made their wills, kissed their wives, and taken leave of their relatives before they perilled their bodies on the unknown seas. The wind was fair and the vessel made such good progress, that on the second day the passengers became aware of the fact that they had really lost sight of land; whilst at the same time, a strange sail hove in sight to seaward. This was so rare a sight in those seas then, that the eyes of all were quickly turned from their distant homes to the stranger ship, which bore directly down towards them, displaying as she drew near a clumsy Dutch-built hull, patched sails, and yards ill-trimmed; while her foul and barnacled sides, seen as she rolled, gave evidence of a long voyage from a distant land. The ships were shortly within hail, and the noble captains stood each on his own quarter deck, trumpet in hand, and lessons ready learned.

'Ship ahoy!' first bellowed Peter Wellbeloved, the cunning master of

the Yankee schooner. 'Holloaw!' replied the skipper of the labouring Dutchman. 'What's your ship's name?' inquired Peter. 'Die Goede Vrouw,' echoed Captain Tenterbroek. 'Where are you from?' 'Amsterdam.' 'Where are you bound?' 'Nieuw Amsterdam.' 'How long have you been out?' 'A hundred days and odd.' 'How many odd?' 'Fifty-nine.' The voice of Mynheer Tenterbroek died upon the waters as the ships increased the distance which divided them, and the 'Goede Vrouw' rolled and plunged again, like a wounded grampus, on her course to add another day to the odd reckoning of her skipper.

The few and uncertain communications between the two countries in former times, afforded an ample excuse for ignorance, however gross, or romance however exaggerated; for it is well understood that a traveller's tale generally is more marvellous in proportion to the difficulties and dangers that are opposed to the discovery of its truth or falsehood. But is it not most wonderful now, when the admirable arrangements of the packet system have brought New York within the limits of a summer's trip, and the facilities of intercourse are so exact and frequent, that so little should be known by either party of the other; that travellers can tell and readers credit accounts, which, whether stumbled on by stupified ignorance or framed in wilful malice, are equally absurd, unlikely, and discreditable? A French traveller, while at Boston, in Massachusetts, stumbled upon (not into) the pond on the common, a piece of ground appropriated, like the London parks, to the convenience and pleasures of the good citizens. On his return, this quick observer puts his pen to paper and says, that the Bostonians are like his own countrymen, polite, courteous, and great lovers of frogs! 'they have a pond,' he adds, 'in the middle of a public garden, which is kept for the purpose of supplying the city with these animals!'

A remark made by a London undertaker to a friend of mine was even more ridiculous. This gentleman (an American) was riding on the top of the Chichester coach beside the undertaker, who, discovering his country and his kin, proceeded at once to overwhelm him with inquiries respecting the qualifications of the various kinds of American wood for the construction of coffins, shells, and other such light manufactures. Then, like a butterfly in a church-yard, flitting at once from grave to gay, he touched upon the subject of the Indians, respecting whose mode of life, my friend, who was a well-informed man, gave him much interesting detail. 'Aye, aye,' said the master of many mutes, 'I've heard all that before; but what may they be like? What do they do? Do they run? Do they walk? Do they hop? Or how do they move, or don't they move at all?' 'Their movements,' replied the American, 'are very peculiar; they run swiftly with a quick but noiseless step, and as they run, they peep here and dodge there, and look this way and listen that, for all the world like a wild turkey.' 'A wild turkey!' exclaimed death's deputy, with a stare of wonder. 'A wild turkey! Lord! can *they* fly?'

Thus much for the general information, or to speak more properly, the universal ignorance respecting America and the Americans; and here I will leave the subject to work its own way out; the intention of these

papers being to develope peculiarities of character and custom, not to prejudice them. Evil report will always spread like a spot of vitriolic acid, staining all that is pure and fair with its own distempered spirit; and the error of foreigners with respect to America, has been in regarding the rough back-woodsman as the body rather than the members; and in giving a few grotesque individual portraits as general characteristics of the people of the United States.

To the sportsman, there is no field so interesting as America. The novelty of the incidents on the road, the pleasant freshness of the transactions of the turf, and the inexhaustible resources of the chase, would afford a variety sufficient to satisfy the most ardent son of Nimrod. Where can such sport be found by the brotherhood of the rod and line, as in the waters of the wilderness? I do not mean the low, sluggish, lagoons of the south—where the hopeless disciple of the good Izaak Walton, is fixed up to his knees in a bank of mud surrounded by a triple rank of huge alligators, sunning themselves on pine wood logs; while at every footstep in the woods he is liable to tread on a rattlesnake,—but in wandering on the untrodden banks of some sequestered stream, which deepening in the shadow of the overhanging trees, or glancing in the rays of the sun, leaps and dashes down its course to the ocean.

Again, what can be more exhilarating than to rouse the deer in his native wilds, and wake the sleeping echoes of the forest with the cries of the chase? or what more spirit-stirring than to watch the first small cloud of dust, on the extreme edge of the prairie, rising rapidly, thicker, and nearer, as it whirls in its approach. There is a deep rushing sound, like the breath of a storm in the air; it sinks as the dust cloud descends into yon hollow; it swells again, it bursts upon the ear, as the herd of buffalo come thundering and panting in their speed. Now they are close on us as we lie concealed; the rifle is raised, there is a flash, a crack, a groan, and a noble bull rolls headlong on the plain. The frightened herd swerve from their fallen leader—for a moment they are in confusion, scattered, snorting, snuffing the air, and wildly tossing their shaggy heads; another flash, another groan, another buffalo falls, and with a roar of mingled fear and rage, they rush forward on their mad career and are gone.

The Americans are themselves by nature fond of every manly exercise and noble sport, and moreover, so well 'trained up in the way they should go,' that as yet they do not, and I hope never will, depart from it. Generally speaking, they are fearless riders, unerring shots, and expert anglers; in the field, firm, unflinching, and game to the back-bone. If men of this mould be not sportsmen, why then, as poor Paddy said to Brian O'Borhu, when he wanted a pair of leather breeches, 'of what stuff are they to be made?'

'It can't be helped,' said the negro, when the rain drenched him to the skin; 'massa order so; so be 'uman natur.' And a provident dispensation has endued the mind of man with an admirable elasticity, that adapts itself according to his sphere and habitation in the world. Who then would live in the primeval wilderness, and yet not love the chase? or, who could wander long and often in the deep glades of the forest, and not

become a sportsman? How much more, then should those, whose life is of the woods, whose every thought is primitive and sylvan, give up heart, body, soul, and all, to this engrossing passion? In manners simple and artless, his heart untutored, and free from man's artificial follies, the life of the backwoodsman is a day of bright and healthful sunshine. The light and joyous laugh of dawning childhood, is echoed back by the voice of the forest. The eye of the youth is charmed by the lofty trees and the various birds that nestle in their branches; the man is a hunter from necessity as well as from choice; and the ear of the aged listens to the soft and soothing whispers of memory, sounding in the evening wind of the wilderness.

Now for a few words respecting brother Jonathan as a sporting character in his more *social* state; and first of his performances on the 'road.' The American stage-coach drivers are clever whips in their own *way*, but their *ways* are bad, take the word in what sense you will. They are exceedingly clumsy coachmen; every man who drives four horses, seems to need as many hands as Briareus, and if you were not certain that he is on a coach-box, you would imagine him to be playing the harp, the movements of his hands are so quick and so varied. Yet they get along at a wonderful pace, considering the difficulties and dangers of the roads, together with the enormous weight of the machine, in which nine human beings are shut up, as close as pigs in a pen; however, on they *do go* by some means or other; getting over or through places which in any other part of the world would be deemed utterly impassable, displaying a most extraordinary combination of unfailing skill and ludicrous awkwardness.

In the saddle they are fearless riders, but generally deficient in grace, and utterly negligent of the study of that most useful branch of horsemanship, a light hand; yet one of our crack riders would be very much bothered to follow a rough riding American through the scrub-oak thickets by them commonly called 'black-jacks'—in which they seem to wind their way with perfect security and ease.

As rifle shots, the Americans are unequalled—their quickness, precision, and accuracy of aim, are truly astonishing, and must be seen in order to obtain full credit. Priest, in his travels in America, thus narrates a singular instance of their daring and skill. 'During the late war, in 1775, a company of riflemen formed from the backwoodsmen of Virginia, was quartered here (Lancaster in New England,) for some time. Two of them alternately held a board only nine inches square between his knees, while his comrade fired a ball through it from a distance of one hundred paces.' This account I can readily believe. In wandering one day on the shore of one of the many lesser lakes, which abound in the northern part of the state of New York, I met with a party of hunters, consisting of two men and a boy, the last loaded with a heap of fine black and grey squirrels. Two dogs tried the squirrels before them, when one or other of the marksmen would send his bullet into the animal's eye, in order to preserve the skin unbroken. This I have seen them do many times in succession, both then and since, without the marksman ever once missing his object. In the western states the squirrel will often run

up a dead tree and lie close, hugging the bark which hangs loosely on the trunk. When they are in this position, the hunter will take a side-long aim at them, cutting the bark off from beneath the feet with the ball; the animal is killed by the concussion, and falls at his feet lifeless without a wound.*

This opening chapter grows rather too long; yet there is one subject to be touched on in speaking of the sports and sportsmen of America—I mean the Indian. The nature of the red man was once noble; his soul was free, his spirit pure as the wind which seems now to sigh over his desolation in the forest. How sadly changed and lowly fallen is he now. And shame to us that we should say it, civilization is the bitter water which has sullied the fountain of his life. Reviled, oppressed, hunted like a wild beast from his home, his heart died within him, and his new master at length succeeded in endowing him with a new spirit. His admiration turned to hate, his hope sunk in despair, his native generosity gave place to a deadly and implacable desire of revenge. Once free and unfettered as his native air, a creature to be trusted as truth, a man to be admired, a monarch of the wilderness; he soon became a slave, a heartless reprobate, an outcast. A canoe, with a few mats for encamping purposes, an empty rum bottle, to be filled from the canteen of any generous (!) white man; some few pounds of parched corn and dried fish; a square axe, a gun, and an iron pot, constitute the wealth of the present North American Indian; and thus furnished, he roves the wilds, a slave to every evil thought but fear. Alas! for the native Nimrods of the forest! Alas! for these lords of the wilderness! Their war-paths are trod by the foot of the oppressor, and cities are springing up on the ruins of their humble wigwams. Their favourite haunts are broken up, their sylvan solitudes disturbed, and soon their graves will be all that they retain of their once loved hunting grounds. The red men may sleep undisturbed in the depth of the forest, though in the plains the plough-share of the pale-faced stranger is tearing up tumuli of their fathers. The ancient sepulchral mounds of the aborigines are disappearing as the modern buildings of the intruders arise; and shortly the heroes of the battle-field, the council-fire, and the chase, will be regarded but as the imaginary creatures of romance.

WILDDRAKE.

New York, 1837.

[New Sporting Magazine.

* Upon a similar principle, though not exactly by the same practice, the red-headed woodpeckers are killed in great numbers during the cherry-season in the southern states. A long pole, pliable, but more substantial than a fishing-rod, is lashed to the trunk of a cherry-tree, the top projecting a few feet above the uppermost branches. The bird coming in search of the fruit, and seeking for some convenient spot on which to alight, settles on the pole, when a person who is stationed at the foot of the tree, striking the lower end of the pole a smart blow with the hammer, the concussion instantly deprives the bird of life. Hundreds are often killed in the course of a single morning by this simple contrivance. [We always take American 'nuts' of this kind *cum grano salis*.—Ed. N. S. Mag.]

FLY-FISHING.

'Ye'll take the creel, and I'll take the gad,—
Will ye go try the fishing, young lad ?'—OLD SONG.

Fly-fishing—with how many delightful ideas is the word associated ! Who that has ever handled the 'long-rod,' hears fly-fishing named, in a populous city, on a lovely April day, wavering between sun-shine and shower, without thinking of scenes and objects that gladden the heart of man ? The source of the favourite trout stream is near the top of a heath-clad hill, on whose sides a thousand unweaned lambs are sporting when the angler first sallies forth to the waters on the return of spring ; and within a week of his killing his first creel-full for the season, he hears the note of the cuckoo as he is making his way to the stream. As the welcome sound salutes his ear, he not forgetful of the superstitions of his boyhood—mechanically thrusts his hand into his pockets, and finds that it contains both money and a knife—three and sixpence, and an old 'Wharncliffe' which he bought at Sheffield, when 'George the *Fourth* was king ;' the omen is lucky—he will neither want money nor sport for a twelve-month to come.

But descending with the stream into a more level country, what sees the angler there at a more advanced period of the season ? Fair-skinned maidens—if he be in Scotland—paddling in a tub by the side a burn, with their petticoats kilted—like Jenny's in the old song—a '*foot* above their knee.' On the low, fertile haughs, he sees fields of corn just beginning to ear, and of meadow just ready for the scythe of the mower. Trees and bushes are now in full leaf ; birds are singing in every wood and brake, and myriads of 'insect youth' are glancing to and fro above the surface of the water, from which every now and then a hungry trout rises and shortens the span of an ephemera, by swallowing it an hour or two before it would have died a natural death under the alders by the side of the stream.

The flower on the elder bush and the less frequent song of the thrush and the blackbird indicate that midsummer is approaching, when the sheep-washing for a while interrupts the sport of the angler, and either sends him far away up among the hills to try for trout unsickened by the tar of the fleece, or causes him for a while to lay aside his rod to visit a relation or a friend at the town of Whereyewill, and to sport a 'pony' at the races.

In July the water is generally too clear and too low—except in hilly districts where there is rain every other day—to allow of regular fly-fishing ; but towards the end of the month or the beginning of August, when the streams, under the influence of St. Swithin, suddenly swell from bank to brae, grilse are caught towards their source, and now and then a salmon rewards the angler's perseverance. When wheat is full ripe salmon begin to be in full roe ; and when the corn is cut and stacked the angler lays aside his rod and creel for the season. As he is returning to his quarters on the conclusion of his last day's sport, he finds that Simon Brown, the farmer of Nether-haugh—where he has often taken an early breakfast on

his way up the stream—is about to keep his ‘kirkn supper;’ and being pressed to stay and partake, he agrees; and gives one of the salmon which he has caught to mend the fare. At supper he takes his place at Simon’s board end, and after it is over—as he is a bachelor—he joins the dance, a country one of course, in the barn, with the farmer’s daughter as a partner. In the morning, after breakfast and ‘caulker,’ he takes his way homeward; and for a week after he finds himself humming the chorus of one of Oswald’s old songs:

‘Dear Betty, dear Betty, dear Betty Brown.’

Though April in mild seasons generally affords the fly-fisher good sport, yet the cold wintry weather that we have had during the greater part of the present month, has almost entirely prevented the pleasurable exercise of the ‘gentle art.’ As spring this year seems to be postponed till the usual period of summer, the best season for the trout-fisher is yet to come. Though the rod fishers for salmon at Kelso had very good sport about the end of February and the beginning of March, * trout-fishers on the Border have had but little success during the present month. There have been no reports of well-filled creels from the Glen, the Bowmont, the Kail, or the Jed. Few brethren of the rod have yet taken up their quarters at the Angler’s inn at Weldon-bridge, by ‘bonny Coquet side.’ The Hull anglers have scarcely yet ventured as far as Driffeld to try a cast in its far-famed becks. The Sheffield lads have not yet tinged their steel with the blood of the Derwent trouts; and the streams and lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland are yet unthrashed by the fly-fishers of Manchester and Liverpool. A few early anglers from London—who ‘venture ere the swallow dares’—have already had a whip at the Colne and the Wandle, but their most certain catch has been a cold.

Having said thus much on the incidental pleasures, present state, and future prospects of fly-fishing, it seems necessary to add a few words on the practice of the art. The best rods for trout-fishing are those that play with a regular spring, and which are neither too stiff towards the butt nor too supple at the top; and the most convenient length is from twelve to fifteen feet. The latter length is preferable for a tourist who may visit streams of various width; as with a fifteen feet rod he can fish a narrow water as well as one that is comparatively broad, and cast with such a rod, if he be an artist, twenty-four yards of line, with about as much certainty as he can eighteen or twenty with a rod three feet shorter. In fishing a wide stream, the command of five or six yards more water is of great advantage to the angler, and the power of casting so much more line will frequently enable him to fish a likely place without the necessity of wading. Bag-rods which are joined by means of sockets are to be pre-

* On Saturday, 25th February, one gentleman killed in the Tweed, near Kelso, eleven salmon; and on Monday, 27th, the noblemen and gentlemen residing there for the sake of enjoying the amusement of angling for salmon had excellent sport. In the Kelso water fifteen fish were killed by the Earl of Cadogan. Other anglers too who were out at the same time returned ‘well fished,’ but none of them caught so many as his lordship.

ferred to such as are joined by means of screws, as the latter, in consequence of being more stiff at the joints, do not bend in so regular a curve. The top piece of a fly-rod ought never to be joined to the next lower length by a socket, but ought to be neatly fitted to it by a 'scare' and tied on when at the water-side with a piece of well-waxed twine—an operation which an angler who has the use of his fingers will perform in two minutes. A reel is necessary, not only that line may be given to a large fish, but that it may be lengthened or shortened as the occasion may require. A line of silk and hair is better than one either all hair or all silk; as a hair line is apt, more especially on first using it, to run into kinks, and a silk one sinks too deep in the water. The foot-length or 'trail' should consist of about five yards of fine and strong gut, and it ought to be knotted, not looped, to the casting line. It is generally advisable to fish with three flies, a stretcher, and two droppers, placed about three or four feet apart; for though the stretcher or tail-fly be mostly taken, as it alights on the water, yet a trout will not unfrequently seize one of the others as the 'trail' is drawn across the stream.

On the subject of flies a great deal has been written; and all that has been said about dressing the deceptive fly in exact imitation of a natural one is sheer nonsense. At the time when most trout are caught, the water is in such a state that the fish cannot distinguish any thing more than a general form. The trout perceives something fall on the water, which he supposes to be a fly, and he springs forward to seize it on the impulse of appetite, and waits not to scrutinize the species. After two or three casts, the deceptive fly, however neatly it may have been dressed, bears but a very remote resemblance to its pretended original, and it is extremely questionable, if a trout, when the water is rather discoloured and ruffled by a breeze—the best time for the angler—can distinguish the colour of the fly which he seizes. The old maxim, 'that to catch trout, the flies ought to be dressed exactly in imitation of such natural flies as are then to be found near the water'—has no foundation in truth, for most trout are caught by flies which least resemble such as are found in nature. The prime object is to have flies formed of materials that are of the least possible weight, and do not absorb much water; and the smaller they are, provided the hook will bear the weight of the fish and carry out the line, so much the better. One of the best fly-fishers of the present day, and one of the most poetical of writers on the subject—is it necessary to name Christopher North?—has killed more than one salmon with a midge fly, and caught ten or twelve dozen of trout with a fly—if fly it could be called—formed of the leaf and yellow blossom of the broom.

Let any angler who puts faith in the maxim above noticed, look at one of his most gaudy coloured flies when wet, through a large glass, of rather muddy water in a state of motion, and let him distinguish his favourite bits of green and blue if he can; and let him show his book of pretended fac-similes to an entomologist, and it will certainly puzzle the learned fly-catcher to decide their species. The most useful flies for trout fishing, may be classed under three general heads: black, of which the midge fly may be considered the type; red, the standard colour for which is the

reddish-brown hackle of a cock's neck ; and brown, the colour of which may be represented by the wing of the red grouse or a wren's tale. With flies and hackles dressed according to these standards of colour, the angler will catch the trout, if he knows how to use his tackle, in every stream and lake where they are to be found. The red hackle, either dressed as a palmer, or with brown or dark coloured wings, is one of the most generally useful flies that an angler can have in his book. It is a killing fly every where ; In Ireland and in Wales, as well as in England and Scotland. In the rivers of America, and in the streams at the foot of the Himalayah mountains in Hindostan, English anglers have proved the excellence of the red hackle ; which is as great a favourite with the trout and 'mahseer' of those countries as it is with every species of the *salmo fario* in the pleasant streams of our native land.

[New Sporting Magazine.]

(From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.)

FLY-FISHING.

I have read in the Spirit of the Times of the 24th of June, a piece taken from the London New Sporting Magazine, headed 'Fly-fishing.' There is much correct information in that piece, but there is also much, in my opinion, to mislead new beginners in the art. I say beginners, for believe me, old and experienced fly-fishers will not be taken with a fly 'formed of the leaf and yellow blossom of the broom.' No, they will stick to the deceptive fly of the proper colour for the time. It is nonsense to believe there is a colour for every month—it is not so—for in fishing three mill pools on the same stream, on the same day, I have found, that to be successful, I had to change my fly and the colour of it at each pool ; and in fishing in the same places a few days after, the only fly trout would rise to, was a small grey one, and to such a one they would rise freely in all the pools. In the early part of the season when the trout is poor, he will run at any thing ; but towards June he becomes a perfect epicure in his feeding at such time. I would like to witness the success of a fisherman at one of our limped lime-stone brooks—more properly creeks—depending on the leaf and blossom of the broom for a fly : believe me he would ever after be a convert to the use of a well-dressed artificial one. I was once at Big Spring, in Cumberland Co. Pennsylvania, with a young friend from New York who said his flies were of the right sort. We commenced fishing near each other. Very soon I landed four or six brace, but not a trout would rise to his fly. I examined it, and found it a peacock body and peacock wing. I took a small grey fly from my own book and tied it on his hooks, and had the pleasure of seeing him kill fifteen brace with it. Another time I was at Silver Spring, in the same county. It was an evening of alternate clouds and sunshine, with a gentle breeze, and exactly what fly-fishers call a killing day ; yet for one hour, not a trout would rise, although I changed my fly several times.—At last I tried a light rust-coloured body and long dark wing, and marked 'Irish Salmon,' and with that fly I killed, without changing the spot on which I stood, fourteen

trout weighing from two to two and a half pounds each. All I contend for, is, that much of our success in fishing depends on the size and colour of our flies, and the firmness of the gut or sinew next the fly.

In conclusion, I may be pardoned for saying that I have been for more than forty-five years ardently attached to field sports, from the pulling down with a pack of stag hounds the noble buck on our mountains, to the killing of rail and reed birds on the river sides, and I am convinced these same field sports have added ten years of life to a frame and constitution never robust.

G.

SPRING AND ITS SPORTS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

Well, the snow is gone at last, thank heaven! and the floods having done all the mischief they could, in the way of upsetting bridges, toppling down cottages, and swimming away flocks of sheep have retired to their proper channels. Old Hyems, as we used to call him at school, has made his retiring bow, and Jack Frost (it is no pun to say so) has accepted the *Chill-tern* Hundreds. Sunshine is really sunshine now, bright and *warm*, as it ought to be, not the deceptive glare that used to lure us from our homes a while ago, and then leave us in the middle of some cold common, shivering and *dithering* like a whole grove of aspens. No: sunshine is now no longer 'all moonshine,' as a thousand little peeping flowers, and a thousand little warbling birds can testify. A new world-creation is going forward, for it is not to be pretended that what we have been in the habit of treading upon for the last three months was a world. Not a bit of it—that was only the raw material, the *rudis indigestaque moles*, the *informe ingens*, the chaos of the mighty fabric that we are going to see raised under our eyes. Philosophers, avaunt! cosmogonists, hold your tongues! you have nothing to do, all of you, but stand still, and you will see a world created, not only better than you can do it, but without an atom of the pother and fuss you make—without so much as a single earthquake, comet, volcano, or subterranean fire—aye, or even a hypothesis! That mighty conjuror, the sun (which I know you set no more store by than an old gas lamp) will do it all. Animals of all sorts, quadruped, triped, and biped, wake at his nod; flowers burst forth from every bank, buds from every bough; earth, air, and water, are teeming with new life; the very rocks themselves are unable to resist the genial influence, and gush forth in a thousand glittering springs. Nothing remains torpid now but man's heart, and *that*—but stay! we shall grow cynical if we trust ourselves longer on this subject, and we have no mind to meet the coming spring with a frown instead of a joyous countenance. Away with melancholy!—*carpe diem*—sentimental moralizing stands adjourned till next November.

Off at the rate of five miles an hour, now we go into our beloved fields, renewing old acquaintanceships at every turn, awakening old emotions at

every step. The old wood-paths, the old hill tops, the old river-holmes, aye, even the old stiles and gate posts are recognized with tenderness, and revisited with delight. It is true that these, our first walks, are not without their sorrows. The billman has been at work among the hedge rows, and the timber merchant has carried away many a goodly tree. The coolness, too, with which these gentlemen gloss over their enormities is not the least harrowing part of the business. That old hedger, for instance, calls upon us to admire as a capital good job, the ruin which he has effected on one of our most bowery lanes, by cutting down, and pleaching the hedges to the pattern of a sheep hurdle; and the farmer, who has been the cause of the downfall of yonder magnificent elm, calls upon us to say if we don't think he has made a 'nice open.' Now, as we gaze into the air during these aforesaid rambles of ours, we see odd looking flocks of birds flying in odd-looking figures across the landscape, or wheeling about, and making all manner of odd noises over our heads. These are migratory birds, but whether just arriving or just departing, is more than we can tell, for our ornithology unhappily goes into a mighty small compass. At the same time, all manner of queer-looking insects come fluttering about us (and biting us as a matter of course,) humming all sorts of merry tunes, and making all sorts of merry curvets in the air, but our entomology, God knows, is as defective as our ornithology, and if you want to know the names of 'em, you must go and ask Swammerdam or Samouelle. Now, clouds, which for the last half year or so have been nothing but huge masses of black vapour, begin to assume all manner of fantastic and beautiful shapes, and, to a mind in the slightest degree imaginative, form magnificent pictures of themselves. Now gipsies, who have been missing for at least as long a period, re-appear from goodness (or rather badness) knows where, and fortune-telling and sheep-stealing resume their accustomed vigour. Ploughs in all directions are cutting up the country (sad sight for the foxhunters!) and Dobbin, Smiler, and Madam have a weary time of it; the ploughmen themselves, and the little urchins who attend them, are strongly affected by the influence of the season, and evince their blitheness by whistling all manner of lugubrious airs, in all manner of minor keys. Now, as quarter-day approaches, we meet on turnpike roads, great ponderous sky-high wagons, laden with all manner of tables and chairs, and tubs and barrels, and clocks and cradles, and benches and corner-cupboards, and churns and cheese-presses, and mattresses and feather-beds, and on the very tip-top of all a nest of laughing children, shouting and screaming, and thinking it the finest fun alive to be rolling along thus, and seeing all sorts of nice, new, strange places. I need not tell you, after this, that it is a *farmer removing*, to our mind one of the saddest sights that the world has to offer. Your tradesmen now may change his residence at his pleasure. A removal from King street to Queen street may even be an advantage. But for a farmer to leave his old home is a violation of the order of nature. 'Browns of the grange,' and 'Burtons of the hill,' seem names so naturally associated, that our minds refuse to acknowledge the possibility of a change. It becomes a personal affair, and we feel half inclined

to call out the landlord, and advertise the bailiff for breach of humanity. Browns and 'the grange' seem so necessary to each other that to separate them appears nothing less than a revolution in agriculture. Generations and generations of Browns have lived and died there. We knew the grandfather Brown, of our own knowledge; and *our* grandfather knew *his* grandfather. Sir Everhard (the landlord) piques himself upon his family having come in at the conquest. Brown's, I believe, came in at the conquest too. Remove Brown, and where is the guarantee for the stability of any of our institutions? It is like moving the land itself; an earthquake would be a less evil; our geography is upset by it; our landmarks are thrown into disorder; we are unable to describe our whereabouts; we don't know where we are. But we are again getting into the doleful—and we had made a vow to be nothing but merry throughout the whole of this paper. Back to our spring sights!

Now, returning home some dusky evening towards the end of March, our eyes are dazzled and our spirits startled by the appearance of a vast incendiarism, which illuminates half the horizon, and imparts to the whole heavens a most diabolic glow. At first we are inclined to regard it as a natural phenomenon—but phenomenon soon gives place to Swing, and we almost expect to see that gentleman start out of every bush we meet, lantern in hand and lucifer matches in his pocket. No cause for apprehension of any sort, however, for it is nothing more than the annual firing of the gorse on the neighbouring common, to make way for the young shoots for the purpose of pasturage. Now young gentlemen and ladies go a violetting, a primrosing, or a daffodilling, as the case may be, and many are the pretty airs and graces that these latter give themselves in getting over a hedge, or showing their legs in scrambling up a bank. Now summer tourists spread out their maps and con over their *manuels du voyageur*; ten thousand trips to the Rhine are meditated in chimney-corners, a like number of rambles through Switzerland, and ten times ten thousand excursions to Paris, Calais, and Boulogne. Now building, which, like every thing else, has been at a dead stand-still, is resumed in all its horror; our very prettiest hillsides, our most cherished wildernesses, all our pleasant river reaches, all our flowery forest banks are dotted with damnable red cottages (excuse the expression, gentlemen sportsmen!) our choicest bits of park scenery are hemmed in by villanous scarlet-erimson walls, and to crown all, the wardens of our fine old parish church have decreed a new vestry. Now gardening ladies are all alive, tripping about with their miniature rakes and forks, and scattering their seeds in all directions. Such digging and delving, and troweling and spudding, and watering and soiling up! such huntings after missing tools, such accusations of seeds purloined, such littering about of little brown paper parcels no bigger than your thumb, such sendings to the nurseryman for half-ounces of this, and quarter of an ounce of that! lord, it puts one all in a tremble to think of it! Come in to their dinners they *will* not: this is one of Flora's lucky days: not a moment of it is to be lost: to-morrow things won't grow. Well, well, heaven prosper their labours! for it is a glorious sight they are providing for us—the exhibition is one

little pleasance of all that nature has of most beautiful to offer, in all her beautiful and bountiful domain. Now—Mr. Murphy having been duly consulted—sketching parties are resumed, and porte-crayons and camp-stools are in great demand. The poor peasant in his mud cottage is suddenly overwhelmed by an irruption of smart visitors, with footmen and pony-chaises, which he at first sets down as a charitable visitation, but soon finds out his mistake, poor fellow, and puts as good a face on the matter as circumstances will allow. Tumble down mills and superannuated barns are now greatly sought after; an old tree with a hole in it, or a wooden bridge with a couple of ducks below, is an object of absolute idolatry. It was but the other day that I encountered what seemed to me to be a congregation of primitive Methodists, listening to some favourite preacher, placed in the midst of them; but on approaching the spot, found it was only the young ladies of Miss Birch's 'Establishment' taking thirty-seven sketches of widow Baker's pigstye. Now, in towns, barrel-organs and white mice re-appear, and a little later in the season, broom-girls 'from Teutschland,' and stilt-girls from France. Now oysters go out and lambs come in, and chimney sweeps begin to turn up their noses at good Welch mutton. Now crocusses and snow-drops are set out in little wooden boxes on window sills, and tulips and hyacinths are seen through the glass in fine houses, and the gardener's shop presents a fine spectacle of *Van Thols* and narcissuses. Now roads get dusty, and water-carts go about—making it ten times dustier than ever. Now birds nests are in season, and little boys come home with dislocated arms and legs, which cross mothers soon flog into joint again. Now is hatching time in farm houses, and baskets of young chicks and ducklings stand by the fire-side, or whole broods of them come running between your legs, and getting trod on, and setting you at outs with the farmer's wife for a twelve-month to come. Now the old swallow that has built for the last four years in the corner of the summer house, makes his appearance again; you are quite sure it was he, having, *by way of inducing him to come again*, cut off one of his claws at parting. Now—but we shall go on *nowing*, till we have filled half the New Sporting Magazine; and not a word has yet been said on the sporting part of the subject. And has spring nothing for the sportsman? The baying of a thousand otter-hounds, the tinkling of a thousand racing bells, the neighing of a thousand steeple-chasers, the whirling of a thousand fishing reels, and the flashing of thousands upon thousands of trout, salmon, grayling, carp, tench, perch, roach, chub, barbel, dace, bleak, rudd, bream, *cum multis aliis quod*, &c. sufficiently attest the contrary.

Steeple-chasing—so called after the manner of *lucus a non lucendo* because nobody ever heard of a steeple having any thing to do with the matter—steeple-chasing is a sport that with us, as with the rest of Old England, has advanced much in fashion of late years. We have several steeple-chases in the neighbourhood: the —— Hunt Steeple-chase: the —— Cricket Club Steeple-chase: the —— Whist Club Steeple-chase: indeed there is scarcely a club in the county but takes the field on this occasion; and it will by no means be a matter of surprise to us if we read

some of these days, in the county paper, an advertisement of the Wil-lowford Original Royal Incorporated Teetotallers' Steeple-chase—the prize to consist of a first-rate silver teapot, with ten pounds—of twankay—added by the honorary members of the society.

The Cricket club concern is the crack one amongst us, being the oldest established, and supported by an annual purse from the county members. For some time previously to its 'coming off,' it becomes the leading subject of all sporting conversations in the neighbourhood. The farmer at market, the squire by the cover side—all have some inquiry to make or some opinion to give concerning it. Bets, of course, are laid in abundance, and committees are chosen to set out the ground. Where the ground is to be, nobody knows till the last moment; but everybody has some wise conjecture or other on the subject; and consequently a thousand places are named as *positively fixed upon*, not one of which perhaps has ever been thought of. The consequence is, that we set off at last, like the knights errant of old, without any very distinct idea of whither we are going or where we shall stop. All we know is that the race is to come off somewhere in the neighbourhood of Waterless village, and thitherward we direct our steps. The road is full of cavaliers, like ourselves wandering at the will of fate, asking directions of every one, and receiving as many contradictory answers as there are questions propounded. One says this way, another that: some are inclined for *Bentley Rough*, others stick out for *Dagley Spiny*, but nobody knows for certain; even the toll-gate man, who knows every thing, is ignorant of that; and old farmer Styche, who has got a brother who has a son who is going to ride somebody's horse in the race, knows no more than that the tits are to saddle and weigh at the *Rose and Crown* stables on the London road. That is something, however, and with this new information, we trot forward to the *Rose and Crown* stables, where we make sure we shall hear all about it. The *Rose and Crown*, gentle reader, is nothing more than a common hedge ale-house, and owes all its importance on this occasion to the accident of its lying in the immediate neighbourhood of the starting place. That it is important, doubt not: the fashionablest hotel in all London, the most splendid café in all the Palais Royal, are nothing in comparison; and as for the host himself this morning, there is nothing to come up to him between this and Navy Island. He is here and there and everywhere; ordering, countermanding, advising, reproving, whispering, shouting, insisting, imploring, praying, swearing, running, jumping, handing over pots of porter, tumbling over benches, drawing corks, mixing glasses of brandy and water, hunting the last week's newspaper, dealing out 'real Havannas' with straws in them, blowing up his wife, kicking the children, dismissing the ostler and re-engaging him all in a breath—in short exhibiting himself in so many forms, and fulfilling so many offices, that Harlequin himself, or Julius Cæsar at his best, were but fools to him. It is true that he is rather bewildered at times—delivering pints of ale instead of half-pints, giving change for sixpence in half-crown pieces, sticking cigars into glasses of gin and water instead of tea-spoons, and trying to unlock the stable door with the key of the ale tap.

And no wonder; for it is not every day that the *Rose and Crown* is so honoured with custom; and with a whole kitchen full, and parlour full, and bar full, and *road* full of visitors, all calling to be helped at once, no marvel, I say, if our worthy host's mind is a little agitated on the occasion.

But see! the horses are making their appearance from all quarters, clothed up to the very tips of their ears; and the jockeys buttoned up in rough great coats, come trotting in one after another on the very sorriest of sorry hacks—(query, why is it that jockeys must always be mounted either on the very best horses or the very worst scrubs?) Now the weighing is completed at the *Rose and Crown* stables, and a general move is made towards the scene of action. It is not far off, though it takes some time to get there, on account of the narrowness of the lane that leads to it, and the number of vehicles that are crowding along. Having succeeded in passing all these, and only running over about five or six *ladies* with card lists, we find ourselves fairly on the ground. The course stands full in view, marked out by party-coloured flags; and the farm-house on the opposite hill side is pointed out to us as the finishing point of the race. All along the lane which runs parallel with the course, and even in the fields themselves, are groups of knowing (and unknowing) ones examining and criticising the line; of course finding all manner of fault with the committee, for choosing the jumps too high (or too low,) the ground too heavy (or too light,) the brooks too wide (or too narrow,) and in short every thing about it *too something* or other. But it is in the last field or two that the great throng of visitors appears. Here carriages are seen driving about the ground, or standing unhorsed. in some convenient spot for a good view; here groups of 'elegantly attired females,' as the newspapers say, are promenading about the green turf, as much at home, to all appearance, as if they were treading the floor of a ball-room. Young gentlemen on very spirited horses are setting one another jumps over the neighbouring hedges, and cause infinite merriment to the surrounding bumpkins and bumpkinesses, as they go pitching about in their saddles, and are within an inch of breaking their necks at every attempt. In another quarter we see knots of betting men with very long faces and very short great coats, trying to prove that most difficult of all questions—which is the greatest rogue of the lot. I have already said—or ought to have said—that farmer Strongi'th'arm's house is to be the *ultima thule* of the race. Farmer Strongi'th'arm's house, therefore, is in a very great state of bustle and excitement. Every stall in his stables is occupied by two horses at least; barns, cow-sheds, and wagon-houses, are equally in request. The mansion itself is literally besieged with visitors—farmer Strongi'th'arm didn't know he had half so many *dear friends* before. But to give him his due, jolly old fellow, he has no mind to be squeamish on the occasion, and dispenses his jorums of anno-domini and *hunches* of pork-pie with an unsparing hand. All the servants about the farm, of course, have holiday, and have arranged all the wagons and carts they can lay hands on into a sort of rustic grand stand, which they have filled with their

wives and children, friends, relatives, and acquaintance. One of the gentlemen has 'brought his fiddle with him;' and be sure he has no rest till he has played all the tunes he knows twenty times over—except *Jim Crow*, which he is obliged to play forty times.

Now old farmer Strongi'th'arm's kitchen clock strikes three, and the gentleman who is to start the horses, after expressing his surprise at the fact, takes a last pull at farmer Strongi'th'arm's double XX and canters off to perform the duties of his office. The horses are already in the field, looking their very best; and in a few minutes more the jockeys are on their backs, as smart as white-topped boots and gay silk jackets can make them. Wagers are renewed with increased ardour, and betting-books and ever-pointed pencils are at work in all directions. The 'young gentleman from Liverpool,' who has come to sport his money and show off a bit, and in whose mind a bet is a bet—half-crown against half-crown, guinea against guinea—is surely puzzled by the many *varieties* of wager that are offered him—backing the field, naming the winner, taking the long odds, &c. &c.—and more particularly, by the apparent anomaly of laying four to one *against* the favourite. Mr. Johnson's Double-wicket has been the favourite up to the present day; but somebody has heard it whispered somewhere or other, by some one whose name he is not at liberty to mention, that Double-wicket, who is a very vicious horse, has been reported to have taken a grip at his groom's breeches and swallowed a portion of the leather: in consequence of which Double-wicket has gone rapidly down in the betting, and Mr. Jackson's Long-stop has taken his place. The favourites now are Mr. Jackson's Long-stop, Mr. Johnson's Double-wicket, and Mr. Robinson's Tip-and-go; all three known good 'uns, and mounted by crack riders. In fact it is the riders that chiefly influence the betting; steeple-chasing in this differing from ordinary racing—that in the one the horse is the great object of consideration, in the other the jockey. Consequently, instead of hearing 'two to one on the old horse,' or 'three to two on the mare,' it's 'I will back Tom Smith against the field,' or 'I will take four to one against Dick Brown.'

And now arises a new and most knotty point to settle; where must we take our stand? are we to see the start or the finish? are we to plant ourselves by the rasper at the brook, or the bullfinch at the osier-bed? shall we take up a position by the in-and-outer at the lane or the out-and-outer at the common? will it be pleasantest to see our friends stifled in the canal, or break their necks at the ox-fence? We would fain see all; but as Paddy says, 'can't be in two places at once, *like a bird*.' At last we make up our minds to post ourselves by the middlemost of the last three fences, so as to command a view of the finish and run in, and a glance of so much else of the race as circumstances will allow. No sooner said than done. We are close by the last flag but one, and have established a keen look out to windward. In a little time the horses appear in view, and there is a general cry of 'here they are!' which is kept up for several minutes after every body knows all about it. Here they come, bobbing over the hedges, and helter-skeltering along the fields at best pace: red, blue, green, and yellow—purple, white, orange and

harlequin. A general murmur is heard along the line, and cries of 'now Long-stop!'—'now Double-wicket!'—'now Smith!'—'now Brown!' issue from a thousand quarters at once. Bets are still offered and taken; and Long-stop grows more in favour every moment. See how beautifully he took that flight of hurdles! and how cleverly Dick Brown lifted him over that ox-fence! Long-stop must win, and 'no mistake,' as the Liverpool gentleman says. Look at him now! how he flies over that bit of maiden turf! and with what courage he charges that double-milled bullfinch! He is through now, and disappears for a moment behind the plantation. Double-wicket and Tip-and-go are keeping a good place for second, and a horse that nobody ever heard of, Mr. Tomlinson's Up-for-innings, is waiting closely upon them. The plantation is passed now, and the horses re-appear. The horses! but where is Long-stop? the favourite, invincible Long-stop? Another moment brings the news—that Long-stop is down in a ditch. How the devil the news manages to come in such a short space of time is a marvel to me? but such is the fact, and we leave philosophers to account for it. Double-wicket and Tip-and-go are now the leading horses, running neck-and-neck together, and jumping cheek-by-jowl over their fences? Up-for-Innings close in their wake on a good line of his own. A stiff wattled hedge is before them, with a ditch on one side and a stout rail on the other. They both charge it together, and both clear it without touching a twig; but Double-wicket has been put at it too strong, and comes floundering upon his nose on the other side. After a scramble of sixteen yards or so, Tom Smith has him on his legs again, and holds him together as best he may over the wheat fallow that follows. He is still ahead of Up-for-Innings, and not without hopes of yet winning the race. The next fence gives him new hopes. Tip-and-go has taken his spring from a rotten bank, and comes smash in the middle of the adjoining hedge. No great harm done, however, and off he jumps again, with Double-wicket close at his side, and as little notion of giving in as ever he had in his life. Away, away they go, neck and neck and head to head—their spring is so exactly uniform, their stride so nicely matched, that they seem as if propelled by the same movement; like two *Siameses*, in fact, engaged in a little fraternal emulation. All eyes are upon them, and as they approach the last field, their names upon all lips. Hearts beat and hands tremble, and eyes almost start out of their sockets to watch them over the fence—the last but one in the race. They are at it now, and a teaser it is—in go the Brunmagems, and to work goes the whalebone—every voice is hushed, and you may hear the crackle of every twig as they brush over the stiff black-thorn together. The riders now try to put them to their speed, for they are in the last field, and the first over the next hedge is the winner of the prize. But they have taken too much out of them to make very quick running, and it is with much ado they can boil up a gallop at all. They do all that horse (and man) can do, however, and neither will yield an inch to the other. Life is evidently no consideration—glory is all; 'let us do or die,' is the only motto; every nerve, ligament, muscle, vein, and artery is strained to the utmost—their hearts are ready to burst, but their

spirits never quail for a moment. All eyes are upon them—they approach the goal—the old turf resounds with their steps—the ranks close in upon them as they pass—a rush is made to see them get over the last fence—already is the cheer of triumph hanging on a thousand lips to greet the victor,—the fence is here—they are at it—‘Tip-and-go wins!’ ‘Long-stop has it!’ are shouted in our ears by a thousand different voices—but before ‘Long-stop,’ or ‘Tip-and go,’ can take this spring, ‘Up-for-innings’ has rushed by them both, and made his way into the next field!

Three cheers for ‘Up-for-innings’—hip, hip, hip!—and ‘Long-stop’ and ‘Tip-and-go,’ are thought no more of than so many wagon horses. All crowd round the winner, and felicitate Mr. Thomas Thomson, his rider: who having been most infernally cut in the early part of the day, is in no very great hurry to answer their congratulations. The next half hour is occupied in ascertaining Mr. Thomas Thompson’s avoidupois, in inquiries after missing horses, getting others out of ditches, setting dislocated shoulders, settling (and disputing) wagers, asking out to dinner, arranging cricket matches, getting up subscriptions for next year’s race, bidding good-bye to farmer Strongi’t’h arm, and seeing the young gentleman from Liverpool, ‘considering himself horsewhipped’ by a blackleg from Newmarket, who has been taking him in with some queer, round-about, three-cornered sort of wager that he didn’t understand.

The evening is finished up by a dinner at the *Cricketers’ Arms*, where the rider of the first horse has his health drunk with three times three; on which, he, of course, declares himself ‘unaccustomed to public speaking,’ and begs to propose the health of the rider of the second horse, who in his turn begs to propose the health of the rider of the third horse: and so on to the end of the chapter: when—the president having toasted the vice, and the vice the president, and the ex-president the ex-vice-president, and the ex-vice-president the ex-president, and the president elect, the vice-president elect, and every body else having toasted somebody or other, and a great deal of shouting having been gone through, and a great deal of wine having been ‘drunk on the premises’—the chairman begs to give the health of his worthy friend the waiter with three times three, and Mary the chambermaid with similar honours. Then the party breaks up, and such as can find their way to their own homes do so, the rest being quietly bedded down on sofas and patent sliding chairs, and left to live over again in their dreams the events of the ‘Willowford and Westbridge Royal United Cricket Club Steeple-chase.’

[New Sporting Magazine.]

NEW COURSES IN MISSISSIPPI.—No better evidence of the increasing interest felt in the improvement of the blood stock in the south-west is required, than the fact that within a few months, new race tracks have been laid out and clubs formed at Holly Springs, Benton, Lexington, and Canton, Miss. A friend writes that many gentlemen are turning their attention to breeding for the turf, and with sanguine prospects of success.

[Spirit of the Times.]

AQUATIC REGISTER.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

The aquatic season has commenced, and our bark, as a matter of course, is again under weigh, with a crew on board constantly on the 'look out;' and let the weather be fair or foul, we shall not lose any opportunity, nor spare any exertion, to render our accounts of the sports of the wave in every way deserving of that patronage which has hitherto been so liberally bestowed upon us. As regards yachting, much has been adduced by us and others in proof of its beneficial results, but none more forcibly expresses himself on the subject than a well known gallant officer, and we cannot do better than quote his own words on this occasion. He observes, that 'of all the amusements entered into by the nobility and gentry of our island, there is not one so manly, so exciting, so patriotic, or so national as yacht-sailing. It is peculiar to England, not only from our insular position and our fine harbours, but because it requires a certain degree of energy and a certain degree of income rarely to be found elsewhere. It has been wisely fostered by our sovereigns, who have felt that the security of the kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a sailor, or connected with the nautical profession. It is an amusement of the greatest importance to the country, as it has much improved our ship building and our ship fitting, while it affords employment to our seamen and shipwrights.' All persons, we think, must agree in the opinions thus expressed. Of late, the advantages arising out of this health-promoting amusement have become much more apparent, and the spirit of emulation among the members of the numerous clubs has caused so much additional attention to be paid to the building of vessels, that increased improvements in their construction and equipment are being made in every succeeding season. This desideratum, it must be acknowledged, has been mainly accomplished by the establishment of clubs in almost every part of the kingdom; for the members found it necessary, in order to enter into competition for the numerous prizes given to be sailed for with any chance of success, not only to improve the vessels then in their possession, but to bring out others superiorly constructed, and thus keep pace with the many thousand amateurs who have enrolled themselves members of the various yachting societies. Of these clubs, the Royal Yacht Squadron, at Cowes, ranks 'first and foremost.' The list of the numerous splendidly built yachts, which appeared in our paper a short time since, will at one glance show its importance, and prove, in a national point of view, the necessity of its being countenanced by all well-wishers of their country. Among the others which also rank high, may be included the Royal Western Yacht Club, whose English division is at Plymouth, and the Irish division at Limerick; the Royal Northern, of Greenock and Belfast; Royal Irish, at Dublin; the Royal Cork; the Royal Thames, of London; the Royal Victoria, also of London; and many others, worthy especial patronage. Thousands of yachts are, by the members of these clubs, annually brought on the waters of the Clyde,

the Lagan, the Liffy, the Lee, the Shannon, the Tamar, the Medina, and the Thames, which places form the principal stations of rendezvous where aquatic amusements of every description frequently take place. We had intended to notice in this column the preparations made, and the proceedings likely to occur during the season, among our brother yachters belonging to those clubs alluded to above; but as our advices from the different ports have not yet arrived, we must confine ourselves to what we have witnessed with our own eyes and heard with our own ears. We shall, therefore, without further preface, commence with the Royal Thames Yacht Club, the members of which distinguished society opened their season on Thursday week, by their annual trip down old Father Thames. Before entering, however, into the particulars of the cruise, we shall merely observe, that this club was instituted in August, 1823: but at that time it excited but little public attention, although many excellent matches emanated from it, and at a subsequent period it would have fallen to the ground altogether, had not a staunch patron of the sport stretched forth his hand, and helped it out of its difficulties. This patriotic conduct, for such we may justly term it, was not to be forgotten, and an admirable portrait of the public spirited veteran and much esteemed gentleman, is at the present time placed in the club room. From that time the institution has gradually gained strength, but it was not until late years that it began to assume any thing like the importance which at present appertains to it in the aquatic world. On the demise of one of its most worthy commodores, a gentleman was called to take the helm, by whose strenuous exertions, combined with his upright and liberal conduct (by which he secured the respect and esteem of the members,) the club rapidly flourished, and is now become more distinguished than its most sanguine supporters could have anticipated, the yachts on the list amounting to sixty-two in number, and the gentlemen enrolled as members to upwards of two hundred and twenty, among whom are many of the most influential patrons of nautical recreations. In speaking thus of the present head of the club, we must, in justice, also observe, that he has been most ably seconded by the other officers of the society, and by none in a more efficient manner than the present worthy treasurer. Her Majesty is now the patroness of the club, and Admiral Sir T. M. Hardy, Bart. G. C. B. Vice Patron. At a late meeting it was agreed that a splendid cup should be sailed for in June, by all yachts not exceeding twenty-five tons, in honour of the Queen's coronation. It has been resolved that every succeeding cup given by the club should be of the increased value of £50 each, excepting the one sailed for above-bridge; and that the first match of the season should be sailed on the 19th of May.

But to the opening of the season. About four o'clock, Mr. Gunston's yacht, the Sabrina, appeared off Greenwich, on board of which the commodore hoisted his flag, and shortly afterwards got under weigh, with a leading and stiffish breeze, followed by the Messrs. Stoke's Victorine, Messrs. Snooks and Cassell's Widgeon, Mr. Barron's Princess Victoria, Mr. Lloyd's Jack Tar, Mr. Hope's Success, Mr. Egan's Petrel, Mr. Holt's Ripple, Mr. Chillingsworth's Ocean, Messrs. Everitt and White's Forti-

tude, Mr. Davidson's Oberon, the Moor Park, the Rose, the Peggy, Bermudian Maid, and about half a dozen others, having on board a number of the members of the Club and their friends. Many of the yachts had undergone considerable alterations and decorations during the recess. The Sabrina's cabin afforded us much gratification. The admirably executed paintings by Mr. G. Gunston adorned the sides. The first represents the Sabrina rounding the boat at Gravesend in advance during a match; the second, the same vessel coming in the winner off Greenwich; the third, the Gazelle and Sabrina off the North Foreland; the fourth, the Sabrina off the Reculvers; and in the next, we see her in a gale off the Isle of Sheppy, in 1834, when the boat and nearly all on board had a narrow escape of going down, but the Preventive men came to the assistance of the crew, and conveyed them on shore. The vessel being left riding by her kedge, dragged in the night, and drifted over to Faversham, where she fortunately got into a good berth, and sustained but trifling damage; yet the expenses of this disaster, including the remuneration to the Preventive men, amounted to upwards of £50. The sixth and last painting, however, is considered the *chef d'œuvre* of the artist. It represents the Sabrina going out of the outer harbour of Ramsgate by moonlight. The colouring is beautifully soft, and the whole scene is excellently delineated and executed. Messrs. Snooks and Cassell's Widgeon, has undergone such extensive improvements, that we at first mistook her for a new vessel. She is now one of the handsomest yachts of her tonnage on the river, and the patent sheathing has been brought into requisition, instead of copper. The Messrs. Stokes have shifted the mast of the Victorine more aft. Of the construction of this vessel, we have more than once had occasion to speak in terms of eulogy, and her sailing during the cruise gave indication of increased speed. The Ada Jane, which has so frequently distinguished herself, has been purchased by Mr. T. Hewes, and she is now being increased to 18 tons. A new yacht, called, we believe, the Gnome, of 23 tons, the property of Mr. Messor, of Stratford, Essex, we observed underweigh. She is a fine, bold-looking craft, but appeared to us to have rather too much sheer. We, however, only saw her at a distance, and must refrain from further allusion to her for the present. The whole of the yachts were not long in running down to Erith; there they dropt anchor for the night, it being usual for the respective crews to assemble in the evening at Mrs. Mytton's, the Crown Inn. About eight o'clock, the Commodore took the chair, and perhaps, on no previous occasion, was the long room so much crowded by the admirers of aquatic sports, nearly 200 gentlemen being present. We have so repeatedly reported the proceedings of this annual visit to Erith, that it is only necessary for us now to state, that it proved as usual, one of the most pleasant and convivial evenings that can possibly be imagined. Several yachts, in addition to those already enumerated, joined the fleet in the course of the evening, and there could not have been less than thirty vessels off Erith at one time and among them we noticed, the celebrated Yda, of the Royal Victoria Club. It having been duly notified by the Commodore, that in the morning the Sabrina would get underweigh for Margate, numbers were on the

qui vive as early as six o'clock, on Friday morning, and in about half an hour, the majority of the vessels had left the rendezvous. It gave us great gratification to see so many of the large class yachts following the *Sabrina*. The wind had veered more to the west, and there was quite enough of it to make the voyage pleasant. A trial of speed was the result among many of the first class vessels, and it was kept up with much interest and with alternate advantage till the yachts had proceeded some thirty miles on their course, when a gun from the *Rose* gave notice of separation; she being then steered towards Chatham, whither she was followed by *Victorine* and *Success*. The *Fortitude*, the *Bermudian Maid*, the *Peggy*, the *Ripple*, and several others of the small craft, also made for the same destination; but the *Princess Victoria*, *Widgeon*, *Petrel*, &c. kept the *Sabrina* company to Margate, which owing to a dead calm ensuing, was with difficulty reached. The Queen's Arms tavern, in the occupation of Mr. Grant, was the head-quarters, and here between forty and fifty gents assembled in the evening. The *Sabrina* and a yacht called the *Emma*, of about 14 tons, got underweigh, homeward bound, about one o'clock on Saturday, but in consequence of the almost total absence of wind only reached Herne Bay, where they dropped anchor for the night. The *Dolphin Hotel*, about 100 yards on the left from the entrance of the pier, was patronized, and the evening proved a truly pleasant one, the proprietor being as unremitting in his exertions to please, as the servants were civil and attentive. During Sunday night the calm was succeeded by a gale, but the wind having moderated about eleven o'clock, three reefs were taken in, and the vessels were again steered towards London; but after passing the Nore Light, turning to windward was the order of the day; and such was the 'dead noser' that prevailed, that it was considered impolitic to attempt to reach Gravesend. An attempt however, was made, but as the vessels were nearly water-logged, they at length put back, and making their way over the Swash, entered Queenborough. In the harbour we found the *Success*, *Victorine*, *Fortitude*, *Bermudian Maid*, *Ripple*, *Peggy*, *Oberon*, and the *Yda*, all detained by the gale. The *Princess Victoria* which we had left at Margate, also arrived in the course of the day, and in the evening, the *Ship Inn* was crowded to excess. As nearly all of those who arrived on Sunday, were as wet as if they had been dipped in the sea, the attentions of the host and his servants were put into active requisition. The weather continuing extremely unpropitious on Monday morning, and it being probable that the yachts would be delayed sometime in the harbour, many gents from the various vessels walked over to Sheerness at an early hour, and came to town by one of the Commercial Company's steamers. Two or three persons during the cruise were knocked overboard by the gibing of the boom, but they only experienced a ducking for not being on the look-out, and no serious accident occurred.

[Bell's Life in London, April 22, 1838.]

LADY CLIFDEN.—This fine mare was thrown out of training, immediately after her return from Washington, in consequence of an injury in one of her legs.

BREEDING FOR THE TURF.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I see '*A Breeder*,' in the 'People's Press,' makes a good proposition relative to the establishment of a Breeders' Purse, to be run for at our annual Jockey Club meetings, by native bred horses alone. This is the way to ascertain the qualities of our blood stock, and I think it might not be improper at some future period, however, to add to the weights required by the present Jockey Club rules, for we are running into the English error of breeding only your fly-away runners, without prizing the good old-fashioned, stout, and lasting sort, that can carry their ten stone and upwards—doing their four miles in eight minutes. These are the kind that are to benefit the country—improving our stock for usefulness, the chief reason for indulging an amusement, which is certainly attended with some evils. Suppose a horseman of the common weight of 150lbs. mounted on one of your light, but fleet one or two mile nags, and chased by a cavalry corps on such horses as Mingo, or Berner's Comus, or Eclipse, or Old Bertrand would give us, out of stout, well-bred mares, how long would he live? This is a high and rare call for the services of our horses—to escape from pursuing enemies,—but we wish our stock improved for all the purposes of practical usefulness, down to the common and ordinary concerns of life—for the chase, the carriage, the cart, the plough. The hunter would not wish to outrun his dogs for six or eight minutes, and then walk and lead his horse, (if he could go at all,) during the balance of the exciting contest! Mount him then, on a charger that has the strength as well as the fleetness to carry him through the day, and make him shout among the *first* in at the death. None but boys, mere boys of 80 to 100lbs. can ride the *fashionable* breed for the turf—lads without strength of either body or judgment. They are often unable to control even the weak creatures whom they are called to ride; who run restive, and worry out their strength, before they should be called on for its full exertion; and then it is ten to one if their riders' minds are sufficiently matured to discover and seize the critical moment when the fully exerted powers of their horses shall decide the result of the contest. Breed horses that shall carry *men* whose physical powers can control the unruly, and whose judgments will point to the decisive movement, which shall terminate the race in their favour. How many races are lost for want of such judgment in the youthful riders! I appeal to the experience of every turfman. But for the carriage, plough, &c. what a difference would our equipages manifest with fine-formed bloods in the harness! None of your short-legged, big-bellied sort, that puff and blow as they waddle along, some three or four miles only an hour. No; give us your noble-formed, high-bred, generous-blooded animals, whose spirit and strength, not less than their docility of disposition, shall make it a real pleasure to wheel over our plains like Greek warriors of old. And for our ploughs, &c. why the very mules from blooded mares are worth 50 per cent. more in briskness, strength, and durability, than from your cold-blooded, long, slab-sided mothers of the present day.

But I have departed from my design when I began this article. It was, if possible, to excite a greater emulation on the subject of fine stock among our breeders, and for that purpose to propose, in addition to 'A Breeder's' proposition, a *County contest* for breeders alone. For instance let Richmond throw down the gauntlet to Burke, Columbia, or any other county in the state of Georgia, for a series of 1, 2, 3, and 4 mile heats, with high weights, for 2, 3, and 4 years old untried horses of the native stock of their respective counties. By *untried*, I mean those that have not appeared on the turf in any public race. The details of the contest, I leave for others, satisfied with the suggestion of the proposition.

Augusta Constitutionalist.]

ANOTHER BREEDER.

BAILIE PEYTON.

We understand that this splendid horse has been sold by Mr. Kendall, to Mr. John Heth, of Virginia, for \$8,000, and that he has been removed, and will probably be turned out preparatory to the fall campaign. His splendid race on the last day of the late Central course races, placed him deservedly high on the list of American racehorses. It is stated, that he was ridden by a small boy, who carried 14lbs dead weight, and was unable to control him. The following remarks on this race of Bailie Peyton, appeared in the Baltimore Chronicle of May 22d. It is proper, that in all references to the great race between Eclipse and Henry, we should take into consideration the difference of weights, carried in that race and the one under consideration. Henry in his first and second heats, carried 108lbs. in his third heat, 110lbs. He was not, in fact, quite four years old. Eclipse carried 126lbs. Henry, therefore, carried 8lbs. more weight than a four year old now carries on the Central course.

'The great race on Friday, placed this horse, (BAILIE PEYTON,) at the head of the American turf, for it was very manifest to all who saw the race, that had he been ridden by a boy of proper weight, he would have taken the second heat, although out of order—suffering, in fact, under the distemper, which broke out on him on Saturday. Mr. Heth will take him home to Virginia to-day, and turn him out. Next fall, when he comes on the turf, in 'good order, and well-conditioned,' he will rank best among the best.

'No heat of four miles, since the Henry and Eclipse match, can compare with that made by Bailie Peyton on Friday, in 7m. 42½s.—in which he led from end to end, and was never touched with whip or spur. Indeed taking into consideration the difference in the tracks—that at Long Island where Henry and Eclipse run, being considered by the best judges, at least two seconds faster per mile than the Central, Bailie Peyton's heat is the best ever made in this country. How it will compare with the races in England, may be inferred from the notice taken by English writers of Lady Clifden's race last fall, at the Island. The heat which she ran in 7m. 43½s. is described by them, as a 'wonderful one,' 'indeed, miraculous,' they say, 'is a better term for it,' and they acknowledge they

must search their racing annals for some time 'before they can match such doings.' What will they say of a horse running a heat in 7m. 42½s. whilst suffering under the distemper, and repeating three miles in 5m. 50s. If horses go on improving in this way, Flying Childers will come, who will run, what the great horse of that name never did, a mile in a minute.'

POISONING RACEHORSES.

St. Louis, Mo. March 31, 1838.

DEAR P.—Did you ever hear of poisoning racehorses in order to disable them from making a good race? Well, whether you ever did hear of such a thing or not, it is true that this thing has been done. Mr. B. informed me that his promising horse Tom Branch, was so operated upon by drugs, that he made barely a good saddle horse race in Kentucky. Mr. G. of Tenn. told me that the celebrated mare F. W. was once entered for a race, when the bets ran even on her against the field, but soon it was loudly stated that she was no racer, and if any one would give long odds, they would bet she would be distanced. And finally, so daring did these offers become, as to alarm her owners, who immediately repaired to her stable, and found her as usual, only a little dejected and with cold ears. She was taken out to the track with a saddle horse, and put under a smart gallop, which she maintained very well for half a mile, when she showed symptoms of fatigue, and was beaten the last half mile by the saddle horse. Upon this hint she was withdrawn from the contest.

I might mention many more cases, which would be far too tedious. However, one which fell under my own observation, might not be altogether uninteresting—it occurred in this place last spring. The subject of this dosing was the fine young horse Lancer, by Lance. He ran for the poststakes over the Sulphur Spring Course, mile heats, best three in five, which he won in 1m. 54s. in deep mud, on a new course, during a severe rain, beating Tom Branch, Triumval and Sir Harry, with all imaginable ease, under a strong pull, sixty yards ahead. This race was a most splendid affair, and taking into consideration the state of the track, was the best time ever made in the west—and in consequence became so much a favourite the week following, on the old track (at the same place) two mile heats, as to command even betting on him against a splendid field of five or six horses. Now mark! The loafers around the course began by betting their five and ten dollars on any horse against Lancer, which was quickly taken. Well, what was the result? Lancer came on the course a 'little dull,' but nothing remarkable, only, as a Jerseyman in attendance remarked, that Lancer's eyes looked heavy. Finally, all were saddled, and off they go, Lancer ahead for one mile, when he began to flag, the others closing up. In this way they ran on the half mile, rather slower, when Lancer was crowded by the whole field. He then rallied feebly, and came in second (Tom Branch being first,) but was the most distressed horse I ever saw. His owner said 'all is not right—the horse

has been tampered with,' and in about ten minutes the truth of his statement was evident, for the dose operated at this time so powerfully as to discharge the contents of his bowels full ten feet from his heels. Of course he was drawn. The next day his bowels became retentive, and the following day the horse was so gay and active as to induce his owner to enter him in the mile heats, best three in five, when the track was as hard and bounding as ivory, and he was distanced in worse time on this hard track than he won in all ease the previous week, in the mud and rain, although the first heat was run in 1m. 49s.

From this date the general effects of the remedy to secure bets began to show its symptoms, by stiffness of the joints, attended at times by lameness, vascillating from one leg to another.

Now the question is--what is this drug that produces so much prostration of strength (which is termed 'poison?') Some think it to be emetic tartar, given perhaps, in a handful of salt. In Lancer's case, his owner (who is a physician and well calculated to judge correctly,) thinks it was calomel, and that it produced an inflammation of the membranous covering of the bones and ligaments of the joints, as it sometimes does in the human subject. How this may be, is far beyond my 'ken,' but I fear it has destroyed one of the best racehorses I ever saw—for training him last fall was entirely out of the question, and this spring he is only partially recovered, notwithstanding he is in exercise; but every few days he shows the 'effects' in some part, and I am informed that it is more than probable he will not stand his training. Yours, &c.

Spirit of the Times.]

ENQUIRER.

MATCH.—DECATUR *vs.* STEELE, FOR \$25,000.—A match for \$25,000, four mile heats, has been made between Samuel M. Neill's Decatur and Wm. McCargo's Steele, to come off at the fall meeting of the club, over the Washington City Course.—*Ib.*

MATCH.—BAILIE PEYTON *vs.* DUANE, FOR \$10,000.—A match, four mile heats, has been made between Col. Heth's Bailie Peyton, and Mr. Wm. McCargo's Duane, to come off over the Camden Course, N. J. at the ensuing fall meeting.—*Ib.*

SPLENDID SWEEPSTAKES FOR FOUR YEAR OLDS.—A stake has been opened for four year olds, with a subscription of \$2,000 each, p. p. four mile heats, to come off over the Union Course, L. I. at the spring meeting of 1839. Among the subscribers are Mr. Walter Livingston, who names Job—Mr. John C. Stevens, who names Fordham, Capt. Stockton and Col. Heth.—*Ib.*

MATCH, \$5,000 A SIDE, LANGFORD *vs.* WILLIS.—We learn from Philadelphia, that a match has been concluded between Capt. Stockton and Mr. O. P. Hare, of Virginia, for \$5,000 a side, two mile heats, to come off over the Camden course, at the fall meeting. Capt. Stockton names his imported horse, Langford, 5 years old. Mr. Hare, his superb Sir Charles colt, Willis, 4 years old.—*Ib.*

RACING CALENDAR.

NEW-ORLEANS (La.) RACES.

First day, Tuesday, April 10, 1833, Creole purse \$1,000, free only for horses bred and owned in the State of Louisiana; two year olds, a feather; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. f. Louisianese, three years old, by Whalebone,		
out of Polly Powell, by Virginian,	-	1 1
John F. Miller's gr. c. Lord of the Isle, two years old, by Pacific, dam		
by Jerry,	-	2 2
Robert J. Barrows' ch. c. Tom Jones, three years old by Bob Oakley,	4	3
Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. Pocahontas, three years old, by Pacific, dam by		
Medley,	-	5 4
Sosthene Allain's b. c. Tresorrier, three years old, by Candidate, dam		
by Timoleon,	-	3 5
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 58s.		

Same day, second race, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as before, five subscribers, at \$1,000 each, \$250 forfeit. Mile heats.

Wm. J. Minor's imp. br. f. Britannia, three years old, by Muley, out of		
Nancy Longwaist's dam,	-	1 1
Thos. J. Wells' ch. f. Taglioni, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, out		
of Susan Hull, by Timoleon,	-	4 2
John F. Miller's b. c. Orange Boy, three years old, by Pacific, dam by		
Stockholder,	-	5 3
H. A. Tayloe's b. c. Tom Thurman, three years old, by imp. Fylde,		
dam by Constellation,	-	2 4
Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, two years old, by imp. Leviathan,		
out of Parasol, by Napoleon,	-	3 5
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 52s.		

Second day, Jockey Club purse, \$1,200, entrance \$120, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Minor Kenner's b. c. Richard of York, four years old, by Star, dam		
by Shylock,	-	1 2 1
A. Barrows' ch. f. Louisa Bascombe, three years old, by Star of the		
West, dam by Pacific,	-	3 3 2
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. Wren, three years old, by imp. Levia-		
than—Object, by Marshal Ney,	-	2 1 3
Time, 3m. 48s.—3m. 51s.—4m. 5s.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$1,800, entrance \$180, free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Wm. R. Barrow's b. c. Pressure, (late Mad Anthony,) three years old,		
by Trumpator, out of Eliza Jenkins, by Sir William,	-	1 1
Thos. J. Wells' ch. h. Dick Chinn, five years old, by Sumpter, out of		
Lucy, by Orphan,	-	2 2
J. S. Garrison's b. c. Pollard, three years old, by Wild Bill, out of Grey		
Goose, by Pacolet,	-	3 dis.
J. R. Grymes' b. f. Susan Yandell, four years old, by Sir Richard, dam		
by Rockingham,	-	4 dis.
Robert Smith's ch. c. Pete Whetstone, two years old, by imp. Leviathan,		
dam by Stockholder,	-	5 dis.
Time, 5m. 49s.—5m. 44s.		

Fourth day, Creole Plate, valued at \$1,000, entrance \$100, five year olds and over to carry 100lbs.; four year olds and under, their appropriate weights. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. Angora, five years old, by imp. Levia-		
than, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet,	-	1 1
H. A. Tayloe's b. m. Hortense, five years old, by Pacific, out of Bet		
Bosley, by Little Wonder,	-	2 2
Time, 3m. 51s.—3m. 54s.		

Same day, second race, Proprietor's purse, \$500, entrance \$50, with an inside stake of \$100, free for all ages, weights as on first day. One mile.

John F. Miller's gr. c. Lord of the Isle, two years old, by Pacific, dam by Jerry,					1
S. D. McNeil's b. c. Tresorrier, three years old, by Candidate, dam by Timoleon,					2
Time, 1m. 57s.					

Fifth day, Jockey Club Purse, \$3,000, entrance \$300, free for all ages, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Cuthbert Bullitt's (J. G. Boswell's) ch. c. Joshua Bell, three years old, by Frank, dam by Little John,					1	1
Thomas J. Wells' ch. m. Extio, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of White Feathers, by Conqueror,					2	2
A. L. Bingaman's gr. m. Naked Truth, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Ellen Mar, by Pacolet,					4	3
John F. Miller's b. c. Jasper, four years old, by Columbus, out of Caroline, by Kennedy's Diomed,					3	4
Time, 7m. 55s.—7m. 59s.						

Sixth day, Proprietor's purse \$600, entrance \$60; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

Alexander Barrow's b. m. Lilac, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Maria Shepherd, by Sir Archy,					1	1	1
Minor Kenner's br. c. Richard of York, four years old, by Star, dam by Shylock,					3	2	2
H. A. Tayloe's ch. c. Pactolus, three years old, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet,					4	4	3
Sosthene Allain's (Richard Beasley's) ch. f. Glance, four years old, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet,					5	5	4
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. Tishimingo, three years old, own brother to Lilac,					2	3	5
Time, 1m. 50s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 50s. [Spirit of the Times.]							

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) RACES,

Spring meeting commenced on Tuesday, April 10, 1838.

First day, for a silver goblet, valued at \$60, entrance \$25 each, added; free for all ages; two year olds, carrying a feather; three year olds, 90lbs.; four year olds, 102lbs.; five year olds, 112lbs.; six year olds, 120lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

Capt. Jas. J. Harrison's b. h. David Bailey, five years old, by Riego, dam by Mucklejohn,					1	1
Col. H. F. Young's gr. f. Chaney Hester, three years old, by Hester's Mucklejohn, dam by Quicksilver,					2	2
Time, 1m. 58s.—2m. 2s. Won easily.						

Second day, purse \$300, entrance \$15; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Thos. Neal's ch. f. Ajarrah Harrison, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin,					1	1
G. Edmondson's b. c. Southerner, four years old, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen,					3	2
Hammond & Lovell's bl. g. Blue Black, six years old, by Van Tromp, dam by Sir Archy,					2	3
Time, 4m.—4m. 2s. Won under a pull.						

Third day, purse \$500, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

G. Edmondson's gr. h. Turnbull, five years old, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew,					1	1
Hammond & Lovell's gr. m. Sally Vandyke, five years old, by Henry, dam by Oscar,					2	2
Time, 5m. 58s.—5m. 57s.						

Fourth day, purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. Gerow, three years old, by Henry, out of Vixen, by Eclipse, - - - - -	1	1
G. Edmondson's ch. f. Ione, four years old, by John Richards, dam by imp. Expedition, - - - - -	2	2
A. A. Jeter's ch. c. Henry Buster, four years old, by Eclipse, out of Maid of Lodi, by Virginian, - - - - -	3	dis.

Time, 8m. 27s.—8m. 15s.

Fifth day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; weights as above; four subscribers at \$250 each, h. f. with the Young's plate, value \$1,000, added; two mile heats.

Col. T. W. Sandford's b. c. Ibarra, by imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian, - - - - -	1	1
Hammond & Lovell's ch. h. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam by Percussion, - - - - -	2	2
Col. Kenan's b. c. Wolf, by Gohanna, out of Disowned, by Crusader, and G. Edmondson's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Lawrence, paid forfeit.		

Time, 3m. 57s.—4m.

[1b.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) RACES.

Spring meeting commenced on Wednesday, April 18, 1838.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$200, entrance \$20; free only for Creole horses. Weights, for two year olds, a feather; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; mile heats.

Robert Bell's ch. c. three years old, by Duplantier's Boaster, out of old Caroline, - - - - -	2	1	1
John A. Miller's gr. c. Lord of the Isle, two years old, by Napoleon or Pacific, dam by Jerry, - - - - -	4	2	2
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. Belle Creole, three years old, by Candidate, dam by Pacolet, - - - - -	1	dis.	
Richard Ream's ch. g. Louisiana, three years old, by Duplantier's Boaster, dam by Eclipse, - - - - -	3	dis.	
Theodore Orillion's b. f. Orillia, three years old, by Duplantier's Boaster, - - - - -		dis.	

Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 4s.—2m. 14s.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$500, entrance \$50; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Thos. W. Chinn's b. c. Arbaces, four years old, by Bertrand, out of Virginia, by Rosicrucian, - - - - -	2	1	1
Mason Thompson's b. c. Jasper, four years old, by Columbus, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, - - - - -	1	3	2
J. C. Beasley's ch. f. Glance, four years old, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, - - - - -	4	2	dis.
Robert Wooding's ch. c. Livingston, four years old, by Crusader, out of Batty Puff, by Pacolet, - - - - -	3	dis.	
Alexander Barrow's b. f. Louisa Bascombe, three years old, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific, - - - - -		dis.	

Time, 5m. 58½s.—6m.—6m. 5½s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. Roderick Dhu, three years old, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, - - - - -	1	1
Alexander Barrow's ch. f. Louisa Bascombe, three years old, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific, - - - - -	2	2
John F. Miller's ch. f. Jane Elliott, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, - - - - -		dis.
Thomas W. Chinn's gr. g. Mogul, five years old, by Lafayette Stockholder, - - - - -		dis.

Time, 3m. 51s.—3m. 59s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$800, entrance \$80; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

Wm. R. Barrow's b. c. Pressure, (late Mad Anthony,) by Trumpator, out of Eliza Jenkins, by Sir William of Transport, walked over.

Same day, sweepstakes, free for all ages; weight 85lbs; two subscribers at \$50 each, p. p.; one mile.

Richard Ream's b. h. Mohican, aged, by Sir Archy,	-	-	1
Robert Bell's ch. f. Miss Hagan, four years old, by Redgauntlet, dam by Janus,	-	-	2
Time, 1m. 53s.			

The following sweepstakes came off over the same course.

Wednesday, April 11.—sweepstakes for two year olds; weights as above. Eight subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit; mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. c. Capt. McHeath, by imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey, walked over.

Saturday, April 14.—sweepstakes for three year olds; weights as before. Six subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit; two mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. f. Belle Creole, three years old, by Candidate, dam by Pacolet,	-	-	1	1
Robert Bell's ch. c. by Duplantier's Boaster, out of old Caroline,	-	-	2	2
Time, 3m. 57s.—4m.				

[1b.]

TRENTON (N. J.) FIRST SPRING MEETING.

First day, Wednesday, April 25, 1838—sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 90lbs.; fillies 87lbs.; seven subscribers, at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's br. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music, by Sir Richard,	-	-	1	1
Capt. Stockton's ch. f. Pocahontas, by Powhattan, out of Blanche, by Duroc,	-	-	3	2
David Tom's ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot,	-	-	2	3
Time, 1m. 55s.—2m. Won handily—track very heavy.				

Same day, second race, purse \$200, free for all ages, three year olds carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; aged 126lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Samuel Laird's ch. f. Betsey Andrew, four years old, by Andrew, out Farmer's Damsel, by Eclipse,	-	-	1	1
Capt. Stockton's ch. c. Somerset, four years old, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, (the dam of Middlesex,) by Alfred,	-	-	3	2
J. H. Helling's ch. c. Cornwall, four years old, by imp. Luzborough,	-	-	2	dr.
J. B. Kendall's br. f. Louisa Lee, four years old, by Medley,	-	-	4	dr.
Time, 1m. 50s.—1m. 54s. Track very heavy.				

It is but fair to state that Mr. Kendall's mare had hard luck in this race; there were two false starts, in both of which she ran half a mile before the rider could stop her: the third time they got off, leaving her twenty yards behind. The exertion made to get up to them, precluded her from winning the heat and she was drawn.

Second day, purse \$300, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's imp. br. h. Langford, five years old, by Starch, out of Peri, by Wonder,	-	-	1	1
J. B. Kendall's b. c. Bailie Peyton, four years old, by Henry, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	2	dr.
Time, 3m. 48s. Track still heavy.				

Same day, second race, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.

J. H. Helling's ch. c. Cornwall, four years old, by imp. Luzborough,	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's br. c. Henry A. Wise, four years old, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam,	-	2
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56s. A very pretty race, and well contested.		

Third day, purse \$500, free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. Bergen, five years old, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace, by Sir Archy,	1	1
J. B. Kendall's b. h. Master Henry, five years old, by Henry, dam by Eclipse,	3	2
D. Tom's ch. h. Bloody Nathan, five years old, by imp. Valentine, dam by Duroc,	4	3
Mr. Loyd's gr. h. Manalopan, five years old, by Medley—Betsey Richards, by John Richards,	2	dr.
Time, 5m. 47s.—5m. 52s.		

Same day, second race, purse \$100, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's br. f. Louisa Lee, four years old, by Medley,	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. c. Somerset, four years old, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred,	2	2
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 54s.		

Immediately after this race, a match between the same two colts was proposed, two mile heats, to take place without going to the stable. There was some little misunderstanding relative to the proposition, which created unpleasant feelings for a while. The match was, however, run, and easily won by the brown filly, Louisa Lee, in two heats. The time was not noted by the judges, and I have not been able to ascertain it correctly. Most truly, your friend, L.

lb.]

UNION COURSE (L. I.) RACES.

First spring meeting commenced on Tuesday, May 1, 1833.

First day, produce stakes for three year olds, colts, 90lbs.; fillies 87lbs.; forty-four subscribers at \$1,000 each, \$250 forfeit. Mile heats.

John C. Stevens' ch. c. Fordham, by Eclipse, out of Janette, by Sir Archy,	1	1
Mr. Livingston's b. c. Job, by Eclipse, out of Jemima, by Ratler,	3	2
Robert L. Stevens's ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Celeste, by Henry,	4	3
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. c. John Linton, by imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla, by Sir Archy,	2	4
J. M. Botts' b. f. Sophia Western, by Gohanna, out of Mischief, by Virginian,		dis.
Time, 1m. 49½s.—1m. 50s. Track heavy.		

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds; weights as before; four subscribers at \$200 each, \$50 forfeit; mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' b. c. by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods, sister to Wynn's Isabella, by Sir Archy,	1	1
J. Van Secler's br. f. by Simon, out of Rotten Apples,	2	2
Time, 1m. 57s.—2m. 14s.		

Second day, purse \$300, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Asher P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse, the dam of Tarquin, Decatur, &c.	3	1	1
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John C. Stevens' ch. h. Dosoris, five years old, by Henry, out of Miss Walton, by Mendoza, (a brother to Sir Walter,) the dam of Goliah, Florianthe, &c.	1	2	2
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Captain R. F. Stockton's imp. br. h. Langford, five years old, (bred by his late Majesty, William IV.) by Starch, out of Peri, by Wanderer, the dam of Sir Hercules, &c.	2	3	dis.
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Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 56s.—3m. 54s. Run during a rain storm. Track very heavy.

Second day, subscription plate, value \$350, the winner to take the plate or its value; the amount of subscription depending upon the number of subscribers; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

James B. Kendall's (Edw. Pendleton's) br. f. Louisa Lee, four years old, by Medley, out of Brunette, by Telegraph,	-	-	-	1	1
H. C. Kendall's (A. Taylor's) b. c. Harbinger, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, out of Virginia Taylor, by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	2	2
George Forbes' b. f. four years old, by Velocity, dam by imp. Chance,	3	3			
Time, 3m. 52s.—3m. 59s.					

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for four year olds; weights as above; five subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit; two mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. c. Balie Peyton, by Andrew, out of Master Henry's dam, by Eclipse, walked over.

Third day, proprietor's purse \$300, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. c. Balie Peyton, by Andrew, out of Master Henry's dam, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	1	1
J. S. Garrison's b. h. Stockton, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	2	2
G. L. Stockett's b. m. Mary Selden, five years old, by Sussex, dam by Richmond,	-	-	-	-	dis.	
E. S. Baldwin's ch. g. Red Fox, five years old, by Mason's Ratler, dam by Selim,	-	-	-	-	dis.	
Col. F. Thompson's ch. f. Rowena, four years old, by Timoleon, dam by Rob Roy,	-	-	-	-		dr.
Time, 5m. 45s.—5m. 44s.						

The five horses entered were all untried, and drew together a very large number of spectators. The public stands were filled, and the course crowded with carriages. The day was beautiful, and the track in most excellent order.

Early in the morning it was announced that Col. Thompson's ch. f. Rowena, had broken out with the distemper, and would not start. This left four horses—Balie Peyton, Stockton, Mary Selden, and Red Fox. The bets were all in favour of Stockton, and he was freely offered against the field, and in some instances at 50 to 40.

At the start Mary Selden took the lead followed in order by Balie Peyton, Stockton, and Red Fox. On the first quarter Red Fox rushed for the lead, and obtained it, which he maintained for half a mile, and then gave it up to Stockton, who was soon passed by Balie Peyton. Red Fox and Mary Selden, began now to fall rapidly in the rear, for the pace was too good for them. It was a beautiful contest for the second mile. Balie Peyton still in the lead. On entering on the stretch, Stockton made a rush, lapped his antagonist, and at the pickets was ahead, when Balie Peyton shyed and was thrown out of his stride, by which he lost six lengths. Stockton now took the lead, and a short but very interesting contest ensued between him and Balie Peyton. The latter proved himself every inch a horse, and, before reaching the back stretch, gave Stockton the 'go by,' and bade him 'good bye.' The day light was let in between them, and was never again darkened, though John Hartman, who rode Stockton in splendid style, put his horse to his utmost speed, and got every thing he had in him out. Balie Peyton came in under a strong pull—never having felt whip or spur—having run the heat in 5m. 45s.—the same time made by Lady Clifden over the same course last spring, when she came to the stand in a gallop.

The knowing ones were all at fault, and it was now ten to nothing that Balie Peyton would win the money. He had taken the heat in gallant style, and though he was high in flesh, and now blowed strongly, the ease with which he had run three miles in the astonishing short time of 5m. 45s. satisfied all that unless he fell down he must win the purse.

The second heat Stockton took the lead, and went off with a tremendous pace, closely waited on by Balie Peyton. At the first quarter on the third mile he rushed at Stockton, and cut him down with all imaginable ease, and with a killing pace went up the back run, round the turn, and down the quarter stretch, till he reached the pickets, when the boy took a strong pull and brought him home in 5m. 44s.—

the best heat ever made on the course, and altogether the best three mile race run in this part of the world, since Sussex made his great three mile race in Virginia, in 5m. 46s.—5m. 43s.

We congratulate the owner of Balie Peyton, on his performance to-day, and wish for him a succession of triumphs in his future career, equal to his sire, for whom he has acquired additional honours.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$700, entrance \$40; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

James S. Garrison's bl. h. Cippus, six years old, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony,	1	1
James B. Kendall's b. h. Master Henry, five years old, by Henry, dam by Eclipse,	2	2
Dr. Geo. W. Duvall's b. h. Prince George, six years old, by Industry, out of Thistle, (Argyle's dam) by Ogle's Oscar,		dr.
Time, 7m. 51s.—7m. 53½s.		

[Baltimore Chronicle.]

LEXINGTON (Ky.) RACES.

Spring meeting commenced on Wednesday, May 9, 1833, and continued four days.

First day, the Brennan stakes for colts and fillies three years old; mile heats; \$100 entrance, h. f.; eleven subscribers, seven paid forfeit.

J. W. Ward's b. f. Mary Brennan, by Richard Singleton, out of his mare by Hamiltonian,	1	1
J. W. Fenwick's ch. f. Melina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster,	3	2
G. N. Sanders' b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, dam Budget of Fun, by Kassina,	2	3
M. W. Dickey's ch. c. Downing, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko,		dis.
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 54s. Track heavy from rain.		

Second day, Association purse \$550, three mile heats.

Sidney Burbridge's b. h. Dick Johnson, five years old, by Bertrand, out of the dam of Richard Singleton, by Tiger, 110lbs.	1	1
Robert Burbridge's b. f. four years old, by Woodpecker, dam by William, 97lbs.	5	2
James Lindsay's b. f. West Florida, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac, 97lbs.	2	3
E. Warfield's ch. c. four years old, by Sir Leslie, out of Susan Hicks, by Virginian, 100lbs.	3	4
R. B. Tarlton's ch. c. three years old, by Collier, dam by Doublehead, 86lbs.	6	5
M. W. Dickey's ch. f. four years old, by Cherokee, dam by Tiger, 97lbs.	4	dis.
Time, 6m. 37s.—6m. 40s. Track very heavy and deep from rain.		

Third day, a stallion poststake; mile heats; three year old colts and fillies; \$100 entrance, p. p.; free for the get of those stallions whose owners contributed to the stake, the price of a season to their respective horses, which were Eclipse \$100, Bertrand \$100, Tranby \$100, Medoc \$75, Woodpecker \$50, Trumpator \$30, Columbus \$30, Richard Singleton \$25, in all \$510.

Wm. Buford's b. f. Medoca, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead,	1	1
J. W. Fenwick's ch. f. Misfortune, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, out of the dam of Woodpecker,	2	2
M. W. Dickey's gr. c. Grey Eagle, by Woodpecker, out of the dam of Caroline Scott,	4	3
J. K. Duke's b. f. by Bertrand, out of the dam of Rodolph,	3	4
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 51. Track improved from yesterday's race.		

Fourth day, a poststake, \$100 entrance, p. p.; mile heats; free for any three year old that never won a race.

Wm. Buford's ch. c. Sthreshly, by Medoc, dam by Paragon,	6	0	1	1
J. W. Fenwick's b. f. by Lance, dam by Blackburn's Whip,	2	6	4	2
S. Burbridge's b. c. Tom Benton, by Bertrand, dam Maria, by Hamiltonian,	1	0	2	3

James K. Duke's ch. f. by Medoc, dam Butterfly,	-	-	5	4	6	4
E. Warfield's b. f. Rosa Vertner, by Sir Leslie, dam by Director,	3	5	5	5		
J. L. Bradley's ch. c. Hawk-eye, by Sir Lovell, dam by Wil-						
liam, the dam of Pressure,	-	-	-	4	3	3
R. Pindell's ch. c. by Mucklejohn, dam by Hamiltonian,						dis.
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 52s.	Track improved.					
R. PINDELL, Sec'y.						

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Over the Central Course, commenced on Tuesday, May 15, 1838. Weights according to the rules of the Club, viz: three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; seven year old and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings 3lbs. less.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit; mile heats; fourteen entries, three started.

George L. Stockett's br. c. Sam Brown, by Sussex, out of the dam of Cippus,	-	-	1	2	1
Richard Adams' ch. c. by Timoleon, dam Iris, by William,			2	1	2
James M. Selden's br. c. by Sussex, out of the dam of Miss Phillips,	3	dr.			
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 58½s.—2m. 5s.					

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds; mile heats; \$500 entrance, \$100 forfeit; ten subscribers, four started.

Wm. Wynn's b. c. John Linton, by Luzborough, dam Flirtilla,			1	1	
J. M. Selden's ch. f. by Sussex, out of the dam of Ann Page,			4	2	
French & Goodwyn's b. f. by Sarpedon, dam Rasselas,	-	-	2	3	
J. Heth's b. c. by Fylde, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	3	dis.	
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 52s.					

The second regular race for this day (the Craig plate) did not come off.

Third day, Proprietor's purse \$500, three mile heats.

W. McCargo's Charles Carter, five years old, by Lance, dam by Sir William,	-	-	1	1	
J. S. Garrison's Sally Bertrand, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam Sally Hornet,	-	-	2	2	
George L. Stockett's Mary Selden, five years old, by Sussex, dam by Richmond,	-	-	4	3	
O. P. Hare's Fanny Wyatt, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	3	dis.	
Richard Adams' Julia Burton, four years old, full sister to Veto,	-	-	5	dr.	
J. B. Kendall's Louisa Lee, four years old, by Medley, dam by Telegraph,	-	-			dr.
Time, 5m. 51s.—6m.					

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$1,000; mile heats.

W. McCargo's b. c. Duane, four years old, by Hedgeford, dam by Washington,	-	-	2	1	1
J. B. Kendall's b. c. Bailie Peyton, four years old, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	1	2	dr.
James S. Garrison's b. h. Stockton, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-			dis.
Time, 7m. 42½s.—7m. 53½s.					

HOBOKEN (N. J.) RACES.

First spring meeting over the Beacon Course, commenced on Tuesday, May 15, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 90lbs.; fillies 87lbs.; four subscribers at \$300 each, forfeit \$100; mile heats.

John C. Stevens' ro. f. Zela, by Eclipse, out of Mr. Walter Livingston's Miss Walton, by Mendoza, (a brother to Sir Walter, by Hickory),	1	1			
J. Hamilton Wilkes' ch. c. brother to Dr. Syntax, by Eclipse, out of Saluda, by Sir Archy,	-	-	2	2	
William Gibbons' b. c. Saracen, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch, by Virginian,	-	-	3	dis.	
Time, 1m. 55s. each heat.					

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old; weights as before; six subscribers at \$200 each, forfeit \$50; mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. Trenton, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of			
a Tuckahoe mare,	-	-	0 1 1
John C. Stevens' ch. c. by Henry, out of Lady Jackson, by Eclipse,	0	3	2
Combs & Ellis' ch. c. Eliptic, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Aman-			
da, by Duroc,	-	-	2 2 dis.
Robert Tillotson's ch. c. brother to Red Russett, by Henry,	3	4	dis.
Time, 1m. 51½s.—1m. 55s.—1m. 56s.			

Second day, purse \$300; free for all ages; three year olds taking up 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; seven and upwards, 126lbs; two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's imp. br. h. Langford, five years old, by			
Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules,	-	-	2 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years			
old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse, the dam of Decatur, Tar-			
quin, &c.	-	-	1 2 2
John H. Coster's ch. h. Ajax, aged, by imp. Barefoot, out of Lady			
Sarah, by Duroc,	-	-	3 dis.
Willet McCoun's (Charles Green's) br. h. Emilius, aged, by			
Eclipse, out of Manhattan's dam, an imp. mare, by Filho da Puta,	4		dis.
Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 46s.—3m. 57s.			

Second race, same day, purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

Willet McCoun's (Henry Fenner's) b. h. Rienzi, five years old, by			
Paul Clifford, out of Kate Kearney, by Henry,	-	-	1 1
Daniel Abbott's b. m. Shepherdess, six years old, by Lance, out of			
Amanda, by Revenge,	-	-	2 2
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 56½s.			

Third day, purse \$500; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. m. Atalanta, six			
years old, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler,	-	-	1 1
Alex. L. Botts' ch. f. Margaret Ridgely, four years old, by Eclipse, out			
of Phillis, sister to Gohanna,	-	-	2 dr.
Time, 6m. 11s.			

Second race, same day, purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. Gracchus, four years old, by Sir Lovell, out of			
Eleanor by Eclipse,	-	-	1 1
E. D. Leary's b. h. Blazing Star, five years old, by Henry, dam by			
Eclipse,	-	-	2 2
Henry Severance's br. f. Polly Mott, four years old, by Henry, dam by			
Hickory,	-	-	3 dr.
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 54s. Polly carried five year old weight.			

Fourth day, purse \$1,000; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. Boston, five years old, by			
Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel,	-	-	1 1
John C. Stevens' ch. h. Dosoris, five years old, by Henry, out of Miss			
Walton, the dam of Goliah, Floranthe, Zela, &c.	-	-	2 2
Time, 8m. 4s.—8m. 1s.			

Second race, same day, purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

Willet McCoun's gr. f. Eliza Derby, four years old, by imp. Autocrat,			
out of Maid of the Oaks, by Hickory,	-	-	1 1
Daniel Abbott's ch. m. Shepherdess, six years old, by Lance, out of			
Amanda, by Revenge,	-	-	2 2
A. L. Botts' ch. f. Margaret Ridgely, four years old, by Eclipse, out of			
Phillis, sister to Gohanna,	-	-	3 3
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 55s.			

[Spirit of the Times.]

TURF REGISTER.

Blooded Stock of WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
continued.

OCEANA—

1835. B. c. Ridge, by Merlin—sold.

1837. Missed to St. Giles.

1838. Ch. c. by Leviathan.

ADRIA, her filly by Pacific, was sent south, by L. P. Cheatham, Esq.

SALOME, her filly by Leviathan, is with Luzborough, to breed joint stock for her owner, D. Graham, Esq. controller, of Nashville, and H. Lewis, Esq. of Alabama.

COURTESY—

1837. Missed to St. Giles.

1838. Ch. c. by Glencoe, (died day foaled.)

ALIDA—

1837. Missed to Lapdog.

1838. Ch. c. by Margrave, (died day foaled.)

CLIO, her filly by Crusader.

1838. Ch. f. by old Ratler, (died day foaled.)

Alida's ch. f. by Merlin, was sold with Ocean, and taken last season to Peoria, Illinois.

MARY, by Cœur-de-Lion, out of Fanny Foster.

1822. Ch. f. by Cook's Royalist.

MARY MORTON, the filly of 1822.

1831. B. f. Little Bet, by Confederate.

1832. B. f. Louisa, by Pacific.

1833. B. f. Cripple, by Pacific.

1836. Br. b. f. Posthuma, by Bagdad.

1837. Ch. f. by Ocean.

1838. Ch. c. by Philips' Timoleon.

LITTLE BET—

1836. B. f. by Love's Pacific.

1838. B. c. by Philips' Timoleon.

LOUISA—

1837. B. f. by Gunpowder.

1838. Ch. f. by Swiss.

Cripple is farmed to breed joint stock.

The following trace to Mary, by Cœur-de-Lion, but have a road cross, and are bred for roadsters.

The gray mare by Citizen, sold.

1828. Gr. f. by Gray Archy.

1829. B. g. by Pacific—sold and taken to Mississippi.

1830. Dark br. f. by Bagdad—sold and taken to Kentucky.

BAY ARCHY—dead.

1828. Br. g. by Bagdad—sold and taken to Louisiana.

1829. Br. f. by Bagdad.

BROWN BAGDAD—as above.

1834. B. f. by Ocean—died fifth day of lockjaw.

1835. Gr. c. by Camanche Chief.

1836. B. f. by Ocean.

1838. Dark br. f. by Philips' Timoleon.

GRAY ARCHY—

1833. Gr. f. by Bagdad.

1835. Gr. f. by Buffalo.

1837. Gr. c. by Ocean.

GRAY BAGDAD—

1838. Gr. f. by Philips' Timoleon.

Oceana, Courtesy, and Louisa, are with Philip—Alida is with Pacific—Clio with old Ratler—Mary Morton, Brown Bagdad and Gray Bagdad, are with Philips' Timoleon. Philips' Timoleon, came of Pocahontas, by Pacolet and traces through Cœur-de-Lion, Gray Medley, Mousetrapp, to the Dortch mare, by Celer. She was selected in Virginia, for her blood, and was a good runner.

N. B. In my last registration, vol. viii. p. 383, Cook's letter, for Taylor's Bellair, read Tayloe's Bellair, Hickman's Independence, &c.

I was lately at D. W. Sumner's and saw Matilda and her produce.

1836. B. c. Howard, large and likely, by Pacific.

1837. B. f. strong, by Pacific.

1838. Gr. c. pretty, by Pacific.

Old Mrs. Bosley, heavy with foal to Pacific.

His Eagle mare heavy with foal—has since brought a filly by Swiss.

MARY VAUGHAN and produce.

1835. Gr. f. strong but plain, by Pacific.

1836. B. f. of good size and very likely, by Pacific.

1837. Ch. f. very fine, by Pacific—and is ready to foal by him. He has others, but of them I am not so well advised.

W. W.

JOHN BASCOMBE, was got by Bertrand, out of Gray Goose, by Pacolet—Sally Sneed, by imp. Buzzard—Jane Hunt, by Hampton's Paragon—her

dam by imp. Figure, out of Miss Slam-merkin, by De Lancey's imp. Wildair, out of his imp. Cub mare.

See Franklin Farmer, April 21, where John Harris brings it down clearly to the Buzzard mare, which he states to have been sold and afterwards taken to Tennessee, and to be the granddam of John Bascombe. Grey Goose, was bred by Col. G. Jones, of Williamson county, Tenn. who has been often heard to say, she came of the Buzzard mare, bred by John Harris, of Kentucky, out of a Paragon, &c. and was got by Pacolet, when he stood below Nashville. Pacolet may have stood more than one season below Nashville, but he was there in 1816 or 1817, and I incline to think Gray Goose, was got one of those years.

P.

N. B. Pacolet was bred by Francis Epps, got by Citizen, out of the dam of Wonder. He was raised by Col. Wm. R. Johnson, purchased and raised by Gen. Jackson and others—was the property of James Jackson and John Childers, Esq's. when Gray Goose was got; then sold and taken to Mississippi, then brought back to Tennessee, by Col. G. Elliott, and died his property.

P.

BAY GOHANNA.—He was bred by Capt. Richard B. White, of Caroline county, Va. and foaled in spring 1833, he was by old Gohanna, out of Rosalba, the dam of Philip, by Trafalgar, granddam Rosalba, by Spread Eagle, g. gran-

dam Alexandria, by Alexander, g. g. grandam by Woodpecker, g. g. g. granddam by Phlegon, &c.—taken to Missouri, by Mr. W. R. Dawson.

E. T. WHITE.

Whiteville, Halifax Co. Va. }
May 25, 1833. }

Addition to Blooded Stock of GEORGE P. TAYLOR, of Cloverdale, Va.—and pedigree of his bay mare No. 6—foals of 1838.

6. LADY OF KENTUCKY, b. m. sixteen years old, spring 1838, by the late Col. Tayloe's Hamiltonian, her dam by Victorious, he by Gimcrack, grandam by imp. Alderman, g. grandam by Celer. Signed,

WM. M. TOMPKINS.

Frankfort, Ky. Feb. 12, 1837.

She has a four year old Ratler colt, (a winner) in Kentucky, and a three year old Medoc colt of much promise.

Her produce since owned by me: 1838. May 7, b. c. by American Eclipse, named Conservative.

1838. March 13, b. f. by imp. Sky-lark, named Leila, large and fine, dam No. 2, Pocahontas, p. 539, stinted to Byron, by Virginian, dam Coquette.

1838. April 24, ch. f. by Paul Clifford, named Maid of Perth, dam No. 4, Venus, p. 539, dam of Tom Thurman, by Fylde, stinted to Byron.

GEO. P. TAYLOR.

Botetourt Co. Va. May 10, 1838.

MATCH AT OPELOUSAS, LA. FOR \$1,000 A SIDE.

Saturday, March 17, 1833—Rapides Course, Opelousas, La.—Match, \$1,000 a side, \$300 forfeit; two mile heats.

John F. Miller's b. c. Orange Boy, three years old, by Pacific, dam by Stockholder, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Edward V. Davis' ch. c. Lord Erin, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 4m. 10s.—4m. 14s.									

[Spirit of the Times.]

'TO WHAT BASE USES MAY WE COME AT LAST?'—The once celebrated 'crack,' Dr. Syntax, was sold a few weeks since to William Emmett, Esq. for \$75! At Cowan's Bazaar, last week, the imported stallion Roman was knocked down to a farmer for \$25!

[Ib.]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

JULY, 1888.

[No. 7.

CONTENTS.

Anecdotes of the Turf,	289	Broad Rock, Va.	325
The English Turf,	293	Cynthiana, Ky.	326
Races at New Orleans—Mad Anthony—Wagner—Get of Monsieur Tonson, &c.	296	Hoboken, N. J.	326
Topgallant and John Bascombe,	297	Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va. . . .	327
John Bascombe's grandam,	299	Maury County, Tenn.	327
Robin Hood, Post Boy and Decatur, . .	300	Chillicothe, Ohio,	328
The Gin-and-Water Hunt—No. 2, . . .	301	Greensboro', Ala.	329
Boston's great race on Long Island, . .	313	Jefferson Co. Miss.	330
Preparation for pasturing,	316	Nashville, Tenn.	330
Historical notices of the dog,	317	Kanawha, Va.	331
A rival for Jonathan,	323	Union Course, L. I.	331
RACING CALENDAR—Races at		Salisbury, N. C.	332
Fairfield, Va.	324	St. Louis, Mo.	333
		Franklin, Tenn.	334
		TURF REGISTER—Pedigrees,	335

ANECDOTES OF THE TURF.

'Every man has his hobby-horse.'

THERE is perhaps no infatuation greater than an infatuation for the turf; and certainly no excitement so great as that caused in some minds by speculations on it.

It is recorded of the late Charles James Fox, a man remarkable for great strength of nerve, that he would bet his hundreds, and even his thousands in the ring on Newmarket-heath with the utmost coolness, yet, upon the moment of the race being decided, he was invariably seized with a feeling of trepidation which lasted only until the result was made known, when he instantly regained his previous composure, no matter whether he happened to be fortunate or otherwise, which continued till 'they are off!' was again the cry.

The late Sir Mark Wood was a very anxious spectator of a race, particularly when he had a horse to run. How often have I heard him, at the top of the ditch, on Newmarket-heath, loudly giving vent to his feelings,

when his jockey had not taken the place laid down for him, and which most probably he, the said jockey, from a want of capacity in the animal, was unable to do. I shall never forget Sir Mark at the Ascot-heath meeting, 1832, when his favourite mare, Camarine and Chifney's Rowton, ran the dead heat for the gold cup. Sir Mark expressed himself very warmly on the manner in which Rowton hung towards Camarine, and, in the moment of excitement, ascribed considerable blame to Chifney on that score; yet upon the final heat, when Camarine was hailed the winner, he not only became 'himself again,' but acknowledged he had never seen a finer race or a more scientific display of horsemanship.

My recollection of turf affairs does not afford a stronger instance of indifference than one of that 'fine old English gentleman' and true friend to all British sports, General Grosvenor. It was, if I remember rightly, at the Craven Newmarket meeting, 1819, on the race for the Riddlesworth stakes, which were that year worth to the winner upwards of £5,000. I recollect Mr. Vansittart had a grey horse, Financier, by Treasurer, in the race, and at a hundred yards from the finish he appeared to have made victory his own; when General Grosvenor's filly, Blue Stockings, took the lead from him and won. A sporting acquaintance of mine was riding down the course immediately after the judge's decision, and heard the general's groom ask him whether he would not like to see the mare before she went home? At this moment General Grosvenor did not know that he was the winner of the richest stakes ever contested for, so easy was he as to the result.

Every year convinces us that a confederacy in racing speculations is the most likely way to turn them to a profitable account, and the partnership which existed between Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale may be quoted as an illustration of the old adage, that 'two heads are better than one.' In tracing the career of these gentlemen, from the commencement to the dissolution of their partnership, we see a glorious succession of good fortune, which is mainly to be attributed to superior management and the strictest attention to 'business.' 'Whatever is worth doing,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is worth doing well.' In Memnon's year (1825) it has been stated that these gentlemen won something like £35,000 between them; but I have been told that Mr. Gully was more fortunate with his seuling than his companion. In the Colonel's and Rowton's years (1828 and 1829,) they are also said to have been good winners, and if that astonishing little horse, the Little Red Rover, had carried off the Derby in 1830, it is supposed they would have won upwards of £80,000. Unfortunately for Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale, their game little horse had to meet the mighty Priam, the best three-years-old since the time of his sire, Emilius; this only prevented the Rover's winning, as it is well known, he was on an average, good enough to win five Derbys out of six. Their grand period and most fortunate speculation, however, was on the Derby, with St. Giles, in 1832, when they were reported to have netted nearly £50,000. It was this race that caused the misunderstanding between them, respecting a division of a bet or two of Mr. Ridsdale's, which ended in a dissolution of partnership. Since the separation, one of these gentlemen has quitted the turf, and

the other's influence in the betting ring has undergone a considerable abatement.

There is not a more enterprising gentleman on the turf than John Greatrex, Esq., indeed no betting man, individually, ever turned turf speculations to a better account than he has done these last seven or eight years. I do not know whether Mr. G. is an admirer of Shakspeare (I do not mean the horse of that name,) but he evidently thinks with the great poet that,

‘There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.’

And, acting up to this principle, he won large sums (for such races) on Forth's Aaron, in 1830, when that horse carried off the prize in the great betting races at Bath, Brighton, and Goodwood. In the following year, I think, he ‘threw in’ about the heaviest winner on the ‘Spaniel’ Derby. Mr. Greatrex has not been fortunate as an owner of racehorses, although he has had chances of getting money, by having favourites in betting races; as the Trulla colt, Martha, &c., as well as every advantage in good training and riding.

Unquestionably *the* ‘character’ of Tattersall's is ‘facetious Jemmy,’ as your lively and correct reporter of the Newmarket meetings styles James Bland, Esq. The experience of this individual would afford some insight into the mystery of the chances of the favourites on the turf and the ring, (pugilistic I mean), if written. No doubt he could say with Lord Byron,

‘I do declare, upon an affidavit,
Romances *I ne'er read* like those I've seen;
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
Would some believe that such a tale had been;
But such intent *I never had*, nor have it;
Some truths are better *kept behind* a screen.’

After a sporting career of upwards of thirty years, weathering many ‘untoward’ events we find this gentleman fixed in an elegant residence in Piccadilly, which was built out of part of the proceeds arising from a lucky ‘hit’ in 1825, when Lord Jersey's Middleton won the Derby. Mr. Bland can speak favourably of companionship on the turf. Like his friend Mr. Gully, he has been rather ‘down on his luck,’ (his own words) since poor Halliday's death in 1834, when these gents, ‘threw out;’—their Shillelagh not being strong enough to keep down the Plenipotentiary. Last year he was again served ‘cruelly’ on the Leger, although he did not go down. Amongst his other ‘comfortable’ bets on it, was one of a thousand on Forth's colt, against Mango, which of course he lost.

Amongst the many every-day instances of the differences between winning and *receiving* payment, perhaps the following little anecdote is as pointed as any that can be selected. In the summer of 1827, a betting man, of the Manchester division, by some means (whether by chance or otherwise is unknown to the writer), became acquainted with the result of the trial in Scott's stable, when Matilda defeated the Colonel and Velocipede; and willing to profit by such knowledge, he backed the mare to

win him a large stake on the St. Leger. A salesman in Smithfield, known only as an occasional speculator, was induced to bet the odds to some amount against Matilda with this 'Manchester man,' and lost, it was reported, above a thousand pounds. Some time after the Leger, the winner wrote to the salesman respecting payment, and received an invitation, in answer, to dine at the salesman's villa, two or three miles out of town. After the dinner and a bottle or two of wine had been discussed, the host asked his visitor to 'have a look' at his garden and grounds, which, by the bye, were remarkable for their neatness; and upon the visitor expressing his admiration, the salesman asked him whether he should not be considered a simpleton to give up so much comfort, if he could avoid it, and to part with this property? The answer being of course as the host expected, he finished by observing 'that if he paid him two or three humbugging things called 'bets,' on a stupid affair termed a horse-race, he must quit this delightful residence.' The guest departed as he went, save and except a good dinner and wine, and never received a shilling of the money.

If we glance at the leading speculators, or, as they are termed in these march of intellect days, 'book-makers,' we shall perceive, with scarcely an exception, that they commenced 'life' in a very humble way,—that their *real* knowledge of the qualities of a racehorse lies in a very small compass,—and that four-fifths of them have hardly any idea of arithmetical calculations at all; in short, take them out of their line of business, and you will find them any thing but 'knowing' ones. Of late years, say the last eight or ten, the legs of the *old school* have not had a very prosperous time of it; the 'safe game,' as it is called, being played now by not only gentlemen, but also by noblemen of the first class; and it is even whispered that more than one lady of high rank annually makes a 'book' on the Derby.

The play-or-pay races were first set on foot in Sailor's year (1820,) previous to which time, the Riddlesworth, the 2,000gs. and 1,000gs. stakes at Newmarket, the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, and the St. Leger at Doncaster, were, I believe, the only races then considered as p. p. ones. The custom now has become general, not only at the 'exchange' at Hyde-park corner, but also at the sporting houses in both town and country. I am by no means prepared to argue the question whether the present system of betting is advantageous to the welfare of the turf or not; but it cannot be denied that it has opened a door for chicanery and fraud to walk in at, as may be clearly seen by the large sums offered for Plenipotentiary and the Queen of Trumps, in their respective years; for no party could afford half the stated sums except to *prevent their winning*. As a check to evils of a similar nature, I have not the slightest doubt if the offering parties were 'shown up,' as they unquestionably deserve to be, it would put a stop to this species of fraud, and also be the means of making those ready-made-luck gents hide their 'diminished heads.'

THE ENGLISH TURF.

It has been asserted by some one, that it would require more talent to pay off the debt of England, even if the funds were ready, than to carry on the whole machinery of that vast empire and provide for its millions of debts and myriads of claimants; in my opinion it requires but a shade less talent to understand the arcana of the British turf, and steer safely and prosperously through its perils.

He that shall attend the settling day at Tattersall's after one of the great events, say the Derby or the St. Leger, if his position enables him to take a view of the whole ground, to see bets to the amount of one million of dollars arranged in one short evening, would convey to a spectator a very high idea of the business talents of a set of men not generally supposed well versed in the details of calculation; yet it is true, a few hours is sufficient to go over the items of an account involving that enormous sum above named, and without the aid of clerks. Each man comes there with his betting-book, on it he has a page for each horse in the race; his memorandums shew the various sums, with the odds annexed, this same page shews the person's name with whom the bet is made, the balance lost or won is there stated, pen, ink and paper are on the various tables for drawing the orders or making calculations when necessary, they compare their books, a moment serves to show their correctness, and the settlement follows instantaneously; no time is lost, so soon as one has finished another succeeds, and thus some hundreds are all settling at the same time; in this way an almost incredible amount is liquidated in a short time, as every man transacts his own business, and is quite *'au fait'* to it. Should any difference of opinion arise, the betting room always furnishes those well qualified to decide, and he that should refuse to abide by such decision, would soon find himself in coventry. The gentlemen of the turf who regularly attend these settling days may be divided into two great classes, one who usually back their own and their friends' horses when they fancy them always taking the odds, sometimes standing the chance of losing considerable sums, for the possibility of winning immense amounts; these sometimes win it is true, but most generally they contribute to the others who almost invariably lay the odds, and are at the trouble to make up a book in such way as to secure the chance of winning a greater or less sum without the hazard of a loss. In order to succeed in this kind of betting, it is necessary they should always be in the betting rooms at those times when business is transacted there, to avail themselves of every variation in the odds; and when this variation is great and frequent, he never fails to make a good business of it; and sometimes horses are made prominent favourites for a few days, when an unfavourable report again lower their price, this enables all those in the secret to hedge off in such way as may enable them to win without risk.

When this mode of betting has enabled him to make a book of some fifteen or twenty, he will have so arranged his bets that let any one of these horses win, the balance shall pay his loss with something left as a

profit; but if one of those win against whom he has laid but small odds, and consequently lost but a small sum, his gains are great on the balance or aggregate of his bets. But to secure himself against the chance of loss, and so far as prudence may conduce to success, the bookmaker not only has an eye to the odds as reported weekly at Tattersall's, but he keeps himself thoroughly conversant with the public running of all the entries in the capital stakes, but by every means in his power he learns the secrets of the various training stables, and is certain to have immediate notice of all trials that are made, or accidents that occur, which may effect the chances of the race, or what is to him of equal importance, the rise or fall in the odds. All the bets now made in England being play or pay, if his information about a trial enables him to anticipate the effects of its publicity on the standing of a horse, he is sure the horse will rise in the market, he immediately lays out a sum on the horse and takes the long odds; when the odds against the horse decline, he then lays the odds against the horse; thus if the horse come in the betting at twenty to one, he lays twenty to four hundred—if this same horse rises till he is at five to one, he then stakes one hundred to twenty, he must stand the chance of winning eighty or three hundred, and cannot lose one cent, and if this operation is extended to fifteen or twenty horses, it becomes a profitable speculation. In order to make sure of these good things, a number of men are employed to watch trials on all the public training grounds, whose business it is to see every gallop the horses of a certain stable take, report their condition and the event of the trials, and thus enable his employer to bet *understandingly*; if a break down occurs in a stable, this is always communicated by express if the horse is at all prominent in the betting, as then large sums may be made at no risk.

So soon as the spring training is fairly under way, all the houses in the vicinity of a large public stable find some man of leisure to occupy any spare apartment they may have to let; this man seems to have no business to occupy him, but spends his time in sauntering about the exercise grounds, and carelessly viewing the horses at their work; he draws his own conclusions as to condition, &c. and when circumstances induce him to suspect a trial about to happen, he will lie out night after night to watch the same, and such is the vigilance of these men, that no one can expect to evade their observations; this has forced most of the trainers on the moors or heaths to adopt the plan of trying their horses in the night, and by the variations in the weights carried by the horses, and which is known only to the trainer, to conceal the relative speed of their horses, and thus by deceiving the spy, make him mislead his employer; sometimes, however, a man of address gets on such footing with the grooms in the stable as to baffle every attempt of the trainer to deceive him; this necessarily involves great expense, as few men are content to be scoundrels unless paid, but as immense sums often depend on a single stable they can afford it, and do pay well for such information.

It so happens that sometimes long odds are bet against a particular nag, no chance occurs of hedging off, this horse is likely to win, when some of them must fall hard; it then remains for them only to buy the nag, or

employ a touter—should they succeed in buying, the nag is drawn, and thus the bets made safe. In 1835, the Queen of Trumps was a favourite for the St. Leger, large sums were laid against her, she was in fine condition for the race, and under the charge of Mr. Mostyn's favourite trainer. On the day but one before the race a man proposed buying the mare, and offered the immense sum of \$35,000 for her; Mr. Mostyn was willing to take the price, but at the same time stipulated the mare must run, and run to *win*, under the charge of his groom and jockey; this put an end to the trade. This is one instance where they failed to purchase, but they sometimes find others more complying, who, if they do not sell them the horse, may dispose of the race. About twelve months since, an English nobleman was supposed to have made 500 guineas by his horse being drawn in a race. But your *real betting leg* relies on the touter as his sure card when his case is desperate, for if a horse cannot be made safe by purchase, there is always a man to be found who for present payment of a round sum, and a further consideration if he succeeds, will undertake to physic him for the occasion, this man is provided with all sorts of keys that enable him to enter any stable secured in the usual manner; if he succeeds, and he witnesses on the day the effects of the drugs, he advises his employer, and if the horse is a prominent favourite for the Leger, Derby, or any other great stake, large sums are immediately laid out against him, and a few minutes sees him master of his ill-gotten thousands. In 1834, Mr. Batson's Plenipotentiary was a general favourite, he had won all his races so easy, that for the St. Leger on the day of running the odds were five to four on him against a strong field. A favourite has usually six to one against him, but the touter visited him the night previous, and he was '*no where*' in the race; Connolly, who rode him, has often declared he was obliged to gig him with the spurs to keep him on his feet before the start. This touter is only resorted to when all other means fail, the poisoning of horses is under the laws of England a high crime, punished by death or transportation, it is therefore expensive, and at the same time places a man and his confederates in the power of a villain, who sometimes bleeds them like a leech for a long time after.

These are some of the difficulties which the turfite has to encounter in his betting career, and which if he can use he must also guard against; these occur before the day of race, but even then there are many circumstances which may class him with the losers, when all his calculations have been made on a just estimate of the public running, and the correct reports of his various assistants, who have given him a true account of condition and private trials. The rules of racing in England allow one gentleman to start two or more horses in the same race; sometimes, too, several horses belonging to the same gentleman, but entered in the name of a friend, run in the same race—it is certain then these horses are run to favour one another, and by combining, may beat a superior horse, or that horse among them will prove best in the race by which most money can be made; to those who back horses, this management is sometimes fatal; but your *real book-making leg* never subjects himself to this combi-

nation of chances, or if he does, it can only result to his benefit, his tickets are all talismanic numbers, and can draw no blanks.

The talents necessary for a successful better on the English turf must not only be of a high order, but he must possess a vigilance that never sleeps, and an energy that never tires, or he becomes the dupe or the prey of his more gifted associates; this applies to those who follow racing or betting as a profession. The gentleman of fortune who has a fine stock of horses, breeds or buys and runs them as an amusement, has a private stable and trainer of his own, may sustain no loss even among the greatest adepts of Newmarket, if a cool, prudent man, because on him they can avail themselves of none of those adventitious aids which they never fail to use when horses are in a public stable and trained on a moor. A man found on private grounds at an unseasonable hour, would surely find his way to the county jail, and in due time be sent to make his observations at Botany Bay or New South Wales; and although these gentlemen trial-watchers seem to have a tact for moonlight scenery, few of them have the gusto to admire it in these new settlements: private training grounds are therefore seldom watched, and your prudent leg seldom risks much against a *dark horse*. A.

RACES AT NEW ORLEANS—MAD ANTHONY—WAGNER—GET OF
MONSIEUR TONSON, &C.

MR EDITOR:

Batesville, Ark. May 18, 1838.

Permit me to tender my thanks for the back numbers of the eighth vol. of the Register, which have come to hand in good order and well-conditioned. The recent races in New Orleans and its vicinity, have been brilliant, and perhaps taken altogether, is the very best time on record. If they have added additional fame to Archy's best son, (Sir Charles,) they have also placed a bright feather in Leviathan's cap. Pete Whetstone, Mad Anthony and Wagner are noble animals. The former has been put to too hard service for a two year old, and it will surprise me if he ever figures successfully again. Mad Anthony has been worked hard; so of Wagner, yet they are in the hands of prudent, judicious trainers.

The race between Picton and Sarah Bladen is exciting much interest. The horse has the most favourites by odds, but the friends of Sarah Bladen here make up in nerve for the want of numbers. I think now the mare will beat him, though I once thought otherwise; I have laid out a C on her at all events. Where is Monsieur Tonson, and what of his get? It seems but yesterday that Anvil, Argyle, Ohio, Catharine Davis, and a host of others were winning for him what seemed then *imperishable* fame; alas! now the scene is changed, and it is only from the record of the past that we derive information of the fact that such a horse ever existed. *Tempora mutant, et equi mutant.*

We expect fine racing here this fall; Davy Thompson, Esq. of Van Buren, in this state, brought on some fine stock, among them Experiment and Ormond, both winners of distinction in the 'old states.' Some of the

veterans from Illinois and Missouri will be down upon us with *good lots*, and Capt. Tunstall will, in addition to Charline and Independence, have some splendid three year old Volcanoes. By-the-bye, Volcano has a great deal of Lady Clifden's blood in his veins; he is a splendid animal, and if he had a chance, would get splendid racehorses. There is in his harem, at present, a wild mare, some sixteen hands high, taken from the Camanche Indians, she has a fine head and clean nice bony limbs; I think she will breed finely.

C. F. M. Noland's ch. m. Fentine, by Gohanna, dam by Janus, has dropped a b. c. foal, by Ben Franklin, which has been christened *Chitty*.

C. F. M. Noland & T. T. Tunstall's b. m. Emetine, by Rob Roy, dam by imp. Minor's Escape, (or Horn's,) has dropped a ch. f. foal, by Volcano, which has been christened *Lobelia*.

Yours, truly,

N. OF ARKANSAS.

TOPGALLANT AND JOHN BASCOMBE.

Gallatin, Tenn. May 31, 1838.

Not long after you gave to the public my first communication, in which I asked for '*more light*' on the subject of the pedigree of Topgallant's dam, the following extract of a letter, written by Mr. John Lamar, of Macon, Ga. was received. It will be perceived how much the owners of stock, tracing to Topgallant through the famous brood mares Madame Tonson and Black Sophia; are indebted to you, sir, for this information. Black Sophia is the dam of our friend Oliver's young horse Birmingham, and she is the grandam of Sarah Bladen, and her full brothers, five of them, all by Leviathan. Madame Tonson, you know, was the dam of the '*Four Tennessee Brothers*,' all by Pacolet. And both of those famous old mares were got by Topgallant, as aforesaid. We had lost the tradition beyond the Black-and-all-Black cross in the pedigree of his dam, but fortunately it is recovered. See the extract:

Macon, March 21, 1838.

'DEAR SIR,—I have observed your communication in the '*Spirit of the Times*,' requesting information respecting Topgallant, by Old Gallatin. I know the gentleman very well who raised him—Thomas Blount, Esq. of Jones county, of this state, about fifteen miles from this city. As I have some stock tracing to the crosses, I have procured all the information you desire, which you may rest assured is true. Mr. Blount is a very highly respectable man, for many years a representative in this state legislature, and a pious member of the baptist church. He has furnished me with the following facts: 'Topgallant was by old Gallatin, (full brother to the dam of Bertrand,) his dam by old Wildair, son of imp. Fearnought, grandam by Black-and-all-Black, g. grandam by King Herod, g. g. grandam by Partner, g. g. g. grandam by old Apollo.'

Mr. Lamar saith further:—'The dam of Topgallant was a splendid mare; she was also the dam of a splendid stallion called Blount's Diomed. Topgallant was sold by Mr. Blount to some gentlemen in Tennessee, or

that section of the country. He ran, he informs me, at Augusta before he sold him, and he thinks *distanced* the field. The blood of the stock is known *here* to be thorough and fashionable; and no horse in the United States has produced stock so popular here as old Gallatin. Topgallant sold for \$1,500 when a colt, (a three year old, I presume,) a large price for the times. Gallatin served but very few thoroughbred mares; there were then but few in Georgia. The old Wildair mare was among the *best*. The two best of his produce (get) was the dam of Wild Will, Charles Kemble, and her full sister, whose produce, some of them I own. See January number of Turf Register. I hope this will satisfy your mind.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN LAMAR.'

I have transcribed this letter entire, hoping you will have the goodness to publish it. On reading this communication to Col. Elliot, who purchased the horse Topgallant of Judge Blount, his memory was refreshed, and he now recollects that *this* was the pedigree given by Blount to him at the time of purchase. Topgallant was a black-legged bay, full sixteen hands high, with a most splendid fore-hand and first rate hind legs.

A word or two, if you please, relative to the *intellectual* 'John Bascom,' (no *b*'s to it.) I adopt the sentiment, that 'what is worth doing is worth doing well.' As there are several friends deeply interested in the *authenticity* of his *whole pedigree*, and believing that it is in *my* power at this time to settle a very doubtful question that has been raised by your correspondents, I will volunteer my aid, and 'do for others what I would they should do for me' under similar circumstances. Your correspondent 'B.' is now convinced that Bascom hails from more than sire and dam. But another sage suggestion has found quarters in your paper, that 'the Pacolet that got Grey Goose, the dam of Bascom, might be a *son* of Pacolet, by *imp.* Citizen.' This is not shooting with the eyes shut, to be sure, but it is very little better—it is shooting without looking through *both* sights of the gun. Grey Goose was by *that Pacolet* which Gen. Jackson & Co. purchased of Wm. R. Johnson, of Va. Col. James Gray Jones, late of the vicinity of Franklin, Williamson county, Tenn. told me that he bred the Buzzard mare to Pacolet, when he stood at or near Nashville, under the control of John W. Clay, and that *Grey Goose was the produce*. He trained and ran her near Nashville as one of Pacolet's first get: she ran at other places in this state. After Mr. Jones parted with her, a Mr. Reynolds owned her, then a Mr. Henry Robertson, then Major Connally got her, I think, and has two brood mares from her, one by Stockholder, a chestnut mare, and the other the full sister to Bascom. There is another fine mare out of Grey Goose, got by old Conqueror—she is a grey, called Roxana, and was owned last year by Col. Langford, of Coffeeville, Ala. and bred to Luzborough the second year I *wielded* him; she was sent home with foal by that 'princely foreigner.' And after Mr. Connally, Col. Crowell owns this celebrated *Goose*, that lays such golden treasure. I saw her on the way to Bertrand's stable last winter was a year, and I hope she has increased the wealth of her owners by one or two more young Bascoms! And now for the last lingering doubt. I saw in your

paper of recent date, that your correspondent 'B. C. W.' has no difficulty in believing *all* that is published about his pedigree, but is not sure that the *whole* truth is told; he thinks that there is one link in the chain, *perhaps*, left out, that is, the Columbus cross; it is an excellent cross, verily, but does not belong to the pedigree of Bascom. I will show you—I have now before me the 33d number of the *Franklin Farmer*, published at Frankfort, Ken. on the 21st of April, 1838: in said paper, John Harris has given a list of thoroughbreds reared and sold by him, beginning with that invaluable mare

No. 1. Jane Hunt, a dark bay mare, foaled in 1796, got by Wade Hampton's Paragon, &c.

No. 2. Indiana, a b. m. foaled in 1802, sired by Butler's Columbus, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Sally Sneed, a b. m. foaled 18th April, 1807, sired by imp. Buzzard, dam No. 1.

Mr. Harris saith, 'I parted with No. 5 to James Quarles, Esq. of Woodford county, Ky.; she was afterwards taken to Tennessee, and is the grandam of John Bascom.' Mr. Harris bred another mare by imp. Buzzard, which stands No. 7. Hannah Harris, a b. m. foaled 22d April, 1807, sired by imp. Buzzard, dam No. 2, which is the Columbus mare which produced Paragon, sired by Blackburn's Whip. And this explains away the difficulty under which your friend 'B. C. W.' was labouring. I have thus, sir, endeavoured to plant, or rather sustain the pillar reared to the memory of the ancestry of the Grey Goose, and like a pillar of Grecian marble, sure enough, it shines fairest when stript of all ornaments. John Bascom might exclaim—

'I was born so high;
Our eyrie was the cedar's top,
That dallies in the sun
And dangles in the wind.'

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

H. M. CRYER.

JOHN BASCOMBE'S GRANDAM.

Forks of Elkhorn, Franklin county, Ky. June 1, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, Sir,—In several of the late numbers of your very valuable paper, I have seen strictures on the pedigree of John Bascombe, pointing more particularly to the grandam, and as my name has been referred to as having bred the grandam, I feel myself called upon to say something on the subject.

My father-in-law, the late Daniel Hunt, of Hunterdon county, N. J. owned old Slammerkin, and bred her for a number of years. He bred the Figure mare and the Paragon mare referred to in John Bascombe's pedigree; the latter he gave to me at two years old, and I brought her to Ky. in 1798. In 1801 I bred her to Butler's Columbus, and she produced a filly foal. In 1806 I bred the Paragon mare and the Columbus filly to imp. Buzzard, and they produced two filly foals. The filly out of the

Paragon mare by imp. Buzzard I sold at four years old to a neighbour, who took her to Tennessee. The filly out of the Columbus mare I retained and bred until 1826; she is the dam of Paragon, Apollo, Miss Slammerkin, (alias Jenny Slammerkin,) &c. &c. The former I did not hear of from the time she was taken to Tennessee, until Col. Crowell's brother called upon me winter before last for her pedigree, as being the grandam of John Bascombe.

These are the circumstances under which I gave a certificate of the pedigree of the mare, and I indulge the hope they will prove amply satisfactory to the most scrupulous on the subject. I make this communication, Mr. Editor, with the greater pleasure, as it appears to me it must put at rest the only doubt that appears to hang over the pedigree of one that has proved himself so deserving of a noble ancestry.

I have never published an account of my blooded stock of horses until last winter, when I made two communications to the Franklin Farmer, (published at Frankfort,) for the 'Kentucky Stud Book,' now in progress. Others have made publications on the subject, and there may be unintentional errors in them.

Yours, &c.

JOHN HARRIS.

1b.]

ROBIN HOOD, POST BOY, AND DECATUR.

Queen's county, L. I. May 9, 1838.

DEAR SIR:—Supposing that the following particulars in relation to horses of some note may be interesting to breeders of blood stock, they are communicated for insertion in your paper.

Robin Hood was dropped on the 18th of April, 1828, and in February, 1830, measured 14 hands 3 inches. December 2, 1830, girth at chest, 68½ inches. January 6, 1831, height 15 hands 1½ inches.

Post Boy, dropped 5th May, 1831. November 26, same year, measured 12 hands 2½ inches. June 11, 1832, 13 hands 3 inches. November 4, 1832, 14 hands 1¾ inches over the withers, 14 hands 2½ inches over the croup. February 18, 1832, girth at chest 67 inches, height over the withers 14 hands 2½ inches. April 2, 1834, over the withers 15 hands 1 inch.

Decatur, dropped 20th April, 1833. At four days old measured 9 hands 3¼ inches. February 20, 1834, being ten months old, measured 13 hands 2 inches. May 1, 1835, being two years old, 15 hands.

Robin Hood was sold at three years old for \$300. Post Boy, at three years old, for \$700. Decatur, at two years old, for \$800.

A SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. In your number of the 5th inst. you state that Suffolk, in his yearling form, was sold at Tattersalls, in New York, with his dam, Ostrich, for \$205 50. This is not exactly correct—Ostrich was sold at John R. Snediker's, 2d May, 1834, by John W. Watson, & Co. with her Andrew colt (now Suffolk) at foal—the colt having been dropped on the 3d of the preceding month: they brought \$220.

[1b.]

THE GIN-AND-WATER HUNT.—No. II.

THE DEBATE AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEE.

WELL, as we said before, when Michael Hardey died, great was the difficulty in the vale of Sheepwash to devise how the Gin-and-water hunt was to be carried on.

In the course of his career, a great change had come over the honest inhabitants of the vale. Most of the old set had passed away, or become incapacitated from following the sports of the field, and their places had been supplied by a mongrel race yclept 'gentlemen farmers'—men who attended country races, rode steeple-chases, smoked cigars, and hunted in white mole-skin breeches and cut-away coats. Merry James Fairlamb alone left a son worthy of his sire, a plain, sensible, unaffected, young man, who inherited his father's passion for the chase;—all the rest, more or less, partook of the character we have described.

Michael's death having taken place towards the autumn, the situation of the lover of the chase was rendered more difficult, for Michael had hunted the country so long, that people seemed to think he would last for ever, and if any observations were ever made about a successor, it was only by some of the dandy cavillers of Handley-cross Spa, who objected to Michael's brown coat and early hours. The intelligence of his death created a greater sensation at Handley-cross than it did in the vale; for amusement being the sole business of the place, the visitors could not afford to lose so important a feature as the chase; and 'a pack of excellent fox-hounds in the immediate vicinity,' had begun to be appended to every advertisement of a house to let, or estate to be sold in the neighbourhood. Great therefore as was the loss occasioned by his death to the farmers of the vale, it was still greater to the patrons of the Spa.

It being an established rule at all watering places, that the visitors are the lords paramount of the soil, and the owners and occupiers of property in the neighbourhood under infinite obligations to them for coming, it follows as a matter of course, that whatever those birds of passage take into their heads must be complied with, otherwise the ruin of the place is inevitable. Moreover, just at this time a rail road from London to the sea, for the purpose of supplying the metropolis with 'lily-white sand,' having been completed to within three miles of Handley-cross, numberless important citizens had begun to puff down by the trains, and the place had so many visitors that the proprietors of the Spa had been obliged to import a chemist to convert another pure water spring into a chalybeate, so much greater was the demand than the supply from the original one. In fact there was not a lodging, a hole or corner of any description, to be had, for no one stays in London in the autumn that can help it, and the miraculous cures of the wonderful waters, the unequalled accommodation, and the names of the aristocratic visitors, were kept constantly paraded before the public, through the medium of 'paragraph' advertisements, as they are called, in all the local and many of the London papers, which were closely followed on by notices from the 'Lily-white Sand Company'

of the hours of arrival and departure of their passenger trains on the railway. So great was the influx of company, that the master of the ceremonies was fairly worked off his legs in leaving cards upon the arrivers, and watching his subscription book as it lay at the library for signatures and guineas; and the quack-doctor who had called the Spa into existence, hurried about from door to door, from house to villa, in a black buggy with red striped wheels, with mystery on his brow, dealing death and drugs as he went. Houses were rising both in altitude and value, and the expenditure of the population began to be felt by all the country round. With things in this state poor Michael Hardey died; and the visitors having been accustomed to ride rough-shod over the people of the town, it was not unnatural for them to suppose that the country round about was no less subject to their pleasure.

Without waiting for the ceremony of poor Michael's funeral, and without consulting any land-owner in the district, a notice was put up at Hookem's library and Boltem's billiard-room, calling a meeting of the 'visitors' for the next day, in the dining-room of the Dragon hotel, 'to make arrangements for carrying on the fox-hounds; the chair to be taken at one o'clock precisely.'

Accordingly at that hour all the idle, lounging, water-drinking, time-killing male portion of the population came sauntering in, right glad of an excuse to kill an hour; and some thirty or forty being collected, Captain Doleful, the aforesaid master of the ceremonies, got up and moved that Augustus Barnaby, Esq. should take the chair.

Mr. Barnaby was a Cheshire man, fat and rich, with a red head and an imperious wife; and independently of being a great promoter of shilling lotteries, donkey races, and other enterprising sports, he had put his name down for two guineas instead of one to the Captain's book, which had procured him the Captain's friendship. He was a shy man at best, but his wife had long since knocked any little spirit out of him he ever possessed, and he rather hesitated about taking the chair; but after an encouraging look or two from the Captain, and a 'hear, hear, hear!' from somebody else, he got shuffled before it, when Captain Doleful giving the table a thump with his hand to procure silence, Mr Barnaby stammered out something about 'honour they had done him, and knowing what they were met for, should be happy to hear any observations,'—all of which was received with renewed cries of 'hear, hear!'

Captain Doleful, the 'arbiter elegantiarum,' of the place, then presented himself to the notice of the meeting. He was a tall, lathy, death's-head-looking being, with a melancholy, woe-begone grin on his countenance, and a flat head thinly scattered over with lank straight uneven hair, that would have been grey but for the cosmetics of the barber, which converted it into a rusty brown. His dress in a morning was black, with black gaiters, a costume and appearance sufficient to create jealousy in the most benevolent and contented-minded undertaker. In an evening, when in 'full blow,' the black waistcoat gave way to a short, shrivelled, ill-washed white one, that let out a double row of frills from its upright collar, the frills extending half way down the front, and the shoes and gaiters were

supplied by white silk stockings and pumps with very broad ribbons. A crush hat in his hand completed his evening costume. The idea of the dress was borrowed from 'Pelham,' improved by the suggestions of a frugal imagination. His manner was hasty, and tone funereal. Having squared out his feet to the utmost extent of the first position in dancing lessons, and stuck out his elbows in a corresponding form, he proceeded to pay a handsome compliment to the chairman for the business-like manner in which he had opened the subject, and went on to observe that he trusted that there was no one there who did not admit the propriety of maintaining the fox-hounds, not only as regarded the important benefit such an establishment would confer upon the town of Handley-cross, now rapidly rising into one of great magnitude and importance, but also as regarded their individual amusement. For his own part, he stood there upon public grounds alone, (hear, hear.) His numerous and arduous duties, of regulating the Spas in the mornings, the promenades at noon, and the balls and concerts of an evening, left him but too little leisure as it was, to pay those polite attentions to the fashionable world which were invariably expected from a well-bred master of ceremonies. Many of the aristocratic visitors to be sure, he observed by the subscription book at the library, had kindly overlooked his remissness—unintentional and scarcely to be avoided as it was—and he trusted others would extend to him a similar indulgence. With respect to the maintenance of the fox-hounds, he confessed he was incompetent to offer any suggestion, for though he had long worn a scarlet coat, it was when in the army, a militia captain—and hunting formed no part of their *exercise*. Perhaps some gentleman who understood something about the matter, would favour the meeting with his ideas upon the number of dogs and foxes they should keep, (laughter,) the probable expense of their maintenance, (renewed laughter) and then they might set about seeing what they could raise in the way of subscription.' The conclusion of his speech was greeted with loud applause, amid which the captain resumed his seat with a long-protracted, mouth-stretching, self-satisfied grin on his countenance.

Mr. Dennis O'Brian, a broad-shouldered, big, black-whiskered card-playing, fortune-hunting Irishman, after a short pause rose to address the meeting. 'Upon his honour,' said he, throwing open his coat in the O'Gorman Mahon style, 'but the last spoken honourable jontleman had made a mighty nate introduction of the matter in its true light, for there was no denying the fact that *money* was all that was wanted to carry on the war. He knew the Ballyshannon dogs, in the county of Donegal, kept by Mr. Trodennick, which cost half nothing at all and a little over, which showed mighty nate sport, and that was all they wanted. By the powers! but they were the right sort, and followed by rale lovers of the sport from a genuine inclination that way, and not for mere show sake, as many of the spalpeens of this country followed them, (applause.) If the company would appoint him manager-gineral, and give him a couple of hundred in hand, and three or four more at the end of the sason, by the holy piper! he would undertake to do all that was nadeful and proper, and make such an example of every thing that came in his way, as would

astonish his own and their wake minds for iver. He would have foxes' pates by the dozen. He had no fear; faith, none at all. By the great gun of Athlone, he would ride in and out of the Ballydarton pound, or fly at a six foot brick and mortar wall, dashed, spiked, and coped with broken bottles! He had a horse that he would match against any thing that iver was foaled, a perfect lump of elasticity from his shoulder to the tip of his tail—the devil be with him! but when you got on his back, it was ten to one but he sprung you over his head by the mere contraction of his muscles! Faith! at his castle in Connaught, he had many such, and he would give any jontleman or man of fortune in the company that would fetch a few over to England, one for his trouble.' Thus Mr. Dennis O'Brian rattled on for ten minutes or more, without producing any favourable effect upon the meeting, for having won or borrowed money from most of them, no one felt inclined to allow him to increase his obligations.

When he had exhausted himself, Mr. Romeo Simpkins, a pert, but simple-looking, pink-and-white, yellow-hair'd youth, studying the law in Hare-court, in the Temple, being anxious to train his voice for the bar, came forward from the crowd that had congregated behind the chair, and looking very sheepish, after casting his eye into his hat, where he had a copious note of his speech, set off at a hand gallop with the first sentence as follows: 'Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, in presuming to introduce myself upon the notice of the meeting, I assure you I am actuated by no motive but an anxious desire, such as must pervade the breast of every free-born Englishman, every lover of his country—every—I mean to say every—every'—here he looked imploringly round the room, as much as to say, 'what a mess I'm in!' and then casting his eyes into his hat again, attempted to read his notes, but he had made them so full, and the novelty of his situation had so bewildered him, that they were of no use, and after a long string of stutters he slunk back into the crowd amid the laughter and applause of the company. As he left the room he dropped his notes, which, as the reader will see from the following specimen, were framed for rather a *serious* infliction: *Presume* to address—love of country—of all out-of-door amusements, nothing like hunting—encouraged by best authorities, practised by greatest men—*Sacred history*—Nimrod of Babylon—Venus took the field—Adonis killed in chase—Persians fond of hunting—Athenians do.—Solon restrained ardour—Lacedemonians, and their breed of speedy dogs—Xenophon—Olympic games—Romans—Aristotle—Oppian—Hadrian—Ascanius—Somerville—Beckford—Meynell—Col. Cook—Nimrod, of Calais—thanks—attentive hearing.'

Mr. Abel Snoreem next addressed the meeting. He was a grey-headed, sharp-visaged, long-nosed, but rather gentlemanly-looking, well-dressed man, who was notorious for addressing every meeting he could get to, and wearying the patience of his audiences by his long-winded orations. Throwing back his coat, he gave the table a thump with his knuckles, and immediately proceeded to speak, lest the chairman should suffer any one else to catch his eye.—'Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,' said he, 'if I am rightly informed, for I have not a copy of the proclamation with me, this meeting has been convened for the purpose of taking into considera-

tion a very important question connected with the prosperity of this salubrious spot; a spot, I may say, unrivalled both for its health-giving properties, and for those rural beauties that nature has so bountifully lavished around. In bringing our minds to the calm and deliberate consideration of the subject, fraught, as I may say it is, with the welfare, the happiness, the recreation, the enjoyment, of many of those around, I feel assured that it would be wholly superfluous in me to point out the propriety of exercising a sound, impartial, unbiassed judgment, dismissing from our minds all political bias, all party feeling, all invidious comparison, all speculative theories—and of looking at the question in its single capacity, weighing it according to its true merits, apart from all personal consideration, and legislating upon it in such a manner as we shall conceive will be most conducive to the true interest of this town, and to the honour and welfare of the British dominions, (laughter and loud coughing, with cries of ‘question.’) The question appeared to him to be one of great simplicity, and whether he regarded it in the aggregate, or considered it in detail, he found none of those perplexing difficulties, those aggravating technicalities, those harrowing, heart-burning jealousies, that too frequently enveloped matters of less serious import, and led the mind insensibly from the contemplation of the abstract question that should engage it, into those loftier fields of human speculation that better suited the discursive and ethereal genius of the philosopher, than the more substantial matter-of-fact understandings of sober-minded men of business, (loud coughing and scraping of feet.) Neither was it tinctured with any considerations that could possibly provoke a comparison between the merits of the respective parties, then forming the legislature of the country, or excite a surmise as to the stability of the lords, or the security of the church, or yet the constitution of the commons; it was, in short, one of those questions upon which contending parties, meeting on neutral ground, might extend the right hand of good fellowship, and friendship, when peace and harmony might kiss each other, truth and justice join the embrace, and the lion and the lamb lie down together,’ (*cock a doodle doo!*) crowed some one, which produced a roar of laughter, followed by cheers, whistles, coughs, scraping of feet, and great confusion.) Mr. Snoreem, quite undaunted, and with features perfectly unmoved, merely noticed the interruption by a wave of the right hand, and silence returning, in consequence of the exhaustion of the ‘movement’ party, he drew a breath, and again went off at score.

‘The question, he would repeat, was far from being one of difficulty—nay, so simple did it appear to his mind, that he should be greatly surprised if any difference of opinion existed upon it. He rejoiced to think so, for nothing was more conducive to the success of a measure than the unanimous support of all parties interested in it; and he did hope and trust, that the result of that meeting would show to the world how coinciding in sentiment had been the deliberation of the distinguished assembly which he then had the honour of addressing, (applause, with loud coughing, and renewed cries of ‘question, question,’ ‘shut it up,’ ‘order, order.’) ‘He was dealing with it as closely, and acutely, as logic and the

English language would allow, (renewed uproar.) It appeared to him to be simply this—divest the question of all superfluous matter, all redundant verbiage, and then let the meeting declare that the establishment respecting whose future maintenance they had that day assembled, had been one of essential service to the place—upon that point, he had no doubt they would be unanimous—(yes, yes, we know all that;) secondly, they should declare that its preservation was one of paramount importance to the place and neighbourhood; and then it would necessarily resolve itself into this (*cock a doodle doo!*) with immense laughter,)—those who were of opinion that the establishment was of importance, would give it their countenance and support; while on the other hand, those who were of a contrary opinion, would have nothing whatever to say to it. He regretted the apparent reluctance of some of the company to grant him a fair and extended hearing, because, without vanity, he thought that a gentleman like himself, in the habit of attending and addressing public meetings, (laughter,) was likely to clear away many of the cobwebs, films, mistifications, and obstructions that hung in the way of a clear and unprejudiced view and examination of the question; but such unfortunately being the case, he should content himself by simply moving the resolution which he held in his hand, and would read to the company.'

'That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the hounds which have hitherto hunted the vale of Sheepwash and adjacent country, have contributed very materially to the amusement of the inhabitants and visitors of Handley-cross Spa.' Mr. Hookem, the librarian, seconded the resolution which was put, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Fleeceall, the solicitor, a tallish, middle-aged, very sinister-looking, bald-headed gentleman, with a green patch over one eye, and a roguish expression in the other, stood up to make a few observations. He was dressed in a claret-coloured duffle-frock coat, a buff kerseymere waistcoat with gilt buttons, drab trousers, with shoes and stockings. After two or three hems and haws, he began—'Very few countries,' he said, 'were now without hounds, certainly none in the neighbourhood of a town of the size, importance, and population of Handley-cross; a population too, he should observe, composed almost entirely of the aristocracy and pleasure and health-hunting patrons of society. A couplet occurred to his recollection, which he thought was not inapplicable to the question before them, though he must observe that he introduced it without reference to any quarrel he might have had with a certain would-be medical man in the place, and without any intention of injuring that individual in the estimation of those who were inclined to place confidence in his prescriptions; he merely quoted the lines in illustration of his position, and as being better than his great and increasing business, not only as at attorney at law, and solicitor in the high court of chancery, but also as a conveyancer, and secretary to the poor law board of guardians, and clerk of the Mount Zion road, would allow him time to pen. They were these:

'Better to rove in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;'

and he was sure no one there would deny that hunting, of all pursuits, was best calculated to restore or produce health and drive away dull care, the ills and evils of life, whether in mind or body, (applause.) Exercise, he would say, without invidious allusion, was the best of all *medicines*. They were standing in the garden of England. On every side nature's charms were displayed around, and Handley-cross was the capital of beauty's empire, (applause.) Within her bounds an unrivalled Spa had burst into existence, the health-giving qualities of whose gushing waters would draw people from all nations of the earth, (cheers.) Air, water, and exercise, he contended, would cure anything that was capable of relief, (cheers.) Let them, then, take measures for inducing people to enjoy the pure atmosphere from other motives than mere change of air, and the day could not be far distant when quackery would fail and hunting flourish. His business, as he said before, was great—almost overpowering, but such was his devotion to the place—such his detestation of humbug and knavery, that he would not hesitate to accept the situation of secretary to the hunt, in addition to his other numerous and arduous appointments, and accept it too upon terms much lower than any other man could afford to take it at.'

Mr. Smith, a Hampshire gentleman, one of the earliest patrons of Handley-cross Spa, who, from the circumstance of his lodging round the corner of Hookem's library, had acquired the name of 'round-the-corner Smith,' next presented himself to the notice of the meeting. He was a very smart, genteelly dressed man, apparently about five-and-thirty, or forty, with a tremendous impediment in his speech—so troublesome was it indeed, that it was hard to say whether it was most distressing to his hearers or himself. After opening a very natty single-breasted blue surt-out, so as to exhibit a handsome double-breasted shawl waistcoat, with a Venetian watch chain, he coughed, and commenced, not a speech, but a long string of stutters. 'He felt con-sid-did-did-did-rible di-di-di-difficulty in pro-no-no-no-no-nouncing an o-p-p-p-p-pinion upon the matter under con-sid-did-did-de-ration, because he was not co-co-co-co-conversant with the c-c-country, b-b-but he t-t-took it to be an establish-lish-lished rule, that all men who h-h-hun-hunted regularly with a p-p-pack of ho-ho-ho-hounds, ought to contribute to their sup-sup-sup-port. He knew something about h-h-h-hun-hunting, and if his hu-hu-hu-humble services would be of any avail, the co-co-co-country might command them. At the same time, he thought, that the h-h-h-hunt would be more li li-likely to pros-pros-prosper if there were more ma-managers than one, and that a co-co-co-committee would be the likeliest thing under existing cir-cir-circumstances to give sa-tis-tis-faction—he therefore be-be-begged to move the fo-fo-following resolution:' 'That it is expe-pe-pedient that the vale of She-she-sheepwash ho-ho-ho-hounds should in future be ca-ca-carried on by a co-co-co-committee of management, under the name of the Ha-ha-ha-handley-cross ho-ho-ho-hounds.'

Captain Doleful begged to propose as a fit and proper person to be associated with the honourable gentleman who had just addressed them, in the future management of the pack, his worthy, excellent, public

spirited and popular friend, Augustus Barnaby, Esq. of Barnaby hall, Cheshire, who, he felt convinced, would prove a most valuable ally, not only in the field, but also in superintending the home department, and arrangements, such as hunt dinners, hunt balls, and other entertainments to the ladies, which, he felt assured, it would be equally the pride of the hunt to offer, and the pleasure of the fair sex to accept,' (applause.)

Just at this moment Simon Peter, the little shock-headed Jewish-looking 'privileged to be impudent' head waiter of the Dragon, threw open the door, and in a loud voice proclaimed, 'My Lords and gentlemen, *lunch* is ready!' whereupon the whole party belonging to the house scampered off, leaving Mr. Fleeceall, 'round-the-corner-Smith,' and Doleful, to move a vote of thanks to the chairman, and set him at liberty—an operation that was not so quickly performed as usual, in consequence of 'round-the-corner-Smith' taking the part of mover instead of seconder, and dragging his eulogies along at a most unsportsman-like pace.

The day following the one on which this meeting was held, poor Michael was interred in the secluded churchyard of Shady camp hill, in the presence of his neighbours and friends in the vale, many of whom retired to the cottage after the funeral was over. His will, a half sheet of letter paper, in his own hand-writing, was produced from the drawer in which he kept his tobacco and pipes, and read: all his property was left to his cousin, the brazier at Bridport, subject to the annuity to Peter and the hounds. In the course of the afternoon their future continuance and destination naturally became matter of consideration, a point that kept forcing itself upon the mind, by the uneasy fidgetings of a favourite old badger-pied bitch in the room, and the wandering and howling of divers hounds about the house. The brazier was a keen, crafty quaker, without the slightest turn for the chase, and seemed to consider himself more wronged by the hounds, than obliged to Michael for what he had left him. Finding the hounds required feeding, instead of supporting themselves by the produce of the chase, he at once declared his intention of turning them all adrift, and rung the hand-bell to summon Peter to perform the task. Peter assured him, with tears in his eyes, that not a hound should cost him a halfpenny if he would but let them remain over night, but the brazier was inexorable; so calling them together, Peter, by young Fairlamb's directions, took them over to his house, followed by the majority of the company. Here, after hearty anathemas at the brazier's brutality, the subject of their future destination was again discussed over the old established cheer of gin and pipes, when, after naming every person that could by possibility be thought of, it was at length settled that, for the present, they should remain under the joint mastership of Fairlamb and Stephen Dumpling, the son of our old friend the dun-pony-riding doctor of Handley-cross. Old Dumpling had made a comfortable independence by honest country practice, and invested his money on a tract of improvable land, on what was open downs in the greater part of Michael Hardey's time, which he had converted into a thriving pasture farm. Stephen rather considered himself above even the improved breed of 'gentlemen farmers,' for he was a cornet in the yeomanry, kept a gig and horse, and drove

about with a country-clown of a lad, with a cockade in his hat. For a farmer, Stephen was good-looking, for a gentleman, vulgar-looking. He was of middle stature, dark-complexioned, with dark eyes and hair, but there was a half-rigged, dirty dandyism about him, that spoilt his general effect; for if his hat was good, his boots were bad, and a new coat would be marred by the union of a shabby or ill-fitting waistcoat, or queer-coloured, badly-made trousers or breeches. He was more properly 'a sporting man,' than a sportsman—that is to say, he was just as fond of anything else as of hunting, and considered 'steeple-chasing' the finest invention of modern times. He, however, more from being nearly an 'idle man' than anything else, was associated with Fairlamb in the temporary management of the hounds. In the course of the discussion respecting them, in which Peter was requested to sit down and take part, the altered condition of the country, in consequence of the establishment and increase of Handley-cross Spa, and the formation of the 'Lily-white sand' railway, were forcibly dwelt on; but it never occurred to any of the company, that there was any probability of the visitors to the Spa attempting to usurp the vale. So they settled it on the basis, that the hounds were to be carried on as heretofore, supported by voluntary contributions, and hunted by Peter; and towards dusk, the party wended their ways home.

The Bridport brazier was sitting all alone in Michael Hardey's room, 'totting up' the appraiser's valuation of the goods, chattels, and effects of his late cousin, when a break, drawn by a pair of handsome bay horses, with 'Augustus Barnaby, Esq. Barnaby-hall,' on a plate on the right side drew up at the door, and presently a man in a many-caped drab great-coat, with a whip in one hand, and a gold-laced hat in the other, entered the apartment, and kicking his leg out behind, inclined his head a little forward. The quaker-brazier had just got into the shilling column of the account, after a desperate flounder among the pence, and an intrusion at that critical moment when he had made no mem. of how many shillings there were to carry forward, was well calculated to upset a milder-tempered man than himself; consequently, with a start and a furious stare, he demanded what the intruder wanted? 'Please sir, I be come for the hounds,' was the reply. 'Hounds! what dost thou suppose I know about hounds?' was the answer. 'Master said, I was to go to old Hardey's house in the vale, and ask the servant for them, and bring them to the Cross, where the gemmen intend keeping them in future.' 'Oh!' says the brazier, smelling a rat, 'but friend, did he say anything to thee about paying for them? what's worth sending for, is worth paying for, I presume,—eh, friend?' 'Why yes,' said the coachman, 'he said I might give Peter a sovereign, and if he held out for more, I might give him a couple, but that was more for old acquaintance sake than aught else.' 'Humph!' said the brazier, tearing the plume off his pen with his teeth, 'the hounds are mine I should think—I am Michael Hardey's personal representative, and if thy master wants the hounds—which, mind thee, I set *great* store upon, as having been part of the worldly property of my

late beloved kinsman, Michael Hardey—he must treat with me for them, and not with Peter.’

‘And what may you please to want for them?’ inquired the coachman.

‘That’s more than I can tell thee, friend, for the appraiser hath not yet delivered unto me his valuation of their worth, so as to enable me to include them in the catalogue of my dear departed cousin’s effects; but I should say, without premeditation or disguise, that they will be unusually cheap at ten pounds.’

‘That’s more than I dare give,’ replied the coachman, scratching his head, ‘master’s a gemman all over, and to the back-bone, but I durs’nt give ten pounds without seeing him again—however if you are in no hurry to part with them, perhaps you will give me the refusal of them till to-morrow.’

‘Friend, I cannot do that, for behold I depart this night by the last Lily-white sand train for the metropolis, from whence I journey to Bridport direct; moreover, I have two or three other applications for them, particularly one from a merchant mutton-pie maker, in Whitechapel, who wisheth to purchase the lot for culinary purposes; so friend thou must agree within thyself quickly; for verily, if thy master buyeth them not, the man in Whitechapel will become the purchaser.’

The coachman still hesitated, and stood exchanging his hat from one hand to the other, occasionally varying the movement by twisting the point of his whip round his thumb. ‘Come friend,’ said the quaker encouragingly, ‘thou knowest thou hast got a bargain, verily my late lamented kinsman would not have taken ten times the amount for them, and neither would I, only it suiteth not my calling to keep them. Come, say the word, and I’ll tell thee what I’ll do, I’ll throw thee back ten shillings for luck, and give thee a receipt for ten pounds all the same.’ ‘You are too hard,’ replied the coachman, ‘master real-lie would not be pleased if I was to give so much—hounds are cheap, you see, now; but as I would not like to lose them, say you will throw back a sovereign and I will take them.’ ‘Well then,’ said the brazier, ‘to save trouble, I will accommodate thee and thy master by taking it; so tell down nine golden sovereigns, and I will give thee a receipt for ten pounds, and an order upon Peter for the pack.’

This being done, the coachman proceeded to Fairlamb’s for the hounds and presented his order to Peter, who very quietly tore the slip of paper into eight pieces and gave them to the southerly wind. Jehu was furiously indignant at the idea of a country boor showing so little respect to a London coachman, and swore and raved accordingly; but Peter was not to be thrown off his guard, and it ended in the coachman driving the bays home much quicker than they came.

The visitors at the Spa were perfectly furious when they heard what had happened, and nothing was heard of at library, well, or walk, all the next morning, but the insult that had been offered to their highnesses by the plebeians of the place. Indeed for several hours ‘the world’ seemed to have come to a perfect stand still, the flies remained motionless on the stand, the donkeys stood with their heads turned towards the tethering

posts, the women at the wells sat glass in hand waiting the coming of the customers, and the three fiddlers and clarionet player, in vain tuned their instruments, and played half an air in hopes of drawing the company up the promenade.

At length the folding glass doors of Hookem's library flew open, and out stalked Capt. Doleful, (with a large sheet of paper in his hand, the ink on which was not yet dry,) followed by a string of men, the foremost of whom carried a box of wafers. Crossing the parade they made straight for the billiard-room door, and posted a notice on its pannel, calling a meeting of the inhabitants for eight o'clock that evening, to take into consideration the 'extraordinary posture of affairs.' This seasonable step had the effect of somewhat allaying the irritation and excitement, though groups kept assembling in all parts and corners of the town, looking thoughtful and mysterious, and talking with energy and importance. Whoever walked the streets came in for fragments of conversation, such as, 'Heighth of impudence!'—'Never heard such a thing!'—'People mad!'—'End of the place.'—'Drive away company.'—'Go to Cheltenham.'—'Harrowgate waters much better.'—'Lord Harewood's hounds.'—'Devil take them!'—'Who would have thought it?' &c.

Evening and the anxiously looked-for hour arrived, and numerous were the arrivals in the long room of the 'Dragon.' Three carpet hops and a music party were put off, and tea and talk prevailed throughout Handley-cross that evening.

Sir Ralph Forest, a mild venerable old sportsman of seventy-three, who in former years had had a country, and knew something about how matters should be managed, was persuaded to attend and take the chair; and owing entirely to his judicious observations and advice, may be attributed the aversion of the storm that then overclouded the town of Handley-cross. 'Hunting,' he said, 'was a sport in his humble opinion that could only be enjoyed by sufferance, and for which the gentry were mainly indebted to the farmers. To the farmers they were indebted for the preservation of foxes, and to them they were also under obligations for the permission to trespass upon their farms and injure their crops in the pursuit of their game. Indeed, without the good-will and support of the farmers, he might say hunting a country with satisfaction, either to the field or the master, was wholly out of the question.' He then proceeded to pass a handsome eulogy upon Michael Hardey, whom he described as a man above all price, one that is rarely met with in the world, and such as no country can expect to be blessed with twice. He concluded by saying, that though too old to partake of the pleasure of the chase himself, so convinced was he of the benefits resulting to society from the maintenance of a pack of fox-hounds, that hearing a difficulty had arisen relative to the pack, he had ventured from his house that evening, in the hopes that the coolness and experience of age might avert anything like a collision between the visitors to the Spa, and the farmers of the vale, whose rights had descended to them from former generations. He therefore advised, that no hasty step should be taken, either with respect to claiming the hounds or taking the country, but that they should show a disposition to

co-operate with the farmers, and endeavour by their mutual exertions to promote what all would agree was a common cause. If the farmers wished to continue the hounds in the manner they had hitherto kept them he conceived that they had an undoubted right so to do, but as in all probability they would look for some support and assistance from the wealthy town of Handley-cross, it would then be open for the subscribers to make their suggestions, either as to days of hunting, hours of meeting, or whatever else they might wish. If the farmers declined the hunt altogether, then the visitors might make overtures for taking the establishment into their own hands; this however, was a step which would require great caution, delicacy, and circumspection, for he need not observe, that one hostile or unfriendly farmer, in a limited country like the vale, might create endless difficulty and obstruction to sport. Above all things he conjured them to avoid appearing to demand as a right, that which could not by any manner of means be deemed other than a favour and a matter of courtesy.

So temperate and sensible were his observations and made with such evident disinterestedness withal, that the whole party felt convinced of their force and propriety; and instead of becoming, as the previous meeting was, a mere training ground for oratorship and frothy nonsense, no one spoke a syllable in reply or opposition, and the only question was, whom they should appoint to negotiate the matter with the farmers. The gentlemen already named on the committee of management, appeared the proper parties; so, on the motion of Captain Doleful, Augustus Barnaby and James Smith, Esqs. were appointed to watch over the interests of the sporting portion of the population of the town of Handley-cross, and with thanks to the chairman, the meeting broke up.

The following day, Stephen Dumpling was seen bowling up the High street, and pulling up under the arch-way of the Dragon, where giving the well pipe-clayed reins to his boy, he alighted jauntily from the driving seat, and walked into the bar of the inn. He was dressed in a blue braided frock-coat, with a sky-blue neckcloth, country-made yellow corduroy trousers, white Berlin gloves, and whitey-brown hat. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he had cigar in his moth.

'Round-the-corner' Smith, Augustus Barnaby, Esq. Capt. Doleful, and Fleeceall, had placed themselves at a green-baized table in the 'Moon' up stairs, with pens, ink, and paper before them, when Stephen Dumpling was announced, and was followed shortly after by Fairlamb. Doleful having introduced the parties to each other, with great ceremony and urbanity, set chairs for the new comers, and proceeded to explain the object of the interview, which he said, was 'to endeavour to make amicable arrangements for the future continuance of the Gin-and-water hounds, either in the hands of one gentleman, or in those of a committee of management.' All the *pros* and *cons* were then discussed, Dumpling, Doleful, and Fleeceall, being the principal spokesmen, Smith and Barnaby occasionally putting in their observations and stutters, as to the hunt balls, ballots for members, uniforms, costs, charges, damages and expenses, which so frightened Fairlamb, as to make him decide against having any

thing whatever to do with the matter. Dumpling, however, thinking it would be very fine to be a master of fox-hounds, and trusting to the liberality of the visitors at the Spa for indemnifying him against material loss, was more determined than ever to be one of the committee, when Fair-lamb refused, as he foresaw little chance of his being associated with any other men of the country, and he gave in his adhesion with great readiness, and felt himself two inches taller on the moment. Everything was arranged very easily and satisfactorily, for Dumpling was too much elated with the honour to look minutely into risks. He tried one amendment.

Mr. Barnaby proposed, that the name of the pack should be changed from the 'Gin-and-water,' which was a low, vulgar, pot-house-sounding title, to that of the 'Handley-cross hounds.' Dumpling opposed this, on the ground that they should forfeit Michael Hardey's twenty pounds a year, which he had left to the support of the pack so long as it went by the old name, but upon Barnaby assuring him that the title was unpalatable to the aristocracy of the place, and that by changing it they would get more by additional subscriptions than the twenty pounds they should lose, Dumpling withdrew his opposition, and the pack was re-christened. Fleeceall then took a sheet of foolscap, and drew up the following resolution.

'Resolved, that the hounds heretofore known by the name of the Gin-and-water hounds, shall in future, be called the 'Handley-cross fox-hounds,' and be carried on by subscription, under the management and direction of Augustus Barnaby, Stephen Dumpling, and James Smith, Esqs. and that Walter Fleeceall, Esq. be appointed secretary and treasurer with a salary to be hereafter determined upon.

BOSTON'S GREAT RACE ON LONG ISLAND.

[We copy from the Spirit of the Times the following description of the great four mile race over the Union Course, Long Island, on the first of June. For the record of the meeting, see Racing Calendar.]

We have just returned from one of the most splendid races ever made on the American turf—a four mile race that for time is nearly equal to that of Eclipse and Henry, and which could have been run in two seconds less than their first heat! The day was excessively warm, but the track as fine as it could well be. The entries were Boston and Charles Carter. The former (whom we have described before) was in condition to run for a man's life—with a cheerful eye, and a coat like satin—a wonderful machine, instinct with life and action, upon which every attribute of nature and science had been lavished to bring it to its utmost perfection. Charles Carter, though not amiss, was not by any means up to the mark. He was brought here from Fredericksburg, Va., in three days, a distance of three hundred and fifteen miles, by steamboat and railroad, and arrived late on Monday night. He took a gallop on Tuesday, and was brushed on Thursday afternoon with Duane; it was

evident he had foot enough, but Mr. McCargo thought him too high, and such was the universal impression to-day; two days more work would have made him as fine as silk. He is a noble animal, of fine presence, about fifteen and a half hands high—a beautiful blood bay, without white, with black legs, mane, and tail. His head is prettily set on to his neck, which comes well out from broad oblique shoulders, the blades running well back; his eyes are prominent, and glowing with life, and his finely tapered ears are handsome, and set on wide apart, denoting unflinching game and courage. His chest is very deep and capacious, giving plenty of room for the action of the lungs; his back is somewhat long, yet arched a little over the fellets; he is of good length under the reach, and very well ribbed out, with moderately long and very heavy quarters; he stands clear and even upon a superb set of limbs, with a slight inclination of the pasterns; his tail is well set on, and he is very fine across the loins; the muscles of his thighs are large, and his thigh bones long and strong; altogether, he is one of the finest looking horses in the country, and entirely worthy of a stock that produced an O'Kelly and an Ariel. He was very well jockeyed by Mr. McCargo's Stephen, a light weight, carrying heavy pouches of shot on each thigh and around his waist. Boston had Cornelius up, his usual rider, and Jem Robinson, or Sam Day, could not have brought him home more gallantly. The odds were one hundred to twenty on Boston, and his friends very anxious to 'get on' at that price. Decatur would have been entered to-day, but was 'tried' with Mr. Livingston's Nassau on Thursday morning, and 'found wanting; in fact, he is turned out till the fall.

The Race.—Charles Carter had the track, and went away at the tap of the drum a little in advance, under a strong pull, Boston waiting upon him, also in hand, about two lengths behind. Charles C. went to the half mile post in 55 seconds; they maintained this position to the straight side (just a quarter of a mile in length to the stand,) where Boston crept up a little nearer, as he did each mile, when they got into straight work, falling off a little round the semi-circles. The first mile was run in 1m. 51s., and the first half of the second mile in 58 seconds, Col. Johnson, as they passed the stand, bidding Cornelius '*pull him steady!*' Charles Carter came to the stand at the termination of the second mile over a clear length in advance, running it in 1m. 54s., both in hand, but going with a killing stroke, Carter's style of running being the easiest to our eye. '*Pull him steady!*' was again Napoleon's order at the stand, but at the quarter mile post Cornelius could hardly keep in check the irrepressible energies of the phenomenon under him; little Stephen, too, began to quake with his constant heavy pull, and giving the noble courser a lighter one, the pace mended, and the half mile was run in 55 seconds. Boston pressed him all the way down the backside to the hill, where he first lapped him, and they went over it like stones from a catapult in the olden time. Round the turn they come, nearly neck and neck, at a flight of speed—every moment the interest increases, both horses running on their courage without a touch of whip or spur; when they came to the stand, Charles Carter had his head in front, running the third mile in 1m. 51½s:

not a sound was heard in the breathless excitement of the moment, until, after they had passed the stand a few lengths, Col. Johnson's order to 'Take the track!' gave a thrill to the excited thousands on the stand. Giving the generous animal his head, seemed to impart to him new life and courage, 'nobly to justify his training;' with redoubled efforts he gallantly charged his unflinching rival, and his immense stride and strength told in an instant; half a dozen tremendous strokes brought him in front, and at the quarter mile post he led by three lengths; Charles Carter, who had never before started in a four mile race, seemed to sulk as he was passed, and gave up his stride as if he had let down. Stephen rammed in the spurs, and he soon recovered his action, but not until Boston was forty yards ahead, and pulled up into a hand gallop. As soon, however, as Charles Carter came on, Boston again set to work, and came home an easy winner, running the last mile in 2m. 3½s. and the heat in 7m. 40s., Charles Carter pulling up lame in his off fore leg, inside the distance stand. It was apparent, when the horse was stopped that the smaller leader or *flexor* of his off fore leg had given way, and Stephen, his rider, states it gave way in the last quarter of the third mile. He might have run the heat out in 7m. 40s. with ease, had he not broke down, and every turfman on the ground, is of opinion that Boston could have run the heat under 7m. 37s.—and many, two seconds less. The first and third miles were ran in 3m. 42½s., and the first three miles in 5m. 36½s.—the best time ever made in America by all odds. The race was officially timed by Mr. Robert L. Stevens, on the Club Stand, at whose side we stood to get the time of the different miles; several other gentlemen at his side who held watches agreed with him perfectly, and it is somewhat remarkable that the same time was reported by the gentleman who held the watch in the Judges' Stand. As a matter of easier reference, we give the time in another form:—

Time of first mile,	1m. 51s.
" second mile,	1m. 54s.
" third mile,	1m. 51½s.
" fourth mile,	2m. 03½s.
Time of the heat,		7m. 40s.

Mr. McCargo was now obliged, by the condition of his horse, to withdraw him, and the purse was accordingly given up to Boston. In two hours after the race, Charles Carter had become quite lame; his leg was considerably swollen, and it was plain to all who visited him at his stable, that he bore no weight upon it. We regret having to convey intelligence so disastrous to his spirited owner, Mr. Symmes, of Virginia, but are strongly in hopes his horse may yet recover to 'fight his battles o'er again.' Should he never make another, his race to-day will give his name a place in the annals of the American Turf, that might be envied by the best horses this country has ever produced.

It would have materially added to the interest of the contest had Decatur made the third entry; the time, we are persuaded, would have been better by four or five seconds, for it is the belief of several who have

seen his trials that nothing short of Eclipse and Henry's time can beat him. No less a sum than fifteen thousand dollars has been refused for him. Boston now stands alone in his glory; compliments would be thrown away on him or the stable from whence he comes 'to fright the souls of fearful adversaries;' therefore, once more congratulating his friends on the bright laurels he has won, we conclude with the fervent hope that

'When he next doth run a race may we be there to see!'

PREPARATION FOR PASTURING.

Grooms are much in the habit of giving the horse a dose or two of physic before sending him to grass. I do not think that any is necessary, yet it appears to do no harm. Physic, they say, prevents the corn from fighting with the grass; but this is a nonsensical theory. The horse may have tumid legs, or some other thing the matter with him, and for that physic may be useful. It would be so, whether the horse went to grass or remained at home. But so far as the mere change of diet and lodging is concerned, physic is quite unnecessary. To prepare the horse for exposure to the weather, the clothing to which he has been accustomed is lightened, and then entirely removed a week or two before turning out. The temperature of the stable is gradually reduced, till it be as cool as the external air. These precautions are most necessary for horses that have been much in the stable, and particularly in a warm stable. If the horse go out at the end of summer, or in autumn, he should go before his winter coat is on. If its growth be completed in the stable, its subsequent increase may not be sufficient to keep the horse warm. In autumn he should not go out while moulting. For eight or ten days previous he should not be groomed. The dust and perspiration which accumulate upon the hair, seem in some measure to protect the skin from rain and from flies. The feet should be dressed, and the grass shoes, or plates, applied a week before turning out. If injured by the nails, the injury will be apparent before much mischief is done. At grass it might not be noticed so soon. On the day of going out, the horse should be fed as usual. If he go to grass when very hungry, he may eat too much. Indigestion will be the result, and next morning the horse will be found dead. Weather permitting, night is usually chosen for the time of turning out. The horse is not so apt to gallop about. Let loose in the day-time, many are disposed to gallop till they lame themselves, and to try the fences. In autumn, or early in spring, the stable preparation for grass is often insufficient. If the horse be tender, or the weather unsettled or cold, he may require to be taken home every night for, perhaps, the first week. For eight or ten days longer, it may be proper to house him on very wet or stormy nights. If there be no sheds in the field, it is an act of charity to bring the horse home when there is snow on the ground. The stable assigned to him should always be cool, not so cold as the external air, but never so warm as if he were accustomed to it.—*Stewart's Stable Economy.*

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF THE DOG.

From the earliest ages to which human records extend, the dog has been the useful servant, and in most countries the humble friend and companion of man, both in his savage and civilized state. The constitution of the dog, like that of man, adapts itself to every variety of climate. On the great American continent he is to be found from within the Polar circle to the Straits of Magellan; and in the old world the breed extends from the Cape of Good Hope to Siberia. The difference of heat and cold produces a marked change in the appearance of the dog as well as in the colour of the human species; for while the Greenland dog is provided with a thick fur-like covering, the dog of Southern Africa is almost wholly devoid of hair. The bull-dog, so courageous in Britain, when transported to a warm climate loses in a great degree his former spirit, and in the course of two or three descents becomes degenerate, altered both in temper and in form.

Among the ancient Hebrews the dog does not appear to have been held in much esteem, for he is scarcely ever alluded to either in the Old or New Testament, except as a degraded object. In the institutions of Moses, the price of a dog, as an abomination of the Lord, was forbidden to be offered in the sanctuary in discharge of a vow. 'Am I a *dog* that thou comest to me with staves?' said Goliath to David, to express his indignation at the small esteem in which his prowess was held by his youthful adversary; and the fate of Ahab and Jezebel is rendered more appalling from the circumstance of their blood being licked by an animal so despised as a dog. The only favourable allusion to the dog in the whole of the Old Testament is to be met with in Proverbs; where it is mentioned as one of the things which are comely in going: 'A lion which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away from any; a greyhound; also an he goat.' It may be observed here, that the word translated by an 'he goat,' would be perhaps more correctly rendered by 'an antelope;' and a fourth example given by Solomon, certainly admits of many exceptions. The apocryphal character of the book of Tobit, in addition to other internal evidence, is further established by the circumstance of a dog being described as accompanying Tobit on his journey when attended by the angel; a companionship utterly inaccordant with the opinions of the Jews. In the New Testament, in the sermon on the Mount, dogs and swine, both abominations of the children of Israel, are used to denote the utterly perverse and depraved; and Peter employs a proverb derived from a filthy propensity of the animal, to express the difficulty of correcting evil habits. The aversion of this people to so faithful and useful an animal, arose from its being so liable to the mange, or canine leprosy, a disorder resembling that to which they themselves were particularly subject; and which appears to have prevailed amongst them to so great and so serious a degree, that its symptoms were to be ascertained, and its cure effected according to a formula having all the authority of a divine law. The dislike of the ancient Hebrews appears to be

inherited by their descendants, for seldom is the dog to be seen as the companion of a Jew of the present day, or to be found as an inmate of his dwelling.

With the ancient Egyptians, whose manners, customs, and opinions were frequently the reverse of those of their Israelitish bondmen, the dog was an object of veneration; and the artists,—the Landseers and Coopers of the era of Sesostris and Pharaoh,—who excelled in its delineation were held in great esteem. Anubis, one of their divinities, is represented with a dog's head, though from what reason those learned men who have always most to say when there is least to be known, are not agreed. One instance may serve as a fair sample of their conjectures and reasoning on such subjects: 'Anubis is represented under the form of a man with a dog's head, *because* when Osiris went on his expedition against India, Anubis accompanied him and clothed himself in a *sheep's* skin.' The hackney-coachman's attendant accounted for his being called a 'water-man,' *because* he 'opened and shut the doors of the coaches.'

The dogs of Egypt were remarkable in ancient times for their cowardice, and a more arrant breed of mongrel curs than that which at present infests Cairo is hardly to be found. The Egyptian dog when he drank of the Nile, was said to run as he lapped for fear of the crocodile. An animal with a sharp snout resembling a greyhound, and having a bushy tail like that of a fox, is frequently to be seen painted on mummy chests and sculptured on the remains of ancient Egyptian art, and is sometimes mistaken for a dog, though in reality it is intended to represent a species of jackal. The real dog is usually to be distinguished, in such monuments, by his pendant ears and square conformation of jaw, and is altogether not unlike the old English hound. The Egyptians worshipped Anubis under the form of a dog, and Mr. Bruce supposes this divinity to be the same with Sirius or the dog-star. The Nile, above Egypt, was anciently called Siris, which in those countries, as we are informed by the same author, signifies a dog; and it is probable that the star derived its name from some observation connected with its appearance and the periodical overflowing of the Siris or Nile. When a dog died in any house the family went into the deepest mourning. Plutarch mentions that in his time the inhabitants of two cities in Egypt quarrelled on account of the different objects of their worship. The Oxyrynchites, or pike worshippers, indignant that the Cynopolitans, or dog-worshippers, should eat of that species of fish, caught the dogs of the latter and killed them, and even ate of them as at a sacrifice. Hence arose a civil war, which was only ended by the Romans interfering and punishing both parties.

Among the ancient Hindoos, whose religious observances in many instances bear a striking resemblance to the laws of Moses, the dog, as with the Hebrews, was an object of aversion. A Bramin was forbidden to read the Veda, one of the sacred books of the Hindoos, while dogs barked or howled, and if one of those animals passed between a teacher and his pupil during the period of instruction, the lecture was to be intermitted for a day and a night. The efficacy of offerings to the gods was believed to be destroyed by the presence of a dog, in consequence of the

evil glance of his eye; and a dog was not to behold a Bramin eating. A Hindoo touched by a dog was defiled, not so much from mere contact with the animal form, as from a belief that it was animated by a wicked and malignant spirit, condemned to do penance in that shape for crimes committed in a previous state of existence. By the institutes of Menu, the lowest of the degraded cast of Soodra, whose office was to bury those who died without kindred, were not to live within a town, their clothes were to be the garments of the deceased, they were not to have the use of a whole vessel, and their sole wealth was to consist of dogs and asses.

In the Mythology of Greece and Rome, much of which was derived from the Egyptians, allusions are made to a dog said to have been formed of brass and animated by Vulcan, by whom it was presented to Jupiter, whose epithet of *κυνηγέτης*, or the hunter, is derived from his being accompanied by that animal. Cerberus, a three-headed dog, is the guardian of the entrance to the infernal regions, and a dog was sacrificed by the Greeks to Hecate or the Diana of the nether world. Dogs were kept with peculiar care in the temple of Esculapius, who was supposed to have been fed with their milk, but were prohibited to enter the island of Delos, consecrated as the birth-place of Diana and Apollo, and celebrated for the temple of the latter. A dog belonging to Hercules, by eating of a kind of shell-fish on the sea-shore and staining his mouth with a peculiar fluid which the fish contained, occasioned the discovery of the far-famed Syrian dye. The Romans sacrificed a dog to Pan on the celebration of the Lupercalia; and the Flamen Dialis, or high priest of Jupiter, had to avoid being touched by one of those animals.

Though the figure of Diana attended by a dog is sometimes to be seen on ancient medals, yet it is believed that this representation is chiefly to be met with on coins struck towards the decline of the Roman empire. On the medals of ancient Greece and on those of the first Roman emperors, the figure of Diana so attended is rarely, if ever, to be found. Diana was indeed popularly regarded as the goddess of hunting, but divine honours were paid to her in a much higher and more mysterious character,—that of the goddess of nature, whose influence extended to every world. Hence she was worshipped as the tri-form goddess under the name of Luna, Diana, and Hecate, having power in heaven, on earth, and in Hell. The fable of Actæon, who was changed into a stag and devoured by his own hounds as a punishment for his having seen Diana bathing, perhaps alludes to the fate of some prying inquirer who ventured to explore the mysteries of her worship. The Romans sometimes placed a small bronze figure of a mastiff or watch-dog among their penates or household gods, as expressive of their peculiar influence and office, the protection of the house. A small figure of this kind is to be seen among the penates preserved in the British Museum.

From ancient writers we learn that in private life the dog was much valued by the Greeks and Romans, by whom he was employed and treated much in the same manner as he is in Europe at the present time. The shepherd used him to guard his flocks and herds, and the citizen to watch his house and preserve his property from thieves. Dogs, as at

present, were bred and trained with great care to the chase; they accompanied their masters when they walked abroad, and the delicate little lap-dog was a favourite with the ladies. 'Learned' dogs displayed their tricks such as we now see them exhibit in booths at a fair, and it is probable that dogs were employed both in Athens and Rome to assist in drawing a truck or light carriage, in a manner similar to what we now observe in London; a practice not of very recent introduction into this country, for it appears to have been known in the reign of Queen Mary. The talents of the most eminent artists were engaged to perpetuate the likeness of a favourite dog; while of such, poets sang the praises and composed the epitaph.

One of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture which has come down to modern times, is the figure of a dog, generally called the dog of Alcibiades, and supposed to be the production of Myron, a statuary famed among the ancients for his admirable representations of animals. It was brought to this country from Italy about sixty years ago by a person of the name of Jennings, who sold it for a large sum, £1,000, it is said, to one of the Duncombe family. It is now in the possession of Lord Feversham, and forms one of the chief ornaments of the hall at Duncombe house. The dog is seated on his hind quarters, as if looking towards his master, and nothing can exceed his truly natural expression, or the correctness of his attitude and form. Some writers have described the figure as that of a mastiff, but it certainly bears little resemblance to the dog known in England by that name, being much more like the Newfoundland dog, though not so shaggy nor so thick and short in the neck. There is in the British Museum a beautiful group of a couple of greyhounds, which modern art may have imitated, but has not equalled, much less excelled.

In ancient writers, many of whose relations are however to be received with considerable abatements and qualifications, it is surprising how great a number of instances are recorded of the sagacity, courage, and fidelity of the dog, many of which are almost identical with modern anecdotes of the same animal. In the *Odyssey*, the discovery of Ulysses after his long absence, by his old and faithful dog Argus, is beautifully related; and in 'Old Mortality,' the production of that mighty modern, Sir Walter Scott, the circumstance of Henry Morton, on his visit to Alice Wilson, being recognized by the dog, is most naturally and admirably introduced. A story is told of a dog presented to Alexander the Great which seized a lion and retained his hold, though his four legs were cut off in succession. An anecdote, not widely different from this, is related by Goldsmith, of a person who betted a wager, and won it, that he would cut off the four legs of his dog which even in that condition would attack the bull. In Plutarch there is an account of the discovery of a murder, in consequence of the dog of the person killed attacking the murderer, in a manner similar to what is related by Montfaucon and others, of the dog of Aubri de Montedidier seizing his assassin, the Chevalier Macaire. The principal facts of this latter event are well known to the British public from the dramatic piece called the 'Forest of Bondy,' so frequently represented, a few years

ago, on almost every stage in the kingdom. A dog belonging to Eupolis, the poet, was famed for his sagacity and attachment to his master. Having one day observed a dishonest servant taking his master's money, he flew upon him and killed him; and the same dog, on his master's decease, was so much affected that he refused all food, and was found dead upon his master's tomb. Euripides the tragic writer, when residing at the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, was discovered in one of his solitary walks by the dogs of that monarch on their return from the chase, and torn in pieces by them before he could receive assistance. Aelian relates that one of the dogs of Archelaus having strayed into Thrace was there killed by the people, which coming to the knowledge of the king he imposed a fine upon them and threatened them with his displeasure. The Thracians, knowing the influence of Euripides with the king, endeavoured to appease his anger through the poet's mediation, and the dogs, as if aware of his agency in excusing the fault of the Thracians, tore him in pieces through revenge. It is related as more probable, that they were set on by two poets who were jealous of his fame. Heraclitus, the crying philosopher, having reduced himself so much in consequence of his austerities that a dropsy ensued, endeavoured to effect a cure by rubbing his body with suet and exposing himself on a dunghill to the warmth of the sun. He was discovered one day while enjoying his usual *siesta* by a number of dogs, 'which tore him to pieces,' says an ancient writer, 'for the sake of the fat.' A memorable warning through all time for greasy people to avoid the presence of a pack of hounds. The works of Roman authors, both in poetry and prose, abound with allusions to the dog, and in particular the writings of Martial, who appears to have been a great admirer of the species, for he never writes with greater ease than when he is recording their praises.

The dogs of Britain have been celebrated from an early period. The ancient Britons, it appears, employed them in war; and British dogs, probably of the species now called bull-dogs, were in great repute at Rome on account of their courage, and were matched against wild beasts in the amphitheatre. Grattius, Oppian, and Nemesian, ancient writers who have treated on the chase, speak of British dogs as excellent in hunting; though translators and commentators, whose only knowledge of the animal seems to have been derived from their lexicons, have rendered it extremely doubtful in their explanations what kind of dog is meant. Oppian, who gives rather a particular description of them, says they are called by the natives 'Agasæos,' and upon this word the learned pack open, and the dogs meant are pronounced to be Gaze hounds. Gaze, from 'Agasæos,' an excellent derivation truly; but until some sedentary commentators introduced the term, who ever heard of the Gaze hound, or could tell, after they had coined it, what kind of dog was meant? It is a greyhound, says one; another as confidentially informs us that it is a beagle; and a third declares it to be a lurcher; though any person of plain sense, and not encumbered with an ass's load of learning, may perceive that the description applies to none of those breeds.

From the brief character which Grattius, who lived in the Augustan

age, gives of the British dog, it is highly probable that he means the same kind as that more fully described by Oppian. The latter author lived in the reign of Caracalla, who is said to have been a great admirer of his works, and to have been so much pleased with his 'Cynēgetica,' or the chase, as to give him a piece of gold for every line. Caracalla, who was a lover of the chase, spent several years in Britain, where he would have frequent opportunities of judging of the excellence of those dogs; and it is not unlikely that he might bring some of them with him upon his return to Rome, from which Oppian might take his description. The poet speaks of them thus: 'there is, besides, an excellent kind of scenting dogs, though small, yet worthy of estimation. They are bred by the fierce nation of painted Britons, who call them Agasæos. In size they resemble worthless greedy house-dogs that gape under tables. They are crooked, lean, coarse-haired, and heavy-eyed, but armed with powerful claws and deadly teeth. The Agasæos is of good nose, and most excellent in following a scent.'

Gratius says of British dogs, that they have no pretensions to the deceitful commendation of form, but at the time of need when courage is required, the most excellent mastiffs are not to be preferred to them. Nemesian, who lived about eighty years after Oppian, and wrote upon the same subject, calls the dogs of Britain 'veloces,'—fleet—a character which does not apply to those mentioned by the two former writers; but this author is of no authority, for his work bears evidence of being a mere hearsay compilation, strung together in very indifferent verse. If we bear in mind the animals, the wolf and the wild boar, which were the chief objects of the Roman chase, and look at Gratius comparing British dogs for their courage with mastiffs, together with Oppian's description of their sullen eyes, short, meagre body, (which is more obvious from the size of the head,) and powerful jaws, it seems highly probable that the animal meant was a bull-dog, for the excellence of which our island excels every other country.

There is a dog called Vertragus, or Vertagus, by Latin authors, for which etymological acuteness has found a name, at least, among British dogs; the thing, when this important discovery is made, with knowing and learned men always follows of course. As there is some resemblance in the word (though plainly not a Latin one,) to 'Vertigo,'—a whirling or turning round—we are told that the dog is a 'tumbler,' and that he amuses his prey by 'tumbling,' until he comes near enough to seize it. The absurdity of this account is only to be equalled by the simplicity of writers who have admitted it into their works without note or observation, for it is to be found in almost every publication treating of dogs, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the gaze hound was also discovered, to the present day. Those who place any reliance in such ridiculous and unfounded descriptions, may as well receive in perfect good faith the account of a breed of watch dogs, whose vigilance was such, that they were accustomed to sleep with one eye open. After the description of the 'tumbler,' one is almost led to suspect that the old fowling maxim that teaches 'how alle manere of birdes, bothe of the lande and water, may

bee taken by sliely puttyng a lyttle salte upon theire tayles,' had been originally communicated and received as a secret worth knowing.

The molossus, or mastiff, of antiquity, as seen in ancient sculptures, bears not much resemblance, except in point of size, to the dog known at present in Britain by that name, but is almost identical in form and appearance with the Alpine mastiff, a breed which is so usefully employed by the monks of St. Bernard, to afford assistance to the storm-bewildered traveller of the Alps. The hunting dog is mostly represented with a somewhat sharp muzzle, large jaws, ears rather pointed, and body rather thin, with strong muscular legs; and altogether like what might be supposed to be the produce of the foxhound and the Irish greyhound. A dog of this description, with the molossus and greyhound, is of most frequent occurrence on ancient marble vases; where, so far as the writer's observation extends, the bull-dog, the lurcher, the terrier, and the modern shepherd's dog, are never to be seen. The character of dogs, whose names are derived from the service which they are employed in, is constantly changing with circumstances and the varying state of society. The shepherd's dog of antiquity, which had to guard the flock from the wolf, was remarkable for its fierceness and strength, and bore no more resemblance to the modern shepherd's dog of this country than a foxhound does to a turn-spit; and as the labours of the last variety are superseded by the smoke-jack, (another instance of the progress of machinery,) the cook's canine assistant is likely in future to be remembered only from the name.

[New Sporting Magazine.

A RIVAL FOR JONATHAN.—A friend of Mr. Jorrocks, living on the Surrey Hills, near Goldstone, states that being much in want of a hare for a friend, and having made several unsuccessful shots during the day, he was about to return home, when finding a hare in her form, the would-be sportsman was determined to make himself master of her, but, to his dismay, his shot was all gone. He applied to a cobbler living near for a charge, but without success. The old man observed that he could make him up a ball of wax. No sooner said than done. He returned to the side of the hill, (puss still in her seat,) he fired, hit her on the head, which only stunned her; she jumped up and started down the hill. The report alarmed another hare at the bottom, which, starting upwards, ran against her head with such force, that on the shooter's descending, he found them both sticking together, and thus was enabled to oblige two friends.—*Ib.*

So very plentiful is fish in the river Wye, (Eng.) in the neighbourhood of Builth, that Stephen Prichard, fishing-tackle maker, of that town, caught, on Tuesday, April 10, in the course of four hours, no less than one hundred and forty-three grayling, trout, and salmon-pink; and in five hours on the day following, two hundred and twenty-five fish of the same description.—*Ib.*

RACING CALENDAR.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 1, 1838.

First day, Produce Stakes of \$500 each, h. f.; six subscribers; three 'came to taw.'

Wm. L. White's ch. f. Betsey Coleman, by Goliah, out of Melinda,	1	1
Richard Adams' ch. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir William,	2	2
John W. Brockenbrough's gr. f. by Timoleon, out of the dam of Westwood,	3	3
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56s. A good race. Track rather heavy.		

The poststake for three year olds was compromised, and consequently did not come off.

Second day, stakes of \$300 each; five subscribers; mile heats; three started.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. by imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Charles Carter,	2	1	1
John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, out of the dam of Buceaneer,	1	2	2
W. L. White's ch. c. Jack Pendleton, by Goliah, out of Philip's dam, by Trafalgar,			dis.
Time, 1m. 52½s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 57s.			

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs.; fifteen subscribers, at \$150 each, \$100 ft.; mile heats.

Edmund Townes' b. f. by Sarpedon,	1	1
Wm. D. Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles,	3	2
Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Charles,	4	3
John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley,	2	4
Boling Vaughan's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles,	5	5
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 55s.		

Third day, Proprietor's purse \$300; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. Duane, four years old, by imp. Hedgesford, dam by Washington,	1	1
T. P. Hare's ch. c. Chifney, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archy,	4	2
John S. Corbin's ch. c. Tom Walker, four years old, by Marylander, dam by Rattler,	2	3
Jas. P. Corbin's ch. m. Va. Timberlake, six years old, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Robinson,	3	4
Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. Milwaukie, five years old, by Bertrand, out of Rowena, by Sumpter,	0	5
J. Early's b. f. Prim, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Sir William,	5	0
Time, 3m. 57s.—3m. 54s.		

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse, \$500, no discount; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Gen. Harvey's br. h. six years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles,	1	1
James P. Corbin's ch. h. Trio, six years old, by Timoleon, dam by Trafalgar,	3	2
Wm. McCargo's ch. h. Genito, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham,	2	3
J. P. White's ch. m. Sophia, five years old, by Redgauntlet, out of Clara Fisher,	4	4
Time not given.		

Fifth day, purse \$200; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. m. sister to Genito, by Eclipse, dam by Pack-			
enham, - - - - -	4	1	1
Dr. Semple's ch. c. four years old, by Standard, dam by Sir Archy,	2	2	2
John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, - - - - -	1	3	4
E. J. Wilson's b. h. Sligo, five years old, by Timoleon, - - -	3	dr.	

Time, 3m. 55½s.—3m. 57s.—3m. 59s. Track rather heavy.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

BROAD ROCK (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, April 24, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. seven subscribers at \$200 each, h. f. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. Jack Pendleton, by Goliah, out of Philip's			
dam, by Trafalgar, - - - - -	1	1	
Capt. John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, out of the dam of			
Buccaneer, - - - - -	3	2	
John M. Botts' b. f. own sister to Tobacconist, - - - - -	4	3	
W. D. Tally's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, - - - -	2	4	
E. B. Hicks' b. f. by imp. Fylde, dam by Arab, - - - - -	5	5	
Wm. Eaton's br. c. by Andrew, dam by Sir Archy, - - - - -	pd.	ft.	
Col. Wm. Wynn's ch. f. by imp. Luzborough, out of Fanny Wyatt's			
dam, - - - - -	pd.	ft.	

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 54½s.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies out of untried mares; weights as before; ten subscribers at \$150 each, h. f. Mile heats.

Edmund Townes' ch. c. Brocklesby, by imp. Luzborough, dam by			
Roanoke, - - - - -	2	1	1
Dr. George Goodwyn's br. c. by Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon, - -	5	2	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. Sally Harris, by Goliah, dam by Tariff, -	3	3	3
Wm. D. Tally's ch. f. by Timoleon, dam by Virginian, - - - -	4	5	4
Isaac H. Oliver's b. c. by imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, - - -	6	6	dis.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir			
Archy, - - - - -	1	4	dr.
John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley, - - - - -	7	dr.	
Carter H. Edloe, John S. Corbin, and Williamson & Settle, paid forfeit.			

Time, 1m. 54½s.—1m. 54½s.—2m. ½s.

Second day, Proprietor's purse \$250, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (Maj. N. T. Green's) br. c. Duane, four years old, by			
imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington, - - - - -	1	1	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. four years old, by Eclipse, - - - -	2	2	
Capt. John S. Corbin's ch. c. Tom Walker, four years old, by Mary-			
lander, dam by Ratler, - - - - -	5	3	
John M. Botts' b. m. Molly Cottontail, six years old, by Gohanna, -	4	4	
Henry Maclin's ch. c. Engine, four years old, by Sir Charles, - -	3	5	
E. J. Wilson's b. c. Sligo, four years old, by Timoleon, - - - -	6	6	

Time, 3m. 54s.—3m. 57s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500, free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

John Early's (Gen. Harvey's) br. h. John Lindsay, six years old, by			
Timoleon, - - - - -	1	1	
Ed. J. Wilson's ch. h. Mediator, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by			
Napoleon, - - - - -	2	2	
Thos. Taliaferro's b. h. Orphan Boy, six years old, by Gohanna, dam			
by Tom Tough, - - - - -	3	3	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. four years old, by Lance, - - - -	4	dis.	

Time, 5m. 56s.—5m. 54s.

Orphan Boy broke down in the second heat.

[Ibid.

CYNTHIANA (Ky.) RACES.

Commenced on Wednesday, May 2, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes, purse \$70, mile heats.

William Palmer's b. f. Vanity, four years old, by Traveller, 97lbs.	1	1
John Shawhan's ch. m. Polly Hopkins, five years old, by Cherokee, dam by Pantaloon, 107lbs.	2	2
Alexander Miller's b. g. by Sidi Hamet, dam by Wonder, 83lbs.	dis.	

Second day, Stallion stakes, purse \$80, two mile heats.

William Palmer's b. c. by Woodpecker,	1	1
Alexander Miller's b. c. by Sidi Hamet,	2	dis.

Third day.—No race, in consequence of unceasing rain.

Fourth day, purse \$95, mile heats, best three in five.

Aquilla Palmer's gr. c. Hardheart, four years old, by Buckelk, dam by Quicksilver, 100lbs.	1	1	1*
Jos. Shawhan's ch. h. Ben Sutton, by Cherokee, dam by Comet, 110lbs.	2	2	2
Alexander Miller's b. f. Betsey Bedlam, four years old, by Cherokee, dam by Wonder, 97lbs.	dis.		

Owing to the heavy rains which lasted during the whole meeting, rendering the track ankle deep in mud, no time is given.

HOBOKEN (N. J.) RACES.

Second Spring Meeting over the Beacon course commenced on Wednesday, June 6, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes, free for all ages; three year olds, 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; aged, 126lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; three subscribers at \$50 each, p. p. and \$100 added by the proprietors; two mile heats.

Maj. William Jones' b. c. Gracchus, four years old, by Sir Lovel, out of Eleanor, by Eclipse,	1	1
Daniel Abbott's b. m. Shepherdess, six years old, by Lance, out of Amanda, by Revenge,	2	2
A. L. Botts' ch. f. Margaret Ridgely, four years old, by Eclipse, out of Phillis, by Sir Archy,	dis.	

Time, 4m. 7s.—4m. 20s. Run during a very heavy shower.

Second day, purse \$500; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. m. Atalanta, six years old, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler,	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. Bergen, five years old, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace, by Sir Archy,	2	2
Robert L. Stevens' ch. h. Tom Moore, aged, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	dis.	

Time, 6m. 9s.—6m. 7s. Track very heavy.

Third day, purse \$300; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Asher P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse, the dam of Decatur, Tarquin, &c.	1	1
Willet McCoun's (Henry Fenner's) b. h. Rienzi, five years old, by Paul Clifford, out of Kate Kearney, by Henry,	2	2

Time, 3m. 54½s.—4m. 5½s. Track heavy.

Second race, same day, purse \$1,000; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. Boston, five years old, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel,	2	1	1
Wm. McCargo's (N. T. Green's) b. c. Duane, four years old, by imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington, by Washington,	1	2	2

Time, 7m. 52s.—7m. 54s.—8m. 30s. Track heavy.

* Pronounced distanced by reason of improper riding.

Third race, same day, purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Arthur Taylor's) b. f. Jane Rowlett, four years old, by Nullifier, out of Jemima, (Job's dam,) by Ratler,	3	1	1
Daniel Abbott's ch. m. Shepherdess, six years old, by Lance, out of Amanda, by Revenge,	2	2	2
Willet McCoun's ch. c. Jack Andrew, four years old, by Andrew, dam by Pacolet,	1	3	3

Time, 1m. 50½s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 55s. Track heavy.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, June 6, 1838.

First day, in consequence of the heavy rains the race did not come off, but was postponed to third day.

Second day, proprietor's purse \$200, two mile heats.

James S. Garrison's (Dr. Robert B. Starke's) b. c. Stockton, four years old, by Eclipse, dam Iris, by Sir Archy,	1	1
James J. Harrison's ch. f. Eliza Garrison, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon,	2	dr.
Robert Winn's b. f. Victoria, four years old, by Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy,		dis.

Time, 4m. 5s.

N. B. Capt. Harrison's filly was taken lame in the second mile of the first heat, which was the cause of her being drawn. The track was uncommonly heavy, owing to the rains of the previous day.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$400, three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's bl. h. Cippus, six years old, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony,	1	1
Arthur Taylor, Sr's b. h. Harbinger, four years old, by Luzborough, dam Virginia Taylor,	2	2

Time, 6m. 9s.—6m. 17s.

Second race, same day, a splendid Silver Pitcher, mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. f. Sally Bertrand, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. dam Sally Hornet,	1	1
Ed. J. Wilson's b. f. three years old, by Ivanhoe, dam Reputation,	3	2
James J. Harrison's b. f. Polly Hencock, four years old, by Marion,	2	dis.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 53s.

Fourth day, purse \$100, mile heats, best three in five.

James S. Garrison's b. c. Scipio, four years old, by Zinganee, dam by Sir Archy,	1	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. f. three years old, by Monsieur Tonson,	2	2	dis.
Robert Winn's b. c. Sardosa, three years old, by imp. Yeaman, dam by Sir Archy,	3		dis.

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 49s.

The last mile was run in quicker time by Scipio, than has ever been done by any other horse since the track was lengthened to a full mile. F.

MAURY COUNTY (Tenn.) RACES.

The Maury County Spring Races commenced on Wednesday, May 9, 1838, and continued four days.

First day, \$50 entrance, h. f. seven entered, mile heats, only one nag appeared on the track.

F. Zollicoffer's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Sir Archy, three years old, 83lbs. walked round and took the purse.

Same day, sweepstakes, \$25 entrance, h. f. one mile out.

H. R. Robards' (R. K. Polk's) gr. g.	1
Thomas S. Smith's gr. g.	2
Thomas Goodrum's ch. g.	3

Time, 2m. 2½s.

Second day, \$100 entrance, p. p. mile heats.

Henry Smith's gr. f. Elizabeth Banton, three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle, 83lbs.	2	1	1
L. J. Polk's b. c. three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 86lbs.	1	2	2
L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. three years old, by Merlin, dam by Pacolet, 83lbs.	3	dis.	

Time, 1m. 59s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 1s.

Third day, \$100 entrance, p. p. mile heats.

Wilkerson Barnes' ch. c. Mark Pillow, three years old, by Scroggins, dam by Conqueror,	4	1	1
Henry Smith's b. c. Otho Williams, three years old, by Jefferson, dam by Stockholder, 83lbs.	3	4	2
Thomas N. Williams' b. f. three years old, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 83lbs.	1	2	3
L. J. Polk's b. f. three years old, by Scroggins, dam by Arab, 83lbs.	2	3	dr.

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 58s.—2m.

Fourth day, proprietor's purse \$150, with the entrance to be added, free for any horse, mare or gelding, \$20 entrance, mile heats, two nags contended.

L. J. Polk's br. c. three years old, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 86lbs.	1	1	
W. H. Boddie's b. f. Wild Irish Girl, three years old, by Leviathan, dam Miss Tanson, 83lbs.	2	2	

Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 59s.

CHILLICOTHE ASSOCIATION COURSE (Ohio) RACES.

Monday, May 14, 1838, (the day preceding the regular races,) a sweepstakes, \$100 entrance, free for any colt or filly raised in the state of Ohio, one mile and repeat.

James Pryor's ch. c. Ben Franklin, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty,	1	1	
J. McNeill's ch. c. Bolivar, three years old, by George, dam by St. Tammany,	2	2	
J. G. Harley's br. c. Broken Sword, three years old,	dis.		

Time, 2m.—1m. 59s.

First day, Tuesday, May 15, colts' purse \$100, one mile heats.

James Pryor's ch. c. Ben Franklin, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty,	2	1	1
Eli P. Bentley's ch. f. Gleam, three years old, by Bertrand,	1	2	2
Jeremiah Miner's bl. c. Black Flag, three years old, by Flag of Truce, dam by imp. Knowsley,	3	dis.	
Wm. Palmer's br. f. Miss Star, three years old, by Star,	dis.		

Time, 1m. 56½s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 4s.

Second day, purse \$100, three mile heats.

Wm. Palmer's br. c. Hardheart, four years old, by Buckelk,	1	1	
Jeremiah Miner's b. f. Jeannie Deans, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by imp. Knowsley,	2	2	

Time, 6m. 56s.—6m. 10s.

Third day, purse \$100, two mile heats.

J. G. Harley's bl. f. Black Maria, four years old, by Wehawk, dam by Rockingham,	1	1	
Wm. Palmer's b. f. Vanity, three years old, by Traveller,	3	2	
H. Jefford's (J. V. Cunningham's) b. h. Partnership, six years old, by Star,	2	dis.	

Time, 4m. 10s.—4m. 1s.

Fourth day, mile heats, best three in five.

Nathan Weatherby's b. m. Lady Hope, five years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar,	1	1	1
E. P. Bentley's ch. f. Gleam, three years old, by Bertrand,	3	2	2

Harrison Waller's b. f. Jeannie Deans, three years old, by Bertrand,			
dam by imp. Knowsley,	-	-	4 3 3
John G. Harley's br. c. Cornplanter, four years old, by Wehawk,	-	-	2 dis.
Henry Jefford's ch. f. three years old, cold blooded,	-	-	dis.
Time, 2m. 4s.—2m. 4s.—2m. 5s.			

Second race, same day, subscription purse, \$71, raised by the members of the club and a few bystanders, was run for by six horses. This was contended for by such horses as had not won a purse this meeting, catch weights, mile heats.

Wm. Palmer's b. f. Vanity, three years old, by Traveller,	-	-	1 1
J. V. Cunningham's b. h. Scioto Ranger, by Star,	-	-	4 2
A. Doggett's c. b. Tiptop, by Regulus,	-	-	2 dis.
H. Waller's bl. c. Black Flag, three years old, by Flag of Truce, dam			
by imp. Knowsley,	-	-	3 dis.
James Davis' bl. c. Black Jim, by Tariff, dam by Democrat,	-	-	5 dis.
E. P. Bentley's gr. f. fell, and was	-	-	dis.

W. MARSHALL ANDERSON, *Sec'y.*

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 15, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs.; four subscribers at \$100 each, h. f.; mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. c. by Andrew, dam by Arab,	-	-	walked over.
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Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds; weights as before; six subscribers at \$300 each, h. f.; mile heats.

Dr. Irwin Stith's b. c. Ned Johnson, by Andrew, dam by Sir Peter,	0	1	1
Dr. R. W. Withers' br. f. by imp. Fylde, dam by Frantic,	-	0	2 dis.
Time, 2m. 2s.—2m. 7s.—2m. 5s. The first was a dead heat.			

Second day, Proprietor's purse \$300; free for all ages; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs allowed for mares and geldings; two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's b. c. Rhinodino, four years old, by Wild Bill, dam by			
imp. Dion,	-	-	1 1
R. W. Withers' gr. m. Alice Grey, six years old, by Pulaski, dam by			
Bellair,	-	-	2 2
J. Long's gr. m. Merino Ewe, five years old, by Jerry, dam by Panta-			
loon,	-	-	dis.
Daniel Gray's br. g. Cock Robin, five years old,	-	-	dis.
Time, 4m. 3s.—4m. 17s. Won very easily.			

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$800; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's ch. c. Pactolus, four years old, by Pacific, out of Mary			
Vaughan, by Pacolet,	-	-	1
J. Long's b. f. Cleopatra, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, bolt.			

Second race, same day, Proprietor's purse \$200, entrance money added; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

R. W. Withers' b. f. Henrietta, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by			
Whip,	-	-	2 1 1
H. A. Tayloe's ch. f. four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal,	1	2	2
J. Long's ch. g. Bobtail, six years old,	-	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 53½s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 6s. A well contested race.			

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$400; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. Tom Thurman, four years old, by imp. Fylde,			
out of Venus, by Constellation,	-	-	1 1
J. Long's gr. m. Merino Ewe, five years old, by Jerry, dam by Panta-			
loon,	-	-	2 2
R. W. Withers' ch. c. Santa Anna, three years old, by Pulaski, dam by			
Constitution,	-	-	dis.
Time not given.			

Fifth day, Proprietor's purse \$200, entrance money added; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

H. A. Tayloe's b. c. Rhinodino, four years old, by Wild Bill,
dam by imp. Dion, - - - - - 2 1 1 1
Daniel Gray's ro. m. - - - - - 1 2 2 dr.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 56s.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

H. A. TAYLOE, Sec'ry.

JEFFERSON COUNTY (Miss.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, May 17, 1838.

First day, purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages that have been owned in Jefferson or Claiborne counties six months previous to the meeting; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs. five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; mile heats.

Samuel Laughman's b. g. Jim the Butcher, six years old, - 3 1 1
Lewis F. Norris' ch. f. Sarah Harrison, four years old, by Frank,
dam by Hamiltonian, - - - - - 1 2 dr.
J. Heudebert's b. g. Jim, five years old, - - - - - 2 3 dr.
Thomas Berry's (John Grissam's) ch. f. three years old, by John
Miller, dam by Pacolet, - - - - - dis.
Time, 1m. 58s.—2m. Track fifty-three feet over a mile.

Second day, purse \$400, entrance \$50; (confined to Jefferson and Claiborne,) weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

Samuel Laughman's b. g. Jim the Butcher, six years old, - 1 1 1
Dr. Thomas B. Magruder's gr. m. Blue Bonnets, five years old, by
Rockingham, dam by Eclipse, - - - - - 2 2 dis.
Time, 2m.—2m. 4s.—2m.

Second race, same day, match \$500 a side, 92lbs. on each; one mile.

Lewis F. Morris' b. h. Jim Williams, (late Sam Brown,) seven years old,
by Trumpator, - - - - - 1
Watson & Johnson's gr. g. Wormy, seven years old, - - - - - 2
Time, 1m. 56s.

Third day, Proprietor's Cup, value \$100, entrance \$25; free for the world; weights as on first day; mile heats.

Samuel Laughman's (Wm. J. Minor's) gr. c. Sir Aress, four years old,
by Trumpator, out of Ophelia, - - - - - 1 1
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. c. Tishimingo, four years old, by imp. Le-
viathan, out of Maria Shepherd, - - - - - 2 2
Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, three years old, by imp. Leviathan,
out of Parasol, - - - - - 3 3
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 59s.

SAM'L LAUGHMAN, Sec'ry, pro tem.

Ibid.]

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 22, 1838.

First day, purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

J. G. Gill's ch. f. Virginia Overton, four years old, by imp. Levia-
than, dam by Virginian, - - - - - 2 1 1
S. W. Goodwyn's (Col. Thompson's) ch. h. Experiment, six years
old, by Jack Downing, dam by Ratler, - - - - - 3 3 2
James Jackson's b. f. Exotic, four years old, by imp. Leviathan,
out of imp. Refugee, by Wanderer, - - - - - 1 2 3
Time, 4m. 12s.—4m. 17s.—4m. 19s.

Second day, Match for \$5,000 a side, between the get of imp. Leviathan and the get of imp. Luzborough. Four mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. Sarah Bladen, four years old, by imp. Leviathan,			
out of Morgiana, by Paolet,			1
T. A. Pankey's b. f. Leila, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, out of			1
Sally Hope, by Sir Archy,			dis.
Time, 8m. 50s.			

Third day, purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, three best in five.

John Malone's ch. f. Catherine Barry, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia, the dam of Birmingham,			1	1	1
S. W. Goodwin's (Col. Thompson's) b. c. Belcher, four years old, by imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne,			2	2	2
F. Zollicoffer's gr. c. Bailie Peyton, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Neill's Archy,			3	3	dis.
Thos. Kirkman's ch. c. Lantaro, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of imp. Stoughton Lass,					dr.
Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 4s.—2m. 6s.					

Fourth day, purse \$500, entrance \$50; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. c. The Pony, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,			1	1
A. Jackson's b. f. four years old, by Citizen, dam by Virginian,			2	2
Robert Hayes' b. f. four years old, by imp. Fylde, dam by Eclipse,			3	dis.
Time, 6m. 44s.—7m. 3s. Track heavy.				

Fifth day, weights as before, mile heats.

B. Williams' ch. f. four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir William,			1	1
David Thompson's ch. c. three years old, by Eclipse, dam by imp. Jack Andrews,			2	2
Time, 2m. 2s.—2m. 7s.				[Ibid.]

KANAWHA (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, May 24, 1838.

First day, Silver Pitcher, value \$100; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

John Lewis's ch. g. Nick Biddle, by Big Archy,			1	1
S. Goram's b. h. Dustyfoot, five years old, by imp. Barefoot, out of Agnes,			3	2
Charles Beal's b. m. Lady Blanche, by Gohanna,			2	dis.
S. C. Farley's b. m. Charlotte Temple,				dis.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, \$200 each, h. f.; weights as before; mile heats.

John Lewis' ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Ratler,			1	1
Charles Beal's ch. c. by Paul Clifford,			2	dr.
T. G. Moore's gr. f. by Sparrowhawk,			3	dis.

Third day, Mr. S. Goram's Dustyfoot won the Saddle, Bridle, &c. one mile, beating three others.

No time for either day. [Ibid.]

UNION COURSE (L. I.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 29, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 90lbs. fillies 87lbs.; five subscribers at \$200 each, \$50 ft.; mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. Seminole, by Eclipse, out of Celeste, by Henry,			2	1	1
James Bathgate's b. c. by imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill, by Duroc,			1	2	2
Time, 1m. 53½s.—1m. 54s.—2m.					

Second race, same day, match \$1,000 a side, p.p.; weights as before; mile heats.

W. Livingston's b. c. Job, three years old, by Eclipse, out of Jemima,					
by Ratler,	-	-	-	-	1 1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. Caroline, three years old, by Eclipse, out					
Miss Mattie, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	2 2
Time, 1m. 49s.—1m. 54s.					

Third race, same day, purse \$100; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; aged, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

Daniel Abbott's ch. m. Shepherdess, six years old, by Lance,					
out of Amanda, by Revenge,	-	-	-	-	4 0 1 1
Maj. Wm. Jones' b. c. Gracchus, four years old, by Sir Lovel,					
out of Eleanor, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	1 0 2 2
Jerome Snedecor's gr. f. Eliza Derby, four years old, by imp.					
Autocrat, out of Maid of the Oaks, by Hickory,	-	-	-	-	3 3 3 dis.
Willet McCoun's ch. c. Jack Andrew, four years old, by Andrew,					
dam by Pacolet,	-	-	-	-	2 4 dr.
Time, 1m. 50s.—1m. 50s.—1m. 53s $\frac{1}{4}$.—1m. 57s.					

Second day, purse \$300; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Asher P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years					
old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse, the dam of Decatur, Tar-					
quin, &c.	-	-	-	-	4 1 1
Robert L. Stevens' ch. h. Tom Moore, aged, by Eclipse, out of					
Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	-	-	-	-	2 4 2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. Bergen, five years old, by Medley, out					
of Charlotte Pace, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	3 3 3
Willet McCoun's ch. c. John R., four years old, by Henry, out of					
Grasshopper, by imp. Roman, grandam Garland, Post Boy's dam,	-	-	-	-	1 2 4
John H. Coster's ch. h. Ajax, aged, by imp. Barefoot, out of Lady					
Sarah, by Duroc,	-	-	-	-	6 5 dis.
S. Laird's (C. H. & J. P. Hall's) b. f. Young Lady Lightfoot, four					
years old, own sister to Shark, Black and Bay Maria, &c.	-	-	-	-	5 dis.
Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. Shadow, four years old, by Eclipse Lightfoot,					
out of Sally Slouch, by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 3m. 45s.—3m. 47s.—3m. 51s.					

Third day, purse \$500; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. m. Atalanta, six years					
old, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler,	-	-	-	-	1 1
S. Bradhurst's (Messrs. Pearsall's) ch. h. Reindeer, aged, own brother					
to Alice Grey, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress, by Hickory,	-	-	-	-	3 2
James B. Kendall's b. h. Master Henry, five years old, by Henry, out					
Bailie Peyton's dam, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	2 3
Time, 5m. 59s.—5m. 51s.					

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$1,000; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. Boston, five years old, by					
Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel,	-	-	-	-	1 1
Wm. McCargo's (Mr. Symmes') b. h. Charles Carter, five years old,					
by Lance, out of Fanny Hill, by Clay's Sir William,	-	-	-	-	2 dr.
Time, 7m. 40s.!! the best heat ever run in America, save Henry's 7m. 37s.					

SALISBURY (N. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, May 30, 1833.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs.; three subscribers at \$50 each; mile heats.

Mr. Norment's b. f. by Timoleon,	-	-	-	-	1 1
Maj. Gaston's b. c. by imp. Fyldel, dam by Peacemaker,	-	-	-	-	2 dis.
Mr. Craige's b. f. by Eclat,	-	-	-	-	3 dis.
Time, 2m. 5s.—1m. 58s.					

Second day, Association purse, \$150; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

Mr. Satterwhite's (Perkins') b. f. four years old, by Riot, dam by Perkins' Florizel,	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
Mr. Sloan's ch. g. Ratcatcher, aged,	-	-	-	-	0	3	2
Maj. Gaston's (Sherrill's) gr. f. four years old, by Riot,	-	-	-	-	0	2	3
Maj. Emmett's b. m. five years old,	-	-	-	-	1	4	dis.
Mr. Henderson's (Gorman's) b. c. Paris, four years old, by Riot,	-	-	-	-	3	5	dis.
Mr. James Caldwell's gr. m. aged,	-	-	-	-	6		dr.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 58s.—1m. 53s.							

Third day, Association purse \$200; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Mr. Norment's b. h. seven years old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Select,	1	1
Mr. H. T. Sloan's Maria Tonson, five years old, by Mons. Tonson,	3	2
Mr. Moody's ch. h. McDonald, seven years old, by old King William, dam by Nutcracker,	2	3
Time, 3m. 58s.—3m. 58s.		

Fourth day, Handicap purse \$250; free for all ages; mile heats.

Col. Hiram T. Sloan's ch. g. Ratcatcher, seven years old, 97lbs.	2	0	1	1
Mr. Satterwhite's (Perkins') b. f. Laretta Murphy, four years old, by Riot, dam by Perkins' Florizel, 97lbs.	4	3	2	2
Maj. Emmett's b. m. a feather,	3	0	3	3
Mr. Henderson's (Gorman's) b. c. Paris, four years old, by Riot, a feather,	5	4		dr.
Mr. Moody's gr. m. aged, by Kentucky Whip, a feather,	1			dis.
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 59s.—2m.				
H. W. CONNOR.				
Ibid.]				

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, May 29, 1838.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$100, entrance \$15; free for all ages; weights, two year olds, 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

D. F. Cooper's ch. c. Kangaroo, four years old, by Uncas, dam by Orphan,	1	1
P. C. Bush's ch. h. David H. Branch, five years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,	3	2
John F. Safford's ch. h. Independence, five years old, by Tom Fletcher,	4	3
John Frost's ch. f. Rancopus, three years old, by Flagellator, out of Molly Longlegs, by Harwood,	2	4
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 56s.		

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$200, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

John Frost's br. f. Rights of Women, four years old, by Dashall, dam by Sir Solomon,	2	1	1
Thomas B. Scruggs' br. m. Mary Wood, five years old, by Waxey, dam by Davis' Hamiltonian,	1	2	2
E. A. Darcy's b. f. Risible, four years old, by Barrister, out of Lame Nettletop,	3		dis.
Time, 4m.—4m. 6s.—4m. 25s.			

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

John Kimball's b. f. Proofsheets, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel,	1	1
John H. Tafford's b. m. Charline, five years old, by Pacific, dam by Florizel,	2	2
John Frost's b. m. Charlotte Shaw, five years old, by Pelham, dam by John Richards,		dis.
Time, 6m. 2s.—6m. 22s.		

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$500, entrance \$50; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

John Frost's ch. h. Franklin, (own brother to Laplander,) six years old, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse,	1	1
Thomas B. Scruggs' ch. f. Hebe, four years old, by Collier, dam by Bertrand,	2	dis.
E. A. Darcy's ch. c. Rights of Man, four years old, by Leopold, out of Sweet Erin, by Eclipse,	3	dis.
Benjamin Ames' gr. m. Fleta, four years old, by Medley, out of Rosalinda, by Oscar,	4	dr.

Time, 8m. 6s.—7m. 53s.

Fifth day, Proprietor's purse \$100, entrance \$10; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

John Matthews' d. c. Rob Roy, three years old, by Marmion,	1	2	1	1
P. C. Bush's ch. h. David H. Branch, five years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,	2	1	2	2

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 3s.—2m. 11s. [Ibid.]

FRANKLIN (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, May 30, 1838.

First day, Proprietor's purse \$200, entrance \$25; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs., six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

Col. Thos. Watson's ch. c. The Pony, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	1	1
Geo. W. Skinner's b. f. Leila, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Hope,	2	2
F. Zollicoffer's gr. c. Bailie Peyton, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Neill's Sir Archy,		dr.

Time, 4m.—3m. 58s.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, \$150, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Col. Thos. Watson's Beeswing, (late Catherine Barry,) three years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder,	1	1
Col. Wynn's ch. m. Martha Washington, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Isabella,	2	2
F. Zollicoffer's gr. c. Bailie Peyton, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Neill's Sir Archy,	3	dr.

Time, 4m. 2s.—4m.

MR. EDITOR:

Mount Airy, June, 1838.

Wm. Williamson's gr. f. is reported 'by Tychicus, dam by Paragon,' at page 74, vol. 8, of the American Turf Register, and repeated at the index, page 592. I guess it should have read *Wm. Williamson's gr. f. by Iphiclus, dam by Paragon*. My belief is the first of Tychicus' get are three years old this spring, as I never heard of his covering a mare while he was on the turf.

Please publish this correction of an error, in your next number, and oblige

Yours, very respectfully,

WM. H. TAYLOR.

ERROR.—In the list of Stallions published in the April number, *Orange Boy's* pedigree was erroneously stated; it should have been, by Sir Archy, his dam by Citizen, (Ruffin's.)

TURF REGISTER.

Blooded Stock belonging to GEORGE B. ROBERTSON, *Macon, Ga.*

1. BONNY BESS, a br. m. five years old, was got by the celebrated horse Sir Hal, for whose distinguished performances see Turf Register, her dam was the famous race mare Coquette, by Sir Archy, she was the dam of Virginia Lafayette, before that called Janet, also the dam of Byron, Virginia Taylor, Blue Bird, &c. &c.; her grandam the famous old Bet Bounce, her g. grandam by old Medley, her g. g. grandam by old Mark Anthony, her g. g. g. grandam by old Jolly Roger, out of the famous imported mare Jenny Cameron. There is no family in Virginia more of a running one.

Signed by WM. R. JOHNSON,
Who raised her, and from whom I purchased her.

2. A b. f. by Eclipse, foaled June 6, 1837, out of No. 1.

3. MISS HARRIET, a br. m. more frequently called Harriet Haxall; she was foaled in the spring of 1828, got by Sir Hal, out of my Miss Waxey, (who was never trained,) she by Sir Archy, out my imp. mare the Mermaid, got by Waxey, out of my imp. mare Promise, who was got by Buzzard, out of Precipitate mare, the dam of Wizzard, Antonio, and other famed racers on the New Market best turf in the world, Precipitate was by Mercury, got by Eclipse, out of a Tartar mare, Tartar was the sire of old King Herod, out of a Cypron mare by Blaze, Eclipse by old Marske, out of Spilletta, by Regulus, a son of the Godolphin Arabian, old Marske by Squirt, out of a Blacklegs mare.

I hereby certify, that the above is a true and correct pedigree of the filly Miss Harriet, which I have this day sold to Mr. Hurt, of Halifax co. Va.

WM. HAXALL.

Petersburg, Va. July 10, 1832.

The Precipitate mare above, the dam of imp. mare Promise, was out of Lady Harriet, got by Mark Anthony, out of Georgiana, the sister to Conductor, who was got by Matchem, Snap, &c. &c.

WM. HAXALL.

Feb. 1, 1837.

This mare was eight years old last spring, was a good racer herself, having won five races out of seven. See Turf Register.

W. R. JOHNSON.

4. A b. f. by Jackson, he by John Richards, out of old Honesty, by imp. Expedition, out of No. 3, foaled April 10, 1838.

5. FANNY WICKHAM, a b. m. bred by me, and sold at auction in the spring of 1836, being then two years old, now the property of Mr. Isham Puckett; she was got by Carolinian, her dam by Sir Charles, grandam by Shylock, g. grandam full sister to Tuckahoe, by Florizel, g. g. grandam known as the old Alderman mare, the dam of Tuckahoe, by imp. Alderman, g. g. g. grandam by imp. Clockfast, g. g. g. grandam Symmes' Wildair, out of a full-blooded mare.

Richmond, March 16, 1837.

I certify this pedigree of my own personal knowledge as far back as my old Alderman mare, and farther back from information in which I have perfect confidence, having always understood so, and having never heard any thing to the contrary.

JOHN WICKHAM.

Macon, Ga. June 14, 1838.

The above is a copy of a certificate given to Isham Puckett, of Richmond, Va. from whom I purchased the above mare. All of the above mares are now in foal by imp. Coronet.

GEORGE B. ROBERTSON.

June 14, 1838.

Blooded Stock belonging to WILLIAM LOVE and JOHN W. MCINTOSH, of *Cynthiana, Harrison co. Ky.*

1. ANVIL, a deep mahogany bay, without white, sixteen hands one inch high, bred by Jef. Scott, Esq. of Paris, Ky. foaled in 1832; he was got by imp. Contract, his dam Jane Davis, by American Eclipse, grandam Blackeyed Susan, by old Sir Archy, g. grandam by imp. Druid, g. g. grandam Virago, by imp. Saltram, g. g. g. grandam by imp. Clockfast, g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Fearnought, g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Hob-or-nob, g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Monkey.

2. BLACKLOCK, a dark iron-grey, foaled in 1836, he was got by Cadet, his dam Jane Davis, by American Eclipse, the dam of Anvil.

3. ENIGMANT, a light iron-grey, foaled in 1836, he was got by Cadet, his dam by imp. Contract, grandam

Carrión Crow, by imp. Royalist, g. grandam by imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. grandam by imp. Shark.

4. ELLEN, a b. m. fifteen hands one inch high, bred by William R. Fowler, foaled in 1833, she was got by Trumpeter, her dam by Virginia Whip, grandam by Celer, g. grandam by Morton's Traveller. Stinted to Anvil.

5. MARY RANKIN, a ch. m. fifteen and a half hands high, foaled in 1833, she was got by imp. Contract, her dam by Celer, grandam by Morton's Traveller, g. grandam by Rockingham.—Stinted to Anvil.

June 15, 1838.

Blooded Stock belonging to JOHN T. LEIGH, of Amelia co. Va.

1. BETSEY GANO, a b. m. got by Sir Charles, her dam by Shylock, grandam the celebrated running and brood mare Sting, by old Diomed, g. grandam Cade's, by Wormley's King Herod, (a son of Fearnought,) g. g. grandam Primrose, by Dove, out of Stella, by Othello, (a son of Crab,) Stella was out of Col. Tasker's imp. mare Selima, by Godolphin Arabian.

Given under my hand, Nov. 6, 1833.

(Signed,) B. MOODY.

Note.—Betsey Gano was eight years old spring 1833.

Shylock, the sire of Betsey Gano's dam, was by imp. Bedford, out of Tom Friend Wilson's (of Amelia co.) old brood mare, who was the grandam of the famous mare Trifle. Wilson's old mare was by imp. Diomed—imp. Fearnought—imp. Jolly Roger—imp. St. George—imp. mare. See Turf Register, January, 1835, pages 222-3, for pedigree of Wilson's mare, in tracing Trifle's pedigree. Cicero, the sire of Trifle's dam was out of the dam of Shylock.

1834. Put to Goliath, but failed.

2. BEN TONSON, a b. c. out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson, foaled April 17, 1836, both hind feet white, star in his forehead, and snip on his nose.

3. OTWAY, a b. c. has a star in his forehead, out of No. 1, by imp. Emancipation, foaled May 13, 1837; he is now shedding, and shows some white hairs.

Betsey Gano again put to Emancipation, about the 1st of June, 1837, since then, in December last, sent to the care of Richard H. Leigh, Esq. of Yella-Busha county, Mississippi—believed to be in foal.

On the 6th of Nov, 1833, I made an agreement with Benjamin Moody, Esq. of Chesterfield, Va. to take Betsey Gano, and raise colts from her in partnership; afterwards, on the 12th of January, 1837, I purchased of said Moody 'all his interest in said mare, her Tonson colt, and all her future increase.'

April 12, 1838. J. T. LEIGH.

Addition to Blooded Stock belonging to CHARLES TAYLOR, of Oaken Brow, King George co. Va.

April 6, 1837. KING GEORGE, ch. c. by Robin Brown, dam by Frederica.

May 20, 1837. FENTON, ch. f. by Robin Brown, dam Fokeah.

April 24, 1838. MAGGIE LAUDER, ch. f. by St. Leger, dam Frederica.

June 9, 1838. CETA, ch. f. by imp. Cetus, dam Harriet Heth.

You will much oblige me by asking in your valuable work for the pedigree of old Molly Andrews, the dam of Jemima Wilkinson, Harriet Heth, &c. she was with Priam last spring.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR.

June 10, 1838.

Blooded Stock belonging to ABR. B. HOOE, of King George county, Va.

PEGGY, a sorrel mare, foaled the 17th May, 1836, was got by Sir Charles, dam old Susan, by Playon, full brother to Stump the Dealer—grandam was by Mercury—(imp. Janus—imp. Calista,)—great grandam by imp. Shark, great great grandam by imp. Janus, out of Booth's imp. mare.

Produce of the above mare Peggy:

1st. A sorrel filly, called PODARGE, got by Gohanna, and foaled the 25th April, 1832, and now with imp. Priam.

2d. A bay filly called TRANQUILLITY, got by imp. Tranby, and foaled the 24th April, 1836.

3d. A sorrel filly called EPONA, got by Terror, and foaled the 22d of April, 1838.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

AUGUST, 1838.

[No. 8.

CONTENTS.

Patronage of Sporting Works, . . .	337	RACING CALENDAR—Races at	
A weasel asleep,	340	Culpepper, Va.	372
Extraordinary colt foal,	340	Frederickton, Mo.	372
Handley-cross, (late Gin-and-Water,)		Carrolton, Ky.	373
Hounds.—No. III.	341	Tree Hill, Va.	373
Foot lameness in the horse,	350	Columbus, Miss.	375
The nature, cure, and entire preven-		Picton course, Ala.	376
tion of hydrophobia,	357	Culpepper Court house, Va.	378
Audubon,	359	Louisville, Ky.	379
A wild horse,	360	Newport, Ky.	380
Fishing in the Ohio,	363	Lynchburg, Va.	381
New race course in Mississippi,	367	St. Louis, Mo.	381
Fly and bay fishing,	368	TURF REGISTER—Pedigrees,	383

PATRONAGE OF SPORTING WORKS.

MR. EDITOR:

NOTHING is more fatal to success in life, than a short-lived and ill-judged economy, or what may be more properly termed, parsimony; this thought has been suggested by the perusal of your Register and the Spirit of the Times. I am almost the only *subscriber to both* in the county where I reside, it is large, populous, and wealthy, with a fertile and productive soil, adapted by climate and location to the production of grain and grasses, and in no part of the United States can blood stock be raised to more advantage.

Not in the hills of Arabia does the horse find a climate more congenial, here his health is free from all those diseases incident to the low countries, while the nature of the soil insures firm hoofs, and flinty clean legs to sustain him under the extraordinary performances which the perfection of his form and the development of his powers may promise. Of this they

have had the most satisfactory proof, such as no man can question or doubt; few gentlemen in this vicinity have bestowed any attention on blood, yet in some few instances they have bred from the right sort, and in every one they have paid well, a single instance may suffice to shew what can be done. Some few years since, a full bred mare at an advanced age was purchased from the lead of a wagon, where for a long time she had been expected to draw, not only the load, but the wheelers also; this mare, then old, was bought at one hundred and fifty dollars, put to breeding, in a few years, she and her colts sold for six thousand dollars; her owner at no time encountering more than the simple expense of breeding and rearing, had he trained his horses, and availed himself of the best markets, they would have brought him more than double the money: this is, in some degree, though not entirely, wandering from my subject, for I did not intend to write a dissertation on breeding horses, but shew what I deemed the proper course of those already engaged in that business.

Interest is the great balance wheel of society, it moves and controls the whole, and there would be no difficulty in getting men to pursue the proper course, were it not for the blinding influence of avarice, while in looking too intently on small present expenditures, entirely shut out the view of all distant profit. Such is the situation of those in our country, who hold or rear blood stock, and neglect to take both your periodical and the *Spirit of the Times*; for to the establishment and publication of the *Register* we owe the first impulse given to the establishment of jockey clubs in our country, and as a consequence, the increased value in all the blood stock, and for some years past you have found an able and indefatigable assistant in the *Spirit of the Times*.

If any man doubts the influence on the general value which the *Turf Register* has exerted, let him refer to the price of *racehorses*, *stallions*, and brood mares, some ten years since and now, and he must be worse than an *infidel* not to believe; in truth at this day, breeding blood horses has become a most important part of our rural economy, and he that shall promote it will deserve well of his country. In my opinion, the annual sales of blood in the United States, nearly equals in amount any of our great staples, cotton alone excepted, and he that shall promote or sustain its value, entitles a man most justly to consideration and respect, and it becomes a public duty to reward such labour—and as it is the duty of all so is it likely to be neglected.

By the aid of the papers above named, the value of horses has been increased at least one thousand per cent.; their labours benefit many thousands of their fellow-citizens, who so far, have not contributed one cent to either the *Turf Register* or the *Spirit of the Times*; this is truly, a most short-sighted policy, for every one must see, that those papers have mainly contributed to the establishment of *jockey clubs*, these offer purses, which induce training, remunerate liberally those who win, enable them to buy horses at high prices, and others who wish to share the golden harvest, follow their example, and purchase at corresponding high prices; all this may be said most truly to be the work of two publications, which have each such a patronage as barely sustains them. Now is it proper

that a large portion of the community should benefit by the labours of two individuals, and *themselves* contribute *nothing*? Would any man of just and honourable feelings be willing that such should be his position towards another? If he would only take the trouble to look into, and think upon the matter, I am certain he would not; and I am persuaded, if this article could be generally read, your subscription list and that of the *Spirit of the Times* would have a liberal increase of names.

While on the subject of neglect, permit me to notice that of the newspaper editors generally, many of them exchange with the *Turf Register* and *Spirit of the Times*, yet we scarcely ever see any notice of, or extract from them: yet are they both of more real service to the country than all the political papers of the day. If they would only now and then treat their subscribers to extracts, it would surely afford a pleasing variety, and like a pinch of cephalic rouse them from the lethargic influence of a dull *editorial*.

I have been induced to mention in the same paragraph the *Register* and the *Spirit of the Times*. No man of spirit, enterprise, or pleasure should be without both of them; in the *Spirit of the Times*, he will find the earliest intelligence on all subjects connected with the turf, the field, the stage, it is in short, the sheet calendar of taste and fashion.

The *Turf Register* is a monthly condensation of all deemed most important on matters connected with the turf, and the care and improvement of blood stock, printed in the neatest manner, the selections made with such attention as to divest them of many of those errors incident to more hasty publications; as a register of races and pedigrees, it may be referred to as a text book; for when an error, (sometimes unavoidable,) has crept into one number, it is corrected in the next, so no man need be misinformed. This work if bound and kept, may always be referred to with advantage and convenience, and the breeder who is without it, has little chance to know the real value of his horses, and must at the same time remain ignorant of many things important for him to learn, in the management of what is or may be the most valuable part of his property.* A.

* The fact, that the above was intended for the benefit of breeders and stock owners in general, will excuse its appearance in this periodical, more especially, as the writer truly remarks, as the newspaper press of the country pay very little attention to the *Turf Register*, its contents or its beneficial effects on the interests of the public; one more remark, and we commit the subject to the jury: The article is the spontaneous emanation from the writer's own mind, both in its suggestion and execution, nor did we know of or expect any such article from his pen. If the newspapers generally, would give this article an insertion in their columns, they would doubtless do material service to their readers, besides doing us a favour; which latter consideration, we have no reason to think, will militate against its general republication by them. Now that we publish the article for the benefit of breeders and the *Spirit of the Times*, may we not ask the latter to republish it for the benefit of whom it may concern?—EDITOR *TURF REGISTER*.

A WEASEL ASLEEP.

It is not generally known, that all carnivorous animals when chance has afforded them a full feed, sleep so profoundly as to be easily surprised and taken, however shy or wild under ordinary circumstances. The capture of their prey is, with many of them the result of long patient watching and stratagem, keeping all their faculties on the stretch; others who prowl for, obtain it with great labour and fatigue, and when once in possession, they revel like any gourmand, indulging first in what they deem the best and most grateful portion of their prize, reserving the balance for a time of need. It is generally after the first great feast, they fall into one of those deep profound sleeps, from which it would seem nothing but the last great trump could rouse them.

Some years since, a Mrs. Crosset, of Chester, South Carolina, missed much of her poultry at morning feed, after much search they traced the marks of the spoiler under the kitchen, by the blood and feathers; now this same kitchen was a log-house, standing some five yards from the dwelling, about twenty feet square, raised but a few inches from the ground, and the floor of thick pine plank, fastened down with wooden pegs. This house was immediately surrounded with all the disposable force of the family, including the dogs, on such occasions most useful auxiliaries; the old man then entered the kitchen, and with an axe began tearing up the floor, much time was consumed, and no little noise was made in tearing up the planks, until all feared that the enemy had escaped in the night, but after much labour, and taking up the planks in various parts of the floor, he found the *weasel* fast asleep, surrounded by a hecatomb of dead fowls, some eighteen or twenty, which he had, in the course of the night, killed and drawn under the house, where making an incision to the jugular, he drew from them the last drop of the red stream of life; this process of plunder and feasting he continued until he sunk into that sleep, from which he was doomed never to awake, for he fell by the axe as he lay surrounded by the relics of his feast.

Now is it not most wonderful, he should have slept so soundly immediately under and so near the blows of the axe, and still more strange, amidst the clattering of the numerous tongues, and the barking of dogs, but strangest of all, they caught a *weasel* *napping*. J.

EXTRAORDINARY COLT FOAL.—A mare, about half-bred, the property of Mr. Thomas Cocking, of Armthorpe, near Doncaster, dropped a colt foal on Wednesday morning last, perfect in all its parts except the head, which has only one eye, in the centre of the forehead; the mouth is also adverse to nature, the lower jaw being undershot at least two inches. The colt, which was a fine dark bay, was immediately destroyed by Bentley, but the head is preserved by Mr. Hough, veterinary surgeon, of Doncaster, for the inspection of the curious.

THE HANDLEY-CROSS, (LATE THE OIN-AND-WATER) HOUNDS.
No. III.

THE HUNT BALL AND SUPPER.

Joy, joy, universal joy prevailed at Handley-cross, when it became known that a committee of management had undertaken to hunt the vale of Sheepwash.

The gentlemen all agreed, that a pack of fox-hounds was the only thing requisite to render the place a perfect 'heaven upon earth,' and the ladies were enchanted with the smartness of the dress uniform—sky-blue coats lined with pink silk, white waistcoats, and canary-coloured shorts, with white silk stockings. A gilt button, with a fox on an embossed edge, was selected both for the evening costume, and the scarlet coats with sky-blue collars of the morning. All this, as may be supposed, was the work of infinite difficulty and deliberation; for each member of the committee had his favourite colour. Round-the-corner Smith, wanted to have yellow plush coats for the masters and servants in the morning, which he consented to forego on condition of the canary-coloured shorts forming part of the dress costume of the evening. Mr. Barnaby was violent in favour of the Beaufort hunt uniform, (blue and buff;) and Stephen Dumpling was all for scarlet. At length they settled it with the colours we have described.

The hounds were the finest playthings that ever were devised, for they furnished occupation morning, noon, and night. Every man that was ever known to have been on horseback, was solicited to become a member of the hunt, and qualify for wearing the unrivalled dress uniform. Three guineas per annum, was the price of the distinction, and the mere payment of that sum to Walter Fleeceall, and enrolment of the name of the payer in his books, constituted a member of the hunt. Balloting was deemed superfluous—Fleeceall's principle being to get all he could—and objectionable members were never thought of, until some wag having paid three guineas and enrolled Mr. Simon Peter Tibbs, the 'privileged-to-be-impudent' waiter, as a member, it was voted advisable to be more circumspect in future. Of course, the three guineas paid on enrolment, were merely considered a necessary compliment, like Doleful's guineas at the library; and Fleeceall wrote endless letters, and sent numberless circulars to every person he could think of, begging and bullying for subscriptions towards the support of the hounds; and in truth, names came rolling in pretty handsomely. The farmers, to the number of fifteen or sixteen, sent in their five and ten pounds a-piece in hard cash; while the visitors were extremely liberal with their names, especially on a representation from Fleeceall that payment might be made at their convenience—their names, the *honour* of their names, in short, being the principal thing the committee looked to. Dennis O'Brian put his down for five and twenty guineas, Romeo Simpkins did the same for five, Abel Snoreem promised 'to see what he could do,' and all wrote, either promising, encouragingly, or kindly.

Harry Markwell, the livery-stable keeper, converted a stable into a kennel and feeding house, and gave up his drying ground for an airing yard, into which the poor hounds were getting constantly turned from their comfortable benches, by one or other of the committee showing them off to his friends. Then the make, shape, and colour of every hound were discussed, and what some thought defects, others considered beauties. The kennel was pretty strong in numbers, for all the old worn-out bleary-eyed hounds were scraped together from all parts of the vale, to make a show; while a milk white terrier, with a black patch on his eye—who was re-christened ‘Mr. Fleeceall,’ and an elegantly clipped, curled, dressed, and arranged black French poodle, were engaged to attract the ladies, who seldom have any taste for fox-hounds. Every allurement was resorted to, to draw company.

Poor Peter soon began to feel the change of service. Instead of Michael Hardey’s friendly intercourse, almost of equality, he was ordered here, there, and every where by his numerous masters; it was Peter here, Peter there, and Peter every where, no two masters agreeing in orders. Smith would have the hounds exercised by day-break; Barnaby liked them to go out at noon, so that he could ride with them and get them to know him; and Dumpling thought the cool of the evening the pleasantest time. Then Barnaby would direct Peter to go on the north road, to make the hounds handy among carriages, while Dumpling, perhaps, would write to have them brought south, to trot about the downs, and get them steady among mutton; while Smith grumbled and muttered something about ‘blockheads’—‘knowing nothing about it.’ Each member had his coterie, with whom he criticized the conduct of his colleagues.

Autumn ‘browned the beech,’ but the season being backwardly and the managers not exactly agreeing in the choice of a whipper-in, the ceremony of cub-hunting was dispensed with, and Peter with the aid of Barnaby’s groom, who had lived as a stable-boy with Sir Harry Mainwaring, was ordered to exercise his hounds among the riot of deer parks and preserves in the neighbourhood. November at length approached; the latest packs began to advertise; and Kirby-gate stood forth on the Monday for Melton hounds. All then was anxiety! Sadlers’ shops were thronged at all hours. Griffith, the prince of whip-makers, opened an establishment containing every possible variety of hunting-whips; and Vincent appointed an agent for the sale of ‘persuaders.’ Ladies busied themselves with plaiting hat-cords for their favourites, and the low green chair at the boot-makers’ was constantly occupied by some gentleman with his leg cocked in the air, as if he had taken a fit, getting measured for ‘a pair of tops.’

How to commence the season most brilliantly was the question, and a most difficult one it was. Dumpling thought a ‘flare up’ of fire-works over night would be a flash thing; Round-the-corner Smith was all for a hunt dinner; and after due discussion and the same happy difference of opinion that had characterized all their other consultations, Captain Doleful recommended a *ball*, in the delusive hope that it would have the effect of making friends and getting subscribers to the hounds, and be done, as all contemplated acts are, at a very trifling expense. There was no occa-

sion to give a supper, he said, refreshments—tea, coffee, ices, lemonade, and negus, handed on trays or set out in the ante-room, would be amply sufficient, nor was there any necessity for asking any one from whom they did not expect something in the way of support to the hounds.

Round-the-corner Smith did not jump at the proposal, having been caught in a similar speculation of giving of a ball to a *limited* party at Bath, and had been severely mulcted in the settling; but Barnaby stood in too wholesome a dread of his wife to venture any opposition to such a measure; and Stephen Dumpling merged his fears in the honour, and the hopes of making it pay indirectly by gaining subscribers to the hounds. The majority carried it; and Captain Doleful spread the news like wild-fire; of course, bespeaking all the credit of the thing for himself.

What a bustle it created at Handley-cross! The poor milliner-girls stitched their fingers into holes, and nothing was seen at the tailors' windows, but sky-blue coats lined with pink silk, and canary-coloured inexpressibles. The thing looked well, for fourteen candidates appeared all ready to pay their three guineas, for the honour of wearing the uniform, or for the purpose of getting their wives and daughters invited to the ball. It was fixed for the first Monday in November, and it was arranged that the hounds should meet in the neighbourhood on the following day.

Meanwhile the committee of management and Doleful sat in the 'Moon' every morning for the purpose of making arrangements, sending invitations and replying to applications for tickets. The thing soon began to assume a serious aspect; the names, which at first amounted to fifty, had swelled into a hundred and thirteen, and each day brought a more numerous accession of strength than its predecessor. Round-the-corner Smith's face lengthened as the list of guests increased, and Dumpling began to have his doubts about the safety of the speculation. Barnaby took it very easily for he had plenty of money, and the excitement kept his peevish wife in occupation; and she, moreover, had plenty of friends, whom she kept showering in upon them at a most unmerciful rate. Every morning a footman in red plush breeches and a light jacket, arrived with names to be put down for invitations. Doleful was in great favour with her, and by her request he took his place every morning at the table in the 'Moon' to keep her husband 'right,' as she called it. Of course, with such incongruous materials to work with, the thing was not arranged without great difficulty and dissension. Dumpling put down his cousins, the three Miss Dobbses, whose father was a farmer and brewer near Deal, and making pretty good stuff, 'Dobbs' ale,' was familiar at Handley-cross, and his name occupied divers conspicuous signs about the town. To these ladies Mrs. Barnaby demurred, having no notion of 'dancing in a hop-garden;' and it was with the greatest difficulty, and only on the urgent representation of Doleful, that their rejection would cause the secession of Dumpling, that she consented to their coming. To divers others she took similar objections, many being too low, and some few too high for her, and being the daughter of a Leeds manufacturer, she could not afford to dispense with any dignity, and would not countenance any one who would be

likely to interfere with her superiority; she was, in short, the 'Victoria' of Handley-cross.

At the adjournment of each meeting, Doleful repaired to her and reported progress, carrying with him a list of invitations, acceptances, and refusals, with a prospectus of those they thought of inviting. These latter underwent a rigid scrutiny by Mrs. Barnaby, in aid of which all Doleful's local knowledge, together with Mrs. Fribble's millineering knowledge, Debrett's Baronetage, and Burke's Landed Gentry of England were called together, and the list was reduced by striking out names with an elegant gold pencil case, with an amethyst seal, as she languished out her length on a chaise-longue. One hundred and fifty-three acceptances, and nineteen invitations out, were at length reported the strength of the party; and Mrs Barnaby, after a few thoughtful moments passed in contemplating the ceiling, expressed her opinion, that there ought to be a regular supper and desired Doleful to tell Barnaby that he must do the thing as it ought to be, if it were only for her credit and popularity. Poor Doleful looked miserable at the mention of such a thing, for Smith and Dumpling had already begun to grumble and complain of the magnitude of the affair, which they had expected would have been a mere snug party among the members of the hunt and their friends, instead of beating up for recruits all the country round. Doleful, however, like a skilful militia-man, accomplished his object by gaining Dumpling over first, which he did by pointing out what an admirable opportunity it was for a handsome young man like himself just beginning life, to get into good society, and perhaps marry a first-rate heiress; and Dumpling, being rather a pudding-headed sort of fellow, saw it exactly in that light, and agreed to support Doleful's motion, on the assurance that it made very little difference in the expense whether the catables were set out lengthways on a table and called 'supper,' or handed about all the evening under the name of 'refreshments.' Indeed Doleful thought the supper might be the cheaper of the two, inasmuch as it would prevent the pilfering of servants and the repeated attacks of the hungry water-drinking guests.

This matter settled, then came the fluttering and chopping off of chickens' heads, the wringing of turkeys' necks, the soaking of tongues, the larding of hams, the plucking of pheasants, the skewering of partridges, the squeezing of lemons, the whipping of creams, the stiffening of jellies, the crossing of open tarts, the colouring of custards, the shaping of blanc-mange, the making of macaroons, the stewing of pears—all the cares and concomitants of ball-making and rout-giving; and Spain, the 'Gunter' of the place wrote off to London for four and twenty sponge-cake foxes, with blue, red, and canary-coloured rosettes for tags to their brushes.

The great, the important night at length arrived. The sun went down amidst a brilliant halo of purple light, illuminating the sky with a goodly promise of the coming day, but all minds were absorbed in the events of the evening, and for once the poet's 'gay to-morrow of the mind' was disregarded. Every fly in the town was engaged nine deep, and Thompson and Fleuris, the opposition London and Parisian perruquiers, had dressed forty ladies each before five. Towards dusk, young gentlemen whose hair

'curled naturally' came skulking into their shops to get the 'points taken off;' after which, quite unconsciously, the irons were 'run through,' and the apprentice boys made door-mats of their heads by wiping their dirty hands upon them, under pretence of putting a little 'moisture in;' while sundry pretty maids kept handing little pasteboard boxes over the counter, with a whispered intimation that 'it was wanted in time to dress for the ball.' Master-tailors sat with their workmen, urging their needles to the plentitude of their pace; and at dinner time there were only three gentlemen in all the place, minus the canary-coloured inexpressibles, and one whose sky-blue coat could not be lined until the Lily-white-sand train brought down a fresh supply of pink silk.

Doleful began dying his hair by three, and by five had it as dark as Warren's blacking. Mrs. Barnaby did not rise until after the latter hour, having breakfasted in bed; and young ladies, having taken quiet walks into the fields with their mammas in the morning to get up complexions and receive instructions whom to repress and whom to encourage in the evening, were kept without books or work, for fear of tarnishing the lustre of their eyes.

Night drew on—a death-like stillness reigned around, broken only by the occasional joke of a stationary fly-man, or a passing jibe from a messenger from the baker's, tailor's, or milliner's. The lower rooms of all the houses at length became deserted, and lights glimmered only in the upper stories, as though the inhabitants of Handley-cross were retiring to early rest. Again, as if by general consent, the lights descended, and in drawing rooms where the blinds had not been drawn or curtains closed, those who stood in the streets might see elegantly dressed young ladies entering with their flat candlesticks in their hands, and taking up their places before the fire, placing a satin-slippered foot on the fender, waiting with palpitating hearts for their flies, anxious for the arrival of the appointed time, but dreading to be early. Wheels had been heard, but they had only been 'taking up,' none as yet having started for the ball. At length the clatter of iron steps, the banging to of doors, and the cry of 'to the Ongar rooms!' resound throughout the town, and the streets become redolent of animal life.

A line of carriages and flies was soon formed in Bramber-street, and Hector Hardman the head constable, with his gilt-headed staff in his hand, had terrible difficulty in keeping order and the horses' heads and carriage poles in their places. Vehicles from all quarters and of every description came pouring in, and the greetings of the post-boys from a distance, the slangings of the fly-men, with the dictatorial tones of gentlemen's coachmen and footmen, joined with the cries of the rabble round the door, as the sky-blue coats with pink-silk linings popped out, resembled the noise and hubbub of the opera colonnade when a heavy shower greets the company on leaving the theatre.

The 'Ongar rooms' were newly built, and with the exception of a charity bazaar for the purpose of establishing a sunday school at Sierra Leone, had never been used. They were a handsome suite of rooms on the ground floor, entered from the street by two or three stone steps, under

a temporary canopy, encircled with evergreens and variegated lamps. From the entrance-hall, in which, at each end a good fire blazed, two rooms branched off, one for gentlemen's cloaks, the other for the ladies. Immediately in front of the entrance, scarlet folding-doors with round panes opened into a well-proportioned ante-room, which again led into the ball-room.

Ranged in a circle before the folding-doors, stood Barnaby, Smith, Doleful, and Dumpling, all grinning, and dressed in sky-blue coats with pink linings, white waistcoats, canary-coloured shorts, and white silk stockings, except Doleful, who had on a crumpled pair of nankeen trousers, cut out over the instep, and puckered round the waist. Dumpling's dress was very good, and would have been perfect, had he not sported a pair of half dirty yellow wash-leather gloves, and a shabby black neckcloth with red ends. There they all stood, grinning and bowing as the entrances were effected, and Doleful introduced their numerous friends with whom they had not the happiness of a previous acquaintance. The plot soon thickened so much, that after bowing their heads like Chinese mandarins to several successive parties who came pushing their way into the room, without receiving any salutation in return, and the blue coats with pink linings becoming too numerous to afford any distinguishing mark to the visitors, our managers and master of the ceremonies got carried into the middle of the room, after which the company came elbowing in at their ease, making up to their mutual friends as though it were a public assembly.

The fiddlers next began scraping their instruments in the orchestra of the ball-room, like horses anxious to be off, and divers puffs of the horn and bassoon sounded through the building; but still the doors remained closed, and Doleful cast many a longing anxious eye towards the folding-doors. Need we say for whom he looked? Mrs. Barnaby had not arrived. The music at length burst forth in good earnest, and Doleful after numerous inquiries being made of him why the ball did not commence, at length asked Barnaby, if he thought his good lady was coming, when most opportunely, a buzz and noise were heard outside—the folding-doors flew open, and in Mrs. Barnaby sailed, with her niece, Miss Rider, on her arm.

She was a fine, tall, languishing-looking woman, somewhat getting on in years, but with marked remains of beauty, 'sicklied over with the pale cast' of listlessness, produced by a mind unoccupied, and bodily strength unexercised. Her features were full-sized, good, and regular, her complexion clear, with dark eyes that sparkled when lighted with animation, but more generally reposing in a vacant stare, whether she was engaged in conversation or not. In her head she wore a splendid tiara of diamonds, with costly necklace, and ear-rings of the same. Her dress, of the richest and palest pink satin, was girdled with a diamond stomacher, and a lengthening train swept majestically along the floor. Across her beautifully moulded neck and shoulders, in graceful folds, was thrown a white Cashmere shawl, and her ungloved arm exhibited a profusion of massive jewelry. Her entrance caused a buzz, followed by silence throughout the

room, and she sailed gracefully up an avenue formed by the separation of the company,—

‘A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.’

Doleful and the managers came forward to receive her, and she inclined herself slightly towards them and the few people whom she deigned to recognize.

Having, after infinite persuasion, consented to open the ball with Dumpling, and having looked round the company with a vacant stare, and ascertained that there was no one who could vie with her in splendor she resignedly took his arm, and the ball-room door being at length thrown open, she sailed up to the top of the room, followed by countless sky-blue coated, and canary-coloured legged gentry, escorting their wives, daughters or partners, with here and there a naval or military uniform mingling among the gay throng of sportsmen and variously clad visitors. Most brilliant was the scene! The room was a perfect blaze of light, and luckless were the wearer of second-hand shoes or ball-stained gloves. There was Dennis O'Brian, towering over the head of every body else, with his luxuriant whiskers projecting from his cheeks, like cherubs' wings on church corners, with an open shirt collar confined by a simple blue ribbon, and a superabundant display of silk stocking and calf from below his well filled canary-coloured shorts, for *smalls* would be a libel on the articles that held his middle man. His dark eyes sparkled with vivacity and keenness, not the keenness of pleasure, but the keenness of plunder, for Dennis had dined off chicken-broth and lemonade, to be ready to

‘Cut the light pack or call the rattling main,’

as occasion might offer towards the morning. Snoreem too, had decked himself out in the uniform of the hunt, and this being his usual bed-time, he walked about the room like a man in a dream, or a tired dog looking where to lie down. Then there was Romeo Simpkins, who had just arrived by the last Lily-white-sand train, and had all his friends and acquaintances to greet, and to admire his own legs for the first time protruding through a pair of buff shorts. Fleeceall stood conspicuous with a blue patch on his eye, pointing out his new friends to his wife, who was lost in admiration at the smartness of her spouse, and her own ingenuity in applying the rose-coloured lining of an old bonnet to the laps of his sky-blue coat.

Now the music strikes up in full chorus, and Doleful walks about the room, clapping his hands like a farmer's boy frightening crows, to get the company take their places in a country dance; and Mrs. Barnaby having stationed herself at the top, very complacently leads off, with ‘hands across, down the middle, and up again,’ with Stephen Dumpling, who foots it away to the utmost of his ability, followed by Round-the-corner Smith with her niece, Barnaby with Miss Some-body-else, Romeo Simpkins with Miss Trollope, Dennis O'Brian, who looks like a capering light-house, with little old Miss Mordecai, the rich money-lender's daughter, and some thirty or forty couples after them. Mrs. Barnaby's train being

inconvenient for dancing, and having been twice trod upon, on reaching the bottom on the third time down the middle, she very coolly takes Dumpling's arm, and walks off to the sofa in the bay window, where having deposited herself, she despatches Dumpling to desire her husband not to exert himself too much, and to come to her the moment the dance is done. The country dance being at length finished, a quadrille quickly followed; after which came a waltz, then a gallop, then another quadrille, then another waltz, then a reel:—

‘Then round the room the circling dowagers sweep,
Then in loose waltz their thin-clad daughters leap;
The first in lengthened line majestic swim,
The last display the free unfettered limb:’

until the jaded musicians began to repent having been so anxious for the start.

Towards one o'clock, the supper-room door was heard to close with a gentle flap, and Doleful was seen stealing out with a self-satisfied grin on his countenance, and immediately to proceed round the room, informing such of the company as he was acquainted with, from having seen their names in his subscription book at the library, that the next would be the ‘supper dance;’ a dance that all persons who have ‘serious intentions’ avail themselves of, for the interesting purpose of seeing each other eat. Accordingly Dennis O'Brian went striding about the ball-room in search of little Miss Mordecai; Captain Doleful usurped Stephen Dumpling's place with Mrs. Barnaby; Round-the-corner Smith started after the niece, and each man invested his person, in the way of a ‘pair off,’ to the best of his ability. Barnaby was under orders for Dowager Lady Turnabout, who toadied Mrs. Barnaby, and got divers dinners and pine-apples for her trouble; and Stephen Dumpling, being fairly ‘let into the thing,’ was left to lug in the two Miss Dobbses on one arm, and mother Dobbs on the other. It was then, ‘every man for himself.’

The simple-minded couples then stand up to dance, and as soon as the quadrilles are in full activity, Doleful offers his arm to Mrs. Barnaby and proceeds into the supper-room, followed by all the knowing ones in waiting. But what a splendid supper it is! A cross-table with two long ones down the centre, all set out with turkeys, chickens, hams, tongues, lobster sallads, spun sugar pyramids, towers, temples, grottoes, jellies, tarts, creams, custards, pine-apples, grapes, peaches, nectarines, ices, plovers' eggs, prawns, and four and twenty sponge-cake foxes, with blue, red and canary-coloured rosettes for tags to their brushes! Green bottles with card labels, and champagne bottles without labels, with sherry, &c. are placed at proper intervals down the table,—the champagne yielding a stronger crop upon the more fruitful soil of the cross-table. Who ordered it, nobody knows, but there it is, and it is no time for inquiring.

Shortly after the first detachment have got comfortably settled in their places the music stops, and the dancers came crowding in with their panting partners, all anxious for lemonade or anything better. Then plates, knives, and forks are in request; the ‘far gone’ ones eating with the same

fork or spoon, those only 'half gone,' contenting themselves with using one plate. Barnaby is in the chair at the cross-table, with a fine sporting device of a fox, that looks very like a wolf, at his back, on a white ground with '*Floreat Scientia*' on a scroll below, the whole tastefully decorated with ribbons and rosettes. Dumpling and Smith are vice-presidents. Hark to the clatter! 'Miss Thompson, some turkey? allow me to send you a little ham with it?' 'Mrs. Jenkins, here's a delicious lobster sallad.' 'Now Fanny, my *dear*, see you're dropping the preserve over your gown!' 'Oh dear! there goes my knife!' 'Never mind, ma'am, I'll get you another.' 'Waiter! bring a clean glass—*two* of them!' 'What will you take?' 'Champaigne, if you please.' 'Delightful ball, isn't it?' 'How's your sister?' 'Who'll take some pine-apple punch?' 'I will, with pleasure.' 'I've burst my sandal, and my shoe will come off.' 'Dear, that great awkward man has knocked the comb out of my head.' 'Go to see the hounds in the morning?' 'Susan, *mind*, there's mamma looking.' 'Waiter! get me some jelly.' 'Bachelors' balls always the pleasantest.' 'Barnaby is married.' 'Oh, he's *nobody*!' 'Dumpling does it, and stuttering Smith, there's no *Mister* Barnaby.' 'There's the captain—I wonder if he sees us.' 'Oh, the *stupid*! he *won't* look this way. Should like to break the brute's head!' 'How's your horse? Has it learned to canter?' 'Take some tongue.' 'Champaigne, if you please.'

Thus went the rattle, prattle, jabber and tattle, until Mr. Barnaby, who had long been looking very uneasy, being unable to bear the further frowns of his wife, at length rose from his seat for the most awful of all purposes, that of monopolizing all the noise of the room—a moment that can only be appreciated by those who have filled the unhappy situation of chairman in a company of ladies and gentlemen, when every eye is pointed at the unfortunate victim, and all ears are open to catch and criticise what he says. 'Barnaby! Barnaby! chair! chair! order! order! silence!' cried a hundred voices, in the midst of which, Mr. Barnaby tried to steal away with his speech, but had to 'whip back' and begin again.

'Gentlemen and ladies, (order! order!) I mean to say, Mr. Vice-Presidents, ladies and gentlemen, (hear, hear,) I beg to propose the health of the queen—I mean to say, the ladies who have honoured us with their presence this evening.' Great applause, and every man drank to his sweetheart.

Mrs. Barnaby looked unutterable things at her spouse as he sat down, for women are all orators or judges of oratory, and well poor Barnaby knew the vigour of her eloquence. Beckoning Doleful to her side, she desired him to tell Barnaby not to look so like a sheepish school-boy, but to hold himself straight, and speak out as if he were *somebody*. This Doleful interpreted into a handsome compliment, which so elated our unfortunate, that he immediately plucked up courage, and rising again gave the table a hearty thump, begged the company would fill a bumper to the health of the strangers who had honoured the Handley-cross hunt ball with their company. The strangers then began fidgetting and looking out an orator among themselves, but were put out of suspense by the rising of Dennis O'Brian, who returned thanks in one of his usual feli-

citous and appropriate speeches, and concluded by proposing the health of the chairman. Barnaby was again on his legs, thanking them, and giving 'success to fox-hunting,' which was acknowledged by Snoreem, who being half asleep, mistook it for the time when he had to propose the healths of Smith and Dumpling, to whom he paid such lengthy compliments, that the ladies cut him short by leaving the room. All restraint now being removed, the gentlemen crowded up to the cross-table, when those who had been laying back for supper until they got rid of the women, went at it with vigorous determination—corks flew—dishes disappeared—song, speech, and sentiment were huddled in together, and in a very short time, the majority of the company were surprised to find themselves amazingly drunk.

[New Sporting Magazine.]

ON FOOT LAMENESS IN THE HORSE.

I HAVE just been re-perusing Nimrod's most excellent and insinuating 'Letters on Condition of Hunters,' and would beg of you to grant me a small space in your 'verdant magazine' for the purpose of promulgating a few remarks, chiefly confirmatory of his ideas, upon that very important and very hackneyed subject, the foot, but occasionally differing from him in some of his minor details and inferences. Since what I have to say will coincide in all its main points with the opinions advanced so ably by the mighty hunter, I am relieved from the necessity of occupying any time, by self-denying excuses for the presumption I should be guilty of were I to dream of opposing, point blank, him whose pen has so long delighted every one who feels interested in the well-doing of the horse; but, although, ere this he must have been dosed with praise *usque ad nauseam*, I hope that he and you will bear with me whilst I say, that I never sit down to read his works without being both amused and greatly instructed; and that as a veterinary surgeon, I could almost as readily dispense with any standard professional work as with his Letters. But to have done with preface, let us enter at once *in medias res*.

After all the ingenious and plausible theories about the foot which we have so long been accustomed to hear from 'head quarters;' after the assumed *fact*, that contraction of the hoof is the chief cause of all foot lameness in horses, and the very head and front of the evils they are subject to, having been over and over again drilled into us; and after the endless, and often very ridiculous plans that have been called into being for the purpose of expanding the heels, (knocking nature on the head,) and the general implied assent to the correctness of those opinions, Nimrod must indeed have been a bold man when he asserted 'that contraction of the hoof is the effect and not the cause of disease;' and that he has yet to see an instance where contraction alone is the cause of lameness. This assertion however, he *did* make without any qualification, and that too in the teeth of almost all pre-existent notions on the subject, and this sentence, if he had never written another word, proclaimed him to be a

man largely possessed of that very useful every-day companion, common sense, who pins his faith to no man's sleeve, but sees and judges for himself with his own eyes and his own reason. When I add the mite of my testimony to the weight of Nimrod's, I am haply, not increasing its importance very materially; but, as '*gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo,*' I hope my endeavours to do away with some part of the trash about contracted feet, may not be entirely futile; and, travelling in such good company as I do, I have a good heart about the matter. Now the means of forming a proper judgment which are naturally incident to my profession as a veterinary surgeon, warrant me in going even a step beyond Nimrod, and I venture to assert that, *so far as the most dreaded and most devastating disease of the foot is concerned*, a narrow and contracted hoof, with high heels, small frog, &c., in short a hoof which professor Coleman would select as a specimen or illustration of a bad foot, is, in point of fact, preferable to what is given as a perfect hoof, having a full and circular outline, a due degree of concavity of sole, a prominent frog, and well defined bars, &c. Let it be borne in mind that I am here speaking more especially with regard to that 'curse upon good horseflesh,' the navicular disease, but, as I consider that affliction to be more destructive than all other foot-lameness combined, and as I am perfectly convinced that a contracted foot is no more pre-disposed to general disease than an apparently perfect foot, it follows of course that for real use, for actual wear and tear, I would prefer a foot rather small than otherwise. So long as I had nothing but theory to guide me, I should have laughed at and scouted such an idea as absolutely preposterous, but when in the course of my practice I found nine cases in every ten of navicular lameness to exist in fine, well-formed, open feet, I was constrained to listen to the voice which told me not to contort fact in order to adapt it to theory, but to base theory upon fact; and when my eyes began to open I paid great attention to the subject, and my firm conviction now is, that an apparently perfect foot is more liable to become foundered than a somewhat small and narrow one. In glancing over my case-book I meet with plenty of examples of this, one or two of which, I may be allowed to relate.

About five years ago, I was consulted respecting a fine bay gelding, the property of Edward Delme, Esq.; he had been in Mr. D's possession about six months, (I believe) and was lame when he bought him; but the style in which he hopped over a few gates in cold blood induced Mr. D. to overlook the lameness, and a bargain was made. He was ridden regularly with the Hambledon hounds during the season, notwithstanding his halting gait, which, by the bye, materially decreased, as is usual in such cases, when he warmed to his work. When I had heard the facts of the case I had no hesitation in deciding as to where the evil existed, and as to the impossibility of removing it; and, if I remember right, I recommended neurotomy, as he might then still be serviceable and would go sound in harness. His owner, however, before acceding to this last resource, (for it ought only to be used as a last resource,) wished to try what could be done by turning out; consequently the horse had his feet thinned and was turned to grass. Of course this was so much time

thrown away, and he came up as bad as ever. Some time afterwards he was sold, and, passing through various intermediate hands, at last came into the possession of Mr. Burden, of Southampton. I was again applied to respecting him by his new owner, and gave the same opinion as upon the former occasion; and, as politeness in a horse when carried to the extent of nodding at every step is not over pleasant, Mr. Burden wished the operation to be performed; which was accordingly done by Mr. Chapman V. S. Now when I first saw this horse he had as beautifully a formed foot as any one could wish to see; it was in fact perfect as far as appearance went, but when the operation was performed upon him it had not so fine an appearance, but was somewhat contracted, from causes which I shall say something about bye and bye.

Another instance occurred to me in the spring of 1834: the subject was an amazingly fine and handsome bay carriage horse, belonging to Captain Jarvis, of Fair-oak park. This horse had formerly belonged to Queen Adelaide, and was purchased lame by Capt. J. about three months before I saw him. The people about him could not make out what was the cause of his lameness, but it was at once evident to me that the navicular joint harboured the evil; and having heard the history of the case, it was too clear that the day for removing the disease had gone by. In this instance, too, the affected foot was apparently as good a one as ever was seen. It would be tedious to the reader were I to multiply those cases, but if it were necessary I could select dozens all alike in the fact of having fine, circular, and, to appearance, perfectly formed feet; and the recorded experience of Nimrod directly confirms the doctrine I am advocating. What does he say about it? 'With the exception of the old horse just spoken of, the *only* cases of foot-lameness I have been subject to, have been those of apparently, naturally formed feet, wide and open in the heels, circular at the base, and showing no symptoms of compression in front.' What can be plainer than this? mark the emphatic word *only*; not a solitary instance of the despised small, mule-like foot being a cause of lameness. Convincing as proofs like this must always be, they are within the reach of every sportsman, for some of his horses must occasionally contract the destructive disease we are alluding to, and let him but notice the description of foot which suffers from it, and he will, in nearly every instance, find it is that which to the eye seems most perfect. Nimrod also relates two or three instances which bear directly upon this point. One is the case of a four-year-old which he bred himself, and which had not been shod more than six times. He was riding on the road at the rate of ten miles an hour when she dropped suddenly lame, and 'will be a cripple for the rest of her life.' 'She now goes sound after she gets a mile from the stable; but the navicular bone is injured, and no human art can restore her. At the same time,' continues Nimrod, 'I must observe, that if I wanted a model of a finely-formed foot, I would take it from the one I have been speaking of; for it is perfect as far as outward appearance goes.' Another instance is that of a horse bought by Nimrod in Bedfordshire, which proved to be lame the first time he got upon his back in Leicestershire. 'The veterinary surgeon who attended

him declared, that if he wanted to make a drawing of the foot of the horse, he should have been glad to have taken his for a model, so perfectly was it formed in all its parts and features.'

Mr. Goodman relates a marked instance, which occurred in a celebrated hunter. He had been lame two years, and every kind of torture that ignorance could suggest had been applied in vain. 'Often having minutely examined into the nature of the case,' says Mr. G., 'my opinion led me to state, that there was no prospect of relief, and that, notwithstanding *the hoofs had every appearance of perfection*, the cause of lameness would be discovered on dissection to exist in the foot. The gentleman to whom the horse belonged, immediately directed that he should be destroyed, and after death sent me the feet for dissection. There was no reason whatever to believe any change of the form, or structure of the horn, was the cause of lameness: but on prosecuting the dissection, I found that a considerable degree of ossification had taken place in the large flexor tendon, which passes over the navicular bone: adhesions also between the bone and the tendon; the articular cartilages were denuded, and the body of the bone had become carious. The disease in both feet were nearly similar. The symptoms and appearances in all cases of this kind of lameness are much the same.'

In the second volume of the Veterinarian, the late Mr. Castley, veterinary surgeon, 12th Lancers, of whose merits as a practical and scientific man I am anxious to record my testimony, relates two cases of chronic foot lameness, both of which were relieved by neurotomy. In the first case he says incidentally, 'I should here remark, that this horse had *a particularly fine, strong, circular hoof; in short I never saw better feet in my life.*' 'In the second case, he says, 'his hoofs, though of rather a brittle kind, appeared *not to have any disposition to contract.*'

It would hardly be fair to select any individual instance of small feet standing sound in road-work for years, because the advocates of a contrary doctrine would naturally say something about 'exceptions to general rules;' but, in addition to the case which is most prominent in my own memory, I would fearlessly appeal to the experience of every owner of horses, and every observant sportsman, first begging of them to divest their minds of the prejudices against small feet which they probably imbibed during their initiation into the mysteries of the stable.

The case I alluded to is that of a black gelding belonging to Mr. Wooton of Southampton, which I have driven many hundred miles. He came into Mr. W's possession upwards of twenty years ago, being then, I think, four years old, and having extremely small contracted feet, with frushes in all four frogs. For sixteen years he never had a day's lameness, though he was at constant work on the road, (never, if I remember right, having been turned to grass all the time,) but during the year 1833, his *legs* were so bent that he occasionally went lame; notwithstanding which, if ever I was in want of a horse to do my work pleasantly and with ease to himself, I used to send for 'old Jack;' who, when I saw him in April, 1834, was as gay as a kitten, and his flesh as hard as a board, bearing a token on every muscle to the effect that he was ignorant of the meaning of 'a summer's run at grass.'

I have thus far followed steadily in the track of my leader, but I must now diverge a little from his line of march, for I cannot quite agree with him when he so totally exonerates shoeing (in which, of course, is included, the paring and preparation of the foot) from all share in the production of the ills we are speaking of. I am quite ready to admit that it should be placed no higher in the scale of causes than the secondary rank, but I cannot submit to expunge it altogether. The reasons for entertaining this opinion may be dry and uninteresting to unprofessional readers, but I will be as concise as may be in stating them.

Mr. James Turner, veterinary surgeon, London, to whom we are undoubtedly indebted for the first elucidation of navicular-joint lameness, enumerates two descriptions of contraction, in the paper on this subject which he read before the Veterinary Medical Society, Dec. 24th, 1828; the one he calls 'general contraction,' the other 'occult, or partial contraction;' meaning by the first 'a foot with narrow heels, its figure presenting rather more an oblong than a circular shape;' and by the latter 'that treacherous kind of foot frequently to be met with, which upon merely taking up in the stable, we might (without any disparagement to our judgment) be induced to pronounce a good, fair average foot.' Now this is the foot which is so subject to the peculiar lameness I am writing of; and in attempting to show why it is especially subject to it, I hope also to prove that its liability may be materially decreased by a proper attention to the foot itself, *independent of all aid from good grooming, physicking, &c.* though no man can be more alive to the general benefits resulting from these things than I am. For the purpose of more easily explaining myself I will take a supposed case and follow it from health to disease, and then very briefly inquire into that disease and try to trace effect back to cause.

Suppose, then, a horse possessed of a fine, circular hoof, with open heels, prominent frog, &c. exhibiting a proper inclination from the perpendicular on its anterior surface, and favoured by the true and equal tread upon which Nimrod lays so much stress: this horse is shod every three or four weeks, and the smith, thinking so good a foot requires no further care than an attention to the commonest principles of fitting the shoe, merely removes the ragged portions of horn from the sole and frog, and paring down the inferior border of the crust, applies the shoe in the ordinary way. The horse does his work as usual, and the operation of shoeing is repeated over and over again, the owner in the meantime congratulating himself upon the possession of an animal comparatively secure from the ravages of foot-lameness. At length, some fine morning, this immaculate quadruped falls suddenly lame in one of his fore legs; the rider dismounts, and looks the very image of astonishment when he finds there really is not a stone in the foot. The animal is led home a cripple; a smith is sent for, who removes the shoe and examines the foot, but finding nothing like a pig's foot growing from the inanimate horn, he sends forth his dictum that the ailment is not in that organ. The examination is continued upwards, and, as nothing can be discovered in that direction, it follows, as a matter of course, that the shoulder must bear the

blame, and it is consequently hot-oiled, and blistered, and be-deviled in good style until the owner's patience is exhausted, and the cripple is consigned to the dogs. Pursuing this supposition, we will say that a fancy strikes the owner to have the limb examined *post-mortem*. What does this examination bring to light? Why, confining our observations to the foot, for there alone the evil rests, it shows that caries exists in the under surface of the navicular bone, or that ossified spiculæ shoot therefrom, or that the bone is firmly united to the tendon which passes under it, forming a perfect joint in its progress, by a depositing of osseous matter; in short, the navicular disease is there in one or other of these forms. Proceeding further in the examination, other morbid appearances present themselves, which may help us in our search after the cause. The cavity of the horny box seems shallow compared with its external superficies, and, if a transverse section be made, the reason of this shallowness will be evident in the very great thickness of the horny sole, which in fact is three times as thick as it ought to be, and proportionably hard and unyielding. Now, I am most decidedly of opinion that this extraordinary thickness and hardness of the sole is one great predisposing cause of the navicular disease; that is, that a horse having such a sole is infinitely more liable to be attacked by this affection than a horse having a sole somewhat thin and yielding; and I am fully borne out in this opinion, not only by the experience of my own practice, but by the recorded observations of others, who have had opportunities much more ample than mine. It is an occurrence of great rarity for a flat-footed horse to have this disease: my case-book affords but one example of it, which happened in an amazingly fine carriage horse, nearly seventeen hands high, appropriately named Sampson, and belonging to Sir William Heathcote, of Hursley-park, near Winchester; whilst, on the other hand, every case of the kind I have witnessed has almost induced the smith, whom I had directed to pare the sole very thin and to bleed from the toe, to fancy there was no blood in the foot, the sole has been so preternaturally thick. That this cannot be a consequence of the disease, is clear enough from the fact that the same thing has always existed when I have attended the most recent cases.

No one who has given the subject any consideration will pretend to deny that, to a certain extent, although that extent may be scarcely appreciable, there is an elasticity, or giving way, in the hoof of the horse at every step. This is undeniably necessary to guard against the concussion which would otherwise disarrange the complicated mechanism of the organ in question; and in the whole range of Professor Coleman's ingenious illustrations I know not one more apposite than that of the cricket player's scarcely perceptible giving way at the moment the ball reaches his hands. It is one of nature's beautiful and simple contrivances, and if art subvert the intention of this contrivance, mischief is the probable consequence. Now it is evident this elasticity must be greatly diminished, if not altogether destroyed, so long as the sole is two or three times its natural thickness: the slight descent of the coffin and navicular bones is to a considerable degree prevented, and at last some fortuitous peculiarity in the manner in which the superincumbent weight is thrown upon the foot

so bruises the bone against the hard and unyielding sole that intense inflammatory action is excited on its cartilaginous surface, and unless proper, and most active means are used, a long train of distressing symptoms follows, and the poor animal is lame for life. This, however is altogether a local disease, having little or no connection with the general state of the system, and the method we adopt to prevent its occurrence must be local also.

I would here again repeat that the disease very rarely attacks flat feet, where the sole is thin and the horn yielding, but is confined almost exclusively to firm, circular, and seemingly most excellent feet. When such feet are prepared for the shoe, let any one apply all the force of his thumb or of his hand to the sole, and he will find he might as well press against an iron door for any impression he can make: and it is this unyielding nature of the sole which is the rock of danger on which so many horses have foundered. I do not pretend to say that, if the sole were properly thinned, this affection would never occur, but I am quite convinced that it would greatly lessen the liability of its occurrence. I would, therefore, strongly advise that in feet of this and, in fact, of every other description, the sole should always be pared until it will yield slightly to the pressure of the smith's thumb. This is a general principle in shoeing, but it has been too much neglected; and I cannot help thinking that carelessness on this head has ruined thousands of valuable horses. In addition to paring the sole thus, there is a simple method of shoeing which I am sure will tend much to diminish this species of lameness, and for this method of shoeing we are also indebted to Mr. James Turner. I allude to the one-side-nailing plan, which, with your permission, I will take another and early opportunity of describing and commenting upon, although it may probably suffer from the biting sarcasm with which Nimrod has assailed all systems and system-mongers.

In another part of this communication I spoke of a horse on which the operation of neurotomy was performed by Mr. Chapman, and whose foot at that time was somewhat contracted, although in the early stage of the disease it was beautifully formed. This is nothing more than a natural consequence when any part of the body is thrown out of use; thus, the old farriers used to call this affection chest-founder, fancying the ailment was in the chest, because they noticed that the muscles about there were smaller than on the healthy side. They were not sufficiently versed in physiology to know that this diminution in bulk arose from the muscles remaining comparatively inactive in consequence of the disinclination in the horse to move, arising from the pain in his foot. If we suspend one arm in a sling and never call it into use, it will eventually dwindle to about half the size of the other which is in constant occupation. The same reasoning applies to the foot, and when it is continually rested, we often find that it greatly diminishes in size: this, however, is an effect and not a cause.

There are many collateral points on which I am wishful to say a few words, but I fear I grow tedious; I will therefore return to the subject in a future number.

W. S.

THE NATURE, CURE, AND ENTIRE PREVENTION OF HYDROPHOBIA.

BY FRANCIS EAGLE.

This is a tract of somewhat lofty pretensions, but of exceedingly humble merit; and we notice it solely on account of the importance of the subject which the writer professes to discuss. He does not appear to have any knowledge of the disease derived from his own personal observations, and he merely theorizes on the experience of others. The following is a summary of his pamphlet. He conceives that spontaneous hydrophobia in the canine species proceeds from absence of perspiration, and 'sexual irritation;' and he states, though he gives no authority for the fact, that 'the female animal rarely originates the disease.' For the radical and entire prevention of hydrophobia, he proposes that all males of the canine and feline species—except a certain number sufficient to propagate the breeds—shall, by a certain process, be rendered exempt from 'sexual irritation.' How far Mr. Eagle may be correct in his opinions respecting the proximate cause of hydrophobia we do not pretend to determine; but from the following extracts relative to the dogs of Egypt, it would seem that the Baron Larrey, Napoleon's chief military surgeon, entertained similar views. It would be highly important and interesting to know if hydrophobia be of rare occurrence in Lisbon, where the dogs are left to themselves much in the same manner as at Cairo. 'The Baron's observations are to the following effect:—'Hydrophobia, though more frequent in warm than in cold climates, does not occur in Egypt; and the inhabitants assure us that they had never known an instance of this malady, either in man or in brute animals. This is doubtless owing to the species,* the character, and the manner of living of the dogs in that country. The dogs of Egypt are in a state of almost continual inaction; sleeping during the day in the shade, near vessels full of fresh water, placed for them by the natives. They only prowl at night; and their sexual propensities are only manifested once a year, and then but for a short period. Their disposition is quiet and inoffensive, and they rarely fight with each other. It is possible that these combined causes may render those animals exempt from hydrophobia.'†

The 'theory of the cure' of hydrophobia in the human subject is, according to Mr. Eagle, 'to restore the perspiration;' and a person who has been bitten by a mad dog, and who feels symptoms of the disease, has

* The dogs of Egypt bear considerable resemblance, both in form and character to the fox. It is said that the male of one species will couple with the female of the other.—*Larrey, note.*

† *Mémoires de Chirurgie Militaire, et Campagnes du Baron D. J. Larrey, tom. 2; Campagnes d'Egypte, p. 226.* At page 227, the Baron gives a curious account of a disease, similar to hydrophobia, to which camels are subject at certain periods: 'Les chameaux, pendant leur rut, sont sujets à entrer dans une espèce de rage, mais qui n'est pas contagieuse; ils rendent alors une écume blanche, épaisse et abondante: ils mugissent sans cesse, ne boivent pas pendant ce tems, et paraissent avoir horreur de l'eau.'

only to excite a copious perspiration, by means of a vapour-bath, to obtain a cure. If this theory were well founded, Mr. Eagle would deserve well of his country for promulgating it; but unfortunately it requires confirmation. In some of the cases cited by him, he seems to mistake the consequence for the cause; and the report of the French surgeon, M. Buisson, seems highly questionable. This gentleman, it appears, 'having made a *post mortem* examination of the body of a female who died of hydrophobia, wiped his hands, which were *covered with blood*, on the handkerchief which the patient had used to receive the saliva during her life. He had at that time *an ulcer on one of his fingers*, but thought to destroy any ill effects that might otherwise ensue by sucking the finger, and washing it afterwards with distilled water. On the nineteenth day, while in his cabriolet, he was attacked with hydrophobia,* and resolved to put an end to his life by suffocating himself in a vapour-bath. He raised the heat to forty-two degrees (of the centigrade thermometer, we presume), and was as much surprised as delighted to find the unpleasant symptoms cease. He left the hall cured, dined largely, and afterwards drank more than usual. Since that time, *he says*, that he has treated in the same manner upwards of eighty persons who were bitten, in four of whom the disease was developed; all those, he assures us, were cured, except a child of seven years old, which died in the bath.†

Now, on the evidence of this report, we have no hesitation in declaring M. Buisson to be a very careless surgeon for making a *post mortem* examination with an ulcer on his finger, and for afterwards wiping his hands on a handkerchief saturated with the saliva of the deceased. He determines to put himself to death, in the usual style of *French* philosophic bravado; and, when he finds his life fortunately preserved, he leaves the hall and proceeds to dinner, apparently with the same *goût* with which an apothecary's apprentice sits down to a dish of oysters on returning from Astley's. The unsupported testimony of such a person we consider undeserving of credit; and we have further to remark, that not only are the cures performed by the Ormskirk medicine better attested, but that in an equal number of persons *cured*, the proportion of those in whom the symptoms of the disease were decided is also greater.

We have noticed Mr. Eagle's pamphlet, that we might inform our

* From this point we translate the remainder of the report of M. Buisson's case, which Mr. Eagle gives in the original, from the *Revue Medicale*, tom. iv.

† One of M. Buisson's proofs of the benefit of copious perspiration in this disease, is as follows; 'A relation of Gretry (the celebrated author of the Essay 'Sur la Musique') was bitten by a mad dog, as well as several others, who all died of hydrophobia. As to himself, feeling the symptoms of the malady, he commenced dancing day and night, saying that he wished to die pleasantly. He was cured.' We should think that any gentleman who should in reality keep on dancing 'day and night,' for only twenty four hours—allowing nine for sleep and meals—would feel his exercise 'a toil of a pleasure,' even without the consciousness of being bitten by a mad dog, and that his capering was only affected merriment. Men under such circumstances *cannot* kill themselves with excess of pleasure.

readers of one more *certain* remedy for this frightful malady—‘another and another still succeeds’—and in the hope of directing the attention of veterinary surgeons and others to the assumed spontaneous cause of the disease in the dog tribe, and to the *fact*, uncorroborated, of its rarely originating in the female. As to the value of the proposed remedy, we hope that all physicians will take the pains to inform themselves: and we earnestly request that every reader of our magazine will ask the opinion of his medical adviser on this most important point. If he of the ‘gold-headed cane’ or the lancet knows nothing about the matter, and will not be at the trouble to inquire, give him his *congé*.

[New Sporting Magazine.]

AUDUBON.

It is, certainly, a very singular circumstance that an individual should be rendered obscure by his own greatness—by the magnificence of his own works. And yet, this is comparatively the case with the great and good Audubon. Neither Audubon nor his works are as well known to the people of the United States, as the editor of many a village newspaper and his productions; and yet the former is the author of the greatest work ever published—a work unparalleled in conception and execution; and one which will long remain unrivalled in the world. We allude of course to his ‘BIRDS OF AMERICA’ and his ‘*American Ornithological Biography*.’ The former comprising four hundred and twenty-five plates, upwards of three feet long and two feet wide, with correctly coloured drawings, as large as life, of all the birds of the North American continent. These drawings are made from nature with the utmost care and precision; and are the best representations of life we ever saw. The Ornithological Biography contains a scientific and familiar description of the birds and plants represented in each plate, interspersed with anecdotes and incidents that occurred during his travels, while collecting the specimens, and is therefore, necessarily part and portion of the great work. Now how many persons in the United States have ever seen these splendid sheets? How many possess them? Is it not true, that the very fact of their magnificence puts them beyond the reach, and consequently, their author beyond the view of the great public eye? Even the scarcity and costliness of the Ornithological Biography makes it a closed book to the public press, and consequently, we rarely see a notice, much less an extract from its delightful pages. A rare instance of good fortune has lately put the editor of the Turf Register in possession of a copy of this great work, plates and all, and it is his intention to make copious extracts from it. We begin with the following sketch of the wild horse, from which we think our readers will derive both pleasure and instruction. We also copy from it a very pleasant article, entitled ‘Fishing in the Ohio;’ and in future numbers shall continue to copy freely from the work, especially the description, habits, &c. of birds most interesting to sportsmen.

(From Audubon's American Ornithological Biography.)

A WILD HORSE.

While residing at Henderson, in Kentucky, I became acquainted with a gentleman who had just returned from the country in the neighbourhood of the head waters of the Arkansas river, where he had purchased a newly caught 'wild horse,' a descendant of some of the horses originally brought from Spain, and set at liberty in the vast prairies of the Mexican lands. The animal was by no means handsome—he had a large head, with a considerable prominence in its frontal region, his thick and unkempt mane hung along his neck to the breast, and his tail, too scanty to be called flowing, almost reached the ground. But his chest was broad, his legs clean and sinewy, and his eyes and nostrils indicated spirit, vigour, and endurance. He had never been shod, and although he had been ridden hard, and had performed a long journey, his black hoofs had suffered no damage. His colour inclined to bay, the legs of a deeper tint, and gradually darkening below until they became nearly black. I inquired what might be the value of such an animal among the Osage Indians, and was answered, that the horse being only four years old, he had given for him, with the tree and the buffalo tug fastened to his head, articles equivalent to about thirty-five dollars. The gentleman added, that he had never mounted a better horse, and had very little doubt, that if well fed, he could carry a man of ordinary weight from thirty-five to forty miles a-day, for a month, as he travelled at that rate upon him, without giving him any other food than the grass of the prairies, or the canes of the bottom lands, until he had crossed the Mississippi at Natchez, when he fed him with corn. Having no further use for him, now that he had ended his journey, he said he was anxious to sell him, and thought he might prove a good hunting horse for me, as his gaits were easy, and he stood fire as well as any charger he had seen. Having some need of a horse possessed of qualities similar to those represented as belonging to the one in question, I asked if I might be allowed to try him. 'Try him, sir, and welcome; nay, if you will agree to feed him and take care of him, you may keep him for a month, if you choose.' So I had the horse taken to the stable and fed.

About two hours afterwards, I took my gun, mounted the prairie nag, and went to the woods. I was not long in finding him very sensible to the spur, and as I observed that he moved with great ease, both to himself and his rider, I thought of leaping over a log several feet in diameter, to judge how far he might prove serviceable in deer-driving or bear-hunting. So I gave him the reins, and pressed my legs close to his belly without using the spur, on which, as if aware that I wished to try his mettle, he bounded off and cleared the log as lightly as an elk. I turned him, and made him leap the same log several times, which he did with equal ease, so that I was satisfied of his ability to clear any impediment in the woods. I next determined to try his strength, for which purpose I took him to a swamp which I knew was muddy and tough. He entered it with his

nose close to the water, as if to judge of its depth, at which I was well pleased, as he thus evinced due caution. I then rode through the swamp in different directions, and found him prompt, decided, and unflinching. Can he swim well? thought I,—for there are horses, which, although excellent cannot swim at all, but will now and then lie on their side, as if contented to float with the current, when the rider must either swim and drag them to the shore, or abandon them. To the Ohio then I went, and rode into the water. He made off obliquely against the current, his head well raised above the surface, his nostrils expanded, his breathing free and without any of the grunting noise emitted by many horses on such occasions. I turned him down the stream, then directly against it, and finding him quite to my mind, I returned to the shore, on reaching which he stopped of his own accord, spread his legs, and almost shook me off my seat. After this I put him to a gallop, and returning through the woods, shot from the saddle a turkey-cock, which he afterwards approached as if he had been trained to the sport, and enabled me to take it up without dismounting.

As soon as I reached the house of Dr. Rankin, where I then resided, I sent word to the owner of the horse that I should be glad to see him. When he came, I asked him what price he would take; he said, fifty dollars in silver was the lowest. So I paid the money, took a bill of sale, and became master of the horse. The Doctor who was an excellent judge, smiling, said to me, 'Mr. Audubon, when you are tired of him, I will refund you the fifty dollars, for depend upon it he is a capital horse.' The mane was trimmed, but the tail left untouched; the Doctor had him shod 'all round,' and for several weeks he was ridden by my wife, who was highly pleased with him.

Business requiring that I should go to Philadelphia, Barro, (he was so named after his former owner,) was put up for ten days and well attended to. The time of my departure having arrived, I mounted him, and set off at the rate of four miles an hour;—but here I must give you the line of my journey, that you may, if you please, follow my course on some such map as that of Tanner's. From Henderson through Russellville, Nashville, and Knoxville, Abington in Virginia, the Natural Bridge, Harrisonburgh, Winchester, and Harper's Ferry, Frederick and Lancaster to Philadelphia. There I remained four days, after which I returned by way of Pittsburg, Wheeling, Zanesville, Chillicothe, Lexington, and Louisville to Henderson. But the nature of my business was such as to make me deviate considerably from the main roads, and I computed the whole distance at nearly two thousand miles, the post roads being rather more than sixteen hundred. I travelled not less than forty miles a day, and it was allowed by the Doctor that my horse was in as good condition on my return as when I set out. Such a journey on a single horse may seem somewhat marvellous in the eyes of an European; but in those days almost every merchant had to perform the like, some from all parts of the western country, even from St. Louis on the Missouri, although the travellers not unfrequently, on their return, sold their horses at Baltimore, Philadelphia, or Pittsburg, at which latter place they took boat. My wife

rode on a single horse from Henderson to Philadelphia, travelling at the same rate. The country was then comparatively new; few coaches travelled, and in fact, the roads were scarcely fit for carriages. About twenty days were considered necessary for performing a journey on horseback from Louisville to Philadelphia, whereas, now the same distance may be travelled in six or seven days, or even sometimes less, this depending on the height of water in the Ohio.

It may be not uninteresting to you to know the treatment which the horse received on those journeys. I rose every morning before day, cleaned my horse, pressed his back with my hand, to see if it had been galled, and placed on it a small blanket folded double, in such a manner that when the latter was put on half of the cloth was turned over it. The surcingle, beneath which the saddle-bags were placed, confined the blanket to the seat, and to the pad behind was fastened the great coat or cloak tightly rolled up. The bridle had a snaffle bit; a breast-plate was buckled in front to each skirt, to render the seat secure during an ascent; but my horse required no crupper, his shoulders being high and well-formed. On starting he trotted off at the rate of four miles an hour, which he continued. I usually travelled from fifteen to twenty miles before breakfast, and after the first hour allowed my horse to drink as much as he would. When I halted for breakfast, I generally stopped two hours, cleaned the horse, and gave him as much corn blades as he could eat. I then rode on until within half an hour of sunset, when I watered him well, poured a bucket of cold water over his back, had his skin well rubbed, his feet examined and cleaned. The rack was filled with blades, the trough with corn, a good-sized pumpkin or some hens' eggs, whenever they could be procured, were thrown in, and if oats were to be had, half a bushel of them were given in preference to corn, which is apt to heat some horses. In the morning, the nearly empty trough and rack afforded sufficient evidence of the state of his health.

I had not ridden him many days before he became so attached to me that on coming to some limpid stream, in which I had a mind to bathe, I could leave him at liberty to graze, and he would not drink if told not to do so. He was ever sure-footed, and in such continual good spirits, that now and then, when a turkey happened to rise from a dusting place before me, the mere inclination of my body forward was enough to bring him to a smart canter, which he would continue until the bird left the road for the woods, when he never failed to resume his usual trot. On my way homewards, I met at the crossings of the Juniata river, a gentleman from New Orleans, whose name was Vincent Nolte. He was mounted on a superb horse, for which he had paid three hundred dollars, and a servant on horseback led another as a change. I was then an utter stranger to him, and as I approached and praised his horse, he not very courteously observed, that he wished I had as good a one. Finding that he was going to Bedford to spend the night, I asked him at what hour he would get there. 'Just soon enough to have some trouts ready for our supper, provided you will join when you get there.' I almost imagined that Barro understood our conversation; he pricked up his ears, and lengthened his

pace, on which Mr. Nolte caracolled his horse, and then put him to a quick trot, but all in vain, for I reached the hotel nearly a quarter of an hour before him, ordered the trouts, saw to the putting away of my good horse, and stood at the door ready to welcome my companion. From that day Vincent Nolte has been a friend to me. It was from him I received letters of introduction to the Rathbones of Liverpool, for which I shall ever be grateful to him. We rode together as far as Shippingport, where my worthy friend, Nicholas Berthoud, Esq. resided, and on parting with me, he repeated what he had many times said before, that he had never seen so serviceable a creature as Barro.

If I recollect rightly, I gave a short verbal account of this journey, and of the good qualities of my horse, to my learned friend, J. Skinner, Esq. of Baltimore, who I believe has noticed them in his excellent Sporting Magazine. We agreed that the importation of horses of this kind from the western prairies might improve our breeds generally; and judging from those which I have seen, I am inclined to think that some of them may prove fit for the course. A few days after reaching Henderson, I parted with Barro, not without regret, for one hundred and twenty dollars.

FISHING IN THE OHIO.

It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that I recall to my mind the many pleasant days I have spent on the shores of the Ohio. The visions of former years crowd on my view, as I picture to myself the fertile soil and genial atmosphere of our great western garden, Kentucky, and view the placid waters of the fair stream that flows along its western boundary. Methinks I am now on the banks of the noble river. Twenty years of my life have returned to me; my sinews are strong, and the 'bowstring of my spirit is not slack;' bright visions of the future float before me, as I sit on a grassy bank, gazing on the glittering waters. Around me are dense forests of lofty trees and thickly tangled undergrowth, amid which are heard the songs of feathered choristers, and from whose boughs hang clusters of glowing fruits and beautiful flowers. Reader, I am very happy. But now the dream has vanished, and here I am in the British Athens, penning an episode for my Ornithological Biography, and having before me sundry well-thumbed and weather-beaten folios, from which I expect to be able to extract some interesting particulars respecting the methods employed in those days in catching cat-fish.

But, before entering on my subject, I will present you with a brief description of the place of my residence on the banks of the Ohio. When I first landed at Henderson, in Kentucky, my family, like the village, was quite small. The latter consisted of six or eight houses; the former of my wife, myself, and a young child. Few as the houses were, we fortunately found one empty. It was a *log-cabin*, not a *log-house*; but as better could not be had, we were pleased. Well, then, we were located. The country around was thinly peopled, and all purchasable provisions rather

scarce; but our neighbours were friendly, and we had brought with us flour and bacon-hams. Our pleasures were those of young people not long married, and full of life and merriment; a single smile from our infant was, I assure you, more valued by us than all the treasures of a modern Cræsus would have been. The woods were amply stocked with game, the river with fish; and now and then the hoarded sweets of the industrious bees were brought from some hollow tree to our little table. Our child's cradle was our richest piece of furniture, our guns and fishing lines our most serviceable implements, for although we began to cultivate a garden, the rankness of the soil kept the seeds we planted far beneath the tall weeds that sprung up the first year. I had then a partner, a 'man of business,' and there was also with me a Kentucky youth, who much preferred the sports of the forest and river to either day-book or ledger. He was naturally, as I may say, a good woodsman, hunter, and angler, and, like me, thought chiefly of procuring supplies of fish and fowl. To the task accordingly we directed all our energies.

Quantity as well as quality was an object with us, and although we well knew that three species of cat-fish existed in the Ohio, and that all were sufficiently good, we were not sure as to the best method of securing them. We determined, however, to work on a large scale, and immediately commenced making a famous 'trot-line.' Now, reader, as you may probably know nothing about this engine, I shall describe it to you.

A trot-line is one of considerable length and thickness, both qualities, however, varying according to the extent of water, and the size of the fish you expect to catch. As the Ohio, at Henderson, is rather more than half a mile in breadth, and as cat-fishes weigh from one to an hundred pounds, we manufactured a line which measured about two hundred yards in length, as thick as the little finger of some fair one yet in her teens, and as white as the damsel's finger well could be, for it was wholly of Kentucky cotton, just, let me tell you, because that substance stands the water better than either hemp or flax. The main line finished, we made a hundred smaller ones, about five feet in length, to each of which we fastened a capital hook of Kirby and Co's manufacture. Now for the bait!

It was the month of May. Nature had brought abroad myriads of living beings: they covered the earth, glided through the water, and swarmed in the air. The cat-fish is a voracious creature, not at all nice in feeding, but one who, like the vulture, contents himself with carrion when nothing better can be had. A few experiments proved to us that, of the dainties with which we tried to allure them to our hooks, they gave a decided preference, at that season, to live toads. These animals were very abundant about Henderson. They ramble or feed, whether by instinct or reason, during early or late twilight more than at any other time, especially after a shower, and are unable to bear the heat of the sun's rays for several hours before and after noon. We have a good number of these crawling things in America, particularly in the western and southern parts of the Union, and are very well supplied with frogs, snakes, lizards, and even crocodiles, which we call alligators; but there is enough of food

for them all, and we generally suffer them to creep about, to leap or to flounder as they please, or in accordance with the habits which have been given them by the great Conductor of all.

During the month of May, and indeed until autumn, we found an abundant supply of toads. Many 'fine ladies,' no doubt, would have swooned, or at least screamed and gone into hysterics, had they seen one of our baskets filled with these animals, all alive and plump. Fortunately we had no tragedy queen or sentimental spinster at Henderson. Our Kentucky ladies mind their own affairs, and seldom meddle with those of others farther than to do all they can for their comfort. The toads, collected one by one, and brought home in baskets, were deposited in a barrel for use. And now that night is over, and as it is the first trial we are going to give our trot-line, just watch our movements from that high bank beside the stream. There sit down under the large cotton-wood tree. You are in no danger of catching cold at this season.

My assistant follows me with a gaff-hook, while I carry the paddle of our canoe; a boy bears on his back a hundred toads as good as ever hopped. Our line—oh, I forgot to inform you that we had set it last night, but without the small ones you now see on my arm. Fastening one end to yon sycamore, we paddled our canoe, with the rest nicely coiled in the stern, and soon reached its extremity, when I threw over the side the heavy stone fastened to it as a sinker. All this was done that it might be thoroughly soaked, and without kinks or snarls in the morning. Now, you observe, we launch our light bark, the toads in the basket are placed next to my feet in the bow; I have the small lines across my knees all ready looped at the end. Nat, with the paddle, and assisted by the current, keeps the stern of our boat directly down stream; and David fixes, by the skin of the back and hind parts, the living bait to the hook. I hold the main line all the while, and now, having fixed one linelet to it, over goes the latter. Can you see the poor toad kicking and flouncing in the water? 'No,'—well, I do. You observe at length that all the lines one after another, have been fixed, baited, and dropped. We now return swiftly to the shore.

'What a delightful thing is fishing!' have I more than once heard some knowing angler exclaim, who, with 'the patience of Job,' stands or slowly moves along some rivulet twenty feet wide, and three or four feet deep, with a sham fly to allure a trout, which, when at length caught, weighs half a pound. Reader, I never had such patience. Although I have waited ten years, and yet see only three-fourths of the birds of America engraved, although some of the drawings of that work were patiently made so long ago as 1805, and although I have to wait with patience two years more before I see the end of it, I never could hold a line or a rod for many minutes, unless I had—not a 'nibble,' but a hearty bite, and could throw the fish at once over my head on the ground. No, no—if I fish for trout, I must soon give up, or catch, as I have done in Pennsylvania's Lehigh, or the streams of Maine, fifty or more in a couple of hours. But the trot-line is in the river, and there it may patiently wait, until I visit it toward night. Now I take up my gun and note-book, and, accompanied by my dog, intend to ramble through the woods until breakfast. Who

knows but I may shoot a turkey or a deer? It is barely four o'clock; and see what delightful mornings we have at this season in Kentucky!

Evening has returned. The heavens have already opened their twinkling eyes, although the orb of day has yet scarcely withdrawn itself from our view. How calm is the air! The nocturnal insects and quadrupeds are abroad; the bear is moving through the dark canebrake, the land crows are flying towards their roosts; their aquatic brethren towards the interior of the forests, the squirrel is barking his adieu, and the barred owl glides silently and swiftly from his retreat, to seize upon the gay and noisy animal. The boat is pushed off from the shore; the main-line is in my hands; now it shakes; surely some fish have been hooked. Hand over hand I proceed to the first hook. Nothing there! But now I feel several jerks stronger and more frequent than before. Several hooks I pass; but see, what a fine cat-fish is twisting round and round the little line to which he is fast! Nat, look to your gaff—hook him close to the tail. Keep it up, my dear fellow!—there now, we have him. More are on, and we proceed. When we have reached the end many goodly fishes are lying in the bottom of our skiff. New bait has been put on, and, as we return, I congratulate myself and my companions on the success of our efforts; for there lies fish enough for ourselves and our neighbours.

A trot-line at this period was perfectly safe at Henderson, should I have allowed it to remain for weeks at a time. The navigation was mostly performed by flat-bottomed boats, which during calm nights floated in the middle current of the river, so that the people on board could not observe the fish that had been hooked. Not a single steamer had as yet ever gone down the Ohio; now and then, it is true, a barge or a keel-boat was propelled by poles and oars; but the nature of the river is such at that place, that these boats when ascending were obliged to keep near the Indiana shore, until above the landing of the village, (below which I always fixed my lines,) when they pulled across the stream.

Several species or varieties of cat-fish are found in the Ohio, namely the blue, the white, and the mud cats, which differ considerably in their form and colour, as well as in their habits. The mud cat is the best, although it seldom attains so great a size as the rest. The blue cat is the coarsest, but when not exceeding from four to six pounds, it affords tolerable eating. The white cat is preferable to the last, but not so common; and the yellow mud cat is the best and rarest. Of the blue kind some have been caught that weighed a hundred pounds. Such fishes, however, are looked upon as monsters.

The form in all the varieties inclines to the conical, the head being disproportionately large, while the body tapers away to the root of the tail. The eyes, which are small, are placed far apart, and situated as it were on the top of the forehead, but laterally. Their mouth is wide, and armed with numerous small and very sharp teeth, while it is defended by single-sided spines, which, when the fish is in the agonies of death, stand out at right angles, and are so firmly fixed as sometimes to break before you can loosen them. The cat-fish has also feelers of proportionate length, apparently intended to guide its motions over the bottom, whilst its eyes are watching the objects passing above.

Trot-lines cannot be used with much success unless during the middle stages of the water. When very low, it is too clear, and the fish, although extremely voracious, will rarely risk its life for a toad. When the waters are rising rapidly, your trot-lines are likely to be carried away by one of the numerous trees that float in the stream. A 'happy medium' is therefore best.

When the waters are rising fast and have become muddy, a single line is used for catching cat-fish. It is fastened to the elastic branch of some willow several feet above the water, and must be twenty or thirty feet in length. The entrails of a wild turkey, or a piece of fresh venison, furnish good bait; and if, when you visit your line the next morning after you have set it, the water has not risen too much, the swinging of the willow indicates that a fish has been hooked, and you have only to haul the prize ashore.

One evening I saw that the river was rising at a great rate, although it was still within its banks. I knew that the white perch were running, that is, ascending the river from the sea, and, anxious to have a tasting of that fine fish, I baited a line with a cray-fish, and fastened it to the bough of a tree. Next morning as I pulled in the line, it felt as if fast at the bottom, yet on drawing it slowly I found that it came. Presently I felt a strong pull, the line slipped through my fingers, and next instant a large cat-fish leaped out of the water. I played it for a while, until it became exhausted, when I drew it ashore. It had swallowed the hook, and I cut off the line close to its head. Then passing a stick through one of the gills, I and a servant tugged the fish home. On cutting it open, we, to our surprise, found in its stomach a fine white perch, dead, but not in the least injured. The perch had been lightly hooked, and the cat-fish, after swallowing it, had been hooked in the stomach, so that, although the instrument was small, the torture caused by it no doubt tended to disable the cat fish. The perch we ate, and the cat, which was fine, we divided into four parts, and distributed among our neighbours. My most worthy friend and relative, Nicholas Berthoud, Esq. who formerly resided at Shippingport, in Kentucky, but now in New York, a better fisher than whom I never knew, once placed a trot-line in 'the basin' below 'Tarascon's Mills,' at the foot of the Rapids of the Ohio. I cannot recollect the bait which was used; but on taking up the line we obtained a remarkably fine cat-fish, in which was found the greater part of a sucking pig!

[1b.

NEW RACE COURSE IN MISSISSIPPI.—We learn from a correspondent that a new race course, called the Waterloo Course, has been established between Port Gibson and Grand Gulf, in Mississippi. About two thousand dollars has already been subscribed; and they calculate their purses to be worth at least \$3,000. The organization of a jockey club is soon to take place. A sweepstakes was run over the course on the 10th May last, mile heats, \$100 entrance, which was won by T. B. Magruder's bl. c. Blacklock, by Lance, dam by Bertrand, beating a ch. filly, by John Miller, dam by Pacolet, and Gen. Nicol's br. filly, Rosalba, by Arab. Time, 2m. 1s.—2m. 7s.—2m. 11s.

The course is new and very rough; and exactly a mile, measured three feet from the inside of the track. Fine racing is expected there next fall.

FLY AND BAY FISHING.

Notwithstanding the present month is emphatically the shooting season in this section, we doubt if the proportion of anglers is not greater by twenty to one. There are hundreds upon hundreds of our citizens scattered about the country within two hundred miles of us, and probably there is not a brook, river, or pond, within that circle, in which they have not wet a line. The largest proportion are whipping their flies over the placid ponds of Long Island, where the run of trout this season is of unusually fine size. Two or three parties, made up principally of 'old hands,' have lately made a descent upon the rivers of Sullivan and Montgomery counties, in this state, and with immense success. The Williewemauk, Calikoon, and Beaver-kill, are three of the finest trout streams in this country; they are comparatively unknown to city anglers, and are less fished than any others of like pretensions within our knowledge. The trout are large, very numerous, and of the most delicious flavour. The rivers referred to lie between 30 and 60 miles back of Newburgh. To reach them from town, take any of the North River steamers to Newburgh, and the stage to Monticello, where you will find some good trouting. Five miles farther on, at Liberty, you will reach Big Beaver-kill. Make your head quarters at Mrs. Darby's, and you will be sure to find excellent accommodations, and capital fishing. You will reach the Williewemauk, seven miles further on, where Mrs. Purvis will take every care of you. At the pleasant residence of these two 'ancient and most quiet' ladies, you may spend a few weeks as delightfully as heart could wish. The shooting in the neighbourhood is particularly fine, and if you have a Manton, or a good rifle, take it along with you.

The bay fishing at this time about New York and Long Island, is capital. There are several fine steamers that make tri-weekly trips from town to the Fishing Banks outside of Sandy Hook. You leave at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, and return before sunset. Some of these excursions are exceedingly pleasant, and there are so many fishing smacks and steamers advertised daily for different places about the harbour, that you may select a conveyance, and whatever fishing you prefer, from sharks to poggys. Sea-bass, blue and black fish, sheepshead, poggys, etc. etc., are now taken in immense quantities. Last Tuesday, we made one of a party of near two hundred ladies and gentlemen, who went down to the Fishing Banks, about 15 miles outside of Sandy Hook, in the steamboat *Sun*, Capt. Lane. We cannot determine the exact number taken, but they could not have been less than *four thousand*! They were principally poggys, with a sprinkling of sea-bass, and pretty much every thing else. We fished with a large hand-line, 100 feet long, having four hooks attached, baited with clams. It was great fun; two or three at a time were caught, and your bait was taken the instant it reached within a few feet of the bottom. Several ladies particularly distinguished themselves; half a dozen sharks were constantly 'cavorting' about the boat, attracted, probably, by their beauty, and if we could have persuaded one to allow us to 'play her' on the end of our line, no doubt they would have 'risen' to such a fly.

Ah! but this *bobbing-for-whales* sort of fun is not to be named the same day with trout fishing—and on Long Island we can show you that, in such perfection as is not to be enjoyed any where else in this country. we long ago informed our friends 'where to find sport,' and can give them but little additional information in that respect, nor, indeed, do they require it. Go down by the rail road to Hicksville, and trust to the Messrs. Jackson to give you a good team, and whether you go to Smithtown, Babylon, Islip, Fireplace, or Patchogue, you cannot fail to find sport and enough of it. You can hire a better team of the Jacksons than you can in town; they have three teams that will whisk you down to Babylon (12 miles) within an hour, or to Stump Pond (at Smithtown, 21 miles,) in an hour and forty minutes.

And then to throw a fly into Conklin's pond, or Blydensburgh's, or that of Liff. Snedikor! Why it is worth an eternity of ordinary exploits with vulgar black fish or every-day bass. Our first spring jaunt is always a *fete*, and is looked forward to, like Christmas. We think of it a good month before hand, and dream of it, and, may be, talk of it in our sleep. And when at length the day does really arrive—to day—what joy! what spirits! what jumping out of bed at the first cock crow! what peeping out of window to see if the wind holds south! what hasty and half-performed ablutions! what maledictions on the inventor of shaving! what hurry-skurrying over the coffee and toast, (we are too early for rolls!) what nervousness in cracking our eggs! (all of which we boil at least ten minutes, and put in the cup at least with the sharp end upwards;) what tremulousness in spreading the honey, and slicing the hung beef! And then when we once get fairly into the open air, how difficult to restrain ourselves from turning a somerset, or kicking up our heels in some way or other, to testify the joy that is glowing in our hearts!

Just listen to the rhapsody of our trusty friend, Sylvanus Swanquill, upon 'A May day in the Meadows.' We stand ready to make our 'affidavy' in support of any fact or thesis he advances in the following graphic article upon the most delightful of rural sports. Says Sylvanus, 'We are in our favorite meadow now; and, if possible, it looks prettier than ever. The trees have grown since we were last here, and I'm sure the daisies and daffodils have increased in number and luxuriance. That chestnut had not used to be so high and spreading; those alders did not formerly throw so broad a shadow (may their shadow never be less;) those primroses were not wont so completely to cover the brook side; those wood-anemones did not hide every blade of grass along this forest bank; those blackbirds were not always a-singing; there were not two butterflies fluttering over every flower. By the horn of Dian, there is beauty enough here to swell a man's heart to the size of an air balloon! beauty of sight, beauty of sound, beauty of fragrance—all sorts of beauties waiting upon us at every step, to gladden our senses and rejoice our hearts, as if man were a god walking in Paradise, rather than the poor thing he is.

'But what have we to do with men? the fish are our fellows; water is our element; Undine is our love. *Salmo fario*, have at you! Our rod and line have been long in readiness—don't think that we had the patience

(though patience is a virtue—and the angler's virtue par excellence) to wait till we arrived at the water's-edge to put our tackle in order. No, no: four meadows off we began the important operation; and in spite of tumbling over three stiles in our path, and running against a dozen trees, all but dislocating our ancles in about twenty gutters, and running the hook into our finger about fifty times in the course of our locomotion, we have happily achieved the task, and are ready to commence operations the moment we arrive at the brook side. Mind, I call our's a brook, gentle reader: but that's my modesty. You might call it a river (excuse the compliment,) and any one who knows Willowford at all (as who doesn't by this time?) will know that the merry Bourne has just as good a claim to take rank with father Thames and 'the soft-flowing Avon' as any stream in the kingdom.

'Silence now! nobody must speak but the blackbird. Whish! goes the line through the air, as gentle as a butterfly's flight; down drops the little greendrake on the curl of the water like a snowflake, only rather softer; and see! here it comes tripping up the stream with its little wings expanded, and looking as innocent as any real ephemera that ever dropt into water.

'Don't he 'walk the waters like a thing of life?' The May-flies themselves that are hobbing up and down at his elbow take him for one of their own kin, and wonder how the deuce he manages to go sailing along against wind and tide in that way. And, without vanity be it spoken, he is the most perfect little gem of a green-drake that ever was dubbed. We made him with our own hands—the day before Christmas day last, that we might be in time—and he is really so natural that Swammerdam himself might be deceived in him. By heavens! and a better judge than even Swammerdam is taken in! We have had a rise, you will say: on the contrary, it was a dip! a bird—one of the most sharp-sighted creatures that exist, has snapt up our little make-believe: we have caught a swallow! By Saint Martin, (the properest saint surely to swear by on such an occasion,) we are now more convinced than ever of the truth of the maxim that 'a fisherman should know every thing.' For ourself, we confess our ignorance: we are regularly nonplussed, completely flabbergasted, we were never out swallow-fishing before. What to do we know not; Walton gives no instructions on this point; Cotton has not provided for such a contingency. We must treat him fish-wise. There he goes, by Jove! he has run out all our line already, and doubled our rod up to the shape of a half-moon. Hold hard a bit now, my merry gentleman, and don't flap your fins about so—your wings, I mean—steady, if you please, over the willow-bushes—gently through the alders. Another turn or two of the reel, and I shall have him within arm's length—here he comes—hollo, where's the landing-net?—there, now I have him safe in the meshes—lie still my little beauty, and let me take the hook out of your gills (craw, I mean)—there—the operation is soon over—now you are at liberty again—and away flies 'the harbinger of spring,' not a jot the worse for his adventure, only so frightened that I believe he will never stop again till he reaches his old winter quarters in Tunis or Timbuctoo.

'In just half a minute more my little pet green-drake is again at his duty. Shall I venture him this cast behind that stone where the water boils up like a steam-engine, and where the reeds and brambles grow so thickly that there is only a hole about as big as a hazel nut to throw into? It's a likely nook, and we determine on the venture. Whish! again flies our little greenie on the back of the most complaisant of all zephyrs; pop he goes into the very midst of the whirly-hole, where the waters rush with such impetuosity as fairly to jerk him out again. But he is not to be daunted: again and again he returns to the charge, and enjoys it as the petrel enjoys the storm: again and—no, not again, for a great lob-sided monster of a trout has cut him short in his career, and he is off with him across the stream with a bound which has nearly run all the line off my reel, and almost snatched the rod out of my hand. We are in the open now, however, and fair play will be had on all sides. If he can snap my gossamer gut now, let him! if he can find a flaw in the temper of rale ginuine Limerick, let him! if he doubts the quality of my hickory, let him pull till he has loosened every tooth in his head! He may tear a piece out of his own jaw—nothing more likely at the rate he is going on—but we defy him to break a filament of our tackle. Aye, plunge and splash—kick all the pebbles about, and fling the sand up like mole hills—it's of no manner of use—"this day a trout must die!"—we have set our minds upon just such a fellow as you for this fortnight past—we will have you cooked by Father Walton's own receipt (there's an honour for you!) and, as far as may be, dished up with the same ceremonies that worthy Isaac prescribes. There, now that you have disturbed all the water, and frightened all the fish between here and the next township, you will perhaps be a little quieter. So, so: that's what I call being gentlemanly; that's behaving as a fish ought to behave; nothing like taking it cool and comfortable. Now, be so good as to wait there, and not speak a word, while I get hold of the landing-net; now if you would just have the complaisance to raise yourself up a bit, and take your head out of the gravel, while I place the net gently under your silver stomacher, I should feel particularly obliged. Whew! dunder and blitzen! what's the matter now? Hurry skurry, head-over-heels, splash, dash, crash, smash! for heaven's sake take care of my best fly! pray think a little of my new hickory rod! do have bowels for my gut! There—thank the gods! I have him safe in the landing-net at last; and truly he is worth all the agony of mind I have suffered on his account: four pounds at least, and every pound of him a picture by itself. There's a 'study of a head' for you! crimson and gold, scarlet and silver, are no names to describe him by; he must be seen to be believed; rubies and diamonds are fools to him, Iris is but a streak of Warren's blacking; painting him is quite out of the question (carmine and ultramarine! pshaw, charcoal and brick-dust!) describing him is equally beyond possibility—where are the similes and metaphors to come from? There is only one thing to be done with him—I grieve to say it, but it is the lot of mortality on such occasions to feel its own impotence—there is but one thing to be done with him, and that is—to put him in the bag.'

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

RACING CALENDAR.

CULPEPPER (Va.) RACES.

First day, September 19, 1833.

Sweepstakes for all ages, each to carry 100lbs. Four subscribers at \$100 each, h. ft; mile heats.

James P. Newby's gr. g. Hardheart, aged, by Mercury, dam by Chuck-a-luck,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Thomas Doswell's ch. h. Deceiver, six years old, by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	-	4	2
A. Hickeson's b. c. Sybrant, aged, by Lafayette,	-	-	-	-	2	3
John Thompson's ch. g. five years old, by Champion,	-	-	-	-	3	4
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 52.						

Same day, second race, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts, 86lbs.; fillies 83lbs. Three subscribers at \$100 each, h. ft.; mile heats.

J. C. Gibson's b. g. Guinea Pig, by Snow Storm, dam by Vampire,	1	0	1
Thomas Doswell's b. f. by Pamunkey,	2	0	2
Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Maid of Athens,	3	dr.	
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 59s.—1m. 58s.			

Second day, purse \$200, entrance \$10; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds 118lbs.; and aged horses, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

John P. White's ch. m. Canary, five years old, by Sir Charles,	1	4	3	1
A. Hickeson's g. b. Sybrant, aged, pedigree above,	2	2	1	2
Thomas Doswell's b. m. Antiope, by Gohanna,	4	1	4	3
Mr. Fulps' ch. c. four years old, by Marseilles,	3	3	2	4
Time, 4m.—4m. 2s.—4m.—4m. 2s.				

Same day, second race, sweepstakes for three year olds. Weights as before. Three subscribers, at \$100 each, h. ft.; mile heats.

John P. White's ch. c. Hampton, by imp. Barefoot,	-	-	1	1
R. Tyber's ch. f. by John Richards,	-	-	2	2
Thomas Doswell's b. c. Chawtauik, by Pamunkey,	-	-	3	3
Time, 4m. 3s.—4m. 3s.				

Third day, purse \$300, entrance \$15; free for all ages. Weights as before. Three mile heats.

Thomas Doswell's gr. g. Dandy, six years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	3	1	1
John P. White's b. h. Alp, six years old,	-	-	2	3	2
Jas. Hansbrough's b. h. Klapper, by Mason's Ratler, dam by Walnut,	1	2	3		
Time, 6m. 2s.—6m. 3s.—6m. 12s.					

Fourth day, purse \$150; free for all ages. Weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

John P. White's ch. f. Irene, four years old, by Sir Charles,	4	4	1	1	1
John Thompson's ch. g. five years old, by Champion,	2	2	3	3	2
J. P. Newby's gr. g. Hardheart, aged, by Mercury, dam by Chuck-a-luck,	1	1	2	2	3
William Williamson's b. h. Gov. Barbour, five years old, by imp. Truffle,	3	3	4	dist.	
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 55s.—2m.					

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

FREDERICKTON (Mo.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, April 12, 1838.

First day, purse \$125; free for all ages; three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed three pounds; mile heats.

J. L. Safford's b. f. four years old, by Potomac,	-	-	2	1	1
N. B. Harris' ch. g.	-	-	1	2	2
Time, 2m. 8s.—2m. 11s.—2m. 13s.					

Second day, purse \$—; free for any horse, mare, or gelding, in the United States; weights as before; two mile heats.

Ellis & Noell's b. h. Shakspeare, Jr., aged, by Shakspeare, dam by imp. Knowsley,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Thomas T. Tunstall's ch. h. Independence, five years old, by Tom Fletcher,	-	-	-	-	-	2	dis.

Time, 4m. 8s.—4m. 13s.

Third day, purse \$125; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats; best three in five.

Henry Eidson's br. f. by Tiger,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1	1
J. L. Safford's b. m.	-	-	-	-	-	2	2	dis.

Time not given. [1b.]

CARROLTON (Ky.) RACES.

Commenced on Tuesday, May 1, 1838.

First day, purse \$30; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

H. Vaughan's b. f. Pocahontas, four years old, by Roanoke, dam by Botts' Lafayette,	-	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
George E. Blackburn's gr. f. Ariella, three years old, by Lance, dam by Bertrand,	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	2
W. P. Duvall's b. h. John Anderson, five years old, by Seagull, dam by Alfred,	-	-	-	-	-	3	3	3
Maj. E. S. Reville's cr. m. Ellen Ross, by Seagull, dam by Pulaski,	-	-	-	-	-	4	dis.	

Second day, purse \$50; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. Lorenzo, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
George E. Blackburn's ch. c. Jacob Hinkle, three years old, by Collier, dam by Hamiltonian,	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
W. P. Duvall's b. h. John T. Johnson, five years old, by Saxe Weimar, dam by Blackburn's Whip,	-	-	-	-	-	3	dr.

Third day, a silver cup worth \$20, for three year olds; weights as before; mile heats.

W. P. Duvall's b. f. Countess Bertrand, three years old, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun, by Cassina,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
H. Vaughan's ch. f. Catahoulalass, by Lance, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	-	3	2
Geo. E. Blackburn's gr. f. Ariella, by Lance, dam by Bertrand,	-	-	-	-	-	2	3
Maj. E. S. Revill's ch. c. Philo C. Bush, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster,	-	-	-	-	-	4	dis.

Fourth day, purse \$45; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. c. Jacob Hinkle, three years old, by Collier, dam by Hamiltonian,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
W. P. Duvall's b. h. John T. Johnson, five years old, by Saxe Weimar, dam by Blackburn's Whip,	-	-	-	-	-	2	dis.

No time kept for either day.

HIRAM SENOURS, Sec'y.

[1b.]

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES.

Commenced on Monday, May 7, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs.; four subscribers at \$100 each, h. f.; mile heats.

J. M. Harris' ch. c. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	-	-	3	1	1
Hon. Wm. S. Archer's b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	2
Wm. Old's b. f. by Gohanna,	-	-	-	-	-	2	3	dis.
B. Harris' c. by Monsieur Tonson,	-	-	-	-	-	4	4	dis.

Time not recorded.

Second race, same day, Match, \$500 a side, four mile heats.

P. B. Winston's b. f. Maid of Southanna, four years old, by Pamunkey, dam by Tariff, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
Wm. L. White's ch. f. Lady Russell, four years old, by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	1	2	2
Time, 8m. 40s.—8m. 50s.—8m. 38s.							

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds; weights as before; nine subscribers at \$200 each, h. f.; mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. f. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. by Goliath, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	-	3	3
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Director,	-	-	-	-	4	4
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 53½s.						

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, out of untried mares; weights as before; ten subscribers at \$200 each, h. f.; mile heats.

John S. Corbin's (Philip St. George Ambler's) b. c. Altorf, by imp. Fylde, out of Countess Plater, by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	1	1
John P. White's ch. c. by Goliath, dam by Herod,	-	-	-	-	3	2
John M. Botts' br. f. by Timoleon, dam by Tom Tough,	-	-	-	-	2	3
Time, 1m. 59s.—1m. 53s.						

Third day, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts 86lbs.; fillies 83lbs.; ten subscribers at \$150 each, h. ft.; mile heats.

John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley,	-	-	5	1	1
William Williamson's b. f. by imp. Autocrat, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	1	2	2
William L. White's ch. f. by Goliath, dam by Tariff,	-	-	3	4	4
Thomas Doswell's b. f. by Pamunkey, dam by Tariff,	-	-	2	3	5
John C. Claiborne's ch. c. by imp. Luzborough,	-	-	4	dis.	
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	pd.	ft.	
Also, the nomination of John P. White, F. Nelson, E. Townes, and John S. Corbin,	-	-	pd.	ft.	
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 59s.—2m. 2s.					

Fourth day, Proprietor's purse \$300; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds 118lbs; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. h. Charles Carter, five years old, by Lance, dam by Clay's William,	4	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. m. Corset, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Remus,	2	5	2
Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. four years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy,	1	2	3
J. P. Corbin's b. m. Irene, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar,	6	4	4
J. M. Botts' ch. f. four years old, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough,	7	3	dr.
Wm. Washington's b. f. by Gen. Brooke, dam by Timoleon,	5	dis.	
Isham Puckett's b. h. five years old, by Sir Charles,	3	dr.	
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. four years old, by imp. Barefoot, dam by Conqueror,	8	dr.	
Time, 3m. 54s.—3m. 54s.—3m. 59s.			

Second race, same day, Sweepstakes for three year olds; weights as before; seven subscribers at \$50 each, h. f.; mile heats.

C. Shackelford's b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Arab,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Geo. Pendleton's b. c. by imp. Autocrat, dam by Ratler,	-	-	-	-	3	2
Richard Longest's ch. c. by Zeleador, dam by Rockingham,	-	-	-	-	2	3
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 59s.						

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse \$600, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's br. c. Duane, four years old, by imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington,	-	-	-	-	0	1	1
John Heth's ch. c. Tornado, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Arab,	-	-	-	-	0	3	2

W. A. Verell's gr. g. Bernardo, five years old, by Pacific, dam by Young Florizel,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
F. R. Gregory's (Wm. D. Amis') gr. h. Sir Kenneth, six years old, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Aurora,	-	-	-	-	-	2	dis.
Time, 8m. 10s. Track heavy.							

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse \$300, entrance \$25; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

H. L. French's ch. f. Lorinda, four years old, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror,	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	2	1	1
Simon Cockerell's ch. h. six years old, by Bertrand,	-	-	-	-	-	2	1	1	2	2
David Myers' ch. c. four years old, by Bertrand,	-	-	-	-	-	0	0	0	0	0
F. R. Gregory's gr. f. Ann Eliza, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	-	0	0	0	0	0

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 55s.—1m. 57s.

Sixth day, silver pitcher, valued at \$300, entrance \$25; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Kirk & Heffington's ch. f. Narcissa Parish, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by imp. Eagle,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
F. R. Gregory's gr. h. Sir Kenneth, six years old, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Aurora,	-	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 6m. 8s.—6. 10s.

W. A. VERELL, *Sec'y*.

P. S. Our track is fifteen feet over a mile, and we date our age from the first of January.

The following matches also came off over the same course:

Thursday, May 3, Match, for \$4,000; four miles.

Wm. D. Amis' gr. h. Sir Kenneth, six years old, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Aurora,	-	-	-	-	-	1
David Myers' ch. c. four years old, by Bertrand, Jr.,	-	-	-	-	-	2

Time, 8m. 22s. Won in a gallop.

Monday, May, 7. Match, for \$3,000; one mile.

W. A. Verell's bl. g. aged, 96lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	1
J. Amis' ch. g. aged, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	2

Time not given. The black won by about three feet, but the judges decided against him for an alleged accidental jostle. However, I believe each party will keep their own money.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

PICTON COURSE (Ala.) RACES.

The races over this course commenced on Tuesday, May the 29th, with a purse of \$500, three mile heats.

The Picton course is in Sumter county, Ala. two and a half miles from the seat of justice, (Livingston,) is of a light sandy soil, and will eventually be as quick a track as any in the state; by an accurate measurement it is two and a half feet over a mile, three feet from the inner edge. The following gentlemen were elected officers: *President*, Col. John Long; *1st Vice President*, Wm. B. Ochiltree, Esq.; *2d. Vice President*, Dr. Jos. A. Smith; *Treasurer*, Robert Arrington; *Secretary*, John J. Jewell.

The rules of the Henry course govern the Picton—weights as follows, viz: three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings.

First day, the ball is opened with two entries for the three mile day.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. c. Pactolus, four years old, by Pacific, dam Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. Narcissa Parcet, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by imp. Eagle,	-	-	-	-	-	2	dr.

First heat.—The filly having the track, the drum tapped and they move from the stand at an easy pace for three-quarters of a mile, when the colt challenges, and they come to the stand, the first round with a business stroke, the filly leading—they make the turn on the second mile, the filly maintaining her position down the back stretch, they go head and head, but it is no go, the colt cannot give the go by, they are coming down the stretch on the second mile, and the filly is yet ahead, the pace is a killing one—around the turn they go for the stand, and now Pactolus is your time, or never—they are in the back stretch,—‘the colt has her,’ is heard. ‘I am not sure of that,’ says others. They come in the

stretch on the last run, and the colt has the lead and wins the heat. Time, 5m. 57½s.

Second heat—the filly being withdrawn, the colt galloped over, and received the maiden purse on the Picton Course.

Second day, purse \$300, two mile heats.

John Long's gr. m. Merino Ewe, five years old, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloan,	3	1	1
Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. Tom Thurman, four years old, by imp. Fylde, dam Venus, by Constellation,	2	3	2
David Conner's b. f. Taladega, four years old, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette,	1	2	dr.
James H. Moore's ch. f. Lucy Benton, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon,	4	dis.	
Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 57s.—4m. 4s.			

This was a very interesting race, and won by a nag not thought of among the knowing ones, but she proved to be a tight one, and carried off the purse in fine style.

First heat.—Taledaga had the track, Thurman second, Lucy Benton third, and the grey mare outside—the tap of the drum sends them off, after Lucy Benton had taken a run of half an hour across the track without a rider—Taledaga leading, which she maintained throughout the heat, after a sharp contest, Thurman keeping her at her work the whole way.

Second heat.—After a lapse of thirty minutes they are brought up, the drum is tapped, and they go from the stand at a stroke that is any thing but slow. Thurman, ripe for mischief, goes at the bay filly with all the spirit of a true game one, collars her on the back stretch, and they go down it dead locked, on they go at a pace that is too good to last; you must not falter, my little one, if you do, he has you—game is your only chance, if you have it you win, if not you must give way; they are in the stretch coming to the stand, the filly ahead, and but ahead, for Thurman is at her throatlatch, and they are both going at their best pace; see the filly has backed her ears, the persuaders are tipping the claret from her silky sides. Where are you, Thurman?—close up—and Richard Cahon, *alias* little Dick, is on the watch, don't give back, don't waver, or I will take from you the place you have maintained with credit; down the back stretch they go, and Dick is now bent on mischief, now Taladega it is death or victory, for Thurman is here to make the dead rush, if you live through it the day is yours, and nobly won; but the grey mare is closing up—she is up—she is passing—she is ahead. Hurra for Sunter, (the grey mare was raised and is owned in this county,) the go-along is out of you, Thurman—and, Taladega, the struggle has been long and deadly contested, your chances are gone, it is the grey mare's heat—Thurman, you have taken the run out of Taladega, but she in turn has not left you a chance to win—Lucy Benton is distanced.

Third heat.—But two are brought to the stand, Taladega being drawn. Thurman has yet a run left, and it is every body's race; they go from the stand, Thurman in the lead, but it is soon evident that the grey mare must win, and she does, after a well contested heat. Thus ends one of the most beautiful races I ever witnessed, having been closely contested from the start, and one that will long be remembered.

Third day, purse \$200, mile heats, best three in five.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. Rinordine, four years old, by Wild Bill, dam by imp. Dion,	-	-	-	-	3	2	1	1	1
James T. Jackson's b. f. Henrietta, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip,	-	-	-	-	1	1	2	3	2
Simon Cockrell's ch. h. Chronometer, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin,	-	-	-	-	2	3	3	2	3
Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. Narcissa Parish, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by imp. Eagle,	-	-	-	-					dr.
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 55s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 55s.									

A very pretty race, but won by Rinordine in fine style, and taking in consideration the state of the track, (it being new,) a first rate one, and would have been better if they could have straightened little Bill the last heat or two.

Fourth day, Purse \$190, mile heats.

James T. Jackson's gr. m. Alice Gray, six years old, by Pulaski, dam by Bellair,	-	-	-	-	3	1	1
Daniel Gray's ro. f. Sarah Helen, four years old,	-	-	-	-	1	2	2
David Conner's b. f. Taladega, four years old, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.	

Time, 2m. 2s.—2m.—2m. 6s. Track heavy, from rain the preceding night.

Thus ends the first meeting over the Picton Course, which I believe gave general satisfaction, the most perfect harmony having prevailed throughout. In the fall the purses will be as large perhaps as any in the State, the Jockey Club now being worth \$2,000 spring and fall, which will bring some of the best horses of Tennessee and Mississippi together with our own, which will comprise a fine lot and interesting sport.

JOHN J. JEWELL, *Sec'y and Prop'r.*

*State of Alabama, Sumter county:—*I do hereby certify that I superintended the measurement of the track over the Picton Course, in the state and county aforesaid, which was measured with an accurate chain, and by a competent surveyor, measuring three feet from the inside edge of the track, and the track is two and a half feet over one mile. Given under my hand this 26th day of May, 1838.

DAVID CONNOR, *member of the Club.*

CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE (Va.) SPRING RACES.

Commenced May 31, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Seven subscribers at \$100 each, h. f.; mile heats.

Thos. Dowell's b. f. by Pamunkey, dam by Tariff,	-	-	-	1	1
G. Moore's b. c. by Star, dam by Walnut,	-	-	-	2	2
M. E. Scott's f. by Zinganee, dam by Contention,	-	-	-	pd.	ft.
J. C. Gibson's c. by Zinganee, dam by Lafayette,	-	-	-	pd.	ft.
Charles Thompson's c. by Timoleon, out of Eliza Wharton,	-	-	-	pd.	ft.
Thomas D. Hansbrough's f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Jubilee,	-	-	-	pd.	ft.
Wm. L. White's c. by Goliah, out of Maid of Athens,	-	-	-	pd.	ft.

Time, 1m. 55s.—2m. 3s.

Second race, same day, purse \$70, entrance \$10; free for all ages. Weights for three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. One mile.

B. Hansbrough's br. g. Guinea Pig, four years old, by Snow Storm,	1
Thomas C. Rexey's ch. g. Dwarf, five years old, by Champion,	2
James Willis' bl. c. Lord Hale, four years old, by Truffle,	3

Time, 1m. 58s.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds. Weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft.; mile heats.

J. C. Gibson's (Judge P. P. Barbour's) b. f. Melicent, by Goliah, dam by Hotspur,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Mr. Crow's h. c. by Star, dam by St. Tammany,	-	-	-	-	2	2
A. Payne's ch. c. by Autocrat, dam unknown,	-	-	-	-	3	3
Wm. L. White's f. by Goliah, dam by Timoleon,	-	-	-	-	pd.	ft.

Time, 1m. 59s.—1m. 55s. Won easily.

Second race, same day, purse \$50, entrance \$5; free for all ages. Weights as before. One mile.

James Willis' bl. c. four years old, by imp. Truffle,	-	-	-	1
Thomas C. Rexey's ch. g. Dwarf, five years old, by Champion,	-	-	-	2
Dr. Slaughters' b. h. Tickle Toby, five years old, by Snow Storm,	-	-	-	3

Time, 1m. 55s. Won easily.

Third day, purse \$100, with the gate money of the day added; free for all ages. Weights as before. Two mile heats.

John P. White's ch. m. Canary, six years old, by Sir Charles,	-	1	1
Wm. L. White's b. g. Sam Patch, six years old, by Champion	-	2	2

Time, 4m. 6s.—4m. 12s. Won easily.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for all ages. Catch weights. Four subs. at \$25 each, \$2 50 ft. One mile.

Dr. P. C. Slaughter's b. h. Tickle Toby, five years old, pedigree above,	1
Mr. Hackley's gr. g. Blue Hawk, five years old, by Victor,	2
Mr. Whale's b. g. Little John, by Snow Storm,	3
L. Wall's ch. g. by Sir Charles.	4
Time, 1m. 55s. Won easily.	J. C. G.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, June 5, 1838.

First day, Breeder's plate, value \$100, given by the Proprietor, for three year olds (colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.) that never started in public. No subscription required, and the plate to be given annually. Nominations to be made as in a sweepstakes, the stake closing May 1. Nine entries. Mile heats.

M. McCumpsey's b. f. Esther Cooper, by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy,	2	1	1
W. S. Miller's ch. f. Minerva Miller, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko,	1	2	2
Benj. Maloney's b. c. Collin, by imp. Zilcadi,	-	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 51s.—1m. 59s.			

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds; weights as before; five subscribers at \$100 each, h. f.; mile heats.

M. McCumpsey's b. f. Josephine, by Waxey, dam by Cumberland,	1	1
Woods S. Miller's b. f. Miss Molly, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson,	2	2
Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 55s.		

Second day, the Oakland plate, (a tea service of silver,) value \$500, entrance \$62 50; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; two mile heats.

M. R. Tarlton's b. c. Conflict, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin,	1	1
Charles Buford's b. f. three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Moses,	5	2
M. W. Dickey's gr. c. Grey Eagle, three years old, by Woodpecker—Ophelia, by Wild Medley,	2	3
A. C. Antill's (W. S. Miller's) ch. f. Harpalyce, four years old, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent,	3	dis.
Col. Wm. Buford's b. f. Medoca, three years old, by Medoc, dam by Doublehead,	4	dis.
Robert Burbridge's b. f. Jemima, four years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William of Transport,	6	dis.
Samuel Underwood & Co's ch. c. Sultan, four years old, by Collier, dam by Bertrand,	-	dis.
B. S. Creel's br. f. Waxetta, four years old, by Waxey, dam by Kennedy's Diomed,	-	dis.
Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 54s.		

Second race, same day, Match \$300 a side, catch weights; mile heats.

Richard Buckley's b. f. three years old, by Ratler, dam by Hamiltonian,	1	1
J. P. Smith's bl. f. Diana Crone, three years old, by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette,	2	2
Time, 1st heat not kept—2d, 1m. 57s.		

Third day, Proprietor's purse \$500, entrance \$50; (with an inside stake of \$100, between Mary Vaughan, Mary Serene, Tom Benton, and Queen Mary;) free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

R. B. Tarlton's ch. f. Queen Mary, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer,	1	1
D. Stockton's ch. g. Crowder, six years old, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany,	3	2
R. L. Webb's (J. Lindsay's) b. f. West Florida, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac,	4	3

Wm. S. Ward's b. f. Mary Vaughan, four years old, by Waxey—Betty Bluster, by imp. Bluster, 2 4
 Robert Burbridge's ch. f. Mary Serene, four years old, by Plato, dam by Whipster, dis.
 Sidney Burbridge's br. c. Tom Benton, three years old, by Bertrand, out of Maria, by Hamiltonian, dis.
 Time, 5m. 51s.—5m. 54s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$1,000, entrance \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; four mile heats.

James K. Duke's b. h. Keph, five years old, by Hephestion, dam by Sumter, 0 1 1
 Sidney Burbridge's b. h. Dick Johnson, five years old, by Bertrand, out of Susan, by Tiger, 0 3 2
 A. Cunningham's b. c. Conflict, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 1 2 3
 Thomas G. Moore's br. m. Corinna, six years old, by Trumpator, dam by Director, 2 dis.
 Col. Wm. Buford's ch. c. Sthreshley, three years old, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 0 dis.
 W. T. Ward's b. h. Robert Burns, six years old, by Kosciusko, out of Betty Bluster, 0 dis.
 G. W. Tarlton's gr. h. Henry Harrison, by Trumpator, dam by Doublehead, 0 dis.
 Time, 8m. 12s.—8m. 2s.—8m. 27s.

Fifth day, purse \$250, entrance \$25; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

A. Cunningham's ch. f. Maria Duke, three years old, by Medoc—Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter, 1 1 1
 Charles Buford's ch. f. three years old, by Medoc, out of Butterfly, by Sumpter, 2 3 2
 George E. Blackburn's ch. f. Willina Herndon, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 5 2 3
 Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. four years old, by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 4 6 4
 Wm. Buford, Jr's b. c. Brandy, three years old, by Abalramar, dam by Tiger, 3 4 5
 W. T. Ward's br. h. Coriolanus, six years old, by Waxey, dam by Whip, 6 5 6
 Time, 1m. 48½s.—1m. 48½s.—1m. 48½s. [1b.]

NEWPORT (Ky.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, June 13, 1833.

First day, purse \$50; free for all ages; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of three pounds to mares and geldings; mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's b. f. Sally Burns, four years old, by Robert Burns, dam by Alexander, 1 1
 Maj. E. S. Revill's b. m. Meander, six years old, by Seagull, 2 2
 Time, 2m. ½s.—1m. 57s.

Second day, purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

G. H. Sinclair's b. f. three years old, by Lance, dam by Whip, 2 1 1
 Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. Lorenzo, four years old, by Bertrand, 1 2 2
 G. Coffen, Jr's ch. f. Demoida, three years old, by Collier, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 3 dr.
 Walter Thurston's ch. f. Maria Duke, four years old, by Kosciusko, of Old Court, dis.
 Time not given.

Third day, purse \$150; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Walker Thurston's b. c. Conflict, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, walked over.

Fourth day, purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

G. H. Sinclair's (Munson Beach's) gr. f. Susan, three years old, by Kirkland, out of Lady Lloyd, - - - - -	1	1	1
G. Coffen's bl. c. Orient, four years old, by Trumpator, dam by Florizel, - - - - -	2	2	2
W. Thurston's ch. f. Maria Duke, four years old, by Kosciusko, out of Old Court, - - - - -	3	3	3
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 58s.—1m. 58s.	[1b.		

LYNCHBURG (*Va*) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, June 6, 1838.

First day, purse \$200; free for all ages; three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual deduction of three pounds to mares and geldings; two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. c. Ely, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Columbus, - - - - -	1	1
John Housewright's b. f. Jane Kyle, four years old, by Greybeard, dam by Saltram, - - - - -	dis.	
Time not kept.		

Second day, Lynchburg silver plate, value \$200; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. h. Pioneer, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, - - - - -	1	1
John Housewright's (Maj. Yancey's) b. c. four years old, by Greybeard, out of Sally Flynn, by Virginian, - - - - -	2	2
Time, 4m. 3s.—4m. 8½s.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$400; free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. c. Glenn Valick, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Marquis, - - - - -	1	1
Isaac H. Oliver's ch. f. Evelyn Cameron, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, - - - - -	2	2
John Housewright's ch. g. six years old, by Greybeard, dam by Powhattan, - - - - -	3	3
Time, 6m. 2s.—6m. 5s.	[1b.	

ST. LOUIS (*Mo.*) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, June 19, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds; three subscribers at \$100 each; h. ft.; mile heats.

John Frost's ch. f. Rancopus, by Flagellator, dam by Harwood, - - - - -	1	1
Philo C. Bush's b. f. Josephine, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian, - - - - -	2	dis.
T. J. Payne's ch. f. Ellen Fletcher, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Eclipse, pd. ft.		
Time, 2m. 6s.—2m. 1s.		

Second race, same day, St. Louis plate, value \$200, entrance \$20; free for all ages; mile heats, best three in five.

S. W. Goodwin's (Davies Thompson's) b. c. John Belcher, four years old, by imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne, by Gohanna, -	3	1	1	1
John Safford's (T. T. Tunstall's) b. m. Charline, five years old, by Pacific, dam by Florizel, -	1	2	3	2
T. B. Scruggs' b. h. Little Burton, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, -	5	3	2	3
D. F. Cooper's ch. c. Kangaroo, four years old, by Uncas, dam by Orphan, -	4	4	4	dr.
K. Dye's (E. A. Darcy's) b. f. Risible, four years old, by Barrister, dam by Cockfighter, -	2	dis.		
Ab. Musick's ch. g. Botherem, six years old, by Diomed, dam by Algebra, -	dis.			
Time, 1m. 54½s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 59s.—1m. 55s.				

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$200; entrance \$20; free for all ages; two mile heats.

S. W. Goodwyn's (Davies Thompson's) ch. h. Experiment, six years old, by Jack Downing, dam by Ratler,	0	1	1
John Frost's br. f. Rights of Woman, four years old, by Dashall, dam by Sir Solomon,	3	2	2
Greer & Head's ch. f. Willina Herndon, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster,	0	dis.	
H. S. Mitchell's b. m. Polly Rutledge, five years old, by Oscar, dam by Shylock,		dis.	
Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 53s.—4m. 8s.			

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500, entrance \$50; free for all ages; four mile heats.

T. B. Scruggs' ch. f. Hebe, four years old, by Collier, dam by Bertrand,	3	2	1	1
S. W. Goodwyn's (Davies Thompson's) br. m. Margaret Arnistead, six years old, by imp. Apparition, dam by Sir Archy,	2	1	2	2
John Frost's ch. h. Franklin, six years old, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse,	1	dis.		
Time, 8m. 14s.—8m. 8s.—11m. 13s. Time not kept of last heat.				

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$300; entrance \$30; free for all ages; three mile heats.

Daniel Stockton's ch. g. Crowder, six years old, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany,	1	0	1	
John Kimball's ch. f. Proof Sheet, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel,	2	0	2	
K. Dye's (E. A. Darcy's) ch. c. Rights of Man, four years old, by Leopold, dam by Eclipse,			dis.	
Time, 6m. 20s.—6m. 11s.—6m. 48s.				

Second race, same day, for a splendid saddle, bridle, whip, &c.; free for all ages; one mile.

P. C. Bush's ch. h. David H. Branch, five years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,	1			
D. F. Cooper's ch. c. Kangaroo, four years old, by Uncas dam by Orphan,	2			
J. W. Horang's gr. m. Puss, five years old, by Grey Highlander, dam by Whip,	3			
A. Musick's b. g. Jack Andrew, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Diomed,	4			
Time, 1m. 53s.				

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse \$100, entrance \$10; free for all ages; mile heats.

Greer & Head's ch. f. Willina Herndon, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster,	1	1		
P. C. Bush's ch. h. David H. Branch, five years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,	2	2		
T. B. Scruggs' b. m. Mary Wood, five years old, by Waxey, dam by Hamiltonian,	3	3		
Time, 1m. 52s.—2m.				

[1b.]

I do hereby certify that the Springfield, (Alabama,) race track is just one mile and nine inches long, measured by myself with an accurate chain, three feet from the inside edge of the track. Given under my hand this 16th day of May, 1838.

D. McGENEE,

C. Surveyor and Secretary of the Springfield Jockey Club.

Attest, FREDERICK MERIWETHER, President of the Springfield Jockey Club.

TURF REGISTER.

BAY COLT, *three years old, property of*
HON. H. G. LAMAR and GEORGE B.
ROBERTSON.

Burke county, Ga.

Received of Hon. H. G. Lamar and George B. Robertson \$800 in full for a bay horse colt, sired by the imp. horse Fyldie, and foaled the 27th day of April, 1835, three white feet, and star in his face, dam Lady Perry, by old Gallatin, grandam by Sciolto, g. grandam by Duntatis, g. g. grandam by Charlemagne, g. g. g. grandam by Washington Shark, g. g. g. g. grandam by Sertorius. I was promised a more extended pedigree by Mr. James G. Saulsbury, who owned the original stock, but he was unfortunately killed before he complied with his promise; the above was carefully taken from him, my own knowledge of the stock is from the Duntatis mare. There is no doubt of the purity of this stock; I paid for Lady Perry \$400, in 1830, when stock was then very low. Sciolto was by imp. Diomed, (was the finest horse I ever saw, his dam produced eleven, nine of which were distinguished runners,) his dam was by old imp. Wildair, grandam by Spadille, g. grandam by imp. Crawford, &c. &c.

Duntatis was by imp. Stirling, dam by imp. Wildair, g. grandam by imp. Jolly Roger, g. g. grandam by imp. Fearnought, g. g. g. grandam by imp. Janus.

A. J. LAWSON.

May 22, 1838.

Blooded Stock belonging to Mr. MICHAEL SCHLATRE, Plaquemine, Louisiana.

1. ADRIA, b. m. bred by Wm. Williams, Esq. of Poplar Grove, near Nashville, she was foaled on the 13th day of March, 1831. For the pedigree of Adria, see A. T. R. vol. 2, page 566.

Her produce :

B. f. Earnestine, foaled March, 1837, she was got by Ossory. For the pedigree of Ossory, see A. T. R. vol. 2, page 52.

Br. c. Globe, foaled 2d day of February, 1838, was got by Lauderdale, he by Sir Archy, his dam, imp. Stoughton Lass.

Pedigree of the grey mare Sulphur Spring. She was foaled the property of W. H. Bell, in Adams county, in the state of Mississippi, in the spring of 1832. She was sired by Sir Henry Ton-

son, of Tennessee, her dam a bay mare about fifteen hands high, was sired by Carolinian, her grandam was sired by Spread Eagle; her great grandam was sired by Bay Yankee, of Virginia; he was a horse of great reputation as a racer. I refer you to the American Turf Register for the pedigree of Sir Henry, Carolinian, Spread Eagle, and Bay Yankee,

Given under my hand this the 8th April, 1838. WILLIAM H. BELL.

The Carolinian mare was raised by Mr. Joseph Clay, formerly of Virginia, and sold by him to Joseph Rudd, of whom I purchased her. This pedigree is copied from the original pedigree of the Carolinian mare, which Mr. Clay gave to Mr. Rudd.

W. H. BELL.

Her produce :

B. c. Wagram, foaled last day of March, 1838, was sired by Lauderdale.

June 22, 1838.

I do hereby certify, that the brown colt Gaslight, sold to Mr. Schlatre, was got by imp. Merman, foaled mine on the 3d day of March, 1837, his dam by Mercury, his grandam by Proserpine, by Oscar, grandam by Pacolet. See A. T. R. vol. 3, page 487, as certified by L. P. Cheatham. Also, a bay filly, Rattoon, out of the same mare, foaled in Tennessee, in the spring of 1835, by Pacific.

J. E. ROBERTSON.

Blooded Stock belonging to N. TERRY, Esq., Locust Grove, near Sanders, Ala., June, 27, 1838.

1. SANTEE, ch. c. three years old, spring, 1838, by Wild Bill, (by Sir Archy, dam Sally McGehee, by Timoleon.

2. ARKALUKA, ch. c. one year old, spring, 1838, by imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGehee.

3. TASSO, br. c. foaled spring, 1838, by imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGehee.

4. LITTLE LEADER, b. c. three years old, spring, 1838, by O'Kelly, out of Bay Doe, by Shakspeare.

5. JEWSHARP, b. c. two years old, spring, 1838, by Marion, out of Bay Doe.

6. MIRZA, br. f. one year old, spring, 1838, by Wild Bill, out of Bay Doe.

7. PANTALETTO, br. f. foaled spring, 1838, by imp. Consol, dam Bay Doe.

8. FLIGHT, gr. f. three years old, spring, 1838, by O'Kelly, out of Nancy Robinson, by Shakspeare.

9. SELOCTA, b. c. four years old, spring, 1838, by Wild Bill, dam Archess, by Sir Archy.

10. HIPPY, ch. f. two years old, spring, 1838, by imp. Leviathan, dam Clare de Kitchen, by Shakspeare.

11. ORONOKO, br. c. one year old, spring, 1838, by imp. Consol, dam Mermaid, by Shakspeare.

12. GLENNET, b. f. foaled spring, 1838, by imp. Glencoe, dam Mermaid.

13. NUBBINETTA, b. f. one year old, spring, 1838, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Bertrand.

14. DAMASCUS, ch. or gr. c. foaled spring, 1838, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Bertrand.

15. MAELSTROOM, b. c. foaled spring, 1838, by Garrison's Zinganee, out of Jenny Hunter, by Shakspeare.

16. DANGER, gr. c. three years old, spring, 1838, by O'Kelly, dam by Buzard.

17. JACK EASY, b. c. foaled spring, 1838, by Watkins Leigh, (by Shakspeare,) out of Cassandra, by Wild Bill.

18. ELIZA HOPKINS, ch. f. one year old, spring, 1838, by Wild Bill, out of Lady Washington, by Washington.

Continuation of GEN. McARTHUR and W. M. ANDERSON'S blooded Stock, of Fruit Hill, Ross county, Ohio, from vol. 7, A. T. R. page 287.

1. VIRGINIA GRAY, (dead.)

Her produce :

1833. Gr. c. Civil John, as registered at 287, No. 6 of vol. 7.

1835. A medley coloured f. Anna Medoc by Medoc.

1836. B. f. Annita, by Tariff.

Foaled the property of D. McArthur.

2. MARY HAXALL—with Woodpecker.

1833. B. g. Tomahawk, by Tariff, sold.

1834. Br. c. Mickinack, (or Turtle,) by Tariff.

1835. Br. g. Chiawco, by Tariff.

1836. Br. g. by Tariff.

1837. Missed to Ryan's Sir Charles.

1838. b. c. Corncracker, by imp. Tranby.

3. LADY McTABB, now with Cadet.

1833. Missed to Tariff.

1834. Br. g. by Tariff, sold.

1835. Ch. f. by Blue Jacket, sold.

1836. Ch. f. by Tariff, sold.

1837. Ch. c. Barchitucky, by Ryan's Sir Charles.

1838. Ch. c. Jeff Wells, by John Richards, foaled June 4th.—*W. M. A.*

4. BERTHA, ch. m. by Bertrand, dam by Gray's Buzzard, foaled 1831.

1836. B. f. Nannie Bush by Tariff.

1837. Ch. f. Carola, by Sir Charles, Ryan's.

1838. Missed to imp. Contract, now with Trumpator.

5. Ch. m. by Thornton's Ratler, dam by Forester, foaled in 1831.

1838. Ch. f. Cadetta, by Cadet.

6. Br. m. by McDuffie, dam by Whipster, grandam by Ewings' Old Court; McDuffie, by Davis' Hamiltonian, his sire was Tayloe's, or Pollock's Hamiltonian, the same horse; Whipster and Old Court were by Blackburn's Whip, and Old Court's dam was also the dam of Woodpecker, and was by imp. Buzard, she was foaled 1832.

1838. Gr. f. Civilia, by Civil John, for him see vol. 7. page 287, T. R.—*W. M. A.*

7. BLUEING, by Tariff, dam by Van Mater's Diomed, foaled 1833.

1838. Ch. f. Blue Grass, by Roanoke, Jr., he by Randolph's Roanoke, dam by Marske, grandam by imp. Medley; g. grandam by imp. Janus, out of a full blooded mare, the property of Samuel Baldwin, of Prince Edward county, Va. so says his bill.—*Bred by W. M. A.*

8. LARGE, b. m. by Cherokee, dam and grandam, by Job Stevenson, certified were both full blooded Medley mares.

1838. B. c. by Ryan's Sir Charles, (died the day foaled.)

W. MARSHALL ANDERSON.

D. McArthur.

D. McArthur.

W. M. Anderson.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

SEPTEMBER, 1838.

[No. 9.

CONTENTS.

Sporting intelligence from Arkansas, 385	Game laws, 418
Arabian horses, 386	The racehorse region, 419
New jockey clubs, 387	The horse doctor abroad, 420
Blood horses wanted in Georgia, . . 388	Deer hunting, 421
The Whisperer, 389	Bots in horses, 425
Handley-cross hounds.—No. IV. . . . 397	
Eels and eel fishing, 408	RACING CALENDAR—Races at
The turf and its uncertainties, . . . 410	St. Francisville, La. 427
Opinions of Barrymore, 417	Charlestown, Va. 432
Distemper in dogs, 418	Somerville, Tenn. 432

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE FROM ARKANSAS.

MY DEAR SIR:

Batesville, Ark. July 19, 1838.

THE brilliant career of Boston, and his less fortunate rival, Duane, go to prove, that now and then, *Old Timoleon* got a racehorse. There is something unaccountable in the performance of the get of this *great racer*. Sally Walker, Sally McGhee, and Washington, were extraordinary animals—but, since *their day*, what one of *his* get has performed well, until Boston by a continued series of brilliant victories, placed sire and son on the top pinnacle of fame? I do think, however, with good management, Duane would now beat him; though, I think, Duane *being bottled up*, while Charles Carter was putting Boston up to 7m. 40s. must have given the former a decided advantage over the latter. Boston was got by *Timoleon*, out of a full sister to Tuckahoe (owned by Mr. Wickham, and the dam of Robin Brown.) Duane was by imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington, by Washington, Washington by Timoleon—so there is a quarter Timoleon blood in Duane. Mazeppa had the same quantity of

Timoleon blood in him, and I do think, in proper hands, he would have made the finest racehorse in America. Were I to arrange nags so as to make a fine race, and a heavy betting one, I would place Boston in Wm. R. Johnson's hands, Duane in Billy McCargo's, Balie Peyton in Garrison's, Decatur in Jack Heth's, (with Allcock for a trainer,) and Steele in Hammond's hands—four mile heats, \$5,000 entrance.

I was much interested by the articles 'English Training, &c. and Breeding, Training, &c.' in the June number of your valuable work. I cannot account for their adhering to such a system of sweating, as that described by 'A.' It is no wonder so many of their horses knock up in training—the heavy weights and short distances run in England make them breed more for speed than bottom. I agree with 'A' that three and four mile races, are the only test of blood—abolish them and substitute short races in their stead, and you will destroy the racehorse.

Our prospects for racing this fall are very good indeed, as there have been *imported* from Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, some choice nags—among them, Experiment, by Jack Downing; John Belcher, by imp. Barefoot, (out of Ariadne's dam, the full sister to Lady Nashville;) Proof Sheet, by Eclipse; and others. Over the Fort Smith course, which is immediately on the Indian line, there will be some exciting racing this fall.

There is a club formed at Pine Bluffs, and one at Fayetteville, which, added to the Batesville and Little Rock clubs, make five in all in the state.

The people of Arkansas are turning their attention to the rearing of blood stock. It will be profitable to them, for no country that I have ever seen is so well adapted to that purpose as this.

Truly yours,

N. OF ARKANSAS.

(Translated from De Lamartine for the Boston Atlas.)

ARABIAN HORSES.

One must see the stable of Damascus, or those of the emir Beschir, to have a correct idea of an Arabian horse. This superb and graceful animal loses his beauty, his gentleness, and his picturesque figure when he is taken from his native and his accustomed habits, and brought to our cold climate, and the shade and solitude of our stables. He must be seen at the door of the tent of the Arab of the desert, his head between his legs, tossing his long black mane, and brushing his side, shining like copper or silver, with his long tail, whose extremity is always tinged with henna; he must be seen decked with brilliant housings, trimmed with gold, and embroidered with pearls; his head covered with a net of blue or red silk, woven with gold or silver, and edged with tinkling points which fall from his forehead over his nostrils, and with which he conceals, or shows at each movement of his neck, his fiery, large, and intelligent eye-ball; he must be seen above all, in numbers of two or three hundred, some lying in the dust of the court, others fettered by iron rings and fastened to long cords which cross these courts, others free upon the sands and leaping

with one bound over the rows of camels which stand in their path; some held by young black slaves, clothed in scarlet vests, the horses affectionately putting their heads upon the shoulders of these children; and some playing together as free and unconfined as the wild colts of a prairie, standing around, rubbing their heads together, or mutually licking each other's shining and silvery hair; all looking at us with an uneasy and curious scrutiny, on account of our European dress and strange language, but soon becoming familiar, and coming gently, holding out their necks for us to stroke. The restless expression of the physiognomy of these horses, are perfectly incredible till one has seen it for himself. All their feelings are expressed in their eyes and in the nervous movements of their mouths and nostrils, as distinctly and expressively as upon the countenance of a child.

When we approached them for the first time, they exhibited as much dislike and curiosity as a man would feel at the sight of an unexpected and disagreeable object. Our language especially astonished them, and their ears pricked up and bent backward or thrown forward, showed their surprise and uneasiness. I admired especially, several valuable mares, reserved for the emir himself. I offered by my interpreter 10,000 piastres for one of the handsomest; but an Arab would not sell, at any price, a mare of the best breed, I therefore was unsuccessful.

NEW JOCKEY CLUBS.

Intelligence has reached us of the organization of three new Jockey Clubs within the week past, from which some idea may be formed of the unexampled increase of blood stock and the universal popularity with which the sports of the turf are beginning to be regarded in different sections of the country. Probably not less than thirty new Jockey Clubs have been established within the last three months, and the fact is one of the highest importance. The organization of every new club gives increased value to the stock of the breeder and the turfman, and we see no reason why it will not command higher prices than ever upon the general resumption of business throughout the Union. Notwithstanding more capital has been invested in breeding since 1830, than the whole amount previously expended in this country in rearing blood stock, the supply is still inadequate to the demand. The market for first rate performers or fashionably bred young things of good promise, was never better than at this moment. Indeed we question if a first rate tried horse will not command a higher price than ever. When could Duane, for instance, have been sold for over \$12,500? Mr. Neill has refused \$15,000 for Decatur, and it is notorious that \$5,000 has been refused for ten or fifteen three year old colts and fillies, that have come out this spring. It is no less true that there are four or five two year olds within fifty miles of this city which would command the same price. Messrs. Jackson and Boardman, of Alabama, the most extensive breeders, probably in the Union, have refused this season \$2,500 for yearlings, and it is well known

that Col. Hampton, Col. Crowell, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Minor, Capt. Duncan, Mr. Peyton, Col. Wynn, Col. Johnson, and a score of other gentlemen scattered over the Union, have foals dropped this spring which would command the same enormous prices.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

MR. EDITOR:

Greenville, August 5, 1838.

The track at this place, was, in full meeting of the club, last fall, opened to the world. We now have within our district some fine and promising colts. Some of our breeders too, have in some measure learnt the art of bringing a nag in silky order to the polls, and our boys have been taught to ride and handle the strings properly. Our purses have been increased, several hundred dollars in value—and we are now getting up a 'citizens' cup' to be run for, two mile heats, on the opening of the races. Two fine stables are already training here—a third is preparing in Pendleton—and I understand that a fourth is training just below us in Laurens' district, with a selfish eye to the good things which we design to offer next month. There is a strong probability of some of our enterprising youth having another stable here next week. We anticipate a severe struggle for our money and prog. God help the hindmost! for he will need it badly.

BLOOD HORSES WANTED IN GEORGIA.—A correspondent writing from Oglethorpe county, Ga. says:—'We in Georgia are greatly behind any other state in raising blood stock; but at this time, there is a disposition to that object manifesting itself, and as there are but few horses of the first order here, I have no doubt, if some of your Maryland friends would send on some horse of fine form, blood, and racing character, that he would make a profitable stand. Brood mares are much wanted, but the distance is so great to the blood horse region, that our people are deterred from attempting to purchase.'

SOMETHING NEW.—A very curious feat was performed on Monday last at the Washington race course, by a youth of eighteen years of age, for a wager of fifty dollars. He was to carry a man weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, around the course, measuring one mile, which he performed with the greatest ease in seventeen minutes. After performing the feat, he ran about fifty yards and back again with his load on his shoulders, amid the loud huzzas of the multitude who had assembled to witness the feat.

[Georgetown Adv.]

St. Louis, August 17.

GROUSE SHOOTING.—Our sportsmen have a delightful time of it just now. On Wednesday last, Dr. H. Captain C. Mr. O. and Mr. M. went to the Looking-glass prairie, and in less than twelve hours, the four shot and bagged *one hundred and thirty-one* grouse. Let any eastern sportsman, or any combination of them, beat this if they can. We had the pleasure of a brace for dinner, and finer could not be desired by the veriest epicure in the land.

[Republican.]

THE WHISPERER.

[Our readers will recognize in 'The Whisperer', copied below from the English New Sporting Magazine, for July, 1838, a very strong resemblance to the *taming of wild horses* of our own country. From the article itself, little of course can be ascertained as to the mode of operating by the 'Whisperer,' enough, however, can be gathered from it to convince the *initiated* that, *something can be done in America as well as in Ireland.*]

MR. EDITOR:

The following sentence in a note of Nimrod's, in your March number, reminded me so forcibly of a poor horse-breaker, who lived not many miles from here a few years ago, that I cannot avoid requesting room for a short sketch of his practice. Nimrod says, 'I saw a remarkable instance of the power and influence of the human voice over the brute creation, when looking over the stables at Attre, with Count Duval.' My hero was a horse-breaker, I may say by birth, as were his father and grandfather before him, for he traced his genealogy through a long and unbroken line of snafflers, to Sullivan (they never took the O,) rough-rider to the unfortunate, Soogaun, Earl of Desmond. Con, better known as The Whisperer, migrated in his youth from Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick, where his progenitors had dwelt since the days of the Geraldine, to the Duhallow country, where he was almost exclusively employed by the late Lord Doneraile, as is his eldest son and heir to his secret, by the present Viscount. His fame is not altogether confined to the narrow circle where he exercised his miraculous powers, for he is honourably mentioned in the Rev. Horace Townshend's Statistical Survey of the county of Cork. I cannot at present refer to the work, but as well as my memory serves me, Mr. Townshend states, that he was on a visit at Lord Doneraile's, where he had ocular demonstration of the effect of Con's 'ear-kissing arguments,' nothing short of which could have convinced him that the whispering was not a cheat. He is also introduced by Banim, in his novel, 'The Boyne Water,' where by a trifling anachronism, acknowledged in a note, he is made to play a conspicuous part about a century before he was born.

According to Nimrod, Count Duval's power did not altogether lie in the voice, for he lectured his horse with his 'clenched fist in his face.' But Sullivan, or, as his son invariably pronounces the name, Soolivan carefully avoided all gesticulation, and trusted entirely, as will be seen, to some combination of sounds,* known only to himself. I gleaned most of the particulars which I am about to detail, from his second son, who is whipper-in to the Duhallow hounds; others I heard from some old members of the club, who often saw him charm, and who fully corroborated the son's statements. His *modus operandi* was by a whisper, and hence

* We question if his secret consisted in the employment of any combination of *sounds*. Some curious particulars respecting the taming of wild horses in America, by what has been called a '*charm*', will be found among the Varieties in our present number.—EDITOR NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE.

his cognomen. He was so anxious to avoid the slightest appearance of bullying that he generally walked up to the subject that he was about to tame, with his hands behind his back. So unaccountable, so magical, was the power he instantaneously acquired over the most savage brute, that his parish priest, who had good and sufficient grounds for not believing him a saint, threatened to denounce him as a sorcerer, if he did not reveal his secret. But Con put his trust in Lord Doneraile, and defied the priest, the pope, and the devil. Unlike the Count Duval, whose lesson appears to have been forgotten before the teacher was out of sight, his whisper made an indelible impression, and invariably brought the pupil to a degree of docility, unattainable, by the usual course, in months of the severest discipline.

One of his most public and best remembered performances, was on King Pepin,—a famous racer when he *would* go, but that was only when he was in the vein. He used sometimes get into a vicious humour, when it became a service of real danger, and sometimes utterly impossible, to saddle him, and fame said he had killed two grooms at the Curragh. Be this as it may, he was brought out to start for a heavy plate at the Mallow races, and when saddling time came, it found him in one of his unmanageable moods. He reared, plunged, and flung out fore and aft until he completely cowed groom and jock. It was at this crisis, when he appeared to have it all his own way, and when the men in charge of him, having given up all hope of getting him to start, were consulting as to how they could coax him back to his stable, that some one who had backed him p. p., recommended that he should be '*whispered*.' As it was the only chance left of taming him in time for the start, his owner gladly availed himself of it, though warned that horses were sometimes thrown into a state of stupor by the process, and that it always took more out of them than a four-mile heat. Con, who never missed a race, was soon found, and he was delighted at the opportunity of '*fwhuishperin* before so much *quollity* from all parts.' 'Shew us the wild baste,' said he 'and we'll soon tache him manners.' When he got within the circle, and a wide one it was, in which Pepin was playing his antics, he walked up to him, with his hands behind his back, nor could he have put his trust in the power of the 'human face divine' over the brute creation, for he went up from behind. He mumbled some words as he approached, which, though not quite inaudible, were as unintelligible as a sermon in the unknown tongue, but they had a most magical effect on his majesty, for he stood stock still. Sullivan then patted him on the neck, while he whispered a word or two in his ear, whereupon Pepin went on his knees, and incontinently lay down, as methodically as Ducrow's best trained and oldest stager. The Whisperer then stretched himself on him at full length, took out a pouch, containing pipe and tobacco, flint and steel, struck a light, and blew a cloud, as he lounged on the belly of this high-mettled colt, with as much composure as if he were seated on a bench in his favourite tap-room. After two or three puffs, he got up, beckoned the nag to his legs, saddled him, and walked off to the starting-post, followed by the horse, fawning on him, if I may use the phrase, like a dog. There were

no more difficulties, except to win the race, which young Sullivan says he did in a canter. Now all this, I feel, sounds very like a *Jonathanism* or a Munchausen, for even in his own day most people, like Mr. Townshend, were indisposed to admit such extraordinary facts on hearsay evidence; but no one ever saw him 'whisper', without feeling convinced that he possessed some almost superhuman gift. I am really at a loss how to satisfy the English reader that I am not '*ranging* through the fields of fancy,' but as this will be read by many persons in the neighbourhood where Sullivan lived, the only thing I can do is to challenge contradiction. There is not a sportsman in Duhallow that has not heard of him, and there are many still living who knew him well, and were eye-witnesses to his performances.

Sullivan's introduction to Lord Doneraile was quite in character. I shall give it in *verbum verbo*, as I had it from his son, the whipper-in. 'It was in a day the lord was dhrivin his own coach an four from Ballygiblin,—'twas the ould Colonel lived there thin, an a finer sportsman than that same ould gentleman, God never put the breath of life in, and sore and sorry I am I can't pray for him* this blessed mornin. But, as I was sayin, as the lord was dhrivin about half-way betwinst the two great houses, one of the out-riders come up, and 'plase your honor my lord,' siz he, 'Wildfire—he was the off side wheeler—has lost a fore shoe, and he's very tindher.' 'Thundher-an-ounds,' siz the lord, 'what will we do at all, at all!' 'Twas what med him in such trouble, that same coach-horse was a born divil in regard to shoein him, for that smith never dhruv a nail, could as much as put one remove† on him before or behind widout he'd sling him. Well, on they went for a little spell, till Wildfire fell dog lame, an the lord pulled up foreanest Shawn Gow's forge, and when Shawn cum out, the lord med him sinsible of how the case was with him. 'We'll spaneel‡ his two hind legs,' siz Shawn, siz he, 'an run a fetthers from that to his fore fetlock, then clap a grin upon him, an shure if he had double the divilment your honour says in him, that'll hould him while I'm tackin an ould slipper to him will car your honour home any how.' But the lord was for throwin him down, and Shawn sayin agin it, when who should ride up, and they argufyin that way among'em, but Soolivan. 'God bless the work,' siz he, 'an thim that's at it, not overlookin your honour an the cattle,' takin off his hat to the lord; 'an may a poor boy make bould for to ax what houl't you're in?' 'A hard case enough,' siz the lord himself, tellin him all about it, jest as I'm afther tellin your honour. 'Shure then' siz Soolivan, 'tis myself is the boy can relase you, if that's all that's throublin you.' 'Tis asier said than done', siz the lord. 'The divil a taste!—not contradictin your honour,' siz my father; jest lave the boys be afther untacklin him out, and let myself an himself have as

* Sore and sorry I can't pray for him. It is by no means orthodox to pray for heretics.

† A remove, putting on an old shoe.

‡ Spaneel, a hair rope used for coupling up a cow's legs when she is being milked.

much as one minit's discourse all alone to ourselves inside in the forge there, an I'll give you my head in my hand if I don't make him stand as quiet as e'er a baste your honour ever spread your fork upon.' 'Whoy man,' siz a pot-bellied English coachman who was cocked up cheek by jowl wud the lord, 'that 'orse wouldn't never go into a forge, the very soight of the 'ammers, or the hanvil, would make him run from his hoats.' 'Thrial makes mention,' siz my father, lookin very contemptible, as you'd say, at fat chops, but he said nothin, he not being as bowld on the lord the same time as he was afther.'

'Any port in a storm,' is a good maxim, thought Lord D., so he ordered Wildfire to be unharnessed. 'Goosh a chopuleen!'^{*} siz Soolivan, an into the forge he walked, the horse follyin him as tame as a spannil would a dog tacher. 'My eye, if that ere chap aint a rum un!' said coachee. But little time my father gave 'em for talkin, when he bid 'em walk in if they plases. 'What's that I sees?' cries the lord, openin his two eyes like a body would be afther sein a ghost. 'Wisha, nothin at all your honour,' siz the Fwhuishperer, 'only a little advice I'm afther givin this poor baste, in regard of the foolishness of sayin agin them that wor for his good, and he's no way fractious now, for siz he to me, afore I spoke three words to him, siz he 'what's your will is my pleasure, and I'll never no more do nothing out of the way;' an I'll be bound he'll have Shawn Gow lift his leg as paceable as if he was but skin and bone.' When the sarvants, and the smith, and the rest of em, seein him houldin up Wildfire's leg it bein the first time he done any thing of the likes in Duhallow, faix they had a mind to be in his wool, thinkin him no betther nor the ould boy himself; an only for the lord, the divil a whole bone they'd lave in his skhin, when they seen he wasnt anything bad, by his blessin himself, when one of em that was comin from a station[†] threw a dhrop of holy wather on him. Howsumever the lord had enough to do to keep the pace, for siz Shawn Gow and the rest of em, siz they, 'no honest man barrin the clargy, could make a baste spake,'—the mudhauns thinkin my father was in earnest, an he only a jokin, when he toul't em what Wildfire said to him; more-over them as knew the horse's ways, thought it jist as wundherful to see him houldin up his leg as for to hear him. Then when the hot shoe was clapped to his huff, the divil a stir he stirred, and afther 'twas clinched and rasped, and Shawn left go his leg, divil a bit of it he'd lave to the ground but houldin it up as stiff as a piece of crooked iron. You're afther ruinatin the horse, you vagabone of a botch,' siz the lord, quite aggrated, to Shawn; 'tis asy seen you dhruv every whole nail into his very quick, an he'll never put a toe to the ground again.' Wud that he runs over to look at the clinches, and then tries to straighten the leg, but he may as well think to unbend the band of a wagon wheel wud his finger and thumb.—May I never go home alive, only the saddle I'm setin on to be my death-bed, if I'm tellin your honour one word of lies, but as Jack

^{*} Goosh a chopuleen—Come little horse.

[†] Station. A meeting held at a private house for hearing confessions when mass is always said and water blessed.

Dimpsy and Mick Mahony, the two outridhers the lord had that day, that seen it all wud their two livin eyes, toul't it to me' said the whipper-in, who seemed to think this part of his story required some confirmation.

'Well, when they wor in the hoight of their wunderhin, my father walks over and he rubs the leg for a bit, till 'twas as soople as a gad,* then he left it down, and all at wanst (once) a cold sweat broke out through every bit of Wildfire's carkiss, for all the world as if a can of could suds was spilt upon him. Well, not to tire your honour, while the boys were rubbin the sweat off the horse, and clappin the harness on him, the lord was thryin to coax the sacret out of my father, but he may as well be whistlin jigs to mile stones. 'Twasn't long till he seen 'twas idle to be at him, so he handed him five goolden guineas—they wor plentier that time than notes—tellin him to come to Doneraile the next day, and thry his hand on a rumbuntious cowl't which was afther breakin the hearts in every one that put a hand in him; 'and,' siz he, 'if you do his job, as clane and clever as you done Wildfire's I'll make a man of you for the rest of your days.' 'I'm behowldin to your honour my lord,' siz my father, 'and never you fear but what I'll bring that cowl't to his sinses in less than no time, whatsumever sort he is.' Threw for him he did, and, well become the lord, he paid him like a born gentleman, and if me fadther had a ha'porth of sense he'd never see a poor day, nor them that came afther him. But his heart was never in the penny, and what he got aisy, he spint freely, and may the heavens be his bed any way, fur he had the sperrit of a man in him, and never done nothing mane.'

Time and place were alike indifferent to Sullivan, and his cures were as lasting as his system was infallible. But all greatness must have its drawbacks, and when Con's renown spread far and near, the keeper of his conscience became alarmed for the well being of his soul. His reverence who knew there was nothing fabulous in the stories which came to his ear every day, of some new performance of the Whisperer's, thought himself in duty bound to lecture him on his iniquities, for all charms are held to be highly sinful. He first scolded him well in private, and then anathematized him from the altar, as a dealer in the black art, until 'loud whispers through the assembly went,' at least through the female part of it, that Soolivan was to be avoided, as if he were Beelzebub himself. Con, however, though he would not renounce his errors, had to bend to the storm by changing his quarters when he found the district too hot for him, and, taking new ground for a season, to let the breeze blow over. But his heart was in the Doneraile stables, for his lordship never allowed his pampered colts to be handled until they were five off, when they gave Sullivan full scope for the display of his powers; and, according to his son, 'he wasn't aisy in his mind, till he was among 'em once more.'

Soon after his return, he met Father James at the turn of a road, where ne could not well turn and flee, so he stood his ground manfully. 'Well, sir,' said the priest, in his sternest accents, 'do I see a new man before me, or are you come back to renew your diabolical sorceries in your old

* Gad—a twisted twig.

haunts?' 'Plase your riverence,' said Con, 'bein no scholar, I can't rightly understand them rocks of English that comes so natural to you; but may be your honour would soften your language a bit, so that a poor boy like myself would be able to pick some brains out of what your're sayin.' 'Come, come, sir, none of your humbug for me,' replied Father James; 'you know very well I want you to tell me, whether or not you have given up your dealings with the devil?' 'How would I give up what I never had, I'd like to know, sir? An shure moreover it wouldn't be for the likes of me to come between the clargy and their customers, and along wud that, 'tis little dalins myself wud like to have with that same ould boy, sein I couldn't bother him wud de latin, and that's the only fwuisherper would frighten him.' 'I see you are growing hardened in your iniquity,' said the priest, who heard him to an end; 'but I now warn you, if you don't explain every thing to my satisfaction before next Sunday, I will curse you with bell, book, and candle, and close the gates of heaven against you for ever.' Sullivan took a minute or two to reflect, and then replied in a most submissive tone, 'shure, sir, 'twas looken for your riverence I was to give myself up to you, for I don't get rest, or pace from the woman (his wife,) night or day, only she to be tellin me I couldn't have look or grace, if I'd be standin out agin the clargy. So I'll just lave yourself into the whole sacret of the matther, and I'll go bail, when you knows all, your riverence won't say but what a bishop may fwuisherper a four year ould filly of a Chrissmus mornin, and say his three masses afther. Now, to shew you the whole ins and outs of my manin (meaning,) I'll jest spake one word to Paddhereen (the priest's mare.)' He then applied his mouth to to Paddhereen's ear, and whispered her with a vengeance, shewing that he could not alone cast out the evil genius, but that he had a whole legion of spirits at his command, for any prank. The magic sounds had no sooner reached Paddhereen's ear, than a hundred-donkey power of stubbornness took possession of her, enlivened by a dash of peevishness which could be only equalled by an old maid's when just refused by her own footman. Sullivan moved off a few paces, to enjoy the effects of his *ruse*, and torment poor father James, who could neither coax or coerce Paddhereen to move one step, while she met every effort of his to alight either by a bite at his legs, or a sudden whirl, as if she moved on such a pivot as they turn the railway carriages on. At last his reverence had to sue for peace, and Con made his own terms before he took off the spell, stipulating for full permission to exercise 'the little janus God gave him,' in his own way, and when and where he pleased.

Soon after this, he whispered for a wager at Lord Doneraile's, but let me tell it verbatim, as his son told it to me. 'Twas iv a cahirmee fair day; there was a dale of company at the great house, an what should my lord dhraw up to 'em—only Con Soolivan the fwuisherperer! 'That man,' siz the lord, 'is one of the seven wundhers of the world.' 'I often hear tell of him,' siz O'Grady, from Kiballyowen. 'So did I,' siz one O'Meagher, from county Tipperary, 'but I wouldn't give into any sich like ramaashe,*

* Ramaashe—nonsense.

an I have a coult at home, that I'll bet fifty guineas he wont as much as throw a leg over him in a week.' 'Done, for five hundbert!' siz the lord. 'Done, for the fifty, or a hundbert if you like,' siz O'Meagher; and wud that they fastened the bets, and down they claps a hundbert a piece, and the butler was sent out for my father, and in he walks him where they were dhrinkin their wine; an often I hear him tell, God rest his sowl, that every single glass upon the table was goolde, or silver at the laste. But my father bein used to the ways of the place, he was no way cowed, but he rises his leg to make a gentle scrape, when as the divil wud have it, he scrapes the shkin off the butler's shins. 'Bad luck to your brogues!' siz the big, fat Englishman, siz he in a fwhuishper like. 'You're betther not curse the wearer, and that's myself,' siz my father, quite sperrited, so that they all hear him. 'Hould hard, Con,' siz the lord, 'and hear to me; I sent out for you to tell you, I'm afther howldin a wager out of you wud this gintleman here, that you'll back a four year ould coult of his in one day.' 'Plase your honour my lord, wouldn't you make it one hour wud him?' siz he, 'for that baste was never foaled, I wouldn't make dance on a platther in less time.'

'Well, but to make a long story short, the day come round and the coult was brought up, and three horse ridhers, he got the upper hand of down the counthrey, come up along wud him. A dale of gintlemen too, was there from all parts, an they shakin hands wud my fadther, when he was for goin into the barn where the coult was loose, for 'twas a part of of the bargain he was to saddle and bridle him wudout no help. Well, my dear, when he was walkin in all alone be himself, one of the jockeys axes him, thinkin he'd cow him, 'was he afther makin his sowl? for that coult is called the man-ather (man-eater,) siz he. 'If he never et but the likes of you of a monkey,' siz my father, lookin at him most scornful—for he was a crichauneen* of a thing, wouldn't weigh six stone,—'they calls him out of his name,'—and in he goes wudout as much as a bit of a twig in his hand. It wasn't very long till he sung out for 'em all to come in, an when the sthrangers seen himself and the wild baste, for they thought he was no betther, lyin down a-top of one another as grauverly† as ever you seen a child and a fat pig sthretched together in one sop, you'd think 'twas the shky was fallin or something else unnatural come to pass, they wor all in sich wundhermint. 'The sign of the cross betwinst us and all harum!' siz one Tipperary man; 'If you aint the ould boy (old Nick) himself, you're an enchaanter of magic, so you are, and Con Soolivan I wash my hands out of you.' 'Well, if that don't bang card-cuttin and fortune-tellin, I'm a Dutchman!' siz another of 'em; 'shure Fune-macool,‡ nor the Seven Champions,§ never done the likes.' 'Give us none of your nonsense, you pair of ould donkeys,' siz the crichauneen, quite smart;

* Crichaun.—A small potatoe, crichauneen is therefore a double diminutive.

† Grauverly.—Lovingly.

‡ Fune-macool.—Fingal.

§ Seven Champions.—The history of the Seven Champions was at one time a text book in every hedge school in Ireland.

'did he throw a leg over him yet I axes?' 'Is that all that's troublin you, avic*?' siz my father; 'we'll soon ase your mind far you, but we'll shew a little more action here first.'

'Wud that, he bids one of the gorsoons, used to be about the stables, to go fitch him his raazure, and the rest of the tacklin for shavin. Well, what does he do, but tie the lookin glass to the coult's fore leg, and makes him hould it up, then spraddles across him, lathers away, and shaves himself as clane as e'er a barber in Cork would do it,—excusin himself, by coorse, to the quollity for making so free before 'em. 'Mount him now,' siz the lord. 'Hullups, bramaheen!† siz my fadther, and while you'd be saying 'thrapstick!' the coult was on his legs. 'Now for it Soolivan!' cries my fadther, an he takes one leap out of his belly and goes on to the coult's back clane in the first hop. Then the coult, he shuck his head, an he riz one leg afther the other, shiverin in his shkin till the big dhrops was runnin down off him jest like a horse you'd be afther givin the first sweat to for a steeple-chase, an they all thought he was goin to lie down upon him, for that was a way he had. 'None of your thricks upon thravlrs,' siz my fadther, an he gives him the heels, and screws his knees into him, ill you'd think he'd crack his ribs, then walks him up and down the barn as quiet as an ould throoper. 'Crohooreen,‡ siz he to the small boy that brought him the raazure, 'go fetch me the litle dhrum the young lord gave you the day of the wran-boys.' He then rode him out of the house, through the yard, and up and down the lawn, foreanenst the great house, and the windies full of ladies; and to shew them some divarsion he kept croostin Pathrick's Day on the dhrum for the bare life, beatin time wid his heels on the coult's ribs the whole time. Well, if he didn't open the eyes of the Tipperary men, there isn't a cottoner in Cork, that's all! But the dhrollest part of it all was, the lord wouldn't take the wagers, it bein no more nor less than a bubble bet, 'for no man who knew Con Soolivan,' says he, 'would bet agin him.' Howsomever, O'Meagher done his best to make him take it, but 'twas no use, an then he put his hand in his pocket an he gave my fadther a five pound note, an all the rest of the gintlemin gave him more or less, an when he gother all his winners he had as good as twenty pound by the job.'

The only other performance of Con's which I shall venture to give here, was on an artillery horse, pronounced unmanageable and unserviceable by men and officers. There was at the time a small park stationed at Mallow, and amongst a lot of horses for draught, was one that the drivers could neither lead or drive. He was put in single, and double harness, as leader, and to the wheel, alternately coaxed, beaten, or dragged along, but all to no purpose; not an ounce would he draw, and he was fit for nothing else. At last he was sold by auction for a few shillings, the Whisperer being the purchaser. No sooner was the precious lot knocked down to him, than he asked a carman who was passing by to

* Avic.—My son.

† Hullups, bramaheen!—Hip, little colt!

‡ Crohooreen.—Little Cornelius.

lend him cart and harness. He put him to at once, then led and drove him up and down the steep hill, near the old market gate, to the utter amazement of the artillerymen, who were not long enough quartered there to have heard of him. As usual, he did not strike him, and no one heard him say a word, but of course he gave him the whisper. He sold the horse in five minutes after for as many pounds as he gave shillings, and he was well known for many years on the road between Mallow and Cork for as kind a brute as ever was yoked in tug or draught. Con was gathered to his fathers while his sons were too young to learn his secret, so he entrusted it to a neighbouring priest (his own P. P. never forgot, and only partly forgave, the trick he played him,) to be confided to his eldest son, and by him handed down to posterity, as an heir-loom in the Soolivan family, to be strictly entailed on the eldest sons, or other eldest heirs-at-law or the whisperer. The eldest son practises sometimes, but he never will fill his father's boots; and the whipper-in groans in the spirit, thinking, if he does not say, 'the glory hath departed from my father's house!' I am sure he secretly curses the laws of primogeniture as heartily as any cadet in the guards, or your obedient servant.

New Sporting Magazine.]

RANGER.

THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. IV.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

Handley-cross had a very debauched look the morning after the hunt ball. The Ongar rooms being lighted with windows round the top, with covered galleries outside, for the accommodation of milliners, ladies' maids, and such as wish to criticize their masters and mistresses, had no protecting blinds; and a strong party having settled themselves into 'three-some' reels—the gentlemen for the purpose of dancing themselves sober, the ladies like Goldsmith's clown, to try and tire out the orchestra; the ball seemed well-calculated to last for ever, when the appearance of daylight in the room, making the wax-lights look foolish, and causing all the old chaperons to rush to their charges and hurry them off, before bright Phæbus should expose the forced complexions of the night. All then was hurry-scurry; carriages were called up, and hurried off as though the plague had broken out, and Johns and Jehus were astonished at the bustle of their 'mississes.'

The last fly at length drove off; the variegated lamps round the festooned porch, began glimmering and dying in succession, as Doleful and the remaining gentlemen stood bowing, grinning, and kissing their hands to their departing partners, while their blue coats and canary-coloured shorts exhibited every variety of shade and complexion that the colours are capable of. Doleful's hair too, assumed a vermillion hue. The town was clear, bright and tranquil; no sound disturbed the quiet streets, and there was a balmy freshness in the morning air, that breathed gratefully on the feverish frames of the heated dancers. The cock, 'the trumpet of the

morn,' had just given his opening crow, in farmer Haycock's yard behind the rooms, and the tinkling bells of the oxen's yoke came softened on the air like the echoing cymbals of the orchestra.

St. George's chapel clock strikes! Its clear silvery notes fall full upon the listeners' ears. 'One! two! three! four! five! six!—six o'clock!' and youths say it is not worth while going to bed, while men of sense set off without a doubt on the matter. Some few return to the supper-room to share the ends of champagne bottles and lobster salads with the waiters.

Morning brought no rest to the jaded horses and helpers of the town. No sooner were the rosinantes released from the harness of the flies, than they were led to the stable-doors, and wiped and cleaned in a manner that plainly showed it was for coming service, and not for that performed. Bill Gibbon, the club-footed ostler of the 'Swan hotel and livery stables,' had eight dirty fly-horses to polish into hunters before eleven o'clock, and Tom Turnbinn and his deaf and dumb boy had seven hunters and two flies ordered for the same hour. There was not a horse of any description but what was ordered for the coming day, and the donkeys were bespoken three deep.

A little before eleven the bustle commenced; the first thing seen was Peter leaving the kennel with the hounds, Abeldar, the black poodle, and 'Mr. Fleeceall,' the white terrier with a black eye. Peter was dressed in a new scarlet frock-coat, with a sky-blue collar, buff striped toilette waistcoat, black cap, new leathers and boots. His whip, spurs, gloves, bridle, and saddle, were also new, and he was riding a new white horse. Barnaby's groom followed, similarly attired; and this being his first appearance in the character of a whipper-in, he acted fully up to the designation, by flopping and cracking the hounds with his whip, and crying 'co'p, co'p, hounds!—go on hounds—go on! drop it!—leave it!—to him, to him!' and making sundry other orthodox noises.

Lamp-black was that morning in great request. The 'Kentish Arms' is a well-known term for 'broken knees,' and there was not a hack horse in Handley-cross, or even in the hundred, with a pair of whole ones. Collar and crupper marks too, had to be effaced, and some required a touch of lamp-black on their heads, where they had knocked the hair off in their fall. The saddling and bridling were unique! No matter what sort of a mouth the horse had, the first bridle that came to hand was put into it.

Stephen Dumpling's horse having travelled from home, was the first of the regulars to make his appearance in the street. He was a great raking, sixteen hands chestnut, with 'white stockings,' and a bang tail down to the hocks. He was decorated with a new bridle with a blue silk front, and a new saddle with a hunting horn at the bow. Stephen's lad, dressed in an old blue dress-coat of his master's, with a blue and white striped livery waistcoat, top-boots, and drab-cords, and having a cockade in his hat, kept walking the horse up and down before the Dragon hotel, while Stephen with a feverish pulse and aching head, kept sipping his coffee, endeavouring to make himself believe he was eating his breakfast. At last he lighted a cigar, and appeared whip in hand under the arched gateway. He had on

a new scarlet coat with a blue collar, the same old red-ended neck-cloth he had worn at the ball, an infinity of studs down an ill-fitting, badly-washed shirt, a buff waistcoat, and a pair of what are called 'Dorsetshire leathers,'* a sort of white flannel, that after the roughings of one or two washings, give gentlemen the appearance of hunting in their drawers. His boots had not been 'put straight' after the crumpling and creasing they had got in travelling up in his 'bags,' consequently there were divers patches of blacking transferred to the tops, while sundry scrapings of putty, or of some other white and greasy matter, appeared on the bottoms. Independently of this, the tops retained lively evidence of their recent scouring, in the shape of sundry up and down strokes, like the first coat of whitewashing, or what house-painters call 'priming,' on a new door.

Dumpling's appearance in the street was the signal for many who were still at their breakfasts, to bolt the last bits of muffin, drink up their tea, and straddle into the passage, to look for hats, gloves, and whips. Doors opened, and sportsmen emerged from every house. Round-the-corner Smith's roan mare, with a hunting horn at the saddle bow, had been making the turn of Hookem's library for ten minutes and more, and the stud of Lieutenant Feelall, the riding master,—seven 'perfect broke horses for road or field,' with two unrivalled ponies,—had passed the Dragon for the eight Miss Mercers, and their brother Tom, to go out upon to 'see the hounds.' Then sorry steeds, with sorrier equipments, in the charge of very sorry-looking servants, paced up and down High street, Paradise row, and the Crescent; and a yellow fly, No. 34, with red wheels, drove off with Dumpling's nondescript servant on the box, and the three Miss Dobbses and mother Dobbs, in scarlet silk pelisses, with sky-blue ribbons and handkerchiefs inside. Jaded young ladies, whose looks belie their assertions, assure their mammas that they are not in the 'least tired,' step into flys and drive away through High street, kissing their hands, bowing and smiling, right and left as they go.

Abel Snoreem having purchased a pair of new top-boots, appears in the sky-blue coat lined with pink silk, and the canary-coloured shorts of the previous evening, looking very much like a high sheriff's horse *footman* going out to meet the judges. Not meaning to risk his neck, although booted, he makes the fourth in a fly with Mr. and Miss Mordecai, and fat old Mr. Guzzle, who goes from watering place to watering place, trying the comparative merits of the waters in restoring appetite after substantial meals; he looks the picture of health and apoplexy. Mrs. Barnaby's dashing yellow barouche comes hurrying down the street, the bays bearing away from the pole, and the coachman's elbows sticking out in a corresponding form. Of course, all the flys, horses, and passengers, that are not desirous of being driven over by 'John Thomas,' the London coachman, are obliged to get out of the way as fast as they can, and he pulls up with a jerk as though he had discovered the house all of a sudden. Out rush two powdered flunkies in red plush breeches, pink silk stockings,

* These breeches used to be very popular with the members of Mr. Farquharson's hunt. Probably the gentlemen cleaned their breeches and coat collars (white,) with the same article.

and blue coatees, when finding it only their *own* carriage, a dialogue ensued between them and Mr. Coachman, as the latter lounges over his box and keeps flanking his horses to make them stand out and show themselves.

A few minutes elapse and out comes the portly butler with a '*Now then! Missis is coming down!*' whereupon the Johnnies rush to their silver-laced hats on the hall table, seize their gold-headed canes, pull their white Berlins out of their pockets, and take a position on each side of the barouche door. Mrs. Barnaby sails majestically down stairs, dressed in a sky-blue satin peligree, with a sky-blue bonnet lined with pink, and a splendid white feather tipped with pink waving gracefully over her left shoulder. She is followed by Barnaby and Doleful, the former carrying her shawl and reticule in one hand, and his own hunting-whip in the other. Barnaby as usual is well-dressed, having on a neat-fitting, double-breasted, round cut scarlet coat, with a blue collar, and rich gilt buttons, sky-blue satin cravat, canary-coloured waistcoat, well-cleaned leathers and gloves, and exquisitely polished boots with very bright spurs. Doleful, who is rather in disgrace for having introduced a partner to one of the three Miss Dobbsses over night, and has just had a wiggling for his trouble, sneaks behind, attired in a costume that would astonish Tom Rounding himself at the Epping hunt. It consists of an old militia coat denuded of its facings and trappings, made into a single-breasted hunting coat, but for want of cloth the laps are lined, as well as the collar covered, with blue; his waistcoat is pea-green, imparting a most cadaverous hue to his melancholy countenance, and he has got on a pair of old white moleskin breeches, sadly darned and cracked at the knees, Hessian boots with large tassels, and black heel-spurs. He carries his hat in one hand and a black gold-headed opera cane in the other, and looks very like an itinerant conjuror. What strange creatures *fine* women fancy!

Mrs. Barnaby steps listlessly into the carriage, throws herself upon the back seat, while Barnaby and Doleful deposit themselves on the front one; the door is shut with a bang, the 'Johnnies' jump up behind, '*whit!*' cries the coachman to his horses, off they go, the fat butler having followed them up the High street with his eyes, closes the door, and away they bowl at the rate of twelve miles an hour, round the Crescent, through Jireth-place, Ebenezer row, Apollo terrace, past the archery ground and Mr. Jackson's public gardens, and along the London road as far as the Mount Sion turnpike gate—leaving pedestrians, horsemen, and vehicles of every kind, immeasurably in the distance.

At the gate a tremendous crowd is assembled—Jones Deans, the 'pike-man' has wisely closed the bar, and '*No trust!*' stands conspicuously across the road. As the carriage approaches it is thrown wide open, off goes Jones' hat, Mrs. Jones Deans drops a hasty curtesy, that almost brings her knees in contact with the ground, and the little urchins on the rails burst into an involuntary huzza. John Thomas cuts on, and turns at a canter into the grass field on the left of the road, where poor Peter has been walking his hounds about for the last hour or more. What a crowd! Grooms of every description, with horses of every cut and character,

moving up and down, and across, and around the field; some to get their horses' coats down, others to get their legs down, a few to get their horses courage down, others to try and get them up; some because they see others do it, and others because they have nothing else to do.

There are thirteen flies full of the young ladies from Miss Prim's and Miss Prosy's opposition seminaries, the former in sky-blue gingham, the latter in pink; Mrs. Fleeceall driven by her dear Fleecey with a new hunting whip, in a double-bodied one horse 'chay,' with four little Fleecealls stuck in behind; Mr. Davey, the new apothecary, with his old wife in a yellow dennet drawn by a milk-white cart mare; Mr. and Mrs. Hookem of the library in Jasper Green, the donkey driver's best ass-car; farmer Joltem in his untaxed gig, with his name, abode, and occupation painted conspicuously behind; old Tim Rickets, the furniture broker, in a green garden-chair drawn by a donkey; the post-man on a mule; Boltem, the billiard table-keeper, and Snooks, his marker, in an ass phaeton; Donald McGrath, 'Squire Arnold's' Scotch gardener, on 'master George's pony,' and Sam Finch, the keeper, and Thomas, the coachman, on the carriage horses.

Wrapped up in a large dirty Thurtell-looking witney coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, the size of half-crown pieces, in a single horse-fly with a dirty apology for a postilion on the animal, with hands stuffed into his side-pockets, and a hunting-whip peeping above his knees, the mighty Dennis O'Brien wends his way to the meet, his brain still swimming with the effects of the last night's champagne. As he diverges from the road into the grass field, he takes his hunting-whip from its place, loosens the thong, and proceeding to flagellate both rider and horse, dashes into the crowd in what he considers quite a 'bang-up way.' Now, Peter, my boy!' he roars at the top of his voice, as standing erect in the vehicle he proceeds to divest himself of his elegant 'wrap-rascal,' 'be after showing us a run; for by the piper that played before Moses, I feel as if I could take St. Peter's itself in my stride.—Och blood and ounds! ye young spalspeen, but you've been after giving that horse a gallop,—he's sweating about the ears already,' he exclaims to a little charity-school boy, whom the livery-stable keeper had despatched with a horse Dennis has hired for the 'sason,' warranted to hunt four days a week or oftener, and hack all the rest—a raw-boned, broken-knee'd, spavined bay, with some very 'going' points about him. 'Be after jumping off, ye vagabond, or I'll bate ye into a powder.'

Romeo Simpkins then comes tip-tup-ing up on a long-tailed dun, with a crupper to the saddle, surrounded by the four Miss Merrygoes, all ringlets and teeth, and the two Miss Millers, all forehead and cheeks,—the cavalcade mounted by the opposition riding-master, Mr. Higgs, who follows the group at a respectful distance to see they do not take too much out of the nags, and to minute their ride by his watch.* Romeo is in ecstasies! He has got on an ill-made, cream-bowl-looking hunting cap,

*At most watering-places 'unfortunates' are let out by the hour—half-a-crown an hour for a three-legged one; three shillings for a horse that has four.

with a flourishing ribbon behind, a very light coloured coat, inclining more to pink than scarlet, made of ladies' habit cloth, a yellow neck-cloth, his white waistcoat of the previous evening, and very thin white cord breeches that show his garters, stocking-tops, and every wrinkle in his drawers; added to which, after a fashion of his own, his boots are secured to his breeches by at least half a dozen buttons, and straps round the leg. The ladies think Romeo 'quite a dear' and Romeo has just the same opinion of himself.

'Now, Barnaby, don't ride like a fool and break your neck,' says the amiable Mrs. Barnaby to her sapient spouse, as he begins to fidget and stir in his carriage, as the groom passes and re-passes with a fine brown horse in tip-top condition, and a horn at the saddle-bow; a request that was conveyed in a tone that implied, 'I hope you may, with all my heart.' Then turning to Doleful, who was beginning to look very uneasy as mounting time approached, she added in a forgiving tone, 'Now, my dear captain, don't let Barnaby lead you into mischief; he's a *desperate* rider I know, but there's no occasion for *you* to follow him over every thing he chooses to ride at.'

Mrs. Barnaby might have spared herself the injunction, for Doleful's horse was a perfect antidote to any extravagance; a more perfect picture of wretchedness was never seen. It was a long, lean, hide-bound, ewe-necked, one-eyed, roan Rosinante, down of a hip, collar-marked, and crupper-marked, with conspicuous splints on each leg, and desperately broken-kneed. The saddle was an old military brass-cantrelled one, with hair girths, rings behind, and a piece of dirty old green carpet for a saddle-cloth. The bridle was a rusty Pelham, without the chain, ornamented with a dirty faded yellow-worsted front, and strong, cracked, weather-bleached reins, swelled into the thickness of moderate traces—with the head-stall ends flapping and flying about in all directions, and having the choak-band secured by a piece of twine in lieu of a buckle. The stirrups were of unequal lengths, but this could not be helped, for they were the last pair in Handley-cross; and Doleful, after a survey of the whole, mounts and sticks his feet into the rusty irons, with a self-satisfied grin on his spectral face, without discovering their inequality.

'Keep a good hold of her mouth, sir,' says the fly-man groom whose property she is, gathering up the reins and placing them in a bunch in Doleful's hands; 'keep a good hold of her head, sir,' he repeats, an exhortation that was not given without due cause, for no sooner did the mare find herself released from her keeper, than down went her head, up went her heels, off went the captain's hat, out flew the militia coat-laps, down went the black gold-headed cane, and the old mare ran wheelbarrow fashion about the field, kicking, jumping, and neighing to the exquisite delight of the thirteen fly-fulls of pink and blue young ladies from Miss Prim's and Miss Prosy's opposition seminaries, the infinite satisfaction of Mrs. Fleeceall, whom Doleful had snubbed, and to the exceeding mirth of the whole field.

'*Help him! save him!*' screams Mrs. Barnaby, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes as the old mare tears past the barouche with her heels

in the air, and the loose riding Mr. C. sitting like the 'Drunken Huzzar' at the circus, unconsciously digging her with his black heel-spurs as she goes. 'Oh heavens! will nobody save him?' she exclaims; and thereupon the two powdered footmen, half-dying with laughter, slip down from behind, and commence a pursuit, and succeed in catching the mare just as she had got the master of the ceremonies fairly on her shoulders, and when another kick would have sent him over her head. Meanwhile Mrs. Barnaby faints. Fans, water, salts, vinegar, all sorts of things are called in requisition, as may be supposed, when the queen of Handley-cross is taken ill; nothing but a recommendation from the new doctor that her stays should be cut, could possibly have revived her.

Peace is at length restored. Doleful, sorely damaged by the brass cantrel and the pommel, is taken from the 'old kicking mare,' as she was called at the stable, and placed alongside the expiring Mrs. Barnaby in the carriage, and having had enough of hunting, Mr. John Thomas is ordered to drive home immediately; whereupon Peter takes out his watch and finds it exactly five minutes to one, the hour that he used to be laying the cloth for Michael Hardey's dinner, after having killed his fox and got his horses done up. Barnaby, having seen his wife fairly out of sight, appears a new man, and mounting his brown hunter, takes his horn out of the case, knocks it against his thigh, gives his whip a flourish, and trots up to the pack, with one foot dangling against the stirrup-iron. In truth Barnaby had some idea of riding, and, barring the brow-beatings of his wife, had quite as much sense as is requisite for a fox-hunter.

Peter salutes him with a touch of his cap, his groom whipper-in scrapes his head against the skies; and Barnaby, with a nod, asks Peter what they shall draw? 'Hazleby-hanger, I was thinking, sir,' replied Peter with another touch, 'the keeper says he saw a fox go in there this morning, and its very nice lying.' 'Well then, let us be going,' replied Barnaby, looking around the field. 'No!' roars Stephen Dumpling, taking a cigar from his mouth; 'Hoppas-hays is the place; the wind's westerly,'—wetting his finger on his tongue and holding it up to the air,—'and if we can force him through Badger-wood and Shortmead, he will give us a rare burst over Langley-downs and away to the sea.' 'Well, what you please, gentlemen,' replies Peter; 'only we have not much time to lose, for the days are getting short, and my fellow-servant here doesn't know the country; besides which, we have five couple of young hounds out.' '*I say Hazleby-hanger,*' replies Barnaby with a frown on his brow, for he was unused to contradiction from any one but his wife. '*I say Hoppas-hays,*' replies Dumpling loudly with an irate look, and giving his boot an authoritative bang with his whip. 'Well, gentleman, which ever you please,' says Peter, looking confused. 'Then go to Hazleby-hanger,' responds Barnaby. '*Hoppas-hays!*' exclaims Dumpling; 'mind Peter, *I'm* your master.' 'No more than myself,' replies Barnaby, and I find the whipper-in.' 'Where's Smith?' shouts Dennis O'Brian, working his way into the crowd, with his coat-pockets sticking out beyond the cantrel of his saddle, like a poor man's dinner wallet. 'Here! here! here!' responded half a dozen voices from horses, gigs, and flies.'

'No, *Round-the-corner* Smith I mean,' replies O'Brian. 'Yonder, he is, by the cow-shed in the corner of the field;' and Smith is seen in the distance in the act of exchanging his hack for his hunter. He comes cantering up the field feeling his horse as he goes, and on being halloa'd to by some score of voices or more, pulls short round and enters the crowd at a trot. 'What shall we draw first, Smith?' inquires Mr. Barnaby; 'I propose Hazleby-hanger.' 'I say Hoppas-hays,' rejoins Dumpling. 'Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-zleby-ha-ha-ha-ha-hanger, or Ho-ho-ho-hoppas ha-ha-ha-hays! I should think Fa-fa-fa-farley pa-pa-pasture better than either. 'Well then, let us draw lots,' replied Dennis O'Brian, 'for it's not right keeping gentlemen and men of fortune waiting in this way. By the great gun of Athlone, but the Ballyshannon dogs, kept by Mr. Trodennick, would find and kill a fox in less time than you take in chaffing about where you'll draw for one. See now,' added he, pulling an old racing calendar out of his capacious pocket, and tearing a piece into slips, 'here are three bits of paper; the longest is for Hazleby-hanger, the middle one is Hoppas-hays, and the short one shall be Farley-pasture, and Peter shall draw; whereupon Dennis worked his way through the crowd, advanced into the middle of the pack, and just as Peter drew a slip, Dennis' spavined steeple-chaser gave Abelard, the French poodle, such a crack on the skull as killed him dead on the spot. The field is again in commotion, two-thirds of the young ladies in pink gingham burst into tears, while one of the sky-blue pupils faints, and a second is thrown into convulsions and bursts her stays with the noise of a well charged two-penny cracker. '*Who-hoop!*' cries Dennis O'Brian, 'here's blood already!' jumping off his horse and holding the expiring animal in mid air; 'Who-hoop, my boys, but we've begun the season gallantly! killed a lion instead of a fox!' and thereupon he threw the dead dog upon the ground amid the laughter of a few pedestrians, and the general execration of the carriage company.

We need not say that the sport of the ladies was over for the day. There lay poor Abelard, the only dog in the pack they really admired; whose freaks and gambols in return for buns, and queen-cakes, had often beguiled the weariness of their brothers' kennel lectures. The sparkling eye that marked each movement of the hand, was glazed in death, and the flowing luxuriance of his well combed mane and locks clotted with gory blood—Alas, poor Abelard!

'Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!

Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear!

The hounds alone seemed unconcerned at his fate, and walked about and smelt at him, as though they hardly owned acquaintance, when 'Mr. Fleeceall,' the white terrier with the black patch on his eye, having taken him by the ear, with the apparent intention of drawing him about the field, Miss Prim most theatrically begged the body, which was forthwith transferred to the bottom of her fly, to the unutterable chagrin of Miss Prosy, who was on the point of supplicating for it herself, and had just arranged a most touching speech for the occasion. Eyes were now

ordered to be dried and the young ladies were forthwith got into marching order.—Pink gingham wheels off first, and when they got home, those that did not cry before, were whipped and made to cry after; while the sky-blue young ladies had a page of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, commencing 'Dear sensibility! source unexhausted of all that is precious in our joys or costly in our sorrows!' &c. to learn by heart, to make them more feeling in future.

The field, reduced one-half, at two o'clock set off for Farley-pasture; the procession consists of five flies, twenty-three horsemen, four gig-men, and a string of thirteen donkeys, some carrying double, and others with panniers full of little folk.

Dumpling and Barnaby look unamiable things at each other, but neither having carried his point, they ride along the sandy lane that leads to the cover in pouting sullenness. The cavalcade rises the hill that commands the cover in every quarter, where Peter and the pack wait until the long drawn file have sculled themselves to their liking. The cover is an uninclosed straggling gorse of about three or four acres in extent, rising the hill from a somewhat dense patch of underwood, bounded on the east by a few weather-beaten Scotch firs; the country around is chiefly in grass fields of good dimensions. Dumpling canters round the cover, and takes a position among the firs, while Barnaby plants himself immediately opposite; and Smith, determined not to be outdone in importance, establishes himself to the south. '*Yooi in there!*' cries Peter at last with a wave of his cap, his venerable gray hairs floating on the breeze; '*yooi in there, my beauties!*' and the old hounds at the sound of his cheery voice, dash into the gorse and traverse every patch and corner with eagerness; '*have at him there!*' cries Peter, as Belmaid, a beautifully pied bitch, feathers round a patch of gorse near a few stunted birch and oak trees: '*have at him there!*' my beauty!—'*yooi, wind him!*' '*yooi, push him!*'

'*Talli-ho!*' cries Abel Snoreem in a loud, deep, sonorous voice from his fly, rubbing his eyes with one hand and raising his hat in the air with the other; '*talli-ho! yonder she goes.*' '*It's a hare!*' exclaims Peter; '*it's a hare! pray hold your tongue, sir! pray do!*' It is too late; the mischief is done. Three couple of young hounds that did not like the gorse, having caught view, dash after her; and puss's screams at the corner of the ploughed field, are drowned in the horns of the masters who commenced the most discordant *tootleings*, puffings, and blowings as soon as ever Abel Snoreem's *talli-ho* was heard. Meanwhile the whipper-in has worked his way round to his delinquents, and jumping off his horse seizes the hind-quarters of puss, whereupon Vigilant seizes him *à posteriori* in return, and makes him bellow like a bull. The masters canter round, the field rush to the spot, and all again is hubbub and confusion. '*Lay it into them!*' exclaims Barnaby to his groom whipper-in; '*cut them to ribbons, the riotous rips!*' '*Don't!*' interposes Dumpling, '*I won't have the hounds flogged;*' whereupon the ladies laud his feeling, and mutters something that sounds very like '*Barnaby and brute.*' Just as stuttering Smith is in the midst of a long string of stammers upon the question of corporeal punishment, a loud, clear, shrill *talli-ho* is heard proceeding

from the neighbourhood of the fir trees, and Peter on the white horse is seen standing in his stirrups, cap in hand, holloaing his hounds away to their fox. 'Hoic together! hoic!' he exclaims; and the old hounds rush eagerly to the voice that has led them to a hundred glories.—'Yonder he goes by Mersham Hatch, and away for Downleigh-crag,' exclaims a lad in a tree, and all eyes are strained in the direction that he points.

'Forrard, away!' 'forrard.' 'Crack! crack!' go a score of whips; 'talli-ho!' scream a dozen voices, 'Away! away! away!' holloas Peter, settling himself in his saddle. 'Away! away! away!' echoes the groom whipper-in, as he stands rubbing himself, debating whether to mount or go home to the doctor. Barnaby races round the cover, Dumpling takes the opposite side followed by Smith, and Dennis O'Brian shoves his spavined steed straight through the cover, and goes bounding over the high gorse bushes like a boat off a rough shore. Romeo Simpkins and his tail trot after a fat old gentleman on a black cob, dressed in a single-breasted green coat, with mahogany-colour top-boots, and a broad-brimmed hat, who makes for Ashley-lane, from thence over Downleigh-hill, from whence there is a full view of the pack running like wild-fire over the large grass enclosure near Ravensdene village, with no one but Peter within a quarter of a mile of them.

Away they speed: and just as Peter's white horse looks like a pigeon in the distance, and the rest diminish into black specks, a curve to the left brings them past Arthingworth-clump, leaving the old tower on the right, and skirting the side of Branston wood, far in the distance they enter upon the track of chalky land beyond. The old gentleman's eye catches fresh fire at the sight, he takes off his low-crowned hat, and mops his bald head with a substantial snuff-coloured bandana, and again bumps off at a trot. He pounds along the lanes, turning first to the right, then to the left; now stopping to listen, now cutting through the backs of farm-buildings, now following an almost imperceptible cart track through a line of field-gates, until he gains Surrender lane, where he pulls up short and listens. 'Hark!' he exclaims, holding up his hand to Romeo and his female friends, who are giggling and tittering at the delightful canter they have had; 'hark!' he repeats in a somewhat louder voice. A short sharp chirp is borne on the breeze; it is Heroine all but running mute. A deeper note follows, another, and another, which gradually swell into chorus, as the pack carry the scent across the fallow, and get upon turf nearer hand. The old gentleman is in ecstasies. He can hardly contain himself. He pulls his cob across the lane; his hat is in the air, no one views the fox but himself, the hounds pour into the lane;—a momentary check ensues. Villager speaks to it in the next field; Dexterous has it too—and Coroner, Harmony, Funnyllass, and Ravenous, join cry!—they run the hedge-row—a snap and crack is heard just by the large ash tree. '*Whoo-whoop!*' holloas the old gentleman, putting his finger in his ear, and Peter comes bounding over the fence and is among his pack fighting for the fox.

Then up come the field, the horses heaving, panting, and blowing, all in a white lather, and the perspiration streaming off the red faces of the

riders. There has been a desperately jealous tussle between Barnaby and Dumpling which should ride first; and nothing but the badness of the start has prevented their being before the hounds. Dumpling has knocked in the crown of a new eight-and-sixpenny hat; while a strong grower that he bore before him through a stiff bull-finch, returned with a switch across Barnaby's nose, that knocked all the skin off the bridge.

'I claim the brush!' exclaimed Dumpling, still in the air. 'No such thing!' responds Barnaby as they land together in the deep lane, from the top of the high bank with a strongly pleached hedge on the top. 'I say it's mine!' 'I say it isn't!' 'I say it is!' 'Peter, it's mine!' 'Peter, it isn't!' 'At your peril give it to him!' 'You give it to me, or I discharge you!'

'Well, gentlemen,' replies Peter, laying the fox before him, which ever way you please.' 'Then give it me.' 'No, give it me.' 'Isn't it mine, sir?' says Dumpling, appealing to the gentleman on the cob, my horse touched ground first, and according to all the laws of steeple-chasing that ever I've heard or read of in Bell's Life, or elsewhere, that's decisive.' 'I should say it was Squire Hartley's,' observed Peter, looking at the green-coated gentleman on the cob.

'Squire Hartley's!' exclaim Dumpling and Barnaby at the same moment; 'Squire Hartley's! How can that be? He's not even a member of the hunt, and doesn't give a farthing to it.' 'It was his cover we found in,' replies Peter; 'and in old master's time we always gave the brush to whoever was first up.' '*First up!*' roars Dumpling, 'why he's never been out of a trot!' 'And ridden the road!' adds Barnaby. 'What do we know about your old master?' rejoins Dumpling, 'he was a skirting, nicking, Macadamizing old screw.' 'He was a better sportsman than ever you will be,' replies Peter, his eyes sparkling with anger as he spoke. 'Let us have none of your impertinence,' replies Barnaby, nettled at the disrespect towards a member of the committee; 'and let me advise you to remember that you hunt these hounds for the amusement of your masters and not for your own pleasure, and you had better take care how you steal away with your fox again as you did just now.' That he ha-ha-ha-had,' exclaims Round-the-corner Smith as he creeps down the side of the bank, holding by the cantrel of his saddle, into the lane, after having ridden the line with great assiduity without seeing a bit of the run; 'I ne-ne-ne-ne-never saw such an impudent thing done in all the whole course of my li-li-li-life before.'

Poor Peter made no reply. An involuntary tear started to the corner of his eye, when, having broken up his fox, he called his hounds together and turned his horse's head towards home, at the thought of the change he had lived to see. Arrived at Handley-cross, he fed his hounds, dressed his horse, and then, paying a visit to each of his masters, respectfully surrendered the situation of 'huntsman to the committee of management of the Handley-cross fox-hounds.'

[New Sporting Magazine.]

EELS AND EEL FISHING.

There is no fish more deserving of the attention both of the naturalist and the sportsman than the eel. The otter connects the finny tribe with the quadruped, the flying-fish with the bird, and the eel with the reptile. Eels when young, and of mature growth, are equally singular in their habits. The Rev. W. Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, relates that in the Dee, in Aberdeenshire, he once saw a black line along the edges of the river, running from the lower part towards the upper, that he put his hand in the water to touch the line, which then became discontinued; but which, when his hand was withdrawn, united again, and on minute examination, to his astonishment, presented a series of small eels, not exceeding half an inch in length, moving forward with great celerity. This phenomenon is by no means singular. I have observed the same in the month of June, in the Nene, in Northamptonshire, with this difference, that the young eels were more fully formed, being of the length of from three to five inches. They were on their way from the sea towards the source of the river—not that the source was to be the terminus of all, but a portion of the whole line would be deposited as they proceeded upwards, until it became exhausted.

Some time ago, before eel traps were introduced into the mills, we used to have fine sport at Long-Horton stanch, which may be equally well obtained in any water which is free from those destructive engines. A frame-work was made to fit across one of the smaller gates, or little *cloughs*, to use the local term; to this frame-work a net of very strong cord was affixed, twenty yards long and narrowing towards the extremity, to which a hoop-net was tied, and into which the fish were carried by the stream. When all was ready and the net placed in the water, the other gates were closed, and the one at which the net was set being left open. From thirty to forty stones of eels were thus taken in a night, and, generally, they were very fine ones, weighing upon an average, a pound each, some of the heaviest being from four to five pounds. This mode of fishing may be adapted to arch, bridge, outlet, or stanch, where there is a flush of water, and conveniences exist for its course being confined to the channel in which the net is placed. The net is to be watched, for occasionally it gets choked up with weeds or drift wood, brought down by the high water; and it is equally necessary to take out the eels at several times, for otherwise they would be crushed to death by their own weight in the small space into which they are ultimately forced by the current.

It is generally asserted that eels cannot be confined in any pond or other water, and I shall relate two cases in proof of the assertion, and illustrative of the curious and reptile-like habits of these fish. I have a pond of considerable length, through which there is a constant stream of fresh water, with iron gratings to prevent the ingress and egress of all fish. This pond was cleaned out some time ago, and before the dam was struck and the fresh water re-admitted, there was not an eel in the pond. I could, however, a short time afterwards, take eels of two pounds weight from this

pond, but ceased to do so about a fortnight since, and have no doubt they had either shifted their quarters or were all taken. The question is how did they get there? They did not come through the grating,—that is impossible, but must have come overland from two much larger ponds than mine, supplied from the same spring. Another remarkable instance is this: Mr. Smith, a farmer of my acquaintance, with no pretensions to be called a fisherman, has a pond in one of his fields, in which, during the winter and spring months, there are always plenty of fine eels. In the summer this pond is either dry, or so little water remains as to enable one to ascertain beyond all question that there is not a single eel in it; and yet, in the following winter, he finds the eels in the pond, and in considerable numbers. The nearest water to this pond is an ancient navigation, called Carr-dyke, now disused and nearly grown up in some parts, though deep and clear in others. This is at least a mile distant from the pond, and yet there is no doubt that the eels travel from hence across the grass fields to the pond and back, when a wonderful instinct teaches them a time of dearth and death is approaching.

To return to eel-fishing in rivers, on which I will make a few observations, and then close my remarks. It will always be found that much larger eels are taken with single lines and hook than on the long line, from which forty or fifty hooks are suspended, and the line set in a serpentine direction along the stream. It was sometime before I discovered the cause of this, and was first led to it by observing that the largest eels were always taken at the two extremities of the long line. It is obvious, therefore, that the best eels swim nearest the shore, and that the bait-fish should lie either from single lines, or along the long line, within two yards or so of the bank. It is a mistaken notion altogether to lay a line for eels across the river, or even in a zigzag direction, in the middle of the stream.

I was much amused a few nights since in joining a party who were out *totting*—a term sufficiently well understood in this neighbourhood, but which may require interpreting for general information. This mode of fishing is by cutting a hole in the weeds, on some gravelly bottom, and there fixing a boat. The fisherman has a short stick, to which a cord is attached, and from which a bunch of large worms, strung on worsted are suspended, in the middle of which is a leaden plummet. This is dropped down to the bottom. No difficulty exists in discovering when there is a bite; for 'to suck like an eel' is a saying amply proved when the sport begins. The *tot* is then suddenly hoisted into the boat, when the eels drop, and the tot is again plunged to the bottom, and, when it is a good night for the sport, is as quickly in the boat again. Now this is a species of sport which not only admits of, but in some degree requires, another amusement to be carried on simultaneously, I mean that of cigars and grog. A more jolly, happy time I never spent, nor was I ever out fishing when better sport followed than when we went a totting; but I must say that without the *et ceteras* totting is rather cold, dreary work, and, until the biting begins, decidedly *slow*.

The present is about the best time for setting eel *leaps* or *grigs*, or by whatever other name those wicker baskets are known in different countries.

A new leap is useless the first month, as the eels will never enter it until the smell of the osiers is gone, and that of the river acquired. A warm rain, with occasional lightning, is sure to be a good night for eel fishing, either with the hooks, leaps, or tot; but a flush of water seems to be useless for any purpose save the traps and net, as the eels, which at all other times work against the stream, as invariably come down with the flood. The best bait-fish for eel hooks are small gudgeons, minnows, or sticklebacks, as being more easily gorged than larger fish, which the eels suck off the hooks. I learnt too, from an old fisherman, another good lesson relative to eel baits, and it was to dry them during the day by exposure to the air, as an additional cause for their being gorged, instead of being sucked off by the little fry that first visit them. N. W.

[b.]

THE TURF AND ITS UNCERTAINTIES.

There is scarcely a racing meeting of any interest, the result of which does not teach us the absurdity of being too sanguine on any favourite's winning. A horse may run well at one place and ill at another, because at the one, the nature of the ground may suit his powers, and at the other, the very reverse may be the case. Only look at the wide difference in the courses usually run at Newmarket by colts at three years old, and the Derby course at Epsom, and tell me a greater contrast in any other courses in England, where anything like money is run for. How often have we witnessed the pride of Newmarket, after sweeping into his owner's coffers all the rich stakes at the Craven and first spring meetings, over the Abingdon mile, the Rowley mile, and the Ditch mile courses, beaten into fits before he reaches Tattenham corner, by horses proved to be, over the short flat courses at Newmarket, not within ten or a dozen pounds of his speed? It is the *hill* and the distance which alter the goodly animal! Yet notwithstanding the notoriety of the Newmarket and other favourites, being so frequently sent to the *right about* at Epsom, still there are some gentlemen on whom the most glaring facts are wasted, and almost daily experience lost; they still maintain the even tenor of their way, and are to be found backing the favourite of every Derby, Oaks, or Leger.

Without going so far as Crutch Robinson and others of the same grade, who are 'outrageously prejudiced,' as Mr. Crockford would say, against any thing called in the betting-ring 'favourites,'—yet, my own experience tells me that racing, more especially among second and third raters, can never be reduced to any thing like the certainty of which some gentlemen, famous for the excellent 'lines' they draw, pretend to bring it to. If we glance at the return lists of the Newmarket spring meetings, we shall find many instances of the winner of a race yesterday, defeated by a horse to day, that did not even obtain a place in yesterday's race,—the weights, the course, and in several instances, the jockeys precisely the same. To account for this in-and-out running is scarcely possible; the only certainty is, that there is nothing so ticklish in constitution as the trained running

horse. From the moment he is backed to the moment his engagements come off, he is kept in a state of excitement, and a little matter irritates him, and consequently throws days', and even weeks' attention to the back ground.

I will carry the reader back to the St. Leger, 1812, when Mr. Robs' colt Otterington, by Golumpus, won the race beating twenty-three others, amongst them the celebrated Catton, and flooring the largest odds ever heard offered previous to that day. Otterington had been running at the York races without even getting a place; and I have been told, that he ran for the Leger solely that a party might win some bets as to the number that started. Mr. Rob took, for a 'lark' as it was said, £1,000 to £10, and had the pleasure of seeing his horse win by a short head! The fact was, that the state of the course rendered any true running impossible; and when it is considered that the race occupied upwards of *four minutes* in running, and that it is generally got over in *three minutes and twenty-five seconds*, I need say no more upon Mr. Rob's lucky hit—save that Otterington never showed as a winner afterwards.

The career of Lord Jersey's Riddlesworth in the year 1831, ought to serve as a lesson to the too sanguine backers of favourites. After winning the Riddlesworth, (from which race he took his name,) the Dinner stakes, the 2,000 guineas, and Newmarket stakes, in a manner that comparison with any thing of his year would have been deemed 'ridiculously absurd,' he went to Epsom. was backed *at 6 to 4 to beat twenty-two others*, and got handsomely defeated by a little scratching thing named Spaniel, belonging to Lord Lowther; a horse about whose winning 40 to 1 absolutely went a begging in the betting-ring. The running of Spaniel at two years old was of the worst description, and scarcely any one, save Joe Rogers, would have kept such an unpromising animal over the winter, or have bestowed pains on so unworthy a public runner. It was a fortunate Derby for the 'legs,' most of whom had laid it out against Riddlesworth, being tempted by the odds. A young bettor in Joe Rogers' stable, of the name of Jones got, I believe, something like £2,000 to £25 about Spaniel's winning! Condition—I never saw a horse more fit to run—and the dry weather previous to the day won the Derby for Lord Lowther. The Oaks of that year was also 'a pull' to the fielders, for Circassian was nearly as great a favourite as Riddlesworth, and her performances, both at Doncaster and Newmarket, were so good that the race was booked 'over.' Here again the hardness of the course, from the roads to the dip, completely crippled the fair Circassian; and the game Oxygen, a slower but a stronger mare, carried off the Oaks, beating some longish odds—the bettors having put it on against her, from her bad running at Newmarket for the 1,000 guineas stakes.

Let us now go back to the Leger 1830, when the Birmingham nag took the *shine* out of the mighty Priam, to the great discomfiture of the Newmarket gentry, and the Chifney party in particular, who thought it a 'certainty.' The previous and subsequent running of the 'hardware' nag proved him at least *seven pounds* inferior to Priam, yet Birmingham won the Leger cleverly, Priam second. There cannot be a doubt that the heavy

state of the course was, in this instance, the cause of Priam's defeat; yet why did not the backers of him take *that* into consideration before the start, and then they would not have taken 11 to 10 about his cutting down *twenty-seven others*, many of which had strong public claims as winners? It was reported that one noble lord lost upwards of £30,000 by backing Priam and Hassan!

The Leger of 1831 was won by the Duke of Cleveland's Chorister, against whose winning the betting gentry, particularly the southerners, laid odds, from 15 to 50 to 1! The fact was the noble Duke was the owner of another horse in the race named Marcus; and Chifney, under whose care the animal was, booked winning with him to a 'certainty.' As a matter of course, it was to be suspected that something like a trial would take place between the two previous to the Leger race; and from the advancement of Marcus, on the Monday morning, in the odds, viz. to 9 to 2, and the decline of Chorister to £1000 to £25, it in a great measure satisfied the *would-be knowing ones* that it was all right. Chorister won by a head, and Marcus was beaten at least a hundred yards by the winner! So much for placing dependence upon reported trials in *some* stables.

The Derby, 1832, was carried off by the favourite, St. Giles, whose running previous to the day had been anything but Derby-like. In calling St. Giles the 'favourite,' I beg leave to observe that it was *only* on the morning of the race that he reached the top of the poll in the odds. It has been roundly asserted that 'there were more horses made safe in this race than in any other within the memory of man.' Now, without going into any argument on the case, I have only to observe, that Margrave could have won if St. Giles had failed; that Beiram would in the opinion of many judges of racing, have defeated the whole lot, had he been well; and that Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale won somewhere about seventy-five thousand pounds between them.

The Derby and Oaks of the following year (1833) proved a regular slice of good fortune for the fielders; for Dangerous, winner of the Derby, was fancied only the week before the start, and was then only backed at odds varying from 40 to 50 to 1; and Vespa winner of the Oaks, was so far from being in estimation with the backers of horses, that I more than once heard a 1,000 to 15 offered by a sporting Colonel. Glaucus was backed safe to run away with the Derby, and Tantarella was looked upon as certain to win the Oaks. It only remains to be told that neither of the favourites even showed in front, from the start to the finish of the race.

I now come to the year 1834, and here the favourite won the Derby in a style that placed him far, very far, above any horse of his age, whether speed, stoutness, shape, or temper be the consideration. Plenipotentiary's running at Newmarket was brilliant in the extreme, and although divers reports were set in circulation about his having a cough, being lame and a hundred other things, yet all would not do—he won the Derby. I do not recollect another race that ever brought our crack stables together, all pretty confident of being '*there or thereabouts.*' There were the northern sportsmen, having at their head that fine judge of racing, John Gully, Esq., laying it on heavily on Bubastes; there was the Chifney party

(then very influential,) guided by the wary Bland and knowing Halliday, offering to post the ready to any amount that Shilelagh proved the winner; there was the Jersey party, very sweet on their horse Glencoe, and taking the odds very freely; there was the Peel party (by the bye, the safest of *all parties* to follow) backing their stable through thick and thin; there was—but enough! Every owner was sanguine, and this accounts for the Derby of 1834 being the greatest betting race ever known. Messrs. Bland and Halliday backed Shilelagh to win them upwards of £60,000, and Stevens, the fishmonger, stood to win £20,000, the same way; none of these knowing ones hedged a penny of their bets respecting Chifney's winning. This year was an eventful year to the backers of horses. The great Plenipotentiary, after winning all the great stakes in the south, and beating easily most of the best north country horses, could scarcely be supposed to run in at the fag-end of the Leger race at Doncaster, yet such was the case. So much was said at the time, and so many opinions given (scarcely any two of which tallied) that I shall not enter into any thing like an argument, but will relate an anecdote which will go a great way towards proving that the horse was decidedly unfit to run, and that an acute observer might have discovered it. A gentleman, who, to do him *justice*, is one of the best judges of the powers of a racehorse we have, for two years previous to this race had retired from the turf, and entered into the holy state of matrimony; the object of his affections making him give her his word that he would never bet again on a horse race *without her consent*. It happened that this gentleman and his lady paid a visit to Doncaster during the race week, and on the Tuesday morning of the Leger he thus addressed her: 'My dear, should you not like me to give you a thousand guineas to buy you jewels with?' The lady replied, 'Yes;,' he then said, 'Nothing *can be easier*, I will win you the sum on this race.' 'But,' said the lady, 'are you certain you can't lose?' 'Quite so, my dear! and I may as well win a couple of thousands for myself.' Consent being thus obtained, it only remains to be related that the thousand was won for the lady, together with *three thousand* besides for the gentleman, who backed the field against the 'favourite' Plenipotentiary, entirely from his believing him to be, from his appearance, amiss.

Mündig's Derby (1835) led many of the backers of favourites on the wrong side of the *hedge*. The Scotts, as is well known from experience, do not tell the public *their* favourite until close upon the day. In that year Coriolanus was for a long time all the rage, then came Luck's-all, and afterwards Mirabeau, who was followed up by some four or five others—made favourites for this occasion only. All this while 50 to 1 was being quietly taken about Mündig's winning, and on the morning of the race the horse took a prodigious jump in the odds from 20 to 6 to 1, and what is more, he *won by a head*. Scores were '*let in*' as the term goes, for the scramble that year to 'get on' beggars description; and the backers of Ibrahim, Ascot, and others, were obliged to stand the shot—hedging was out of the question.

I now come to the last year's Derby, a race, corroborative of the uncertainty of horse-racing, and convincing, to the most careless observer,

of the folly of standing too heavily on any favourite. Rat-trap had, by his race for the Newmarket stakes (forty-two yards short of a mile) raised himself to the front rank in the estimation of the sporting public; and as he appeared to train well on, and had Robinson, that prince of jockeys, to steer him, as little as 7 to 4 was taken about his winning. Here the difference of the course told with wonderful effect, for Phosphorus, who was defeated by Rat-trap at the Newmarket race—never appearing to have a chance from the start to the finish—beat the flying *miler* long before they reached the corner! Rat-trap's running this year at Newmarket proves what always was asserted of him, that he is a very uncertain runner; for after winning the Port stakes, in a common canter, and beating Caravan (who gave 7lbs.) by a neck, he was defeated easily, receiving 10lbs., by the Carpenter, a horse which Caravan, in the First Spring Meeting, had beaten, receiving only 3lb. for his year.

At the Derby just passed, the favourites have again been knocked about like nine-pins, to the utter dismay of their too sanguine admirers, and to the great joy and profit of the knowing fielders. Amato, a confirmed outsider, a horse betted against at odds varying from 100 to 1—frequently laid in the winter—to 30 to 1, currently offered at the start, won the 1838 Derby with ease, beating the cracks of Newmarket, Stockbridge, and Malton, out of all conceit. And now a word or two respecting this Amato. In the first place he has as good blood flowing in his veins as any horse in England, whether speed or stoutness be the fancy; also as nicely a shaped animal as ever was seen, with good sound legs, and an undeniably strong constitution; moreover he had a singular advantage over his Derby opponents by being trained at Epsom, consequently every inch of the course was known to him, and he required no shaking about in a caravan to convey him to the place of running. Thus was every thing greatly in favour of this son of Velocipede, and as any thing relating to Sir Gilbert Heathcote's horses might be ascertained by asking, I am surprised that the trial which took place a day or two previous to the meeting, was not more generally known;—Amato, receiving only 14lbs. from a good aged trial horse, and giving 10lbs. to the Tawney Owl, his own age, beat them in an Eclipse-like style. Yet, with all these advantages staring the betting gentlemen in the face, Amato was still neglected; and on the Sunday before the race, I heard an old gentleman, one, by-the-bye, who has been considered a sound judge in racing concerns, say, 'I like Amato's appearance much; I think him a nice goer; and if he belonged to any other person than Sir Gilbert, I should back him for a *pony*; but,' added he, 'Sir Gilbert Heathcote won't win a Derby in a hundred years:—so much for prejudice. 'Amato is also a *dark* horse,' says one who had backed heavily Young Rowton and Bullion, both dark also. Of this one thing I am quite sure, that had Amato been fancied by what is termed a 'fashionable,' party, the result of his trial would have lifted him from the outside, to the foremost rank in the betting—somewhat in the manner in which Cobham sprung.

I will now turn to Cobham, a horse which I spoke highly of three months ago, in the New Sporting Magazine. On the Friday previous to

the meeting, Cobham had a trial with Epirus, Albemarle, Bretby, and another; and so completely took the shine out of the lot, that a gentleman, connected with the Scotts, and who witnessed the trial, exclaimed, 'tis all over but shouting!' The eagerness displayed to back him, on the Monday afternoon before the race, beat every thing of the sort I ever saw or heard of—from 9 to 1 he jumped to 4 to 1, then 3 to 1; and, in the evening, closed at scarcely 5 to 2; indeed, at many of the sporting houses he was backed at 2 to 1 for good sums. What a different effect this trial had upon the minds of the bettors, compared to that of Amato!

It now comes to be asked, how was it that Cobham, after such a trial, came to be the first to decline in the struggle? He certainly looked well to the eye, and galloped in good form; he got a much better start than his companion, Albemarle, and had Bretby to cut out his work; yet all would not do, the mighty Cobham's chance, ere the ruck of horses reached the turn at the corner, had degenerated from 3 to 1 to any odds named against him. It is so rare for the Scotts to make a mistake in their trials, that their party actually thought something serious had occurred, when they could not perceive the 'darling of their hopes' in the front rank, and Albemarle running gallantly. After the race it was stated that Wm. Scott could in no way account for the inferior manner in which Mr. H. Combe's horse had run; and I have since been informed that the same horses that ran the trial on the Friday previous, were put together the Friday subsequent, and the result came off as before—Cobham won in a canter.

Lord Jersey's Phœnix was another poser to the 'favourite' gentlemen. I do not recollect during my career on the turf, ever hearing a horse extolled more than this rank imposter was. He was a stone better than Achmet was at his age; could give the gelding lumps of weight, and was in every respect a second Bay Middleton—only something *better*! Now, to the unprejudiced eye, a moderate judge of racing might have booked him, (Crutch Robinson did so,) as the safest horse *to lose* amongst the whole twenty-three. He was obviously too fat *to run* the Derby course, and too high a galloper *to win*, if in ever so good condition. Lord Jersey is fortunate in having his horses backed by the public.

Of John Day's horses, Grey Momus only was fit to run, and he as a Newmarket jockey, observed was 'too fit.' The fact is, he was drawn too fine; or as Mr. G. facetiously said, 'You might draw him through a ring.' That Grey Momus is a first-rate racehorse, I think no one will be hardy enough to deny, but the Derby race proved that speed is not his *forte*—perhaps the Goodwood course for the drawing-room stakes will suit him better; at all events he will have a better chance, as Amato gives all in the race *eight pounds*. D'Egville *may* be in better favour at Doncaster; for the Derby he was only backed for small sums by little men.

In my visit to Newmarket in the spring, I made mention of Col. Peel's Ion, by Cain, out of Margaret; and pronounced him one of the most promising of the Newmarket lot. His running proves that I was not far out in my judgment of his merits as a racer; and those who saw him before the start for the Derby, will agree with my previous opinion, 'that a better

shaped animal than Ion, combining speed with stoutness, rarely strips for a Derby.' Ion is, I am informed, to be 'bottled up' for the Doncaster St. Leger; that course, I should think, will suit him better than the Epsom.

Young Rowton, backed as he had been by his spirited owner, Mr. George Payne, a gentleman who ought, by this time, to know whether he has a bad horse or a good one—claimed his share of attention, but he was not much fancied by the public generally. What there is in Young Rowton, time will show us; for my part, I think him too deficient in almost all racing points to ever figure high as a racer.

If I had been a betting man, and felt disposed, as most of them do on the day, to have a 'shy' at the long odds to ten or fifteen pounds, I should have selected Mr. Worrall's brown colt Dormouse, for my chance, at something like 1,000 to 15, his price on the morning of the race. This colt is as nice a turned horse as I ever beheld, and appeared 'fit to start for a man's life,' as the saying is. Joe Rogers always contrives to get his horses fit for Epsom. Dormouse ran a very good race, under the disadvantage of having a bad start, and was about fifth at the finish. I have no doubt this horse will see a better day.

The Early Bird's chance, as might easily have been seen, was quite out, when beholding him in the Warren. His legs had been awfully knocked about, and the hardness of the course was sadly against him. It is true I heard many inquiries in the ring, as to 'how much to ten pounds against the Early Bird?' &c. but these were only hedging bets, and 'what is the use of getting the best of a bet unless you hedge?' says Mr. Cauty.

The only other horse I shall mention, is Bullion—poor Bullion! the pride of the Gloucestershire gentlemen, and the hope of Isaac Day, what a wretched figure he cut at Epsom! From what transpired at Tattersall's on the Monday week before the race, I was inclined to think this horse would be there or thereabouts; but as the day approached, and a slight whisper got abroad of the Grey's having been tried with a country horse, Bullion was at a discount in the market; and from the running he made in the Derby, he had far better have been at Northleach. It may be noticed here, that Bullion was the only Emilius colt in the last Derby.

The start with the exception of three or four horses was, in my opinion not amiss. It is next to impossible to start all upon equal terms; and the only regret I feel about the race is, that Chifney did not go, or rather—for he did start—that he pulled up. There were three false starts; at the second, Grey Momus had an excellent lead. It was the 'quickest thing' of the sort I ever saw. Amato had won before they had reached the roads, as was clearly seen by Chapple's posture. Ion had made the rest safe before they got to the distance, and was at least five lengths before the Grey at the finish. Putting aside the winner and Ion, the race was beautifully contested—seven being quite close together, viz; Grey Momus, Albemarle, Tom, Dormouse, Conservator, Drum-Major, and Chemist.

Amongst the one hundred and thirty odd nominations, the prize could not have been gained by a more popular or straight-forward gentleman than Sir Gilbert Heathcote; and the many hearty congratulations offered to

him, and the shouts of joy that burst from the immense multitude upon his being declared the winner, must have been truly gratifying to the worthy baronet's feelings.

UNCLE TOBY.

London, June 11, 1838.

[1b.

OPINIONS OF BARRYMORE.

Amusing an idle hour in looking over the back numbers of the Turf Register, I have read several of those pieces that attacked sometimes in bad taste and invariably almost in bad humour, the speculations of your correspondent, Barrymore or D. Now there is in every man some pride of opinion, and as the time has arrived when the public can determine on some which many years since he advanced on horse subjects, he may be permitted to notice those which were most violently assailed, but which nevertheless have been confirmed.

'The racehorse region' was denounced as a theory, which had nothing to sustain it but the local prejudices of the writer, his array of facts were set aside on the plea that there were more thoroughbreds there than elsewhere, and their trainers managed better. It is now five years since that opinion was expressed, the wealth of that part of Virginia and North Carolina has been declining every year, and along the Roanoke there is less patronage for thoroughbred stallions now than at any time in the last forty years; and the jockey clubs in that country have, many of them, gone down—but our horses are still victors on every field from Orleans to New York. From James river to Roanoke have been bred Boston, Duane, Charles Carter, Fanny Wyatt, Picton, John Linton, Wagener,—these horses have won all the best purses, or nearly so, from Orleans to New York during the last fall, spring, and winter. No one acquainted with the country will for one moment believe that there is any thing like the same number of fine mares in that district as are at this time scattered along our whole eastern border—yet along that whole distance the same number of real good ones cannot be found.

The same parallel in the West maintains a similar ascendancy—there, it is true, they breed most extensively, and my word for it they will maintain it, if the whole fertile valley of the Mississippi shall enter the contest. It was thought that B. or D. passed a hasty judgment on Crusader—has not the whole racing public come to the same opinion—one of your best informed correspondents sometime since in announcing his death in Arkansas (I believe) seems to look on it as a fortunate event.

Barrymore also said that Archy mares would do well covered by our recent importations and some of them would owe much of their reputation to mares descended from old Sir Archy—is that not true!

And lastly, he said that Leviathan would never fail to get a race nag from good Pacolet or Wonder mares—some begin to believe in this.

So much for the past—now the future—it shall be said in five years that Chateau Margaux, Lap Dog, and Lurcher, get game horses—I go on the blood—they were bred by Lord Egremont, whose stock were all honest.

BARRYMORE.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

A friend in whom we have confidence, informs us, that a new practice in the distemper among sporting dogs has been adopted in Georgia, with complete success. It is the insertion of a seton in the back of the neck close to the head. It is performed in the following manner: Prepare a thong of buckskin six or eight inches long, of small size, grease it with lard and rub powdered Spanish flies on it; then heat a small pointed iron rod red hot, (an old spindle of a cotton-wheel is an excellent rod,) take up the skin of the neck between the thumb and finger of the left hand, pass the hot rod through it about half or five-eighths of an inch below the edge of the skin as held between the thumb and finger; then pass the end of the thong through the hole thus made, and tie the two ends together so as to form a loose ring, and keep it from being drawn out. This thong should be occasionally moved to keep the issue running. It will begin to discharge pus in ten or fifteen hours. An occasional dose of castile soap must be given as a purgative. If the above practice be adopted at the commencement of the disease, it rarely fails of a cure.

THE MANGE.—Another gentleman informs us that he cures the mange in his dogs by administering a tea-spoonful of arsenic (white oxide) and repeating it on the second day afterwards. It is a curious fact, he says, that a small portion of arsenic will kill the dog, but a tea-spoonful may be given without injury, and in mange, with a certainty of a cure.

GAME LAWS.

The editor of the Turf Register requests his friends in the different states where there are game laws, to furnish him with them for publication in the Turf Register. A brief abstract of their provisions will be sufficient. It cannot have escaped the notice of observing men, that all kinds of game are rapidly disappearing from the Atlantic states; and that unless the game laws, where there are such, be enforced, we shall soon have none. In those states where there are no game laws, it is respectfully suggested, that means be promptly taken to lay the subject before the legislatures at their ensuing sessions. All that is necessary to the preservation of game, is to pass laws and enforce them rigidly, for the prevention of taking game of all kinds during their respective breeding seasons, and until the young are full grown; and this will be no hardship to the people, for during those times no kind of game is fit for use. It is however, at these particular seasons that more game is destroyed than during the whole of the legitimate game season; for it is then the birds, &c. are most easily taken, and the taking of a single bird then, causes the destruction of whole broods of young. The Boston Atlas furnishes the following condensed view of the

GAME LAWS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

‘Between March and the 1st of September, no partridge or quail, and between March and July 4th, no woodcock, snipe, lark, or robin shall be killed, taken, sold, or bought under forfeiture of two dollars for every partridge or quail, and one dollar for every snipe, robin, woodcock, or lark,

Ten dollars for every grouse or heath-hen, between the 1st of January and 1st of November. (These birds are only found in Martha's Vineyard.)

'*Salt Marshes* —No person shall take, kill, or destroy any birds on any salt marshes between 1st of March and 1st of September; and if any person within the limits of any town, to which the provisions of this section shall extend, shall shoot, take, kill, or sell any of the birds therein mentioned within such time, he shall forfeit the sum of two dollars for every offence.

'Killing or taking plover, curlew, dough-bird, or chicken-bird in the night, forfeits one dollar for each bird. The same forfeiture for destroying birds except in the usual mode of fowling.

'Deer not to be killed from the 1st of January to 1st of August on \$20 forfeiture.'

THE RACEHORSE REGION.

SIR:—I fear, Mr. Editor, the sceptre must shortly pass from the race-horse region on the east of the mountains, not because the climate, the soil, or the feed has lost its influence, but because gentlemen will cease to breed when they no longer enjoy the pleasures of the race course, and when too late to remedy an evil of their own creating, many gentlemen who have not only a deep interest in these matters, but a strong sectional pride, also, will feel the most bitter regret at the consequences of their own conduct.

Experience has shown that where jockey clubs are established and properly conducted, they soon beget a taste for the enjoyment of the turf, and with it a passion for fine horses; at first, of necessity they buy their horses, then some commence breeding, when fashion and the success of one individual is sufficient to induce hundreds to embark in the same speculation, as every man easily persuades himself his colts must be worth as much as his neighbour's; but let this jockey club go down, and these same men have no chance of seeing the races; they soon lose all taste for and interest in the sport, as a consequence, they first neglect their stock, then finding it no longer profitable, sell off and quit, this state of things once brought about, it is always more difficult to induce men to recommence a business from which they have retired, either from disgust or want of profit, than to embark in one they have never tried.

These thoughts, sir, are suggested from reading the racing calendar of the register, and the list of southern names to the northern stakes, with the rich purses and heavy matches to be run for on those courses the coming fall; while the race courses in Virginia and North Carolina seem almost forgotten, their purses are few in number, small in value, and as a consequence, bestow but little value on a horse winning them.

Now, sir, this must be the case, so long as the gentlemen having the best stables take them to the north, and thereby do all they can to swell the purses and increase the sport on those tracks; but, sir, their *treason* will bring its punishment in its train, as the purses diminish, the sport itself will depreciate, and becoming a *small business*, fall into such hands

as shall give it neither respectability nor interest, and when gentlemen cease to *breed*, *sportsmen* will have no horses to campaign in the north, at the same time they may sell their stallions, as 'Othello's occupation will be gone.'

If a horse cannot be sold on leaving the turf, at a fair price as a stallion, the present high prices must go down, and in this way the turfite will lose his best chance of getting off a hard bargain.

Once more, I beg the gentlemen now on the turf in Virginia, to foster the tracks in the Old Dominion, or the rule will depart from Judah; they have always opposed the tariff, but for none will they pay in this racing tax to the north, which they now impose on themselves; let me suggest to them at once, to make it a direct *tax*, send *their money*, but stay at home, raise *purses* and *stakes*, and let those who breed the horses participate in the amusements of the turf, pursue this plan, and the racehorse region will defy all invaders.

To attend the southern courses does not interfere with us in Virginia and North Carolina, as their meetings come on during vacation, and offers not only a chance of winning, but sometimes a market.

I beg gentlemen in Virginia connected with the turf, to reflect on this subject and they must see its influence. Some of the most popular tracks have lost their high standing and interest, because their purses remain as formerly, while our racers have been content to raise those of Maryland, Jersey, and New York; to them they have given their money and carry their horses. Their money they may continue to carry, but in a short time they must be without horses.

Our country is too large for stables to attend from Carolina to New York, gentlemen must be content, at least some of them, to race at home, if they wish the general patronage of the turf, and to keep up the taste for breeding fine horses among their neighbours.

A.

'THE HORSE DOCTOR ABROAD.'

Under this expressive head the Winchester, Va. Republican notices a new work 'by John Grimm, Farrier,' a copy of which had been laid upon its table. We had supposed that witchcraft and its adjuncts in the healing art, had given place to quackery; but it appears that they are, at least in Winchester, about resuming their ancient sway. We give a specimen or two from this new book, wondering the while how such a thing ever got into type.

CURE TO STOP BLOOD.—Take one piece of wood and make three little wedges of the same. Make them a little bloody from the wound, and stick them in a crack of a log on the sunrise side of a house or barn, two or three inches apart, and strike on each wedge three strokes with a hammer or stone.

'RING-BONE.—You will go where some horse has died, and take the bone, if you can find it, from the knee down to the fetlock. Take this bone on the first Friday after the full moon, and before sunrise rub the ring-bone well with the bone, and then rub the ring-bone cross-ways three times. Then return the bone to the same place the upside down, and put a stone on the top so that it may not be disturbed.

'SPAVIN.—For the spavin but little can be done. Take your horse on a meadow of good grass. When standing still, mark out with a stick exactly the size of his foot in the grass, remove the horse and dig up the same and turn the grass up side down in the same spot. This is to be done the first Friday after the full moon.'

(From Audubon's Ornithological Biography.)

DEER HUNTING.

The different modes of destroying deer are probably too well understood and too successfully practised in the United States; for notwithstanding the almost incredible abundance of these beautiful animals in our forests and prairies, such havoc is carried on amongst them, that in a few centuries, they will probably be as scarce in America as the great bustard now is in Britain.

We have three modes of hunting deer, each varying in some slight degree in the different states and districts. The first is termed the still hunting, and is by far the most destructive. The second is called firelight hunting, and is next in its exterminating effects. The third, which may be looked upon as a mere amusement, is named driving. Although many deer are destroyed by this latter method, it is not by any means so pernicious as the others. These methods I shall describe separately.

Still hunting is followed as a kind of trade by most of our frontier men. To be practised with success, it requires great activity, an expert management of the rifle, and a thorough knowledge of the forest, together with an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the deer, not only at different seasons of the year, but also at every hour of the day, as the hunter must be aware of the situations which the game prefers, and in which it is most likely to be found at any particular time. I might here present you with a full account of the habits of the deer, were it not my intention to lay before you, at some future period, in the form of a distinct work, the observations which I have made on the various quadrupeds of our extensive territories.

Illustrations of any kind require to be presented in the best possible light. We will therefore suppose that we are now about to follow the true hunter, as the still hunter is also called, through the interior of the tangled woods, across morasses, ravines, and such places where the game may prove more or less plentiful, even should none be found there in the first instance. We will allow our hunter to have all the agility, patience, and care which his occupation requires, and will march in his rear, as if we were spies, watching all his motions.

His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting shirt, and a pair of trowsers of the same material. His feet are well moccasined; he wears a belt round his waist; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder; on one side hangs his ball-pouch, surmounted by the horn of ancient buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same strap, and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step, that probably few men could follow him, unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge the course most likely to lead him to the game.

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the dew hangs in pearly drops at the top of every leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight frost appears on the fence-rails of his little cornfield. As he proceeds, he looks to the dead foliage under his feet, in search of the well known traces of a buck's hoof. Now he bends toward the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now, he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity, upon which the sun shines in all its growing splendour; but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of his flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game, which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs. Let us run also. Shall I speak to him, and ask him the result of this first essay? Assuredly, reader I know him well.

'Pray, friend, what have you killed?' for to say, 'what have you shot at?' might imply the possibility of his having missed, and so might hurt his feelings? 'Nothing but a buck.' 'And where is it?' 'Oh, it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My ball struck, and must have gone through his heart.' We arrive at the spot, where the animal had laid itself down among the grass in a thicket of grapevines, sumachs, and spruce-bushes, where it intended to repose during the middle of the day. The place is covered with blood, the hoofs of the deer have left deep prints in the ground, as it bounced in the agonies produced by its wound; but the blood that has gushed from its side discloses the course which it has taken. We soon reach the spot. There lies the buck, its tongue out, its eye dim, its breath exhausted: it is dead. The hunter draws his knife, cuts the buck's throat almost asunder, and prepares to skin it. For this purpose he hangs it upon a branch of a tree. When the skin is removed, he cuts off the hams, and abandoning the rest of the carcass to the wolves and vultures, reloads his gun, flings the venison, enclosed by the skin, upon his back, secures it with a strap, and walks off in search of more game, well knowing, that in the immediate neighbourhood, another at least is to be found.

Had the weather been warmer, the hunter would have sought for the buck along the *shadowy* side of the hills. Had it been spring season, he would have led us through some thick cane-break, to the margin of some remote lake, where you would have seen the deer immersed to his head in the water, to save his body from the tormenting attacks of mosquitoes. Had winter overspread the earth with a covering of snow, he would have searched the low damp woods, where the mosses and lichens, on which at that period the deer feeds, abound, the trees being generally crusted with them for several feet from the ground. At one time, he might have marked the places where the deer clears the velvet from his horns by rubbing them against the low stems of bushes, and where he frequently

scrapes the earth with his fore hoofs ; at another, he would have betaken himself to places where persimmons and crab-apples abound, as beneath these trees the deer frequently stops to munch their fruits. During early spring, our hunter would imitate the bleating of the doe, and thus frequently obtain both her and the fawn ; or, like some tribes of Indians, he would prepare a deer's head, placed on a stick, and creeping with it amongst the tall grass of the prairies, would decoy the deer within reach of his rifle. But we have seen enough of the *still hunter*. Let it suffice for me to add, that by the mode pursued by him, thousands of deer are annually killed, many individuals shooting these animals merely for the skin, not caring for even the most valuable portions of the flesh, unless hunger, or a near market, induces them to carry off the hams.

The mode of destroying deer by *fire-light*, or, as it is named in some parts of the country, *forest-light*, never fails to produce a very singular feeling in him who witnesses it for the first time. There is something in it which at times appears awfully grand. At other times, a certain degree of fear creeps over the mind, and even affects the physical powers, of him who follows the hunter through the thick undergrowth of our woods, having to leap his horse over hundreds of huge fallen trunks, at one time impeded by a straggling grapevine crossing his path, at another squeezed between two stubborn sapplings, whilst their twigs come smack in his face, as his companion had forced his way through them. Again, he every now and then runs the risk of breaking his neck, by being suddenly pitched headlong on the ground, as his horse sinks into a hole covered over with moss. But I must proceed in a more regular manner, and leave my reader to judge whether such a mode of hunting would suit his taste or not.

The hunter has returned to his camp or his house, has rested and eaten of his game. He waits impatiently for the return of night. He has procured a quantity of pine knots filled with resinous matter, and has an old frying-pan, that, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been used by his great grandmother, in which the pine knots are to be placed when lighted. The horses stand saddled at the door. The hunter comes forth, his rifle slung on his shoulder, and springs upon one of them, while his son, or a servant, mounts the other, with the frying-pan and the pine knots. Thus accoutred, they proceed towards the interior of the forest. When they have arrived at the spot where the hunt is to begin, they strike fire with a flint and steel, and kindle the resinous wood. The person who carries the fire moves in the direction judged to be the best. The blaze illuminates the near objects, but the distant parts seem involved in deepest obscurity. The hunter who bears the gun keeps immediately in front, and after a while discovers before him two feeble lights, which are procured by the reflection of the pine fire from the eyes of an animal of the deer or wolf kind. The animal stands quite still. To one unacquainted with this strange mode of hunting, the glare from its eyes might bring to his imagination some lost hobgoblin that had strayed from its usual haunts. The hunter, however, nowise intimidated, approaches the object, sometimes so near as to discern its form, when raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fires and kills it on the spot. He then dismounts, secures

the skin and such portions of the flesh as he may want, in the manner already described, and continues his search through the greater part of the night, sometimes until the dawn of day, shooting from five to ten deer, should these animals be plentiful. This kind of hunting proves fatal, not to the deer alone, but also sometimes to wolves, and now and then to a horse or cow, which may have straggled far into the woods.

Now, reader, prepare to mount a generous, full-blood Virginian hunter. See that your gun is in complete order, for, hark to the sound of the bugle and horn, and the mingled clamour of a pack of harriers! Your friends are waiting you, under the shade of the wood, and we must together go *driving* the light-footed deer. The distance over which one has to travel is seldom felt, when pleasure is anticipated as the result: so, galloping we go pell-mell through the woods, to some well known place, where many a fine buck has drooped its antlers under the ball of the hunter's rifle. The servants, who are called the *drivers*, have already begun their search. Their voices are heard exciting the hounds, and unless we put spurs to our steeds, we may be too late at our stand, and thus lose the first opportunity of shooting the fleeting game as it passes by. Hark again! the dogs are in chase, the horn sounds louder and more clearly. Hurry, hurry on, or we shall be sadly behind!

Here we are at last! Dismount, fasten your horse to this tree, place yourself by the side of that large yellow poplar, and mind that you do not shoot me! The deer is fast approaching; I will to my own stand, and he who shoots him dead wins the prize.

The deer is heard coming. It has inadvertently cracked a dead stick with its hoof, and the dogs are now so near it that it will pass in a moment. There it comes! How beautifully it bounds over the ground! What a splendid head of horns! How easy its attitudes, depending, as it seems to do, on its own swiftness for safety! All is in vain, however: a gun is fired, the animal plunges and doubles with incomparable speed. There he goes! He passes another stand, from which a second shot, better directed than the first, brings him to the ground. The dogs, the servants, the sportsmen are now rushing forward to the spot. The hunter who has shot it is congratulated on his skill or good luck, and the chase begins again in some other part of the woods.

A few lines of explanation may be required to convey a clear idea of this mode of hunting. Deer are fond of following and retracing the paths which they have formerly pursued, and continue to do so even after they have been shot at more than once. These tracks are discovered by persons on horse-back in the woods, or a deer is observed crossing a road, a field, or a small stream. When this has been noticed twice, the deer may be shot from the places called *stands* by the sportsman, who is stationed there, and waits for it, a line of stands being generally formed so as to cross the path which the game will follow. The person who ascertains the usual pass of the game, or discovers the parts where the animal feeds or lies down during the day, gives intimations to his friends, who then prepare for the chase. The servants start the deer with the hounds, and by good management, generally succeed in making it run the course that will soonest bring it to its death. But, should the deer be

cautious, and take another course, the hunters, mounted on swift horses, gallop through the woods to intercept it, guided by the sound of the horns and the cry of the dogs, and frequently succeed in shooting it. This sport is extremely agreeable, and proves successful on almost every occasion.

Hoping that this account will be sufficient to induce you, kind reader, to go *driving* in our western and southern woods, I now conclude my chapter on deer hunting by informing you, that the species referred to above is the Virginian deer, *Cervus virginianus*; and that, until I be able to present you with a full account of its habits and history, you may consult for information respecting it the excellent *Fauna Americana* of my esteemed friend Dr. HARLAN, of Philadelphia.

BOTS IN HORSES.

DEAR SIR:

Belleville, Ill. August 14th, 1838.

Upon the 15th of June, one of my carriage horses was attacked with the grub or bots. For the first two hours the symptoms were such as induced many to suppose it was a fit of cholice. I administered three table-spoonfulls of spirits of turpentine, in half an hour gave him a half pint of French brandy, with half an ounce of laudanum, this gave relief and he recovered. On the tenth day afterwards, I found him after a short ride attacked again in the same way. I administered a pint of French brandy and an ounce of laudanum, this dose was renewed in half an hour, without effect. I then gave a pint of molasses with a quart of milk, and in half an hour one pound of salts. He died in about eight hours.

On opening him after he died I found a quantity of the bots had fastened themselves in the inner coats of the stomach, and all together, with a few bots in his stomach with the food. My first object was, to ascertain what would induce the bot to loose its hold, I cut from the stomach a piece about twelve inches square, in which were the bots attached, closing the edges of the piece of the stomach together so as to exclude air. I put into the sack thus made, sweet milk and molasses, and tied them up for two hours, and on opening I found them fast to the stomach, I then tried oil, and other experiments, none of which had the effect to induce them to let go.

My next object was, to see what would kill the bots, having heard many things recommended. I made the following experiments:

I immersed six grubs or bots in linseed oil, a like number in indigo pulverized and mixed with water; also, powder and vinegar, strong decoction lye, strong decoction of alum, also alcohol, and nitric acid; after keeping them thus immersed for hours, I changed them from one to the other mixture or solution; where they remained from early in the day till evening. at which time they exhibited all the healthy appearance they did in the morning.

My observations resulted in the confirmation of an opinion I had previously formed, that the bot could not be killed, except by the administering of medicine that would destroy the life of the horse. It satisfied me of the fact, that when the bots fairly get hold, they are not induced to let go.

My opinion of the bots is as follows, that they are produced by the knit deposited on the animal by the fly known as the knit-fly, and are taken into the stomach of the horse. That the bot is there formed from the egg; that in the general way the bot is discharged from the stomach through the bowels. But where they do not pass off in this way, the attack is made to extricate themselves from their confinement by an attempt to eat through the stomach.

It occurs to my mind as most probable, that the bot passes through several changes from the form in which we have just described it. That before this change they make a desperate effort to free themselves, concentrating their attack to one spot, this soon deprives the horse of life, and the bot is extricated in a short time, and either goes into the ground, or by the action of the atmosphere changes its mode of existence.

I am satisfied, that upon the first discovery of the first attack, the bot may be induced to let go, or postpone the effort to free itself from the stomach; this is best effected, in my opinion, by molasses and milk, which should be followed with one or two active cathartics, by which means the bots are carried off. Should these views and experiments be thought worthy of publication in your valuable work, they are submitted.

Respectfully,

J. MITCHELL.

[REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.—How doctors differ! As a comment on the above communication, we copy from the 'History of the Horse,' published by the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge in England, the following description of the bot. We do not adopt the opinions of either side of the question—whether the bot ever kills the horse, or is beneficial to it, but we do think Mr. Mitchell mistaken in his theory of the 'desperate efforts they make to free themselves;' and that the writer of the following article is correct in that respect.—EDITOR T. R.]

Bots.—In the spring and early part of the summer, horses are much troubled by a grub or caterpillar, which crawls out of the anus, fastens itself under the tail, and seems to cause a great deal of itching or uneasiness. Grooms are sometimes alarmed at the appearance of these insects. Their history is curious, and will dispel every fear with regard to them. We are indebted to Mr. Bracy Clark for almost all we know of the bot.

A species of gad-fly, the *æstrus equi*, is in the latter part of the summer exceedingly busy about the horse. They are observed to be darting with great rapidity towards the knees and sides of the animal. The females are depositing their eggs on the hair, and which adhere to it by means of a glutinous fluid with which they are surrounded. In a few days the eggs are ready to be hatched, and the slightest application of warmth and moisture will liberate the little animals which they contain. The horse in licking himself touches the egg, it bursts, and a small worm escapes, which adheres to the tongue, and is conveyed with the food into the stomach; there it clings by means of a hook on either side of its mouth, to the circular portion of the stomach; and its hold is so firm and so obstinate, that it will be broken before it will be detached. It remains feeding there on the mucus of the stomach during the whole of the winter, and to the end of the ensuing spring; when, having attained a considerable size, and being destined to undergo a certain transformation, it disengages itself from the cuticular coat, is carried into the villous portion of the stomach with the food, passes out of it with the chyme, and is at length evacuated with the dung.

The *larva* or maggot being thus thrown out seeks shelter in the ground, contracts in size, and becomes a chrysalis or grub; in which state it lies inactive for a few weeks, and then, bursting from its confinement assumes the form of a fly. The female becoming impregnated, quickly deposits her eggs on those parts of the horse which he is most likely to lick, and so the species is perpetuated.

There are several plain conclusions from this history. The bots cannot, while they inhabit the stomach of the horse, give the animal any pain, for they are fastened on the cuticular and insensible coat. They cannot stimulate the stomach and increase its digestive power, for they are not on the digestive portion of the stomach. They cannot by their roughness, assist the trituration or rubbing down of the food, for no such office is performed in that part of the stomach—the food is softened, not rubbed down. They cannot be injurious to the horse, for he enjoys the most perfect health when the cuticular part of the stomach is filled with them, and their presence is not even suspected until they appear at the anus. They cannot be removed by medicine, because they are not in that part of the stomach to which medicine is usually conveyed; and if they were, their mouths are too deeply buried in the mucus for any medicine, that can safely be administered, to affect them; and last of all, in due course of time they detach themselves and come away. Therefore, the wise man will leave them to themselves or content himself with picking them off when they collect under the tail and annoy the animal.

RACING CALENDAR.

[There being a dearth of racing matter at this season, we give place to the following long, but well written, report of the races at St. Francisville, though the naked facts of the races have heretofore appeared in the Racing Calendar.]

ST. FRANCISVILLE (La.) RACES.

The spring meeting for the year 1838, over this course, commenced on Wednesday, the 2d of May.

On the day preceding that of the races a meeting of the club was holden for the election of officers to serve the ensuing year, when, Gen. Isaac Johnson was elected president, Major Albert G. Howell, vice-president, Jacob Fisher, treasurer, and A. Haralson, secretary of the club.

The weights established by the constitution of the club are 70lbs. for two year olds, 86lbs. for three year olds, 100lbs. for four year olds, 110lbs. for five year olds, 118lbs. for six year olds, and 124lbs. for aged horses with the usual deduction of 3lbs. in favour of mares and geldings.

A long and continued drought immediately preceding the time fixed for the races had excited fearful apprehensions in many, that they would be ushered in by a spell of inclement weather, while in the meantime a congress of turfites from almost every part of the Union, we were given to understand, were going it on a high figure and in brilliant style at the courses in New Orleans. The sport in the city was represented by those who were present to have been not only good but attractive; but the zest and relish for the amusement was lost to many before the termination of the scene. An excitement of three weeks upon a race course ought to carry with it to a turfman the same sort of satiety that a carnival does to a catholic;—unless I am much mistaken I saw upon the countenances of many of my acquaintances on the return, every evidence of a subdued tone of feeling. From New Orleans the majority of owners, trainers, and grooms of horses adjourned to this place, and for a week preceding the day of the races every stable connected with the establishment (for the first time) was in requisition.

On the Saturday preceding the Wednesday of the Jockey Club races, a sweepstakes of a single dash of a mile was run by

Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, three years old, by Leviathan, dam Parasol by Napoleon.

Dr. Ira Smith's b. c. Cascade, three years old, by Bertrand.

A. Haralson's ch. f. Delphine, three years old, by Dunganon, dam by Tiger, full sister to Scarlet.

The track was deep and dusty from continued harrowing, and the day warm and close. The heat was won by Delphine with something to spare in 1m. 55s. In this race Delphine and Cascade carried the weight of four year olds, and Lavinia, that of a three.

On the succeeding Monday a match race for \$1,000 a side, mile heats, came off between

C. C. S. Farrar's gr. c. Uncas, four year old, by Sir Richard, and

Capt. Robert Barrow's c. c. Tom Jones, three years old, by Bob Oakley.

This match having been sometime on tapis, had opened a field for speculation and hazard. Each horse had his backers, and the display of rhino which the contest produced proved that the exhausted exchequers of some of the city visitors had been replenished for the occasion;—bets were freely offered and as freely taken, but no odds given. At the appointed time the horses were brought to the stand and turned loose by the consent of the trainers—and as it was understood by every one at the command of the judges. The contest was spirited and doubtful for the first half mile, when Uncas began gradually to widen the gap; he won the heat in 1m. 58s. Tom Jones coming out some three lengths behind. There was an officer placed in the flag-stand for the purpose of arresting horses in case of false or improper starts, but in this instance no signal was given by the chief judges to have the horses recalled, and the truth is and was that the chestnut horse contested every inch of ground for the heat; after the heat was run it was

observed by some one or two that it should not count as a heat, because the word Go! was not pronounced by the judges; but the objection was not insisted on at the time nor then made a point for the decision of the judges. At the expiration of the time allowed between heats, the horses were again called up and went away at the tap of the drum, the contest being severe as before to half-way of the back-stretch when the grey again lead off without much of a struggle and came in some thirty feet ahead. The race being over and the scene closed as nine-tenths of the crowd supposed, the bettors were proceeding to call on the stake-holders for their money, when the quiet monotony of the moment was relieved by a clamour against the fairness of the race. For a while the crowd treated the opposition with contempt and ridicule. Many who had witnessed the race and had bet upon the chestnut horse paid over their money without hesitation; but the matter was so strenuously urged upon the judges, particularly by the trainer of Tom Jones that they were compelled to decide the point *in solens volens*. They did decide that the grey horse had won the money, whereupon they were told by the said trainer, who besides being interested in the stakes had bet considerable sums of money through the agency of another, of which he had contrived to become the stake-holder, that he should hold them answerable for the correctness of that opinion. In the meantime the stakes had been paid over to Mr. Farrar, the owner of the grey horse, and he had left the ground. The threat of holding the judges accountable for the money made by the trainer, caused them to entertain a motion for a re-hearing—which motion, backed and supported by arguments better understood by the judges than any one else, finally prevailed—and accordingly Mr. Farrar and his horse were sent for, the one, to surrender up the stakes, and the other, to run another heat.

Mr. Farrar was bland and dulcet and complying enough to do as he was ordered, he brought back the money and the horse; he put up the money again in stakes, the two horses were again started, the grey horse beat the chestnut some forty or fifty yards, and the crowd determined that the grey horse had won it by acclamation and without reference to the decision of the judges.

In this affair I confine myself simply to a statement of facts. From a sense of duty to the public I feel myself constrained to give publicity to a transaction on a race course, purporting to be governed by such rules and regulations as we have on the St. Francisville turf, under a hope that a repetition of such scenes may never again render it necessary. I only forbear mentioning names for reasons which can be better understood than explained.

On the next day (Tuesday,) a sweepstakes of \$1,000 entrance was to be run between Major Wm. R. Barrow's Eclipse filly, three years old, and Mr. Fergus Duplantier's bay filly, by Whalebone, out of Polly Powell. The Eclipse filly paid forfeit.

First day, May 2, 1838; purse \$600; three mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's (Jefferson Wells') ch. m. Linnet, six years old, by Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, 115lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Dr. Ira Smith's b. h. Arbaces, five year old, by Bertrand, dam by Rosicrucian, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Thomas H. Boyle's b. c. Tom Paine, four years old, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	dr.

The day was clear and cool, the track in passable order, and the throng of spectators numerous, all upon the *qui vive* for the enjoyment of the sport which the occasion presented. The fame of Linnet balked the schemes and views of the knowing ones, she was known to be in fine plight and condition, had borne off the prize in New Orleans from several good horses almost without an effort, and her chance for victory was deemed certain. Upon no occasion has she shewn to better advantage in appearance, form or condition to my eyes than on this; she was just ripe enough for quick work and hard enough to sustain it against any but a first rate courser.

Arbaces having called on his way up at Plaquemine and on the three mile day having opened the eyes of the vulgar to a scene that they were not accustomed to behold on that course, was considered no unworthy competitor of Linnet: but at Plaquemine he ran as a four year old, and now he was under the necessity of taking up the weight of a five year old—this circumstance, if his size had been better, would not so much have affected his chances of success, but compared with the fine, lengthy form of Linnet, the conclusion against his ability to carry the

increased weight against such an animal was necessary and involuntary. It was also said by some that he was too low in condition for a bruising race, and that in consequence of it he could not take the proper degree of exercise after his race at Plaquemine. Tom Paine was an untried colt for that distance. At three years old he had shown considerable speed and fleetness in a race of mile heats in Kentucky, and being recently brought to this country he was put into training, soon after his arrival without being seasoned, and was run in bad order—he is a colt of fine size and form, but his relaxed and green condition forbade any expectation of success, yet, for the first two miles he was well up with Linnet and Arbaces who were going at a slapping pace, when the jockey finding him sinking reined him up as he was instructed to do. The contest between Linnet and Arbaces was never doubtful, yet the struggle was severe and the tug incessant; like a high pressure steamboat the little Bertrand seemed to seek relief at the post by raising his safety-valve. At the word Go! he put out like a rocket and kept at that pace, leading Linnet and Tom Paine with all apparent and imaginable ease for the first two miles and a half, when Linnet who had maintained a fair distance in the rear, which she had regularly narrowed, made her run and in an instant was clear of him. Then for the first time the comparative power, speed, and size of the two animals were fully shown; no other difference could be seen in the smooth and steady stride of Linnet after passing Arbaces than before, except that she was ahead and he behind, while as regarded his action it evidently became irregular, broken and laborious. In this position, Linnet, about thirty feet ahead reached the stand, making the first heat 5m. 52½s.

The speedy recovery of Arbaces from the effects of the heat evinced that his order was better than had been imagined; and at the expiration of the time, the game little animal was as full of contest and fire as ever, and apparently as well braced for it as when brought out for the first heat. As for Linnet she took every thing with a matronly grace, content and willing to perform the part assigned her without ostentation or parade.

At the word they went away at a brisk pace, Arbaces leading for the first mile and until near the stand in the second: Linnet all the while pressing closely on his haunches, when she raised the signal and gave him the go-by. Arbaces stoutly contended for the heat during the whole of the last mile, but it was not in him to measure ground with such an animal as the mare. The second heat was made in 5m. 52s. Arbaces close up. With 100lbs. instead of 110lbs. upon his back, the effort which he made probably might have told a very different tale, as it was he lost nothing in the way of reputation in a contest with such an unrivalled competitor as Linnet, for unrivalled she is, whether you go north, south, east, or west, for the racehorse that contends with her.

Second day, purse \$1,000, four mile heats.

Dr. Ira Smith's (J. G. Boswell's) ch. c. Josh Bell, four years old, by Frank, dam by Little John, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	1
William R. Barrows' b. c. Pressure, four years old, by Trumpeter, dam Eliza Jenkins, by Sir William, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	2
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. Louisianaise, four years old, by Whalebone, dam Polly Powell, by Virginian, 96lbs.	-	-	-	-	dis.

It was understood previously that the running on the four mile day would resolve itself into a contest between Josh Bell and Pressure. The character and performance of each warranted sanguine hopes and high expectations among those who had witnessed their respective efforts; each animal, therefore, had strong backers and staunch supporters, in fact, the struggle between these two animals had created an all-absorbing interest with those who frequented the turf. Such eager expectations and solicitude did the struggle between these two animals create, that the sport on no other day seemed to promise any charm or attraction. Each horse was a Kentucky crack, and it had so happened that Mr. Tisdale, the present trainer of Josh Bell, had trained them both in the same stable in Kentucky not more than eight months before; yet he averred and protested, and I have no doubt, truly, that he knew nothing of the relative speed and bottom of the two animals, never having once given them a trial-run together while he had them in training. He seemed to think, and expressed it as his opinion that the chances of victory would depend on the worse or better condition comparatively of either animal. This doubt and uncertainty of opinion coming from the source it did, cast all the fascinations of romance on the scene and added much to the 'glorious uncertainty' of the pending contest.

Within a few minutes after twelve the horses and jockeys made their appearance at the stand. When uncovered it was evident to the most unpractised eye in such matters, that there was the greatest difference in the order of the two animals; Josh Bell, if not in complete trim and very superior plight, was firm, lively, and apparently braced for the contest; while Pressure was entirely amiss, showing the relaxation of his system in the countenance by his action and *other certain evidences* never to be mistaken by a turfman. Until the horses were uncovered the bets were two to one in favour of Pressure, against the field, but so decided was the impression made on the crowd after he was stripped, that the bets were suddenly changed in favour of Josh Bell against the field. At the tap of the drum they got off well together, Josh Bell having the track, Pressure in the centre, and Duplantier's filly on the outside: as often as I had seen Josh Bell, and as much as I had heard of his running, I had never witnessed his action before; it was so elastic and superior that I was satisfied in his run of his first hundred yards what would be the issue of the contest. Josh Bell is a horse 15½ hands high, of good muscle, fine bony head, capacious throttle, rising finely on the withers, presenting in their slope towards the point of the shoulders the angle of racing power, with great length of body. To this racing form and qualities, however, he makes but a slender display of muscle: he is remarkably cat-hamed, and the size and length of his back in its lever form, may give him that wonderful stride for which he is so remarkable; his stride is never less than twenty-four feet, and at every jump he seems to bring his feet into the circumference of a water-bucket. If he be, as many suppose, a dead game horse, his equal cannot be found in the Southern country; but on the other hand, if only indebted to his heels for his victories he will remain a successful courser until the weights of the turf shall tell against his efforts.

Pressure is a beautiful blood bay, not quite fifteen hands high, put up in the poney order, short and compact, with indications of superior power and activity. He is what may very properly be termed a big little horse, with bone not sufficiently marked as to size, but a striking and powerful development of muscle. Nine men in ten, experienced on the turf, would by looking at him take him for a quarter-horse; he wants length and proportion in all those parts which characterize and distinguish the distance courser from horses of mere speed and fleetness. There seems to be but little doubt, that he is a superior racehorse, when in order and condition, but is evidently an anomaly in the class in which he may be ranked, and as an anomaly I might say he is to be regarded, more as a specimen of curiosity than utility.

Josh Bell put off handsomely from the stand, with Pressure following close upon his heels, which position they maintained for the first two miles, each horse a distance ahead of Duplantier's filly; as they passed the stand in the second mile the jockey of Josh Bell swinging to him, and Pressure going apparently at his ease, the latter made his run. The sudden approach of Pressure imparted such a momentum to the action of Josh Bell, that he seemed to throw the crowd in a trance as he widened the gap between him and Pressure; his action now was of a very different kind from any thing we had previously witnessed, so much so, that in going six hundred yards he was at least eighty yards ahead of Pressure. Pressure in making this run had failed and given up the contest, and Josh at an easy pace kept the distance between them, until the heat was run. The owner of Pressure declined starting him the second heat, and both horses were led off to their respective stables after the first.

Time, 8m. 38s.

Third day, two mile heats; purse \$400; entrance \$50.

Mr. Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. Roderick Dhu, four years old, by Merlin,	1	1
Robert S. Wooding's ch. c. Livingston, four years old, by Crusader,		
dam Patty Puff, by Pacolet,	-	4 2
A. Haralson's (Col Robt. Smith's) gr. h. Dan O'Connel, six years old,		
by Henry Tonson, dam by imp. Sir Harry,	-	2 dis.
Doct. Ira Smith's (Smith and Chinn's) b. h. Arbaces, five years old		
by Bertrand, dam by Rosierucian,	-	3 dis.
Mr. Richard Haile's b. c. Dick Haile, four years old, by Sir Charles,		
dam by Monsieur Tonson,	-	5 dr.

The day offered every incentive to fine sport. Nothing could be more bracing to the system or exhilarating to the spirits than the clear and serene atmosphere, fanning you every now and then with its fragrant and balmy breezes. The crowd

was joyous and content, and such a fine field of horses opened up a scene of amusement to all.

All the horses with the exception of Dick Haile, who was known to be remarkably fleet, had already acquired reputation on the turf. Roderick Dhu by his race at Plaquemine a few days before, had established a character of fearful import even to the owners of crack nags.

Livingston was also known to be a horse of great speed, and with bottom enough to carry him through two mile heats. The veteran Dan O'Connell was understood to be in fine plight, and two mile heats was his favourite distance. Arbaces, it was thought, if not used up by his struggle on the three mile day, might prove a troublesome customer if the heats were broken; and Dick Haile, it was supposed by some, might open the eyes of the vulgar.

At the appointed hour and signal they got off pretty well together; Roderick Dhu taking the track within the first hundred yards, and drawing out the crowd into a string as he swung round the first turn and went up the back stretch: The track was firm and elastic, and the pace excellent; enough indeed to keep all at hard work. For the mile and half Dick Haile undertook to keep company with the Highland chieftain, and to do him honour, when the Irish agitator took it into his head to make a motion upon the subject matter of their harangue and pushed himself forward to join the colloquy that was going on; whereupon the chieftain mended his gait, and Dick Haile falling in the rear, the Agitator took his position, which tete-a-tete he maintained to the end of the second mile, Roderick Dhu drawing out a few feet in advance of him. The rest closing up a string of at least one hundred yards in the rear at regular intervals. The heat was made in 3m. 53½s.

When the time was announced to make ready for the second heat, four horses appeared for the contest, Roderick Dhu, Dan O'Connell, Livingston, and Arbaces; all seemed to burn for the struggle so far as looks and appearances went; none seemed worse for the heat already run. Dan O'Connell by the manner in which he cooled off and his high bearing as he was brought to the post, inspired strong faith in the effort he was about to make; Livingston, it was pretty well understood had not run a foot the first heat and there was some dark speculation afloat, as to what might be expected from him. Arbaces seemed pretty well used up; while no body could tell what was in or out of Roderick Dhu, though it was known by several that he was four seconds under his time at Plaquemine in making the first heat, the same distance. At the word Go! they went off in gallant style, but in going two hundred and fifty yards the chieftain began gradually to clear himself of the crowd, with the exception of Livingston who pressed on his heels at a rattling pace; a struggle ensued between the two which continued unabated for a mile and a half without any perceivable difference in the relative speed of either, Roderick maintaining all the while his advantage of the inside track, and half a length in advance of Livingston; on the last turn of the back stretch his untiring pace began to tell, and he commenced widening the distance between him and his competitor. At this point Dan O'Connell and Arbaces were considerably in the rear; it was a battle of Phillippi to the Irish agitator, he had let down in one of his fore legs in the first mile of the second heat; the tendons were so much disengaged from the bone as suddenly to arrest him in his career, and at a moment in the race when his chances for success were very fair. Roderick Dhu continued to maintain his stride and to increase his distance from the others, until he reached the stand—making the second heat in 3m. 53s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse; mile heats; best three in five; purse \$775.

Fergus Duplantier's (W. J. Minor's) b. f. Britannia, imp. four years old, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews,	-	-	-	1	1	1
A. Barrow's b. m. Lilac, six years old, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	2	3	2
A. Haralson's (Col. Robert Smith's) ch. f. Lavinia, three years old, by Leviathan, dam Parasol, by Napoleon	-	-	-	3	2	3

This purse was won cleverly at three straight heats by Britannia, in 1m. 54s. the first heat—1m. 53½s. the second heat—1m. 55s. the third heat.

CHARLESTOWN (Va.) RACES,

Over the Jefferson Jockey Club course, commenced May 15th, 1833.

First day, sweepstakes, \$50 entrance, h. f.; for three year olds, single mile.

H. Shepherd's b. f. imp. by St Nicholas, dam by Tramp,	-	-	-	1
J. Crane's b. f. by John Richards, dam by Instructor,	-	-	-	2
G. D. Moore & Co's. b. c. by Star, dam by St. Tammany,	-	-	-	0
S. W. De Butts' b. c. by Waverly, dam by imp. Eagle, not placed.				
W. Moore, paid forfeit.				

Time, 1m. 54s. The star colt came out ahead but lost the stake by his rider's dismounting.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds \$100, h. f.; mile heats.

H. Shepherd's b. c. by Columbus, dam by Catton,	-	-	-	3	1	1
J. Wall's br. f. by Industry, dam by Shylock,	-	-	-	2	3	2
W. Crow & Co's. br. c. by Star, dam by Walnut,	-	-	-	1	2	3
Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 54s.—2m.						

Third day, Citizens' purse \$100; mile heats.

G. D. Moore's b. c. Yahoo, walked over.

Second race, same day, The Yahoo stakes; Yahoo throwing in \$20, with the entrance money, \$10, added.

J. Crane's Snatchit,	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
S. W. DeButts' b. c.	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
J. A. Carter's ch. f. by Industry,	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
Time, 1m. 57s.							

SOMERVILLE (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced over the Telegraph course, on Monday, June 18th, 1833.

This is a new track, but a good one, and bids fair to become a conspicuous one.

Weights for two year olds, a feather; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings.

First day, a match, \$500 a side; two mile heats.

A. J. Henry's b. f. Maria Miller, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Madison,	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
L. Cocke's b. c. Milo, four years old, by Bennehan's Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 53s.								

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds; subscription \$200; half forfeit; mile heats.

A. J. Henry's g. c. Tom Benton, three years old, by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet,	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
L. Cocke's b. c. Slim, three years old, by Saxeweimar,	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Davison & Govan's b. c. by Telegraph, dam by imp. Bagdad,							bolt.	
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 55½.								

Third day, proprietor's purse \$200; two mile heats.

L. Cocke's b. c. Milo, four years old, by Bennehan's Sir Archy,	1	2	1
B. Davison's b. c. Hannibal, three years old, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Charles	-	-	-
Time, 4m. 17s.—4m. 10s.—4m. 17s.	2	1	2

Fourth day, citizens' purse \$250; three mile heats.

A. J. Henry's br. f. Maria Miller, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, walked over.								
A. J. HENRY, Sec'y.								

A new race course and jockey club have been established at Somerville, Tenn. The course is called the Telegraph; and A. R. Govan, is president of the club, Dr. A. F. Brackin, vice-president, and A. J. Henry, secretary and treasurer,—all good men and true sportsmen. We publish in the present number, a report of the first races over this track. The purses at the ensuing fall meeting will be respectable. Our correspondent at Somerville, states that a good imported stallion would do well at Somerville, as the people are turning their attention to blood stock.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

OCTOBER, 1838.

[No. 10.]

CONTENTS.

Archery,	433	RACING CALENDAR—Races at	
Fishing extraordinary,	436	Montreal, L. C.	471
Leaping extraordinary,	436	Murfreesboro', Tenn.	472
The wild turkey,	437	Crab Orchard, Ky.	473
Classification of jockey club meetings,	449	Quebec, L. C.	474
State course, at Raleigh,	450	Frederick, Md.	476
Prices of blooded stock,	452	Carrollton, Ky.	476
Historical notices of the dog.—No. II.	453	Esther Cooper's race at Louisville,	478
Perspicuity in pedigrees,	462	Sale of Lord Berners' stud,	480
The Handley-cross hounds.—No. V.	463	TURF REGISTER—Pedigrees,	479
Management of horses,	468		
Extraordinary trout,	470		

ARCHERY.

'But first let us some pastime find
Under the green wood tree.'

OF all pastimes there are none to compare with archery ; spirit-stirring, health-invigorating, life-inspiring archery. Why is it that this most delightful recreation is so seldom resorted to in the United States ? In England it is one of the common sports of the people, and beyond all doubt the most innocent and agreeable of all. It is the only rural sport in which both sexes can freely join and equally contend ; and which affords a large amount of exhilaration with the least possible exertion or fatigue. Young ladies and gentlemen of cities can find no other pastime equal to it. We are not aware of the existence in the United States of a regular association of archers, except in Philadelphia ; and there even the sport itself is enjoyed only by a very small number, although numerous spectators avail of the privilege of lookers-on. We allude to the society of 'UNITED BOWMEN,' an association formed ten years since, and which has every year

afforded to the citizens of Philadelphia one of their most delightful sources of amusement. A brief history of this association was published in the first volume of the Turf Register, (page 421,) with a plate illustrative of the sport. For several successive years the writer of these remarks has contemplated attending the anniversary meetings of this association, having been politely favoured with special invitations, but has always been prevented by unlooked for circumstances. At the last event of the kind, however, we determined to be on the ground, and we were there, but our master, Fate, equally determined we should not enjoy the sport. The day appointed for the meeting proved to be one of the most disagreeable we ever experienced—a perfect north-east storm of wind and rain occupied the whole day; and the meeting was in consequence postponed to that day week, and we lost our journey. The following is an account of the meeting from the United States Gazette :

‘Yesterday, September 19th, was the anniversary of the UNITED BOWMEN, and they held their prize shooting, ‘all under the green wood tree’ at Mr. Norris’s elegant seat on Turner’s Lane. The crowd of carriages in the road near the entrance to Mr. Norris’s grounds was immense; and the youth and beauty that cheered the archers in their trial of skill were enough to string anew the sinews of age, and give double activity to the limbs of the young. The object of the annual prize shooting is to distribute for the year, the valuable prizes accorded by the judges at the close of the day’s contest.

The day was remarkably fine, and the ground in admirable order. The whole arrangements were in the admirable taste that has ever distinguished this celebration. There were eleven bowmen to contend for the prizes. They commenced shooting at half past two o’clock, by the rules of the company though the visitors did not, generally, arrive until the contest was nearly closed. Dr. Patterson presided with his customary courtesy. We missed our old friend Sully from the grounds, whose delight it is to make such scenes delightful to others.

The following was the disposition of the prizes: E. W. Keyer, No. One, with the value of 91. Francis Blackburn, No. Two, 85. W. H. Darley, No. Three, for hit nearest the centre.

The Dodonian prize was taken by J. C. Booth. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the day, all was agreeable—though we thought that there were other archers on the field than those that contended in the lists. The blinded boy was loosing his bandage, and sending arrows from eyes that are pleased with younger heads than is that which dictates this paragraph. The result of this kind of archery we shall hereafter record in our hymeneal column.’

As appropriate to the above we have gleaned from late London papers the following notices of archery meetings in England. It will be seen that ladies not only enjoy the pastime, but that they carry off many of the prizes.

ROYAL SHERWOOD ARCHERS.—The third general target day of the Royal Sherwood Archers was held on the cricket-ground, at Southwell, on Monday last. During the morning the weather was showery and most

unpromising, but at half past twelve the sun shone forth, and the sky became clear and bright, with a delightful breeze. The ballot having been taken, and the candidates proposed at the last meeting unanimously elected, the shootings at four pair of targets commenced at half past one. At four dinner was served in the marquee, to which about eighty members and visitors sat down. After dinner the shooting was resumed, until the usual number of twelve double ends had been completed, when the prizes were adjudged as follows:—1st lady's prize, Miss F. Longdon; 2d do. Miss Preisig; 3d, or president's prize, Miss L. Anson. 1st gentleman's prize, the Rev. L. Jackson; 2d do. Captain Nixon; 3d, or lady patroness's prize, Rev. P. Palmer. Mrs. Kellham was unanimously elected, and accepted the office of lady patroness for the ensuing meeting, and John Wyld, Esq. that of president. At half past nine the company re-assembled in the ball-room, when the enlivening dance commenced, and was kept up with great spirit until an early hour.

KINGSTON ARCHERS.—At the annual field day of the Kingston Archers, the captaincy and bull's-eye prize were won by Mr. G. Milner, jun.; the lieutenantcy and second bull's-eye prize were won by Mr. R. Harrison. The other gentlemen on the ground were Messrs. W. Collinson, E. Northern, R. Lee, jun. H. S. Storry, J. Young, F. Boyes, M. Eyre, P. Bruce, T. Frost, and W. Farthing, jun.

MEATH ARCHERY.—The second meeting for the season of the Meath Archery Society took place on Thursday, the 2d instant, at Loughcrew, the splendid and hospitable mansion of Mr. Naper. At four o'clock the shooting was suspended, and the party proceeded to the magnificent dinner-tent of the society, where a handsome collation had been prepared, and in which one hundred and seventy persons sat down at one table. At eight o'clock the contest for prizes was closed, and they were adjudged as follows:—The first lady's prize to Miss P. Battersby, the second to Miss Skepwith; the first gentleman's prize to Mr. R. Ratcliffe, the second to Mr. T. Gerard, jun. The next meeting of the Meath Archers will take place on the 16th instant, at Clonabraney, the seat of W. B. Wade, Esq. which will be immediately followed by the regatta on Lough Shelan.

ARCHERY FETE.—A grand archery fete, given by the members of the Fraternity of St. George, took place on Thursday, at Lord's cricket-ground. After the shooting, about eighty ladies and gentlemen sat down to a splendid dinner, served up by Mr. Dark, in the pavilion. At eight the ball commenced, and, to a first-rate quadrille band, the parties kept up the dance till nearly morning. Several other entertainments of this kind are expected to take place shortly.

One of the best archery fetes of the season was given by the Fraternity of St. George's Archers, on Thursday last, at Lord's cricket ground. The day was tempestuous, and strong bows had the advantage, but great skill and science were displayed by some of the oldest and best bowmen of the present day. The most successful competitors were — Wyatt, Esq. who won a splendid silver goblet; H. Betty, Esq. a richly chased silver cup; — Cookman, Esq. a beautifully embossed medal. At the conclusion of the shooting, the archers and their friends sat down to a col-

collation, served in the pavilion. The Queen's health, as the patroness of archery, was responded to with enthusiasm, and the merry dance closed a gay and joyous meeting.

GRAND ARCHERY MATCH, OPEN TO ALL ENGLAND.—A grand archery match will be held at Lord's cricket-ground, on Wednesday, the 22d August, to which the lovers of this old English sport are invited. There will be several handsome silver cups, and other prizes, the extent of which will mainly depend on the number of competitors; the prizes will be contended for in three classes. For the first class prizes the entrance will be 7s. 6d. each; for the second do. 5s.; for the third do. 3s. 6d. Archers intending to shoot must send their names and addresses, and pay their entrance money, to Mr. Dark, proprietor of Lord's Ground, on or before Saturday, the 18th instant, for after that day none can enter. Full particulars of the order of shooting will be published and may be had at the bar of the tavern.

On Saturday week the very ancient silver arrows of the town of Musselburgh were shot for on the Links of the honest town, by the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland, when they were gained by Henry George Watson, Esq. treasurer to the Royal Company.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—Lately as a party of farmers were enjoying themselves at Kirbymoorside, among other things fishing became a subject of discourse, when one of the party said, once, when at Mr. Hartas's, he caught a gudgeon, which he fastened upon a hook as a bait, and then tied it to the leg of a gander, which he threw into the river. The gander had not been long in the water before he ducked over head, rose, and went down again for several times. At last, to his astonishment, the bird succeeded in landing with a pike eleven pounds weight.

LEAPING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Saturday, the 9th instant, a chestnut gelding (Dreadnought,) the property of Mr. William Long, of Marham, Norfolk, was taken from his stall and instantly mounted by a gentleman, whose sporting celebrity is well known in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of deciding an argument between the friends of the above named gentleman, who thought it impossible for the horse to clear a brook on the farm of Mr. Long, knowing at the same time the horse had hunted last season with the stag-hounds of H. Villebois, Esq. of Marham House; but to their astonishment he actually cleared the five following leaps. In the first leap, over the brook, he cleared 30 ft. 2 in.; the second, over a stake-bound fence with the ditch from him, he cleared 26 ft. 11 in.; the third, over a post and rail fence, the ditch from him, he cleared 25 ft. 10 in.; the fourth, clearing a ditch and thorn fence, 23 ft. 9 in., and the fifth, into the stack-yard of Mr. Long, with post and rail fence, 22 ft. 5 in.

[English paper.]

THE WILD TURKEY.

[We continue our extracts from Audubon, and present our readers, in the present number, his extended notice of the history and habits of the wild turkey. Those who are in possession of the early volumes of the *Turf Register*, will observe in the 5th volume, (No. 2, October, 1833, page 58,) a short extract from the same work, descriptive of the mode of trapping the wild turkey, accompanied by an admirable drawing of the trap. It seems necessary for us to say here, that Audubon's *Natural History* has been severely criticized, and especially that of the wild turkey,—whether with justice or not we are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to form an opinion. The drawings of the wild turkey, taken by Audubon, are of the size of life, as indeed are all of them, and are the best representations of the birds imaginable, in all points of proportion, colouring, attitude, and anatomy. We have much pleasure in observing, that all the previous extracts have been freely copied from the *Turf Register*, by the newspapers generally, which affords sufficient proof of their interesting character.]

The great size and beauty of the wild turkey, its value as a delicate and highly prized article of food, and the circumstance of its being the origin of the domestic race now generally dispersed over both continents, render it one of the most interesting of the birds indigenous to the United States of America.

The unsettled parts of the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana, an immense extent of country to the north-west of these districts, upon the Mississippi and Missouri, and the vast regions drained by these rivers from their confluence to Louisiana, including the wooded parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, and Alabama, are the most abundantly supplied with this magnificent bird. It is less plentiful in Georgia and the Carolinas, becomes still scarcer in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and is now very rarely seen to the eastward of the last mentioned states. In the course of my rambles through Long Island, the state of New York, and the country around the lakes, I did not meet with a single individual, although I was informed that some exist in those parts. Turkeys are still to be found along the whole line of the Alleghany mountains, where they have become so wary as to be approached only with extreme difficulty. While, in the Great Pine Forest, in 1829, I found a single feather that had been dropped from the tail of a female, but saw no bird of the kind. Farther eastward, I do not think they are now to be found. I shall describe the manners of this bird as observed in the countries where it is most abundant, and having resided for many years in Kentucky and Louisiana, may be understood as referring chiefly to them.

The turkey is irregularly migratory, as well as irregularly gregarious. With reference to the first of these circumstances, I have to state, that whenever the *mast** of one portion of the country happens greatly to exceed that of another, the turkeys are insensibly led toward that spot, by

* In America, the term *mast* is not confined to the fruit of the beech, but is used as a general name for all kinds of forest fruits, including even grapes and berries.

gradually meeting in their haunts with more fruit the nearer they advance towards the place where it is most plentiful. In this manner flock follows after flock, until one district is entirely deserted, while another is, as it were, overflowed by them. But as these migrations are irregular, and extend over a vast expanse of country, it is necessary that I should describe the manner in which they take place.

About the beginning of October, when scarcely any of the seeds and fruits have yet fallen from the trees, these birds assemble in flocks, and gradually move towards the rich bottom lands of the Ohio and Mississippi. The males, or, as they are more commonly called, the *gobblers*, associate in parties of from ten to a hundred, and search for food apart from the females; while the latter are seen either advancing singly, each with its brood of young, then about two-thirds grown, or in connection with other families; forming parties often amounting to seventy or eighty individuals, all intent on shunning the old cocks, which, even when the young birds have attained this size, will fight with, and often destroy them by repeated blows on the head. Old and young, however, all move in the same course, and on foot, unless their progress be interrupted by a river, or the hunter's dog force them to take wing. When they come upon a river, they betake themselves to the highest eminences, and there often remain a whole day, or sometimes two, as if for the purpose of consultation. During this time, the males are heard *gobbling*, calling, and making much ado, and are seen strutting about, as if to raise their courage to a pitch befitting the emergency. Even the females and young assume something of the same pompous demeanour, spread out their tails, and run round each other, *purring* loudly, and performing extravagant leaps. At length, when the weather appears settled, and all around is quiet, the whole party mounts to the tops of the highest trees, whence, at a signal, consisting of a single *cluck*, given by a leader, the flock takes flight for the opposite shore. The old and fat birds easily get over, even should the river be a mile in breadth; but the younger and less robust frequently fall into the water,—not to be drowned, however, as might be imagined. They bring their wings close to their body, spread out their tail as a support, stretch forward their neck, and striking out their legs with great vigour, proceed rapidly towards the shore; on approaching which, should they find it too steep for landing, they cease their exertions for a few moments, float down the stream until they come to an accessible part, and by a violent effort generally extricate themselves from the water. It is remarkable, that immediately after thus crossing a large stream, they ramble about for some time, as if bewildered. In this state, they fall an easy prey to the hunter.

When the turkeys arrive in parts where the mast is abundant, they separate into smaller flocks, composed of birds of all ages and both sexes, promiscuously mingled, and devour all before them. This happens about the middle of November. So gentle do they sometimes become after these long journeys, that they have been seen to approach the farm-houses, associate with the domestic fowls, and enter the stables and corn-

cribs in quest of food. In this way, roaming about the forests, and feeding chiefly on mast, they pass the autumn and part of the winter.

As early as the middle of February, they begin to experience the impulse of propagation. The females separate, and fly from the males. The latter strenuously pursue, and begin to gobble or to utter the notes of exultation. The sexes roost apart, but at no great distance from each other. When a female utters the call-note, all the gobblers within hearing return the sound, rolling note after note with as much rapidity as if they intended to emit the last and the first together, not with spread tail, as when fluttering round the females on the ground, or practising on the branches of the trees on which they have roosted for the night, but much in the manner of the domestic turkey, when an unusual or unexpected noise elicits its singular hubbub. If the call of the female comes from the ground, all the males immediately fly towards the spot, and the moment they reach it, whether the hen be in sight or not, spread out and erect their tail, draw the head back on the shoulders, depress their wings with a quivering motion, and strut pompously about, emitting at the same time a succession of puffs from the lungs, and stopping now and then to listen and look. But whether they spy the female or not, they continue to puff and strut, moving with as much celerity as their ideas of ceremony seem to admit. While thus occupied, the males often encounter each other, in which case desperate battles take place, ending in bloodshed, and often in the loss of many lives, the weaker falling under the repeated blows inflicted upon their head by the stronger.

I have often been much diverted, while watching two males in fierce conflict, by seeing them move alternately backwards and forwards, as either had obtained a better hold, their wings drooping, their tails partly raised, their body-feathers ruffled, and their heads covered with blood. If, as they thus struggle, and gasp for breath, one of them should lose his hold, his chance is over, for the other, still holding fast, hits him violently with spurs and wings, and in a few minutes brings him to the ground. The moment he is dead, the conqueror treads him under foot, but, what is strange, not with hatred, but with all the motions which he employs in caressing the female.

When the male has discovered and made up to the female (whether such a combat has previously taken place or not), if she be more than one year old, she also struts and gobbles, turns round him as he continues strutting, suddenly opens her wings, throws herself towards him, as if to put a stop to his idle delay, lays herself down, and receives his dilatory caresses. If the cock meet a young hen, he alters his mode of procedure. He struts in a different manner, less pompously and more energetically, moves with rapidity, sometimes rises from the ground, taking a short flight around the hen, as is the manner of some pigeons, the red-breasted thrush, and many other birds, and on alighting, runs with all his might, at the same time rubbing his tail and wings along the ground, for the space of perhaps ten yards. He then draws near the timorous female, allays her fears by purring, and when she at length consents, caresses her.

When a male and a female have thus come together, I believe the

connection continues for that season, although the former by no means confines his attention to one female, as I have seen a cock caress several hens, when he happened to fall in with them in the same place, for the first time. After this the hens follow their favourite cock, roosting in his immediate neighbourhood, if not on the same tree, until they begin to lay, when they separate themselves, in order to save their eggs from the male, who would break them all, for the purpose of protracting his sexual enjoyments. The females then carefully avoid him, excepting during a short period each day. After this the males become clumsy and slovenly, if one may say so, cease to fight with each other, give up gobbling or calling so frequently, and assume so careless a habit, that the hens are obliged to make all the advances themselves. They *yelp* loudly and almost continually for the cocks, run up to them, caress them, and employ various means to rekindle their expiring ardour.

Turkey-cocks when at roost sometimes strut and gobble, but I have more generally seen them spread out and raise their tail, and emit the pulmonic puff, lowering their tail and other feathers immediately after. During clear nights, or when there is moonshine, they perform this action at intervals of a few minutes, for hours together, without moving from the same spot, and indeed sometimes without rising on their legs, especially towards the end of the love-season. The males now become greatly emaciated, and cease to gobble, their *breast-sponge* becoming flat. They then separate from the hens, and one might suppose that they had entirely deserted their neighbourhood. At such seasons I have found them lying by the side of a log, in some retired part of the dense woods and cane thickets, and often permitting one to approach within a few feet. They are then unable to fly, but run swiftly, and to a great distance. A slow turkey-hound has led me miles before I could flush the same bird. Chases of this kind I did not undertake for the purpose of killing the bird, it being then unfit for eating, and covered with ticks, but with the view of rendering myself acquainted with its habits. They thus retire to recover flesh and strength, by purging with particular species of grass, and using less exercise. As soon as their condition is improved, the cocks come together again, and recommence their rambles. Let us now return to the females.

About the middle of April, when the season is dry, the hens begin to look out for a place in which to deposit their eggs. This place requires to be as much as possible concealed from the eye of the crow, as that bird often watches the turkey when going to her nest, and, waiting in the neighbourhood until she has left it, removes and eats the eggs. The nest, which consists of a few withered leaves, is placed on the ground, in a hollow scooped out, by the side of a log, or in the fallen top of a dry leafy tree, under a thicket of sumach or briars, or a few feet within the edge of a cane-brake, but always in a dry place. The eggs, which are of a dull cream colour, sprinkled with red dots, sometimes amount to twenty, although the more usual number is from ten to fifteen. When depositing her eggs, the female always approaches the nest with extreme caution, scarcely ever taking the same course twice; and when about to leave them, covers them carefully with leaves, so that it is very difficult for a

person who may have seen the bird to discover the nest. Indeed, few turkeys' nests are found, unless the female has been suddenly started from them, or a cunning lynx, fox, or crow, has sucked the eggs and left their shells scattered about.

Turkey-hens not unfrequently prefer islands for depositing their eggs and rearing their young, probably because such places are less frequented by hunters, and because the great masses of drifted timber which usually accumulate at their heads, may protect and save them in cases of great emergency. When I have found these birds in such situations, and with young, I have always observed that a single discharge of a gun made them run immediately to the pile of drifted wood, and conceal themselves in it. I have often walked over these masses, which are frequently from ten to twenty feet in height, in search of the game which I knew to be concealed in them.

When an enemy passes within sight of a female, while laying or sitting, she never moves, unless she knows that she has been discovered, but crouches lower until he has passed. I have frequently approached within five or six paces of a nest, of which I was previously aware, on assuming an air of carelessness, and whistling or talking to myself, the female remaining undisturbed; whereas if I went cautiously towards it, she would never suffer me to approach within twenty paces, but would run off, with her tail spread on one side, to a distance of twenty or thirty yards, when assuming a stately gait, she would walk about deliberately, uttering every now and then a cluck. They seldom abandon their nest, when it has been discovered by men; but, I believe, never go near it again, when a snake or other animal has sucked any of the eggs. If the eggs have been destroyed or carried off, the female soon yelps again for a male; but, in general, she rears only a single brood each season. Several hens sometimes associate together, I believe for their mutual safety, deposite their eggs in the same nest, and rear their broods together. I once found three sitting on forty-two eggs. In such cases, the common nest is always watched by one of the females, so that no crow, raven, or perhaps even pole-cat, dares approach it.

The mother will not leave her eggs, when near hatching, under any circumstances, while life remains. She will even allow an enclosure to be made around her, and thus suffer imprisonment, rather than abandon them. I once witnessed the hatching of a brood of turkeys, which I watched for the purpose of securing them together with the parent. I concealed myself on the ground within a very few feet, and saw her raise herself half the length of her legs, look anxiously upon the eggs, cluck with a sound peculiar to the mother on such occasions, carefully remove each half-empty shell, and with her bill caress and dry the young birds, that already stood tottering and attempting to make their way out of the nest. Yes, I have seen this, and have left mother and young to better care than mine could have proved, to the care of their Creator and mine. I have seen them all emerge from the shell, and, in a few moments after, tumble, roll, and push each other forward, with astonishing and inscrutable instinct.

Before leaving the nest with her young brood, the mother shakes herself in a violent manner, picks and adjusts the feathers about her belly, and assumes quite a different aspect. She alternately inclines her eyes obliquely upwards and sideways, stretching out her neck, to discover hawks or other enemies, spreads her wings a little as she walks, and softly clucks to keep her innocent offspring close to her. They move slowly along, and as the hatching generally takes place in the afternoon, they frequently return to the nest to spend the first night there. After this, they remove to some distance, keeping on the highest undulated grounds, the mother dreading rainy weather, which is extremely dangerous to the young, in this tender state, when they are only covered by a kind of soft hairy down, of surprising delicacy. In very rainy seasons, turkeys are scarce, for if once completely wetted, the young seldom recover. To prevent the disastrous effects of rainy weather, the mother, like a skilful physician, plucks the buds of the spice-wood bush, and gives them to her young.

In about a fortnight, the young birds, which had previously rested on the ground, leave it and fly, at night, to some very large low branch, where they place themselves under the deeply curved wings of their kind and careful parent, dividing themselves for that purpose into two nearly equal parties. After this, they leave the woods during the day, and approach the natural glades or prairies, in search of strawberries, and subsequently of dewberries, blackberries and grasshoppers, thus obtaining abundant food, and enjoying the beneficial influence of the sun's rays. They roll themselves in deserted ants' nests, to clear their growing feathers of the loose scales, and prevent ticks and other vermin from attacking them, these insects being unable to bear the odour of the earth in which ants have been.

The young turkeys now advance rapidly in growth, and in the month of August are able to secure themselves from unexpected attacks of wolves, foxes, lynxes, and even cougars, by rising quickly from the ground, by the help of their powerful legs, and reaching with ease the highest branches of the tallest trees. The young cocks shew the tuft on the breast about this time, and begin to gobble and strut, while the young hens pur and leap, in the manner which I have already described.

The old cocks have also assembled by this time, and it is probable that all the turkeys now leave the extreme north-western districts, to remove to the Wabash, Illinois, Black River, and the neighbourhood of Lake Erie.

Of the numerous enemies of the wild turkey, the most formidable, excepting man, are the lynx, the snowy owl, and the Virginian owl. The lynx sucks their eggs, and is extremely expert at seizing both young and old, which he effects in the following manner. When he has discovered a flock of turkeys, he follows them at a distance for some time, until he ascertains the direction in which they are proceeding. He then makes a rapid circular movement, gets in advance of the flock, and lays himself down in ambush, until the birds come up, when he springs upon one of them by a single bound, and secures it. While once sitting in the woods, on the banks of the Wabash, I observed two large turkey-cocks on a log,

by the river, pluming and picking themselves. I watched their movements for a while, when of a sudden one of them flew across the river, while I perceived the other struggling under the grasp of a lynx. When attacked by the two large species of owl above mentioned, they often effect their escape in a way which is somewhat remarkable. As turkeys usually roost in flocks, on naked branches of trees, they are easily discovered by their enemies, the owls, which, on silent wing approach and hover around them for the purpose of reconnoitering. This, however, is rarely done without being discovered, and a single *cluck* from one of the turkeys announces to the whole party the approach of the murderer. They instantly start upon their legs, and watch the motions of the owl, which, selecting one as its victim, comes down upon it like an arrow, and would inevitably secure the turkey, did not the latter at that moment lower its head, stoop, and spread its tail in an inverted manner over its back, by which action the aggressor is met by a smooth inclined plane, along which it glances without hurting the turkey; immediately after which the latter drops to the ground, and thus escapes, merely with the loss of a few feathers.

The wild turkeys cannot be said to confine themselves to any particular kind of food, although they seem to prefer the pecan-nut and winter-grape to any other, and, where these fruits abound, are found in the greatest numbers. They eat grass and herbs of various kinds, corn, berries, and fruit of all descriptions. I have even found beetles, tadpoles, and small lizards in their crops.

Turkeys are now generally extremely shy, and the moment they observe a man, whether of the red or white race, instinctively move from him. Their usual mode of progression is what is termed walking, during which they frequently open each wing partially and successively, replacing them again by folding them over each other, as if their weight were too great. Then, as if to amuse themselves, they will run a few steps, open both wings and fan their sides, in the manner of the common fowl, and often take two or three leaps in the air and shake themselves. Whilst searching for food among the leaves or loose soil, they keep their head up, and are unremittingly on the lookout; but as the legs and feet finish the operation, they are immediately seen to pick up the food, the presence of which, I suspect, is frequently indicated to them through the sense of touch in their feet, during the act of scratching. This habit of scratching and removing the dried leaves in the woods is pernicious to their safety, as the spots which they thus clear, being about two feet in diameter, are seen at a distance, and, if fresh, shew that the birds are in the vicinity. During the summer months they resort to the paths or roads, as well as the ploughed fields, for the purpose of rolling themselves in the dust, by which means they clear their bodies of the ticks which at that season infest them, as well as free themselves of the musquitoes, which greatly annoy them, by biting their heads.

When, after a heavy fall of snow, the weather becomes frosty, so as to form a hard crust on the surface, the turkeys remain on their roosts for three or four days, sometimes much longer, which proves their capability

of continued abstinence. When near farms, however, they leave the roosts, and go into the very stables and about the stacks of corn, to procure food. During melting snow-falls, they will travel to an extraordinary distance, and are then followed in vain, it being impossible for hunters of any description to keep up with them. They have then a dangling and straggling way of running, which, awkward as it may seem, enables them to outstrip any other animal. I have often, when on a good horse, been obliged to abandon the attempt to put them up, after following them for several hours. This habit of continued running, in rainy or very damp weather of any kind, is not peculiar to the wild turkey, but is common to all gallinaceous birds. In America, the different species of grouse exhibit the same tendency.

In spring, when the males are much emaciated, in consequence of their attentions to the females, it sometimes happens that, on plain and open ground, they may be overtaken by a swift dog, in which case they squat, and allow themselves to be seized, either by the dog, or the hunter who has followed on a good horse. I have heard of such occurrences, but never had the pleasure of seeing an instance of them.

Good dogs scent the turkeys, when in large flocks, at extraordinary distances,—I think I may venture to say half a mile. Should the dog be well trained to this sport, he sets off at full speed, and in silence, until he sees the birds, when he instantly barks, and pushing as much as possible into the centre of the flock, forces the whole to take wing in different directions. This is of great advantage to the hunter, for should the turkeys all go one way, they would soon leave their perches and run again. But when they separate in this manner, and the weather happens to be calm and lowering, a person accustomed to this kind of sport finds the birds with ease, and shoots them at pleasure.

When turkeys alight on a tree, it is sometimes very difficult to see them, which is owing to their standing perfectly motionless. Should you discover one, when it is down on its legs upon the branch, you may approach it with less care. But if it is standing erect, the greatest precaution is necessary, for should it discover you, it instantly flies off, frequently to such a distance that it would be vain to follow.

When a turkey is merely winged by a shot, it falls quickly to the ground in a slanting direction. Then, instead of loosing time by tumbling and rolling over, as other birds often do when wounded, it runs off at such a rate, that unless the hunter be provided with a swift dog, he may bid farewell to it. I recollect coming on one shot in this manner, more than a mile from the tree where it had been perched, my dog having traced it to this distance, through one of those thick canebrakes that cover many portions of our rich alluvial lands near the banks of our western rivers. Turkeys are easily killed if shot in the head, the neck, or the upper part of the breast; but if hit in the hind parts only, they often fly so far as to be lost to the hunter. During winter many of our *real* hunters shoot them by moonlight, on the roosts, where these birds will frequently stand a repetition of the reports of a rifle, although they would fly from the attack of an owl, or even perhaps from his presence. Thus sometimes nearly a whole

flock is secured by men capable of using these guns in such circumstances. They are often destroyed in great numbers when most worthless, that is, early in the fall or autumn, when many are killed in their attempt to cross the rivers, or immediately after they reach the shore.

Whilst speaking of the shooting of turkeys, I feel no hesitation in relating the following occurrence, which happened to myself. While in search of game, one afternoon late in autumn, when the males go together, and the females are by themselves also, I heard the clucking of one of the latter, and immediately finding her perched on a fence, made towards her. Advancing slowly and cautiously, I heard the yelping notes of some gobblers, when I stopped and listened in order to ascertain the direction in which they came. I then ran to meet the birds, hid myself by the side of a large fallen tree, cocked my gun, and waited with impatience for a good opportunity. The gobblers continued yelping in answer to the female, which all this while remained on the fence. I looked over the log and saw about thirty fine cocks advancing rather cautiously towards the very spot where I lay concealed. They came so near that the light in their eyes could easily be perceived, when I fired one barrel, and killed three. The rest, instead of flying off, fell a strutting around their dead companions, and had I not looked on shooting again as murder without necessity, I might have secured at least another. So I shewed myself, and marching to the place where the dead birds were, drove away the survivors. I may also mention, that a friend of mine shot a fine hen, from his horse, with a pistol, as the poor thing was probably returning to her nest to lay.

Should you, good-natured reader, be a sportsman, and now and then have been fortunate in the exercise of your craft, the following incident, which I shall relate to you as I had it from the mouth of an honest farmer, may prove interesting. Turkeys were very abundant in his neighbourhood, and, resorting to his corn fields, at the period when the maize had just shot up from the ground, destroyed great quantities of it. This induced him to swear vengeance against the species. He cut a long trench in a favourable situation, put a great quantity of corn in it, and having heavily loaded a famous duck gun of his, placed it so as that he could pull the trigger by means of a string, when quite concealed from the birds. The turkeys soon discovered the corn in the trench, and quickly disposed of it, at the same time continuing their ravages in the fields. He filled the trench again, and one day seeing it quite black with the turkeys, whistled loudly, on which all the birds raised their heads, when he pulled the trigger by the long string fastened to it. The explosion followed of course, and the turkeys were seen scampering off in all directions, in utter discomfiture and dismay. On running to the trench, he found nine of them extended in it. The rest did not consider it expedient to visit his corn again for that season.

During spring, turkeys are *called*, as it is termed, by drawing the air in a particular way through one of the second joint bones of a wing of that bird, which produces a sound resembling the voice of the female, on hearing which the male comes up, and is shot. In managing this, however,

no fault must be committed, for turkeys are quick in distinguishing counterfeit sounds, and when *half civilized* are very wary and cunning. I have known many to answer to this kind of call, without moving a step, and thus entirely defeat the scheme of the hunter, who dared not move from his hiding-place, lest a single glance of the gobbler's eye should frustrate all further attempts to decoy them. Many are shot when at roost, in this season, by answering with a rolling gobble to a sound in imitation of the cry of the barred owl.

But the most common method of procuring wild turkeys, is by means of *pens*. These are placed in parts of the woods where turkeys have been frequently observed to roost, and are constructed in the following manner. Young trees of four or five inches diameter are cut down, and divided into pieces of the length of twelve or fourteen feet. Two of these are laid on the ground parallel to each other, at a distance of ten or twelve feet. Two other pieces are laid across the ends of these, at right angles to them; and in this manner successive layers are added, until the fabric is raised to the height of about four feet. It is then covered with similar pieces of wood, placed three or four inches apart, and loaded with one or two heavy logs to render the whole firm. This done, a trench about eighteen inches in depth and width is cut under one side of the cage, into which it opens slantingly and rather abruptly. It is continued on its outside to some distance, so as gradually to attain the level of the surrounding ground. Over the part of this trench within the pen, and close to the wall, some sticks are placed so as to form a kind of bridge about a foot in breadth. The trap being now finished, the owner places a quantity of Indian corn in its centre, as well as in the trench, and as he walks off drops here and there a few grains in the woods, sometimes to the distance of a mile. This is repeated at every visit to the trap, after the turkeys have found it. Sometimes two trenches are cut, in which case the trenches enter on opposite sides of the trap, and are both strewn with corn. No sooner has a turkey discovered the train of corn, than it communicates the circumstance to the flock by a cluck, when all of them come up, and searching for the grains scattered about, at length come upon the trench, which they follow, squeezing themselves one after another through the passage under the bridge. In this manner the whole flock sometimes enters, but more commonly six or seven only, as they are alarmed by the least noise, even the cracking of a tree in frosty weather. Those within, having gorged themselves, raise their heads, and try to force their way through the top or sides of the pen, passing and repassing on the bridge, but never for a moment looking down, or attempting to escape through the passage by which they entered. Thus they remain until the owner of the trap arriving, closes the trench, and secures his captives. I have heard of eighteen turkeys having been caught in this manner at a single visit to the trap. I have had many of these pens myself, but never found more than seven in them at a time. One winter I kept an account of the produce of a pen which I visited daily, and found that seventy-six had been caught in it, in about two months. When these birds are abundant, the owners of the pens sometimes become satiated with their flesh, and neglect to visit the

pens for several days, in some cases for weeks. The poor captives thus perish for want of food; for, strange as it may seem, they scarcely ever regain their liberty, by descending into the trench, and retracing their steps. I have, more than once, found four or five, and even ten, dead in a pen, through inattention. Where wolves or lynxes are numerous, they are apt to secure the prize before the owner of the trap arrives. One morning, I had the pleasure of securing in one of my pens, a fine black wolf, which, on seeing me, squatted, supposing me to be passing in another direction.

Wild turkeys often approach and associate with tame ones, or fight with them, and drive them off from their food. The cocks sometimes pay their addresses to the domesticated females, and are generally received by them with great pleasure, as well as by their owners, who are well aware of the advantages resulting from such intrusions, the half breed being much more hardy than the tame, and, consequently, more easily reared.

While at Henderson, on the Ohio, I had, among many other wild birds, a fine male turkey, which had been reared from its earliest youth under my care, it having been caught by me when probably not more than two or three days old. It became so tame that it would follow any person who called it, and was the favourite of the little village. Yet it would never roost with the tame turkeys, but regularly betook itself at night to the roof of the house, where it remained until dawn. When two years old, it began to fly to the woods, where it remained for a considerable part of the day, to return to the enclosure as night approached. It continued this practice until the following spring, when I saw it several times fly from its roosting place to the top of a high cotton-tree, on the bank of the Ohio, from which, after resting a little, it would sail to the opposite shore, the river being there nearly half a mile wide, and return towards night. One morning I saw it fly off, at a very early hour, to the woods, in another direction, and took no particular notice of the circumstance. Several days elapsed, but the bird did not return. I was going towards some lakes near Green River to shoot, when, having walked about five miles, I saw a fine large gobbler cross the path before me, moving leisurely along. Turkeys being then in prime condition for the table, I ordered my dog to chase it, and put it up. The animal went off with great rapidity, and as it approached the turkey, I saw with great surprise, that the latter paid little attention. Juno was on the point of seizing it, when she suddenly stopped, and turned her head towards me. I hastened to them, but you may easily conceive my surprise when I saw my own favourite bird, and discovered that it had recognized the dog, and would not fly from it; although a strange dog would have caused it to run off at once. A friend of mine happening to be in search of a wounded deer, took the bird on his saddle before him, and carried it home for me. The following spring it was accidentally shot, having been taken for a wild bird, and brought to me on being recognized by the red ribbon which it had around its neck. Pray, reader, by what word will you designate the recognition made by my favourite turkey of a dog which had been long associated with it in

the yard and grounds? Was it the result of instinct, or of reason,—an unconsciously revived impression, or the act of an intelligent mind?

At the time when I removed to Kentucky, rather more than a fourth of a century ago, turkeys were so abundant, that the price of one in the market was not equal to that of a common barn-fowl now. I have seen them offered for the sum of three pence each; the birds weighing from ten to twelve pounds. A first-rate turkey, weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds avoirdupois, was considered well sold when it brought a quarter of a dollar.

The weight of turkey hens generally averages about nine pounds avoirdupois. I have, however, shot barren hens in strawberry season, that weighed thirteen pounds, and have seen a few so fat as to burst open on falling from a tree when shot. Male turkeys differ more in their bulk and weight. From fifteen to eighteen pounds may be a fair estimate of their ordinary weight. I saw one offered for sale in the Louisville market, that weighed thirty-six pounds. Its pectoral appendage measured upwards of a foot.

Some closet naturalists suppose the hen turkey to be destitute of the appendage on the breast, but this is not the case in the full-grown bird. The young males, as I have said, at the approach of the first winter, have merely a kind of protuberance in the flesh at this part, while the young females of the same age have no such appearance. The second year, the males are to be distinguished by the hairy tuft, which is about four inches long, whereas in the females that are not barren, it is yet hardly apparent. The third year, the male turkey may be said to be adult, although it certainly increases in weight and size for several years more. The females at the age of four are in full beauty, and have the pectoral appendage four or five inches long, but thinner than in the male. The barren hens do not acquire it until they are very old. The experienced hunter knows them at once in the flock, and shoots them by preference. The great number of young hens, destitute of the appendage in question, has doubtless given rise to the idea that it is wanting in the female turkey.

The long downy *double* feathers* about the thighs and on the lower parts of the sides of the wild turkey, are often used for making tippets, by the wives of our squatters and farmers. These tippets, when properly made, are extremely beautiful as well as comfortable.

A long account of the habits of this remarkable bird has already been given in Bonaparte's *American Ornithology*, vol. i. As that account was in a great measure derived from notes furnished by myself, you need not be surprised, good reader, to find it often in accordance with the above.

* The peculiarities in the structure of the plumage of different species of birds might, if duly attended to, prove of essential service to the systematic ornithologist, as conducing, along with other circumstances, to the elucidation of the natural affinities of birds. On this subject, I would refer the system-makers to the valuable observations of Mr. Macgillivray in the *Edinburg New Philosophical Journal* for 1828.

CLASSIFICATION OF JOCKEY CLUB MEETINGS.

Some time since I called the attention of the turfites to the subject of so arranging the jockey club meetings, that they might be laid out somewhat in circuits, thereby enabling gentlemen to attend a certain and reasonable number of meetings without interference. Under the present system the races in the immediate vicinity of a stable may be so arranged as to force a man to lose much time with his horses, or if he attend as many meetings as may compensate him for training, he must *post* his horses by steam from New York to Raleigh, or what may be still worse, if a liberal sportsman, he may with the best colt be forced to pay forfeit in stakes, when meetings to which he subscribes occur on the same day, as is the case at this time, the races on the National Course, Washington city, and old Newmarket, Virginia, commencing on the 2d of October. This should not happen, or if it did, it should be under some regular system by which gentlemen at the time of subscribing should clearly understand they had no chance of running. Under these circumstances a man would not think of entering for the mere privilege of paying forfeit. Something like this occurred with Mr. Wynne not long since, he had entries at New York and Virginia, under some arrangement the meetings clashed—he was forced to pay some heavy forfeits with a colt that could have won.

If all the meetings in a reasonable distance were so arranged as to commence the last week in September and end the first in November, this would enable the sportsman to attend about six meetings, enough in all conscience, and at a season when they could calculate on good weather for their sport. This system would apply well from North Carolina to New York.

Thus the clubs at Raleigh, Danville, Salisbury, Nash, Warrenton and Edgecombe should make one circuit—Crosskeys, Norfolk, Fairfield, Treehill, and Newmarket would make a second circuit, and thus arrange the meetings in the upper part of Virginia, also in Maryland, Jersey and New York.

Under this system it is true no one stable could make a sweep from Virginia to New York, but at the same time it would enable many stables to win and defray expenses, and thus more generally diffuse, or perhaps I should more properly say, keep up the spirit of racing, and as a consequence better sustain fair prices for blood stock. It is true we might perhaps seldom sell at twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, but many could be sold at *good figures*—a steady and fair demand is always preferable to solitary high sales.

This system when once under way would more than double the number of training stables, and increase in a similar ratio the demand for grain to the great benefit of our agricultural community.

But its advantages to the turfites themselves is almost incalculable; a recurrence to our turf history some few years past will perhaps be the best mode of placing this matter in a proper point of view. It will be remembered that at one time Mr. Johnson had in his stable those two fine mares, Trifle and Ironette, and alternating them for more than twelve

months, he won (almost) every three and four mile purse from Petersburg to New York, now under this system he could have but a fair portion of the purses, and as there would be at least five circuits, no one could with one stable appropriate more than one for himself, and leave the other four to his friends. I do not cite Col. Johnson as an instance because I was unfriendly to him, far from it, so long as the present plan induces I am as willing he should benefit by it as any man on the turf, and little Trifle ever had my best wishes. I offer the present arrangement to the clubs in the Raleigh circuit,—Salisbury, 1st, Danville, 2d, Raleigh, 3d, Warrenton, 4th, Nash, 5th, Edgecombe, 6th. The horses would travel but a short distance to each of these meetings, and tolerable management would keep them in condition and afford good racing, and this plan I most respectfully submit to them, if they approve and adopt it I am certain others will follow so good an example.

A.

STATE COURSE AT RALEIGH.

MR. EDITOR:

September 1, 1838.

SIR:—It is usual for those connected in any way with the turf, or the rearing of blooded stock, to congratulate themselves on the establishment of a new club. Last night's mail brought me an advertisement of the first meeting to be held at the new course, near Raleigh; but a perusal afforded me any thing but feelings of pride or gratification.

The purses, it is true, are respectable, but the conditions on which they are offered, to say the least of them, seem very objectionable, perhaps the better plan will be to give an extract from the bill.

First day, \$300, two mile heats, \$30 entrance.

Second day, \$500, three mile heats, \$40 entrance.

Third day, \$1,000, four mile heats, \$75 entrance.

Fourth day, \$200, one mile heat, best three in five, \$20 entrance.

Fifth day, \$100, one mile heat, best three in five, \$20 entrance added.

These seem, so far as the bill states, to be all jockey club purses—that is, the subscription of the *gentlemen* to promote the sports of the turf, for the general amusement and to encourage the breeding of fine horses. This is all very well, and I am perfectly willing they should have all due credit for what I hold both laudable and patriotic, but I most solemnly protest against their attempt to set up such pretensions at the expense of the sportsmen who may attend those races. The heavy entrances for each of those purses must be intended to remunerate the *subscribers* for what they have assumed the credit of *giving*, or to go into the pocket of the proprietor; who furnishes no part of the purses and who has many ways of compensation at others expense, but worst of all this imposition is laid exclusively on the racers—without whom a course would have as little attraction as a *gallows* without a *criminal*. This too is done under the *Newmarket rules*; now by the rules of that club, the entrance to the *jockey club purse*, four mile heats, has been time out of mind, twenty dollars—two and three mile heats, fifteen dollars—one mile heat, ten dollars; this I hold one of the best regulations at that course, and on my

own behalf and that of all others training horses I object to the exercise of the expunging power.

But worst of all, sir, we are told the jockey club purses will be subject to the usual discount; it is a pity, sir, we are not informed whether the gentlemen of the club *mean to shave their own paper*, or the racers to be left to the tender mercies of the *proprietor*; in the first place, they advertise so many *dollars*; these are not usually at a discount; if they had advertised so many jockey club *tickets* or *Cheraw bills*, we should know what we were running for; it is but fair if the purses are offered in depreciated paper, the *entrances* should be on *credit*. But this custom of discount has been exploded at every respectable course from *New York* to *Georgia*; and I felt disgust and humiliation to see it revived in my native state and on the state *course*. The writer has some little experience on the subject of discount purses; some years since, he won both the jockey club purses at *Louisburg*, the proprietor claimed thirty-three and a third for the ready; I was glad to save two-thirds, but of this I paid one-half in entrances and a *singeing bill* to this accommodating proprietor, leaving less than one half of what they should have paid me; this you will say is *bad*, but sir, it is cakes and gingerbread to the manner in which I was once served at a course in *South Carolina*; I won the whole *jockey club subscription*; the treasurer told me if he collected my money, *he alone was authorized to collect*, he would pay me seventy-five in the hundred, this has been my experience in discount purses, and I cannot say I fancy them.

I would say to the club it is bad policy, not one-third of the horses will attend your meetings as if the usual entrances only were demanded, and all who know any thing on the subject of racing, are aware that the interest and amusement is ever in proportion to the number of entries.

The handicap race, one mile, best three in five, is out of all rule or precedent; here the entrance should be added to the purse; for whose benefit are those high entrances exacted? For my part, I think it would have been best to advertise the whole as stakes, and say at once that all *owners of racehorses* who would bring them to *Raleigh* should have a *chance* to run for their own money.

I am sorry that our club should not have adopted a course that would enlist in its interest all the liberal sportsmen of the south, for on them at last it must depend for success, for if they come not, your subscribers will withdraw; does any man expect that the racers from *Virginia* will attend our races when they can by paying one-half or one-fourth the same entrance, run for purses of equal value from *Petersburg* to *New York*, without *discount*.

From our ancestors, the *English*, we have learned some things, let us benefit by their experience on matters connected with the turf. In *England*, every dollar paid by the racers as *entrance* is run for by them, except some small pittance going to defray some immediate and necessary expense; and a *proprietor* there who has laid out from two to three hundred thousand dollars finds his remuneration in the renting of booths

and the perquisites of the course; they never dream of taxing those who start horses, and thus contribute at great expense to the sport.

In one other particular they differ and wisely too, with us; the entrance of all their stakes is comparatively low, they raise their most valuable stakes not from high but numerous entries, this induces the trial of a great many colts, and as a consequence increases greatly the patronage of the turf. Indeed this induces many breeders (who themselves never train for the turf,) to name their colts in all the most fashionable stakes, as a means of adding to the value of their stock; thus a colt entered in the Derby, if promising will have sometimes from three to five hundred guineas added to his value by this entry. This is a matter our breeders would soon understand and act upon, when once we reduce the entrances to our stakes. The writer has a small string of horses in training to attend the first meeting on the state course, at which time he will endeavour to effect a repeal of those obnoxious rules, and should he fail to do so, will trouble them no more.

A.

PRICES OF BLOODED STOCK.

MR. EDITOR:

September 13, 1838.

SIR:—One of the correspondents of the Spirit of the Times asks at what prices the imported horses have been bought in England, why this inquiry? Does the gentleman mean to put to that horse which cost the most money? It is more important to a breeder to know the blood and performance of the horse and his stock; if these are fairly stated, that is all that is requisite. Suppose Messrs. Merrit & Co. were to state merely the prices at which they bought their horses, leaving us to guess their names and blood, who would patronize them? The price of the horse is an affair of the owners. The qualities of the horses alone concern those who patronize him; as well might those who own stallions send on a list and ask Mr. Porter to *say if he thinks they will pay*.

For the satisfaction of B. and others, I will state that most of the late importations were bought at high prices, and are generally of the best and most fashionable blood; and from the great variety of crosses and form among them no judicious breeder could fail to select a horse that would suit his mare.

I agree with B. that untried stallions stand too high; but this is not confined to imported horses—no untried horse should stand higher than forty dollars cash; it was old Sir Archy's price.

J.

SPORTING WAGER.—Mr. Lamb, of Youghal, rode his splendid bay horse from that town yesterday to this city, a distance of thirty-eight English miles, in two hours and eighteen minutes, winning the wager (£500) in sporting style, having twelve minutes to spare. This shows the very superior qualities of the horse, being, as we understand, twenty-five years old.—*Cork Standard*.

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF THE DOG.—No. II.

(Concluded from page 323, vol. ix)

The catalogue of animals considered beasts of chase by the Romans is tolerably comprehensive, for they appear to have hunted every thing that dogs would run, from an elephant to an ichneumon. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Sir Thomas Browne, positively asserts that the ancients did not hunt by scent; and Somerville, who concurs in the opinion, attempts to confirm it by reference to an ancient monument described by Montfaucon, and the citation of a *word* from Oppian. In answer to this assertion it is in the first place to be observed, that every ancient writer who has treated of dogs, has particularly noticed their exquisite sense of smelling. To tell us that they hunted exclusively by view is assuming too much, and is drawing too largely on a reader's credulity. How dogs that hunted merely by their power of vision could follow their game through thickets, and over a woody and uneven country, is rather difficult to conceive. That hunting was not confined to the plain open country, we learn from ancient writers, who also speak of the chase being frequently long. The fact of the greyhound following the hare, and the Irish greyhound the deer, by sight, does not bear on the general question; for we cannot suppose that all other animals of the chase observed the same manner of running, doubling, and winding in their course as the hare; and the instance of the Irish greyhound does not apply, for those dogs were only slipped at the deer when in view, and when they lost sight of their prey the huntsman recovered the track with the slow hounds, which were so called to distinguish them from the others which they always accompanied. That dogs in former times should be possessed of the faculty of smelling in a high degree, and yet not exercise it when in pursuit of their prey, for whose discovery it would seem to be expressly given, would be indeed most singular, and yet we are assured by persons of great name that such is the fact. But, after observing that an ancient bas-relief is a strange authority on the question of hunting by *scent*, I shall produce Oppian, who has been cited on the contrary side, to prove that the ancients *did* hunt in this manner. In the first book of the *Cynegetica*, he plainly and fully gives directions how a young hound is to be entered to hunt the hare by scent, and particularly describes its effect on hounds.* Although the ancients might not have hounds so well disciplined, nor able to run a cold scent so well as those of the moderns, it is assuming too much to assert that they never hunted by scent at all. Much might be said on the subject of scent, though possibly without conveying much real information. It may be however remarked, that the faculty is improved by being exercised; and that many dogs which are now supposed to have the sense of smelling very imperfect, might be taught to run either the fox or the hare. Fast hounds, as is known to every huntsman, do not generally run a cold scent well, and frequently over-run and lose a warm one. The speed at which

* *Cynegetic.*, Lib. i. v. 482—521. Spring is previously noticed by Oppian, v. 459, as being unfavourable to hunting on account of the odour of the flowers.

a greyhound runs would render his sense of smelling unavailable in the course, even if he possessed it in a much higher degree than he does.

From the time of the overthrow of the Roman empire by the Goths, to the present day, the dog has been held in great esteem in every country in Europe; and in none more than our own, which surpasses every other in the excellence and variety of its breeds. The Irish greyhound, the bulldog, the fox-hound, and the terrier, are unequalled in their kind, and may be considered as indigenous to the British Islands. Our monarchs of the Norman line were passionately devoted to the chase, which, with war, was the chief business of their lives; districts were laid waste and depopulated in order to form royal forests for the range of beasts of chase; and William the Conqueror ordered that a non-privileged person convicted of killing the wild boar, the stag, or the roe-buck, should be punished with the loss of his ears. The forest laws, a barbarous code which forms the foundation of our present game laws, were passed for the better preservation of the royal game; and courts were appointed to take cognizance of all offences against vert and venison, committed within the precincts of the royal forests. An edict issued by William Rufus, prescribed the size of all *little dogs** not belonging to the king that were allowed to be kept within the boundary of a forest, and commanded the larger ones to be *expeditated* to prevent their destroying the game. This operation has been supposed by some to have consisted in cutting out the ball of one of the dog's fore feet, while others have thought that it meant cutting off three of the fore claws. The manner of expeditating dogs, according to the *Charta Forestæ*, artic. 6, is thus explained in Manwood's *Forest Laws*: 'Three claws of the fore feet shall be cut off by the skin, and accordingly the same is now used, by setting one of his fore feet upon a piece of wood eight inches thick, and a foot square, and then setting a chisel of two inches broad upon the three claws of his fore-foot, to strike them off at one blow, and this is the manner of expeditating mastiffs.' The owner of every dog found *unexpeditated* within the forest was to be fined three shillings and four pence, a sum in those times equal to the price of an ox.

From a remote period the higher ranks of the clergy appear to have been partial to field sports, for king Edgar advises that clergymen should not be hunters, nor falconers, but should attend to their books as became their character. The old feudal baron, when not engaged in war, was almost constantly attended by some of his favourite dogs. They were free of every part of the mansion and sat beside their lord at his meals, who frequently served them with a portion of his own fare. In the hall, dogs were often as numerous as the servants and retainers, and these were not a few. About the year 1250, Grosthead, bishop of Lincoln, forbade the Earl of Warren to have mass performed in the hall of his castle, on account of the number of dogs that were always sleeping, or running about there. In the field sports of the period, the dog was used in the chase, in falconry, and in setting for the bow, as the pointer is used for the gun in

* The 'little dogs' which might be kept without being expeditated were such as could pass through the king's stirrup-iron. Dogs of this size, to look after things out of the cover, mowers might bring with them to the field.

the present day. The small arrows used in killing birds were termed bird-bolts. Chaucer, who, as well as Shakspeare seems to have had an excellent knowledge of the dog, mentions several kinds in the course of his writings. The Prioress, in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, who appears to have piqued herself on her gentility, for

‘Frenche she spake full fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,’

had also a lady-like affection for lap-dogs :

‘Of small houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede;
But sore wept she if one of them were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and a tendre herte.’

The alauns, or alaundes, mentioned in the knight’s tale, were a large kind of dogs called Alani in Italy, where they were highly valued in the fourteenth century. They were probably of a breed resembling the Irish greyhound. The spaniel, most likely the ‘dogge for the bowe’* is mentioned by Chaucer, with an allusion to its fawning disposition, a character for which it is still proverbial.

‘And if that she be foul,† thou sayest that she
Coveteth every man that she may see;
For as a spaniel she will on him lepe,
Til she may finden some man her to chepe.’‡

In the booke of the Duchesse, the ‘limer,’ the lyemer of more modern authors, is mentioned; the ‘curre,’ in the prologue to the *Legende of Goode Women* is put for the dog generally; and in the *Nonnes Priestes Tale*, ‘Colle our dogge,’ would appear to have been the familiar appellation of a common house dog;—in Cumberland and other northern counties of England the shepherd’s dog is still frequently called a colley.

Froissart relates that Richard the 2d, had a dog which he was very partial to, and which was familiar with, and approached no one but himself. When the king was taken prisoner in Flint Castle, by the Duke of Lancaster, (afterwards Henry the 4th,) the dog left his master, and went and fawned on the Duke, a circumstance which Richard considered as ominous of his fate: ‘this dog,’ said he to the duke, ‘acknowledges no other master than the king of England; I was king to-day, and so you will be to-morrow.’

Paulus Jovius recounts as a fact, in the second book of his history, a singular occurrence that happened in 1513, on the eve of the battle of Novarra between the Swiss and the French. All the dogs that were in

* The accomplished Earl of Surrey, who was beheaded in 1546, is said to have been the first who trained dogs to set in this country. But this is a mistake, for they were certainly used for that purpose long before his time. Perhaps he only took more pains to break, and train them, than had been used previously. Pennant erroneously says that Robert Dudley, ‘Duke of Northumberland,’ was the first who broke a dog to the net, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

† Foul, ugly.

‡ Chepe, to buy.

the French camp, after howling for some time, went over in a body to the Swiss, as if they had foreseen the issue of the approaching combat. The same author informs us, that Cornelius Agrippa (the famous astrologer and necromancer, who showed the Earl of Surrey, his mistress Geraldine, in a looking glass) was always attended by a familiar spirit in the form of a black dog. The demon having one day strangled one of the astrologer's disciples, he commanded him to enter the dead body and walk several times up and down in the public square of Louvain, in order that the people might believe the person's death had proceeded from apoplexy. Another prodigy-monger,* after stating that the howling of dogs by night portends death, relates as an instance, that some weeks before the great slaughter in Saxony, in 1535, a number of dogs assembled in Misnia, making a dreadful noise, and filling the air with their howling.

Henry the 7th, whose notion of the 'inviolability of kings' appears to have extended to the brute tribe, having, as it is reported, seen a ban-dog or mastiff attack a lion, directly ordered all dogs of that description to be hung,† feeling indignant that dogs of a low, ignoble race, should offer violence to the noble lion, the king of brutes; 'a memorable warning to subjects,' says Dr. Caius, who tells the story, 'that a rebellious people should attempt nothing against a king.' This Dr. Caius was physician to Edward the 6th, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and founder of Caius College, Cambridge. He drew up an account of British dogs for Gesner, the celebrated Swiss naturalist, which was published in London in 1570, and a more bald and meagre performance is not easy to be found. A work on British dogs written at that period by any one who knew any thing of the matter could not have failed to be interesting; but as the learned physician appears to have known little more of the animal than what he derived from his dictionary, what he has written on the subject is scarcely worth reading. What we know respecting the dogs of our ancestors, would not be less than it is, had his account never been composed. But to give him his due, he has discovered the Gaze-hound, and the Tumbler, and described the 'Tympanista' or dancing dog; the 'Sarcinarius,' or dog for carrying a tinker's budget; and the 'Lunarius,' that does nothing but watch all night and bay the moon. An instance which he gives of the sagacity of the dog, is worth noticing here. There were dogs in those days, it appears, that were particularly careful that the fire, (which at that period, when grates were unknown, was made upon the hearth,) should not be strewed about. They therefore raked the embers to the fire, with their paws, thoughtfully looking round to see how it might best be done. If a

* Kornmann, de Miraculis Mortuorum.

† It is not likely that the king's orders, if really given, were carried into strict execution. The Princess Margaret, daughter of this king, was gallantly entertained by the 'Cappitayne of Barwyk,' in her journey to Scotland, to be married to James the 4th, where, amongst other entertainments, 'there was by the said captayne, to the pleasur of the said quene, gyffen corse of chasse within the said town, with other sports of bayrs and doggs togeder.' In Leland's Collectanea there is an account of the journey, by John Young, Somerset Herald, who attended the princess. *A Princess Royal* attending a bear-bait would be now a curiosity.

glowing coal escaped, they covered it with ashes, and pushed it with their nose into the fire. This learned correspondent of one of the most eminent writers on natural history of his age, speaks contemptuously of those persons, although men of knowledge and experience, who admire a wild beast brought from a barbarous and distant land. He seems to have forgotten to whom he was writing, as well as to have been ignorant of what he was writing about.

James the 1st, who was passionately fond of hunting, was at the same time an admirer of dogs; and the following is an extract from a letter of his to the Duke of Buckingham, expressing his thanks to the favourite for his care in providing his master with a good pack of hounds. 'Blessing, blessing, blessing, on my sweet Tom Badger's* heart roots, and all his, for breeding me so fine a kennel of young hounds, and some of them so fine pretty little ones, as they are worthy to lie on Steenie and Kate's bed; and all of them run together in a lump both at scent and view.' The favourite, in an answer to a letter of the king's, writes thus:—'Now for my own park, &c., I hope Newhall shall be nothing inferior to Burleigh. My stags are all lusty. My Spanish colts are fat, and so is my jovial filly. Mall, Great Mall, Kate, Sue, and Steenie, shall all wait on you on Saturday, and kiss both James and Charles' feet. So craving your blessing, I rest, your Majesty's most humble slave and dog, STEENIE. P. S. Baby Charles, I kiss thy warty hands.' This precious sample of a court favourite's low, hound-like, adulation, may give us some idea of what sort of stuff such an animal was at that period composed of.

Henry, Prince of Wales, a youth of great promise, and who excelled in all manly exercises, was, like his father fond of dogs. This prince, in this instance the reverse of his ancestor and namesake Henry the 7th, took a bull-dog, that had escaped alive from a combat with a lion, into his particular favour, and ordered him to be kept with great care; observing, that as he had contended with the king of beasts, he should never again combat with a meaner animal. Sir John Harrington, the poet, relates some curious anecdotes of his dog 'Bungay,' in a letter to this prince. He used to send this dog, equipped in a manner which is not described, from Bath to London with letters, a distance of upwards of one hundred miles; and the trusty messenger after having performed this service, used to return again to Bath, or to Sir John's house at Kelstone, 'with goodly returns from such nobility as were pleased to employ him.' Being entrusted on one occasion to carry two flasks of wine from Bath to Kelstone, the cord by which they were fastened became loose, but the sagacious animal acted so sensibly as to hide one flask amongst some bushes, and then proceeded home with the other in his mouth, returning afterwards for that which he had concealed. Sir John once lost this dog, but afterwards discovered him in the house of the Spanish ambassador; who disputing his right to the animal, he put it to the proof, by sending 'Bungay' to the hall in the time of dinner to bring a pheasant out of a dish, a feat which the dog performed to the great mirth of the company, which was

* Tom Badger, and Steenie, are cant names of the Duke, and Kate is the Duchess.

increased, when, at his master's command, he returned with it to the table again, and placed it in the same dish. After this, Sir John's claim to the dog was no longer questioned. The death of this surprising animal is thus related by his master. 'I will now say in what manner he died. As we travelled towards Bath he leaped upon my horse's neck, and was more earnest in fawning and courting my notice, than what I had observed for some time back, and after my chiding him, he gave me some glances of affection as moved me to cajole him; but alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time.'

From the time of James the 1st, until the present day, the principal breeds of the dog best known in the British Islands appear to have undergone but little change. Varieties of the species have from time to time been introduced from abroad by voyagers and travellers, but their distinctive character has been, after a short period, generally lost. This has chiefly arisen from the small number introduced, together with the various breeds possessing no advantage over those that were already known. The Newfoundland dog, whose strength and size, combined with his extreme docility and harmless disposition, render him so truly valuable, has indeed become naturalized in Britain. The Bologna spaniel was first introduced into this country by Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles the 1st.

It is needless to notice the various useless, and often ugly and disgusting-looking animals that caprice and fashion have introduced into this country, under the names of pug-dogs, (the most ill-natured of the canine race,) poodles and lap-dogs. The bare-bottomed, blear-eyed, shivering poodle, crawling through the dirty streets on a cold day, is the very picture of canine misery. The diminutive Neapolitan dog, whose hair is as white as snow and as soft as the finest silk, is only fitted for the atmosphere of the toilet, and ought only to engage the attention of those ladies whose charms have been overlooked by the insensibility of men. A wife or a mother, whatever be her rank in society, who bestows on these animals the affection due to her husband and children, outrages the most sacred obligations, and becomes deservedly an object of contempt.*

The Mahometans, like the ancient Jews, have decided aversion to the dog, which they regard as an unclean and degraded animal; and though they tolerate his residence in their towns, and supply his wants, and even in some places establish a retreat for such as would otherwise be houseless, yet they admit him not to their society, and would consider their apartments polluted by his presence. Notwithstanding their general dislike, one of their traditions records that an individual of the species has a place with the Seven Sleepers in paradise.

*Ladies who are so disgustingly familiar with their lap-dogs as to permit them to approach their lips, should recollect with *what* they have the honour of sharing their favourite's caresses. 'Cuique notissimum quo amore canes ab hujus ævi fomosisimis domicellis curentur, colantur, blandeque compellantur, immo quam absurde, basia sapissime dantur illis, qui eadem cum sociis nuperime per partes corporis posteriores commutarint.' Linn. *Amœnitates Academicæ*, vol. iv. p. 63. The translation is left to the 'schoolmaster,' or father-confessor.

Previous to the discovery of America, by Columbus, the dog was not domesticated on that continent, nor in the adjacent islands, though foxes and wolves were found there in great plenty. The wild dogs which now inhabit the wastes and forests of both North and South America, and which run down their prey in packs, similarly to the wolf, are generally supposed to be derived from the breed introduced by European settlers. In China the dog is fattened and sold as an article of food; and his flesh is also eaten by some of the African tribes, and by the North American Indians, who reside in the neighbourhood of Lake Huron. A French missionary, who partook of this dainty, describes it as having a taste not unlike pork.

The Spaniards in their wars with the natives, as well as in the West India islands as on the American continent, frequently availed themselves of a species of blood-hound in hunting down their naked and ill-armed enemies. The following account of a dog famed for his exploits in this diabolical species of chase, is from an article, on Captain Thomas Southey's Chronological History of the West Indies, in No. LXXV. of the Quarterly Review,—probably written by the captain's brother; for who, except Robert Southey, could have written a paper so abounding in anecdotes of the colonization of the West Indies by the Spaniards? What Englishman except the good and learned author of the history of Brazil, who, like Oviedo, has a 'wholesome and cleanly dislike' to the practice of smoking tobacco, could have contributed so many curious particulars respecting the use of that fascinating weed? The dog in question belonged to a certain Diego de Salazar, one of the first settlers and conquerors of the island Boriquen, now called Puerto Rico, and his master received for his services the pay of cross-bowman and half as much more. Bezerrillo was his name: it is somewhat remarkable, that the most noted dog in history, and the most famous horse (Bucephalus) should have derived their names, the one from his likeness to a bull, the other to a calf. Bezerrillo was of a reddish colour, with a black face, not large of his kind, nor finely made, 'but of great understanding and courage, and, indeed, what he did was such, that sans doubt the christians believed God had sent him for their succour.' He would 'select among two hundred Indians one who had escaped from the christians, or who should have been pointed out to him, and would seize him by the arm, and make him come back with him to the camp, or wherever the christians might be; and if he attempted to resist, or would not come, he tore him to

* With all due respect for the great talents and amiable private character of Robert Southey—the first of living authors—we cannot help thinking that he would have been nothing the worse had he been a smoker. A 'cloud' of tobacco frequently cools the mental atmosphere and prevents the out-break of an angry flash of lightning. Had Southey been a smoker, he never would have written his attack on Lord Byron after the wayward poet was in his grave, or penned those petulant and querulous verses that appear in the anniversary edited by Allan Cunningham. The Laureat should give up *pork*, and take a cigar now and then. The sedative effects of a 'cloud' on Lord Byron were neutralized by gin and water.—Ed. N. S. M.

pieces, and did other things which were very remarkable, and worthy of admiration.' At midnight, if a prisoner got loose, and were a league distant, it was but to say, 'the Indian is gone,' or 'fetch him,' and away Bezerrillo went upon the scent and brought him back. The tame Indians he knew as well as a man could know them, and never did them hurt, and among many tame ones he could distinguish one wild one. It seemed as if he had the judgment and intelligence of a man, and that not of a foolish one.'

'Salazar had one day taken an old Indian woman, among other prisoners, after a defeat of the natives, and for no assigned, or assignable reason but in mere wantonness of cruelty, he determined to set this dog upon the poor wretch. But it was to be made a sport of, a spectacle for the Spaniards, or the *christians*, as their contemporary historian and fellow-christian calls them, even while he is relating this story. Salazar gave the woman an old letter, and told her to go with it to the governor at Aymaco. The poor creature went her way joyfully, expecting to be set at liberty when she had performed her errand. The intent was merely to get her away from the rest, that the dog might have a fair field, and the beholders a full sight. Accordingly, when she had proceeded little farther than a stone's throw, Bezerrillo was set at her! Hearing him come, the woman threw herself on the ground; and her simple faith in Salazar's intention, and in the animal's sagacity, saved her; for she held out the letter to the dog, and said, 'Oh, sir dog, sir dog! I am carrying a letter to the lord governor, don't hurt me, sir dog. The dog seemed to understand her; and did understand her, in fact, sufficiently to know that she did not look upon herself as a condemned person, and that she implored his mercy: and he came up to her gently and did her no harm.'

'Bezerrillo was shot with a poisoned arrow by a Carib, when swimming after an Indian. The Spaniards could not have suffered a greater loss. He left a numerous progeny, who are said to have proved *muy excellentes perros* (very excellent dogs,) and many of them to have imitated him in his great and good qualities. Only one of them obtained a name in history, and this was Leoncico; he was as good a dog as his sire, and received even larger pay, even the double pay of a man-at-arms.'

Before concluding this portion of the history of the dog, it may not be wholly out of place to notice a few ancient medical receipts and charms as connected with the canine race.

Cutting off a piece of a dog's tail and then extracting a certain nerve connected with the back, was supposed to be a sure means of preventing the animal going mad; and a little of a woman's milk, who had born a son, given to a dog, was considered as a preventive of the same disease. The monks of St. Lambert, in Picardy, had a sovereign remedy for the bite of a mad dog. They cut a cross in the forehead of the person bitten, over which they burnt a piece of St. Lambert's stole, which, notwithstanding what was cut off, still remained miraculously undiminished. They then sewed the wound up, and prescribed to the patient a diet of hard boiled eggs and water for forty days, and if a cure was not effected in that time, the person was to be smothered between two feather beds; a

mode of putting to death those who are afflicted with canine madness, which is still believed in by the ignorant of this country. The inhabitants of Apulia in the kingdom of Naples had a charm against a bite of a mad dog which consisted of certain verses addressed to St. Vitus, which were to be repeated nine times for three successive Saturdays. Their substance is as follows :

St. Vite, who drivest dogs away,
And watchest o'er Apulia;
Who canst the mad dog's bite assuage,
And calm the savage mastiff's rage;
From all the evils that attend
The mad dog's bite, O Saint, defend!
Rage and madness disappear,
Horrid plagues remain not here !

The proverb, 'Take a hair of the dog that bit you,' recommending a morning draught to cure an evening's debauch, is derived from the prescription which recommended as a cure for the bite of a dog, that some of his hairs should be bound over the wound. Dogs, as well as human beings and cattle, were liable, it would seem, to the malignant influence of an *evil-eye*. In such a case a string of coral was to be hung round the animal's neck, holy herbs having been found to be wholly unprofitable to remove the spell. To restrain the fury of a dog, a person had only to carry about with him a small bone, which was to be obtained from the left side of a toad, a dog's heart or liver, or a weasel's tail cut off from the animal alive, and when thus provided he had nothing to apprehend from the most savage of the tribe. A person might prevent dogs barking at him by wearing a dog's tooth bound to his arm, or a dog's tongue in his shoe under his great toe. A live rat boiled in the pottage that was given to a dog, would effectually hinder him from barking again. A tick or dog-louse taken from the ear of a black dog was of great use in enabling a physician to decide on the probability of a patient's recovery ; for when he had the tick about him, and inquired standing, of the sick person after his health, and received an answer, this was to be received as a sure sign of ultimate recovery ; but if the invalid remained silent, he was to be considered a dying man. A piece of dog's skin worn in the shoes was good against the gout, and the hairs of a black dog, carried about the person, were of great service in moderating the violence of an attack of epilepsy. The following receipt was, however, of approved virtue in that distressing malady: 'The tail of a dragon tied to the nerves of a hart in a roe's skin ; the suet of a roe with goose grease ; the marrow of a hart and an onion, with rosin and running lime do wonderfully help the falling evil (if it be made into a plaister.)' A puppy cut in two alive and applied to the head of a melancholic woman was a certain cure ; and puppies 'sodden' alive in oil were a sovereign remedy for the grease in horses' heels ; and the feeling and skilful discoverer thought that it would be of great service to the human subject when troubled with the gout, a disorder which he thus seems to consider as similar to the grease. Firing has never, I believe, been tried in the gout ; it would probably be found to answer as well.

The virtues of a dog's head when made into powder are unspeakable. One of the most singular and yet most simple prescriptions that is to be found in ancient dispensatories, is that of Avicenna, who directs, that to expel congealed blood from the bladder there should be given to the patient as much *album græcum* as would lie on a golden noble. As the diameter of the noble is about equal to that of a half-crown, this must have formed rather a copious dose.

The 'Member of the University of Cambridge,' who took so much pains to improve the 'Enharmonic Guitar,' and who invented a guage to ascertain the diameter of cat-gut to the sixteenth part of a line, ought to be particularly careful in the selection of his strings; for those made of the gut of a lamb never harmonize on the same instrument with such as are made of the gut of a dog, but from a secret antipathy are sure to break. It is doubtless owing to this cause that a discord is so frequently heard among the violins in an orchestra, and that musical bowmen often find it so difficult to keep their instruments in tune. The discord, instead of proceeding, as has sometimes been rather uncharitably supposed, from a misunderstanding among the performers—for what is the jealousy of woman to that of second fiddle?—is, unquestionably, to be ascribed to the secret antipathy of the strings.

PERSPICUITY IN PEDIGREES.

MR. EDITOR:

Fairie Knowe, 18th July, 1838.

In looking over your May number, pages 220, 221, I observe on the first that some doubt has been thrown on the blood of John Bascombe by the obscure manner of stating his pedigree. If you will take the trouble to refer to the various pedigrees submitted to you for publication you will find that at least half of them are obnoxious to the same objection, indeed some of them are so completely beclouded by inversion and parenthesis, that we are strongly induced to suspect a design to mistify. I would respectfully suggest to all persons writing pedigrees the propriety of running through the line of maternal ancestry first, then taking up such horses in the paternal line when the writer thinks it necessary, noticing collaterals, in notes appended. As a model I would recommend the pedigree of Sally Richardson, as given by Capt. Donald Rowe, page 240, same number. While on this subject permit me to observe that it is at least superfluous in tracing a pedigree to state that *Sir Archy was one of the best sons or the best son of Old Diomed*, I think it in bad taste.

Page 221, the writer says 'there are four *Grey Gooses* in the stud book, and none of them by *Pacolet*. There are two *Pacolets*, but neither by imported *Citizen*,' and instantaneously he says, 'there is reason to believe that the *Pacolet*, which was the sire of *Grey Goose*, was got by imported *Citizen*, now there may not be two flat contradictions in the paragraph quoted, but I think it would seem so to a man up a tree, at all events it is to me incomprehensible.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN A. JONES.

THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. V.

THE DILEMMA.

‘A fellow feeling makes us wonderous kind,’ says the adage, and the present case was no exception to the rule. Our three masters, having slept on their visit from Peter announcing his resignation of huntsman to the committee of management of the Handley-cross hounds, met the next morning in the *Moon*, when all jealousies were merged in abuse of Peter. He was everything that was bad, and they unanimously resolved that they were extremely lucky in getting rid of him so easily. ‘Any body could hunt a pack of hounds,’ and the only difficulty they anticipated was the possibility of the groom whipper-in not being sufficiently recovered from his bite from the hound to be able to take the field on the Friday, for which day the hounds were advertised to meet at Maddingley, three miles down the vale, in the cream of their country, Barnaby would have no difficulty in hunting them if any one would whip-in to him; Dumpling was equally confident; and Smith said he had no ‘he-he-he-he-si-tation about the matter.’ It was therefore arranged that each should lend a hand, and hunt, or turn the hounds as occasion required, and let the world at large and Peter in particular see what little occasion they had for his services. Meanwhile Beckford, Cook, and the New Sporting Magazine, were most perseveringly studied; and we need scarcely add that from those pages our friends ‘gleaned science.’

Friday came, but like an old ‘Oaks day’ it was very languid, and feeble; there was no polishing of hack hunters, no borrowing of bridles or lending of saddles, no bustle or hurry perceptible in the streets; the water-drinkers flocked to the wells as usual, and none but the regulars took the field. Among the number was our old friend Squire Hartley on his black cob, attired in the same green coat, the same brown top-boots, and the same low-crowned hat as before. Snoreem and Doleful came in a gig in the inspection style, and Dennis O'Brian smoked three cigars before any one looked at his watch to see how the time went. At length Squire Hartley ventured to inquire if there was any possibility of the servant having mistaken his way, whereupon it simultaneously occurred to the trio that there might be something wrong. Joe had orders to bring the hounds by an unfrequented lane, so as to avoid collecting foot people, and after another quarter of an hour spent in suspense, the field proceeded in the direction they ought to come. On rising a gentle eminence out of Sandyard-lane, a scarlet-coated man was seen in the distance standing in the middle of a ploughed field, and a fustian-coated horseman was galloping about it, endeavouring to turn the hounds to the former, but in consequence of riding at them instead of getting round them, he made the hounds fly in all directions. The cavalcade then pressed on, horns were drawn from their cases, and our three masters cantered into the field, puffing, and blowing most unsatisfactory and discordant blasts. Joe then disclosed how the pack had broke away on winding a dead horse hard by, and how, after most ineffectual efforts to

turn them, he had lent a countryman his horse and whip, while he stood in the field holloaing and coaxing them away. This feat being accomplished through the assistance of the field, the hounds, with somewhat distended sides, proceeded sluggishly to the cover. It was a long straggling gorse on a hill side, with a large quarry hole at the far end, which, from long disuse, had grown up with broom, furze, and brushwood. The hounds seemed very easy about the matter, and some laid down, while others stood gazing about the cover. At length our masters agreed that it was time to throw off, so they began as they had seen Peter, with a whistle and a slight wave of the hand, thinking to see the pack rush in at the signal,—no such thing however; not a single hound moved a muscle, and three or four of the young ones most audaciously sat down on the spot. The gentleman on the black cob smiled. ‘*Yooi over there!*’ cried Barnaby, taking off his hat, and standing erect in his stirrups. ‘*Yooi over there!* get to cover, hounds, get to cover!’ screamed whipper-in Joe, commencing a most furious onset among the sitters, whereupon some jumped and others crept into cover and quietly laid themselves down for a nap. Five or six couple of old hounds, however, that had not quite gorged themselves with horse flesh, worked the cover well; and, as foxes abounded, it was not long before our friend on the cob saw one stealing away up the brook that girded the base of the hills, which, but for his eagle eye, would have got off unperceived. ‘*Talli-ho!*’ cried the old gentleman at last, taking off his hat on seeing him clear of the cover, and pointing southwards in the direction of Bybury wood, a strong-hold for foxes. ‘*Talli-ho!*’ responded Barnaby without seeing him; ‘*Talli-ho!*’ re-echoed all the others without one having caught view; and the old gentleman, putting the cob’s head straight down the hill, slid, and crawled down to the brook, followed by the field. Here with much whooping, holloaing, and blowing of horns, a few couple of hounds were enticed from the cover, and being laid on to the scent dribbled about like the tail of a paper kite, taking precedence according to their several degrees. First, old Solomon, a great black-and-white hound, with a strong resemblance to a mugger’s mastiff, gave a howl and a howl; then Harmony chirped, and Manager gave a squeak, and old Solomon threw in his tongue again, in a most leisurely and indifferent manner, causing some of the young hounds to peep over the furze bushes to see what was going on.

The run however was of short continuance; after crossing three grass fields they came to a greasy fallow, across which the hounds were working the scent very deliberately, when up jumped a great thumping hare which they ran into, in view at the well at the corner. Our sportsmen were somewhat disgusted at this, but made the best of the matter, and laid the mishap to the charge of the horse in the morning.

After consuming another hour or two in drawing hopeless covers and riding about the country, they entered Handley-cross just in full tide, when all the streets and shops swarmed with bright eyes and smart dresses, and each man swore most lustily that they had had a capital day’s sport, and killed. After passing through the principal streets, the hounds and horses were dismissed, and the red coats were seen flitting about till dusk.

The next day, however, produced no change for the better, nor the following, nor the one after; and the oftener they went, the wilder and worse the hounds became. Sometimes by dint of mobbing they managed to kill a fox, but hares much more frequently fell a prey to the renowned pack. At length they arrived at such a state of perfection that they would hunt almost any thing. The fields, as may be supposed, soon dwindled down to nothing, and, what was worse, many of the visitors began to slip away from Handley-cross without paying their subscriptions. To add to their misfortunes, bills poured in apace for poultry and other damage; and every farmer's wife who had her hen-roost robbed laid the blame upon the foxes. Fleeceall had the first handling of the bills, but not being a man with a propensity for settling questions, he entered into a voluminous correspondence with the parties for the laudable purpose of proving that foxes did not meddle with poultry.

One evening as our masters returned home quite dispirited after an unusually bad day, without having seen a fox; and the hounds having run into and killed a fat wether and seized an old woman in a scarlet cloak, they agreed to meet after dinner in the *Moon* to consider what was best to be done under the circumstances. On entering the room, as they did simultaneously, two letters were seen on the table, one of small size directed to 'The Gentlemen Managers of the Handley-cross Hunt-Ball and Supper,' containing in a few laconic items the appalling amount of £290 3s. 6d. for the expenses of the memorable ball-night. The other more resembled a government-office packet than a letter, and was bound with red tape and sealed; it was addressed to the 'Honourable the Committee of management of the Handley-cross Fox-hounds.' Barnaby, more stout-nerved than his colleagues, tore off the tape, when out of the envelope fell a many-paged bill, secured at the stitching part with a delicate piece of blue silk. The contents ran thus:—

The Hon. Committee of Management of the Handly-cross Fox-hounds,

To WALTER FLEECEALL, Dr.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Sept.</i> —Attending you by especial appointment in the Moon, when you communicated your desire of taking the Gin-and-Water Hounds,	0	13	4
Considering the subject very attentively,	1	1	0
Attending Capt. Doleful, M. C., at Miss Jelly's, the pastry cook's, conferring with him on the subject, when it was arranged that a public meeting of the inhabitants should be called,	0	13	4
Drawing notice of same,	1	1	0
Making two fair copies thereof,	0	10	6
Posting same at library and billiard-room,	0	6	8
Long attendance on Capt. Doleful, M. C., arranging preliminaries, when it was agreed that Mr. Barnaby should be called to the chair,	0	13	4
Communicating with Mr. Barnaby thereon, and advising him what to say,	1	1	0
Attending meeting, self and clerk,	1	10	6

Carry forward, £7 10 8

	£	s.	d.
	Brought up,	7	10 8
Making speech on the merits and advantages of fox-hunting, (what you please,)			
Making minute of the appointment of the committee of management,		0	6 8
Attending Capt. Doleful, M. C., by especial appointment at Miss Jelly's, when he informed me the farmers refused to give up the hounds, and advising him thereon,		1	1 0
It appearing advisable to conciliate the farmers, writing to Mr. Stephen Dumppling, requesting his attendance in the Moon to consider the matter,		0	6 8
Attending meeting, when Mr. Dumppling's name was added to the committee, and title of hunt changed from 'Gin-and-Water,' to 'Handley-cross' Hounds,		1	1 0
Making special minute thereof, and of appointment of self as secretary,		0	10 6
Writing 353 letters soliciting subscriptions, inviting and exhorting gentlemen to become members of the hunt, describing the uniforms, scarlet coats with blue collars in a morning, and sky-blue coats lined with pink silk, canary-coloured shorts, and white silk stockings in an evening, (letters very long and very pressing,)		25	0 0
Writing 129 rejoinders to 129 answers from 129 gentlemen who did not readily come into the thing, pointing out the merits and advantages of fox-hunting in general, and of the Handley-cross fox-hunt in particular,		10	0 0
Seven gentlemen refusing to subscribe on the grounds that the hounds would hunt hare, drawing long and special affidavit that they were true to fox, and would not look at hare,		2	2 0
Attending swearing same, and paid for oaths,		0	6 8
Three gentlemen refusing to become members unless the hounds were allowed to run hare occasionally, writing to assure them their wishes would be complied with,		1	1 0
Mr. Spinnage having written to say he could not subscribe unless they occasionally hunted stags, writing to assure him that they were stag-hounds, quite as much as fox-hounds,		0	6 8
Mrs. Margery Mumbleby having sent in a bill of £1 8s. 6d. for four hens, a duck, and a goose, stolen by the foxes, consulting sporting records to see whether foxes were in the habit of doing such things, engaged all the day, and paid Mr. Hookem the librarian for searching through his Sporting Magazines,		2	2 0
Writing Mrs. Margery Mumbleby very fully thereon, and stating my firm conviction that it was not the foxes, (copy to keep)		0	13 4
Mrs. Margery Mumbleby not being satisfied with my answer, drawing case for the opinion of the Editor of the New Sporting Magazine, three brief sheets,		1	11 6
Paid carriage of parcel and booking,		0	3 4
Paid him and secretary,*		2	4 6

Carry forward, £56 7 6

* We beg to remind Mr. Fleeceall that this fee remains unpaid.—EDITOR.

	£	s.	d.
Brought up,	56	7	6
Carriage of parcel back containing Editor's answer, who said he had no doubt the foxes were 'two-legged' ones,		0	3 0
Fair copy of answer for Mrs. Margery Mumbleby, and writing her fully thereon, (copy to keep)		0	6 8
Hearing that Dennis O'Brian, Esq. was going to visit his castle in Ireland, calling at his lodgings to receive the amount of his subscription prior to his departure, when the maid servant said her master was not at home,			
Calling again, same answer,			
Ditto ditto			
Ditto ditto			
Ditto ditto			
Ditto ditto, when the servant said, Mr. O'Brian had left this morning,			
Much mental anxiety, postage, parcels, letters, &c. not before charged, (what you please)			
Total,	£56	17	2

It is but justice to Mr. Fleeceall's accurate method of transacting business, to state that on the creditor side was £18 18s. for six subscriptions received, and a very promising list of gentlemen who had not yet found it convenient to pay, amounting in the whole to some £300.

The two bills, however, sealed the fate of the committee of management, and drove the slaughtered wether and scarlet-cloaked old woman of the morning out of their recollections. Stephen Dumpling, shocked at the duplicity of the world and the emptiness of his pockets, bolted down stairs and quitted Handley-cross without taking leave of his coadjutors. After a hasty settlement of his affairs at home, he mounted his white-legged chestnut and rode across the country to Dover, from whence he steamed in Captain Bushell's new vessel, the *Hercules*, to Boulogne, in which town he now lives beloved and respected, and drives a flourishing trade as a maker of genuine eau de Cologne.

Poor Round-the-corner Smith finding Fleeceall importunate, and the various caterers for the ball clamorous for their money, was at last obliged to 'go halves' with Barnaby in the settlement of the bills, which having been paid, he mounted the box of the 'True Blue Talliho' coach and quitted Handley-cross in disgust. Barnaby remained, but, having taken the sulks, was not visible for some time. In this dilemma the management of affairs again devolved upon the local authorities; and in a very short time afterwards, Fleeceall, Hookem the librarian, and Boltem the billiard-table keeper, were sitting round the little table at Doleful's lodgings, above Miss Jelly's the confectioner. 'Who should they get to take the hounds?' was the question, and a most difficult one it was to answer. All the new-comers were called over, and half a dozen names selected for Doleful to wait upon, all of whom in succession seemed inclined to take them, and made most particular inquiries, but the final and decisive answer was always in the negative; and after ten days unsuccessful 'master hunting,' the confederates found themselves just where they were at the commencement.

Puff-paragraphs were then tried in the 'Handley-cross Paul Pry,' a gossiping publication that devoted a column to what is called 'the sports of the chase,' and also in some of the country newspapers, but without success; for, though the prospects held out were most inviting, no one could be found bold enough to undertake the mastership. Things wore a serious aspect; two gentlemen had already sent their horses away, and a third talked of following their example and going to Melton (each man owning one horse,) so that nothing but prompt and vigorous measures could save the place from desertion.

In this dilemma, Doleful's active mind, quickened by self-interest, hit upon a gentleman who appeared to have been made for them, rich as Cræsus, a keen and scientific sportsman, an out-and-out lover of hunting, courteous and highly polished, with every quality requisite, in Doleful's mind, for the mastership of the Handley-cross hounds. His face wrinkled up like a Norfolk biffin with delight; he summoned his colleagues to his lodgings, where over six twopenny hot mutton-pies, most magnanimously furnished at his own expense, he disclosed his notable views on the subject. We need scarcely say that they met the approval of Fleeceall, Hookem, and Boltern, and that steps were immediately taken to further the scheme. The new master's name however, and all other matters connected therewith, we are compelled, in consequence of the coronation, at which we are required to do suit and service to her majesty, to leave to the imaginations of our readers until the first of next month.

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

There are few persons that understand the management of horses as they should be managed. Generally, this noble animal is treated like and as if he were a *brute*, than which it were hard to make a greater mistake. And here let me stop to make a correction of a very general error, viz: That all animals, not human, are brutes. A brute is 'an animal without reason,' so says Dr. Johnson and his coadjutors, (and, by the way, I have heard even the Doctor himself called a brute, because, I suppose, he was unreasonably bearish,) and therefore nothing but brute force need be applied to him in his management. He can understand nothing but the sight or smell of his food and the approaches of danger, which philosophers teach us are the promptings of instinct. But all animals are not brutes, though they have four legs, and do not speak our language. The horse and the dog have nothing of the brute in them. They understand other sounds than those which excite fear or invite the appetite. They can be *reasoned* with, and are capable of drawing conclusions from a consideration of circumstances. In the consideration of our subject it is important that this material error of mankind should be kept in view.

One of the first articles of equipment sought for by every body on getting possession of a horse, is a whip; and one of the first things done, is to apply it to him with a tremendous accompaniment of words, by way of introduction to his acquaintance and securing his friendship. So common

is the whip in every horseman's hand, that the manufacture of *horse whips* has long been a regular and distinct branch of mechanics. For every fault and failure in the horse, no matter from what cause, the whip is resorted to. If the load be too heavy, the whip will give the horse strength; if the poor animal be sick, the whip will cure him; thus seem to reason the unreasonable beings of this world. And when the whip fails, all sorts of ingenious contrivances for causing pain are resorted to. A withe is twisted upon the fleshy part of his nose; or his tongue is seized and fastened to with a grip; a slip-noose is thrown over his neck for the purpose of choking him; and various other devices which I have not patience to rehearse, and which I have often wished I could see applied to the savage operators themselves. Now this is all wrong, and proceeds from the prevalent idea that the horse is a *brute*. He is no brute, and those who will treat him in a proper manner will find good reason for believing so.

Of all animals there is not one that can be made so serviceable to man as the horse. Even under the most *brutal* treatment he generally performs all required of him without the least objection. But we sometimes meet with one not so easily managed, or rather not capable of being managed by the ordinary means. I have seen a horse whipped for a trifling fault till he committed great ones. It is not uncommon to see a horse baulk with a heavy load, and refuse to draw; then comes the whip; then the but end of the whip over his head, till the poor animal is thrown into a perfect fever of excitement. This is wrong, for the horse is *not a brute*. In such cases let the animal rest, lighten the bearing of the load; conciliate his feelings by patting and rubbing him, and soothing language; as much as to convince him that you have a feeling for him, and regret the hardship he endures. This reasonable treatment will generally have the desired effect, and nine times in ten it will make the horse exert much more power than he was supposed capable of, and this evidently in gratitude for your kindness of treatment. I know this conciliatory treatment is not always effectual, but it is much more frequently so than the whipping system; and the instances in which it is found to fail are only those where we meet with the *brute* in the horse, for I freely admit that there are brutes among horses as well as among men, but not more of them. In such cases the whip, and other implements of torturing the feelings of the flesh, afford the only hope of remedy. But we should always first resort to gentle means, as the horse is a *reasonable* animal and not generally a *brute*, we should first apply to his mental feelings, by all manner of gentle and conciliatory applications; when they fail of effect then and then only resort to the whip, for he will be very likely to succumb to that who resists the former, whether he be man or horse.

Look at the Arabians! All travellers among them agree that they have the best horses in the world—the most docile, the most serviceable—and that their mode of treatment is invariably the conciliatory and persuasive one, which with them never fails. We are in the habit of considering the Arabians a savage race; but a consideration of their management of horses has often led me to think them far more deserving the appellation

of a reasonable people than we are. It has been said that the Arabian horse is in its nature of a more docile disposition than other horses, and that therefore his master has no use for the whip in his management of him. This is undoubtedly an error. Here the effect is mistaken for the cause. This very docility of disposition is fairly and clearly attributable to the gentle mode of treatment always pursued by their masters; and I verily believe that a similar practice here would in no great length of time have the same effect on the whole race of our horses. If you would render any animal vicious and savage, keep him continually in a bad humour by harsh and cruel treatment, and you will be certain ere long to accomplish your object; on the contrary, if you would have him gentle and kindly disposed at all times, *treat him* gently and kindly, keep him in a good humour, and you will certainly not fail.

G. B. S.

EXTRAORDINARY TROUT.—Since the commencement of the present season, rumours had been current of the existence of a magnificent fish of the above description in the Thames, near the pound lock at Egham; a great sensation was accordingly excited among the disciples of Izaak Walton in the neighbourhood, several of the most skilful and enterprising of whom endeavoured to form a closer intimacy with this fresh water monarch of the finny tribe—his retiring habits and love of solitude, however, seemed to be proof against all the allurements of live gudgeons and artificial flies that were put in requisition to entice him from his hole. Expectation having been thus long kept upon the stretch, began to give place to incredulity; and, while some of the learned in such matters declared there was no such fish at all—for he must have been more than trout to withstand such temptations as they had put in his way—others equally skilled averred their own eyes had beheld him, and even went so far as to claim an acquaintance, of not a few years standing, not only with his person, but his abode. Thus matters stood, and, as in the case of Spring-heeled Jack, fierce was the contention as to the being or non-being of this object of attraction—a ghost, created by your own imagination, said one party—nothing at all of a ghost, said the other, for never was the *Ghost in Hamlet* more palpable to the senses. At length the practised eye of Lieutenant Brown, late of the 51st regiment, having detected certain motions and movements in the water which led him to believe that mister trout was really a tangible personage, he put rod and line in order, and on Tuesday evening verified the correctness of his opinion by bringing the gentleman on dry land, after a struggle of twenty minutes. On being weighed this splendid fish proved to be fifteen pounds, and the intense interest of the angler while playing him may be imagined, when it is stated that he was caught with a No. 5 hook, on a single gut. As the most worthy mode of disposing of so noble and rare a prize, the gallant angler forwarded it to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, under whose command he had fought and bled in the campaigns in Spain.

[Bell's Life in London,

RACING CALENDAR.

MONTREAL (L. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Monday, August 20, 1838.

First day, the trial stakes of £2 10s. each, p. p., to which the stewards will add £25, for horses bred in Upper or Lower Canada, that never won match, plate, or sweepstakes. Mile heats. Weights, (as established by the club for horses bred in the Provinces, and given in the 'placing.')

Mr. Peter Fisher's b. f. Helen Mar, four years old, by Timoleon,		
8st. 1lb.	-	1 1
Mr. Percy Cunningham's b. g. Duroc, six years old, 9st. 1lb.		2 2
Hon. R. U. Harwood's b. c. Reynard, four years old, by Vandriunel,		
and he by Cock of the Rock, 8st. 4lb.	-	4 3
Mr. Edward Jones's b. m. Crazy Molly, five years old, 8st. 10lb.		3 4
Mr. G. W. Yarker's ch. f. Miss Barrie, four years old, by Daghee,		
8st. 1lb.	-	dis.
Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 10s.		

Second race, same day, the turf club purse of £50, added to sweepstakes of £5 each, p. p. Three mile heats. Free for all horses. Club weights.

Mr. Geo. W. Yarker's ch. h. Midas, six years old, by Eclipse, 8st. 10lb.	1 1
Mr. Abram Richard's gr. h. April Fool, five years old, 8st. 4lb.	2 2
Time, 6m. 38s.—7m. 7s.	

Third race, same day, the Garrison plate of £90, entrance £2 10s., p. p. Two miles. Free for all horses bona fide the property, since the 1st inst., of her majesty's subjects residing in the Canadas. Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Geo. W. Yarker's ch. m. Rival, aged, by Eclipse, out of Jane-on-the-Green by imp. Expedition, 12st.	-	1
Col. White's b. g. Cheroot, aged,	-	2,
Mr. Percy Cunningham's b. m. Silk Stockings, aged, 12st.	-	3
Capt. Conroy's bl. g. Black Prince, six years old, 11st. 7lb.	-	4
Mr. Abram Richard's ch. g. Waverly, by Duroc, aged, 12st.	-	dis.
Time, 4m. 22s.		

Second day, the governor general's cup, (given by his excellency, the Earl of Durham,) of 100 sovs.; \$10 entrance; to be run for by horses bona fide the property of her majesty's subjects residing in the Canadas, and to have been in their possession a month previous to the race. Horses handicapped by the stewards. Ten horses to start or no race. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs., if claimed two hours after the race. Horses named on the 10th August, and the weights declared on the 18th. Once round the course (about a mile.)

Mr. Yarker's ch. h. Midas, six years old, by Eclipse, 12st.	-	1
Mr. Yarker's b. m. Rival, aged, by Eclipse, out of Jane-on-the-Green by imp. Expedition, 13st.	-	2
Mr. Richards' b. m. Flying Childers, aged, by Childers, 11st. 7lb.	-	3
Mr. Guy's ch. h. Richmond, six years old, by Eclipse, 11st.	-	dr.

The following started but were not placed :

Capt. Conroy's b. h. Timoleon, by Sir Charles, aged, 11st. 12lb.	
Mr. Grasset's b. g. Denis (imp.) aged, 11st. 4lb.	
Capt. Shirley's gr. g. Grimalkin (imp.) aged, 11st. 7lb.	
Mr. H. Jones's b. c. Barbeau, four years old, 10st.	
Mr. Page's b. g. Telescope, six years old, by Telescope, 10st. 12lb.	
Hon. R. U. Harwood's b. h. Reynard, four years old, 9st.	
Mr. Richard's ch. g. Waverley, aged, 12st. 4lb.	
Col. White's ch. g. Cheroot, aged, 12st.	
Capt. Clitherow's ch. g., five years old, 9st. 7lb.	
Time, 2m. 11s.	

Second race, same day, the proprietor's purse of £20, added to a sweepstakes of £2 10s. each, p. p.; open to all horses; mile heats; weights as for the turf club purse.

Mr. Alex. Baird's ch. h. Sir Charles, aged, by Sir Charles, 9st.	1	1
Capt. Boyle's br. m. The Nun, five years old, by Henry, 8st. 11lb.	5	2
Mr. R. Gillespie's ch. m. Henrietta, aged, by Henry, 8st. 11lb.	2	3
Capt. Shirley's gr. f. The Queen (late Eliza Derby,) four years old, by imp. Autocrat, 7st. 6lb.	4	4
Capt. Conroy's b. g. Black Prince, six years old, 8st. 7lb.	3	5
Time, 2m. 12s. each heat.		

Third race, same day, the ladies' purse of —, added to a sweepstakes of £3 each, p. p., for horses bred in the Province; gentlemen riders. Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Percy Cunningham's b. m. Silk Stockings, aged, 10st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. J. F. McDonald's ch. h. Walterson, aged, by Sir Walter, 11st.	2	0
Time, 2m. 29s.—2d heat not reported.		

Third day, the city purse of £25, added to a sweepstakes of £3 each, p. p.; open to all horses, except the winner of the turf club purse; two mile heats; weights same as for the turf club purse.

Mr. George W. Yarker's ch. m. Rival, aged, by Eclipse, out of Jane-on-the-Green by imp. Expedition, 8st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. A. Richard's b. m. Flying Childers, aged, by Childers, 8st. 11lb.	4	2
Col. White's b. g. Cheroot, aged, 8st. 11lb.	3	dis.
Capt. Shirley's gr. f. The Queen, four years old, (late Eliza Derby,) by imp. Autocrat, 7st. 6lb.	2	dr
Time, 4m. 11s.—4m. 14s.		

Second race, same day, a hurdle race of £5 each, for horses that have hunted with the Montreal fox hounds; mile heats; gentlemen riders; fifteen hands and under, to carry 11st.; above fifteen hands, 12st. The winner of the first and second heats alone to start for the third heat.

Capt. Conroy's bl. g. Black Prince, six years old, 11st. 11lb.	-	-	1
Mr. P. Cunningham's b. m. Silk Stockings, aged, 11st. 11lb.	-	-	dis.
Sir Hew Dalrymple's b. m. Chance, (imp.) 11st. 11lb.	-	-	dis.
Time, 2m. 20s.			

Third race, same day, the Lachine troop purse of £12 10s., for horses belonging to, and used by troopers of the Lachine troop. Weights, 12st. Mile heats.

Mr. Peter McMartin's gr. g. Highland Laddie,	-	-	-	1	1
Mr. Richard Robertson's ch. m. Jeannie Deans,	-	-	-	3	2
Mr. John Leishman's b. h. Charlie,	-	-	-	2	3
Mr. James Dawes's bl. g. Sporting Tonney,	-	-	-	-	dis.
Mr. Archibald Ogilvie's b. m. Fanny,	-	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 2m. 13s.—2m. 17s.					

Fourth race, same day, the beaten plate of £10, entrance £1 5s.; open to all horses beaten during the meeting; mile heats; weights to be handicapped.

Capt. Shirley's gr. m. The Queen, 8st. 10lb.	-	-	-	1	1
Capt. Conroy's b. h. Timoleon, 9st. 7lb.	-	-	-	3	2
Mr. Abram Richards' ch. g. Waverley, 9st. 7lb.	-	-	-	4	3
Capt. Boyle's b. m. The Nun, 8st. 4lb.	-	-	-	2	4
Time, 2m. 3s. each heat.					

[New York Spirit of the Times.]

MURFREESBORO' (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, August 21, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes open to all ages, catch weights; subscribers at \$100 each, h. f. One mile.

Col. Robert Smith's b. f. Meeky Smith, two years old, by Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon,	-	-	-	1
Capt. John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, dam by Conqueror,	-	-	-	2
Time, 1m. 58s. Won by nine inches.				

Immediately after this race, Col. R. Smith accepted Capt. Crow's banter to run the two following, a dash of a mile, for \$100 a side, catch weights. The money was put up instantly, and the horses sent for.

Col. Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, three years old, by Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, - - - - - 1
Capt. Crow's b. c. Saxony, four years old, by Saxe Weimar, dam by Pacolet, - - - - - 2

Time, 1m. 50s. The first heat was declared void by mutual consent.

Second day, sweepstakes for all ages, three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Four subscribers at \$100 each, h. f.; mile heats.

Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Pete Whetstone, by Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, received forfeit.

Pete walked over, all others paying forfeit rather than hear or see his tale.

Third day, sweepstakes for all ages; catch weights; four subscribers at \$15 each, h. f.; one mile.

Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, three years old, by Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, received forfeit.

Fourth day, stallion stakes for all ages, weights the same as second day; subscribers at \$25 each, p. p. Mile heats.

Capt. Crow's b. c. Saxony, four years old, by Saxe Weimar, dam by Pacolet, - - - - - 1 1
B. Woods' b. c. by Havoc, - - - - - 3 2
J. R. Head's Hector, - - - - - 2 3
Col. Smith's John Hays, - - - - - 4 4

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 55s. It is but fair to state that Col. Smith's horse was not expected to win, having been so sick all the morning that it was thought necessary to bleed him just before starting.

Fifth day, sweepstakes for all ages, weights the same as second day; — subscribers at \$25 each, p. p. One mile.

Rolly Morgan's b. c. Little Red, by Ratler, dam by Pacolet, - - - 1
Col. Robert Smith's br. f. by Havoc, - - - - - 2
Time, 1m. 54s. [1b.

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, August 29, 1838.

First day, stallion stakes for two year olds; colts 70lbs.; fillies 67lbs.; four subs. at \$50 each, h. ft.; mile heats.

Samuel Davenport's ch. c. Ebro, by Frank, dam by Aratus, - - - 1
Thos. Kennedy's br. c. Gen. Faulkner, by imp. Valentine, dam by Faulkner's Potomac, - - - - - dis.
Time, 1m. 58.

Second race, same day, Jockey Club purse \$100, entrance \$10; free for all ages; two year olds, 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

Robt. Mosby's b. h. Bucephalus, six years old, by Bertrand, out of Brown Mary, by Sumpter, - - - - - 6 4 1
Mason Thompson's b. m. Mary McFarland, six year old, by Columbus, dam by Grey Dunganon, - - - - - 5 5 2
Josh. G. Boswell's b. c. Alexander Campbell, four years old, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko, - - - - - 2 1 *
Saml. Davenport's ch. m. Althea, five years old, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Doublehead, - - - - - 1 2 *
Reason Jordan's b. c. Sailor Boy, four years old, by Cropper, dam by Melser, - - - - - 3 3 dr.
Thos. Kennedy's b. f. Susan Allen, four years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, - - - - - 4 dis.
Time, 1m. 52½s.—1m. 50s.—1m. 57s. * Ruled out.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$300, entrance \$30, free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Josh. G. Boswell's ch. f. Picayune (alias Mary Richmond,) three years old, by Medoc, dam by Sir William of Transport,	3	1	1
Samuel Davenport's ch. f. Musedora, three years old, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko,	1	2	2
Wm. T. Ward's b. f. Mary Vaughan, four years old, by Waxey, out of Betty Bluster by imp. Bluster,	2	3	3
Mason Thompson's (Samuel Aldridge's) b. c. Collier Jr., four years old, by Collier, dam by Blackburn's Whip,	4	4	dis.
Thos. Kennedy's b. g. Lewis Justen, six years old, by White's Timoleon, dam by Kennedy's Diomed,	5	5	dr.
Time, 5m. 57s.—5m. 55s.—5m. 54s.			

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$200, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before; two mile heats.

Thos. Kennedy's b. h. John W. Kennedy (alias Ben Duncan,) six years old, by Cherokee, dam by Sir Harry,	2	1	2	1
James Shy's ch. c. Kavanagh, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Director,	3	4	1	2
H. W. Farris's b. h. Splendour, six years old, by Trumpator, out of the dam of Gazelle,	7	2	*	
Robt. Mosby's b. h. Bucephalus, six years old, by Bertrand, out of Brown Mary, by Sumpter,	6	5	*	
Mason Thompson's (Wm. Moberly's) b. f. Mary Burnam, three years old, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Stockholder,	1	3	dis.	
Reason Jordan's ch. m. Melcy Lane, five years old, by Ratler, dam by Potomac,	5	6	dr.	
Wm. T. Ward's br. f. Waxetta, four years old, by Waxey, dam by Kennedy's Diomed,	4	dis.		
Time, 3m. 51s.—3m. 56.—3m. 55s.—4m. 1s. * Ruled out.				

Fourth day, post stake for three year olds; subscribers \$100 each, p. p., added to a silver pitcher, valued at \$100, given by the proprietor; weights as before; two mile heats.

James Shy's ch. f. Barbara Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson by Sumpter,	2	1	1
Josh. G. Boswell's gr. c. Nelson Dudley, by Medoc—Gray Fanny by Bertrand,	1	2	2
Robt. Mosby's ch. c. Guy of Warwick, by Frank, dam by Old Hamiltonian,	dis.		
Time, 3m. 51s.—3m. 52s.—3m. 59s.			

[1b.]

QUEBEC (L. C.) RACES,

Commenced September 3, 1838.

First day, match, \$100 a side; weights, 9st. 7lb. each; half a mile.

Mr. Motz's b. h. Huron, aged,	1
Mr. Villier's imp. ch. g. Partner,	2

Second race, same day, her majesty's plate of fifty guineas, entrance £5, open to all horses bred in the Province of Lower Canada, that never won match, plate, or sweepstakes. Weights, for three year olds, 8st. 2lb.; four year olds, 9st. 3lb.; five year olds, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.; heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Anderson's br. m. Maria, five years old, by Brilliant,	1	1
Col. Gagy's b. g. Trump, aged, by Telescope,	3	2
Hon. R. U. Harwood's b. h. four years old, Reynard, by Vantriel,	2	dis.
Capt. Daniel's ch. g. Veteran, aged, by imp. Lebean,	4	dr.
Time, 4m. 6s.—4m. 10s.		

Third race, same day, the ladies' purse, entrance, \$5, to which the stewards will add \$100, free for all horses; aged horses, 10st. 7lb.; each year under, allowed 7lb.; mile heats; gentlemen riders.

Mr. Motz's b. h. Huron, aged, - - - - -	1	1
Lieut. Guky's (81st. regt.) ch. g. Richmond, six years old, by Eclipse, - - -	5	2
Capt. Shirley's gr. f. The Queen, four years old, by imp. Autocrat, - - -	2	3
Capt. Conroy's b. h. Timoleon, aged, by Sir Charles, - - - - -	4	4
Col. Guky's ch. h. Beau, aged, by imp. Valentine, - - - - -	3	5

Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 3s.

Fourth race, same day, the trial stakes of \$5 each, to which the stewards will add \$100; for all horses bred in the Canadas, which have never won a race in Quebec, Montreal, or Three Rivers; four year olds to carry 8st. 7lb.; five year olds, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. P. Cunningham's b. g. Duroc, six years old, by imp. Lebean, - - -	1	1
Capt. Daniel's ch. g. Veteran, aged, by imp. Lebean, - - - - -	2	dis.
Mr. Hamilton's b. g. Pompey, aged, - - - - -	3	dis.
Col. Guky's ch. g. Tramp, four years old, - - - - -	4	dis.

Time, 2m. 2s.—2m. 5s.

Fifth race, same day, the Scurry stakes of \$5 each, to which the stewards will add \$60; catch weights; one third of a mile; gentlemen riders; winner to be sold for £40, if demanded, &c.

Mr. A. Baird's ch. g. Sir Charles, aged, by Sir Charles, - - - - -	1	
Mr. Richards' b. m. Flying Childers, aged, by Childers, - - - - -	2	
Capt. Conroy's bl. g. Black Prince, six years old, - - - - -	3	
Hon. Capt. Boyle's bl. g. Black Hawk, six years old, - - - - -	4	
Capt. Lindsay's br. m. The Nun, five years old, by Henry, - - - - -		dis.

Time not given.

Sixth race, same day, the bonnet rouge stakes of \$20, entrance, \$1, for all horses of thorough Canadian breed; one mile; habitant riders.

Mr. Gosselin's h. St. Gervais, - - - - -	1	
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Three others started, but were not placed.

Second day, hurdle race—entrance \$4 each, to which the stewards will add \$100; free for all horses; two miles; gentlemen riders; weight 11st. each.

Mr. Richards' ch. g. Waverley, aged, by Duroc, - - - - -	1	
Capt. Boyle's bl. g. Black Hawk, - - - - -	2	
Capt. Tyssen's, Rolicking Bob, - - - - -	3	
Capt. Daniel's ch. g. Veteran, aged, - - - - -	4	
Mr. Lambert's Shamrock, - - - - -	5	

Time not given.

Second race, same day, his excellency's cup, value £100, entrance \$10, for all horses bona fide the property of her majesty's subjects, residing in the Canadas, and in their possession for one calendar month previous to these races. Once round the course and a distance; gentlemen riders; horses to be handicapped by the stewards; ten horses to start, or no race; winner to be sold for £100.

Capt. Conroy's bl. g. Black Prince, - - - - -	1	
Timoleon, - - - - -	2	
Mr. Richards' Flying Childers, - - - - -	3	
Mr. Jocelyn's imp. b. h. Negotiator, - - - - -	4	
Mr. Prendergast's Shillelah, - - - - -	5	
Col. Guky's Beau, - - - - -	6	
Col. Gore's Moccasin, - - - - -	7	
Col. Guky's Fleta, - - - - -		dr.
Col. Gore's Celeste, - - - - -		dr.
Mr. Anderson's b. m. Maria, - - - - -		dr.

Time not given.

Third race, same day, the Quebec stakes of \$20 each, to which the stewards will add \$200, for all horses; second horse to save his entrance; weights as in the trial stakes; a winner of one race to carry 7lbs.; and of two, 14lbs. extra; two mile heats; three to start or no race.

Mr. George W. Yarker's ch. m. Rival, aged, by Eclipse, dam by imp. Expedition, - - - - -	1	1
Mr. Cunningham's b. g. Duroc, six years old, by Lebean, - - - - -	2	2
Mr. Richards' gr. h. April Fool, aged, by imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, - - - - -	3	3

Time, 4m. 10s.—Second heat not kept.

Fourth race, same day, the Garrison plate of \$200, entrance \$5; for all horses bona fide the property of officers of the army one month previous to the races; weights as in the trial stakes; the winner of any race to carry 7lbs. extra; mile heats; gentlemen riders.

Col. Whyte's imp. b. g. Cheroot, aged, 9st. 7lb.	-	-	-	1	1
Capt. Conroy's b. h. Timoleon, aged, 10st. 3lb.	-	-	-	3	2
Col. Gore's b. g. Moccasin, five years old, 9st.	-	-	-	4	3
Mr. Villiers' ch. g. Partner, five years old, 9st. 7lb.	-	-	-	2	dr.
Capt. Scott's ch. g. Bugler, aged 9st. 7lb.	-	-	-		dis.
Time not kept.					

Fifth race, same day, the hack sweepstakes of \$5 each, for horses that are not in training, 10st. 7lb. each; one third of a mile; gentlemen riders.

Mr. S. Hough's b. m. Betsey Buckley,	-	-	-	-	1
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Saturday, September 8.—match, £50 a side; two mile heats.

Mr. Anderson's Maria, (winner of the queen's plate,)	-	-	-	1	1
Mr. Prendergast's Shillelagh,	-	-	-	2	2
Won handily; time not given.					[1b.]

FREDERICK (Md.) RACES,

Commenced on September 4, 1838.

First day, purse \$100, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings; mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. Molinera, five years old, by Medley, dam by Jones' Arabian,	-	-	-	1	1
Murray Shillings' br. m. Lady Lightfoot, five years old, by Industry,	-	-	-	3	2
John B. Swearingen's ch. c. Robert White, four years old, by Tremendous, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	2	3
Henry Shepherd's imp. b. h. Nicholas, five years old, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp,	-	-	-	4	dr.
John W. Watson's br. g. by Black Warrior,	-	-	-	-	dis.
Joel Woods's b. f. Kentucky Bag, did not get off.	-	-	-	-	
Won cleverly. Time not kept.					

Second day, purse \$150, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

George Loudenslager's b. g. Ratler, aged, by Ratler, dam by Topgallant,	-	-	-	1	1
J. B. Kendall's (John Adams') b. f. four years old, by Snowstorm, dam by Farquier Potomac,	-	-	-	2	2
No time kept.					

Third day, purse \$300; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. h. Master Henry, five years old, by Henry, out out Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	1	1
Henry Shepherd's imp. b. f. Polly Moss, three years old, by St. Nicholas, dam by Tramp,	-	-	-	2	2
Won with ease. Time not kept.					[1b.]

CARROLLTON (Ky.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, September 4, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for two year olds, colts 70lbs.; fillies 67lbs. Four subscribers at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. E. S. Revill's b. f. Oxidenta, by Bertrand, out of Diamond, by Florizel,	-	-	-	1	1
George E. Blackburn's ch. f. Amanda Turmin, by Mark Anthony, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 2m. 8s.—2m. 50s.					

Second race, same day, extra purse, given by the club, free for all ages; weights for two year olds, 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 121lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; mile heats.

George E. Blackburn's ch. c. Beans, four years old, by Woodpecker,		
dam by Southern Eclipse,	-	1 1
H. Vaughan's b. f. by Woodpecker, three years old,	-	2 2
E. S. Revill's br. f. Ann Blair, three years old, by Buck Elk, dam by		
Whip,	-	3 3
G. Coffeen Jr's b. c. Alpha, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Perfection, dis.		
Time, 1m. 59s.—2m. 1s.		

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as above; four subscribers at \$30 each, h. f. Mile heats.

E. S. Revill's b. f. Countess, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun, by		
Kassina,	-	1 1
George E. Blackburn's ch. f. Catahoula Lass, by Lance, dam by Sir		
Archy,	-	2 2
S. T. Drane's br. f. Diana Crow, by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts'		
Lafayette,	-	3 3
Time, 1m. 57s.—2m. 3s.		

Second race, same day, Jockey Club purse —, free for all ages, weights as before; mile heats.

E. S. Revill's b. f. Margaret Carter, three years old, by Medoc, dam		
by Whip,	-	1 1
Robert W. Sinclair's b. f. Mary Hord, four years old, by Plato, dam		
by Whipster,	-	3 2
Stephen T. Drane's b. f. Mary Ann, three years old, by Lance dam by		
Whip,	-	2 3
George E. Blackburn's b. c. Peas, three years old, by Lance,	-	4 4
William Palmer's ch. c. Gray Jaw, four years old, by Woodpecker,		
dam by Wolloby,	-	5 dis.
Time, 1m. 59s.—1m. 54s.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse —, free for all ages, weights as before; two mile heats.

E. S. Revill's b. c. Lorenzo, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by		
Alonzo,	-	1 1
S. T. Drane's ch. f. Davidella, four years old, by Arab, dam by Whip,		3 2
Wm. Palmer's gr. c. Hardheart, four years old, by Buck Elk, dam by		
Quicksilver,	-	2 3
G. Coffeen Jr's ch. f. Demoida, three years old, by Collier, dam by		
Hamiltonian,	-	bolt.
Time, 4m. 4s.—3m. 56s.		

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse —, free for all ages, weights as before; mile heats, best three in five.

Robert W. Sinclair's ch. c. Limber John, four years old, by Kos-		
ciusko, dam by Moses,	-	1 1 1
G. Coffeen Jr's b. h. Martin Van Buren, five years old, by La-		
fayette Stockholder, out of Old Squaw, by Indian,	-	3 4 2
George E. Blackburn's ch. c. Jake Hinkle, three years old, by		
Collier, dam by Hamiltonian,	-	4 2 dis.
E. S. Revill's bl. c. Ned Blackburn, four years old, by Arab, dam		
by Blackburn's Whip,	-	2 3 dis.
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 52s. In the third heat Jake bolted—he was		
lame when brought on the track from a kick he received the morning of the race.		

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse —, free for all ages, weights as before; three mile heats.

G. Coffeen Jr's (Samuel Smith's) bl. c. Orient, four years old, by		
Trumpator, out of Diamond, by Florizel,	-	1 1
G. H. Coffeen's b. f. Triumph, three years old, by Lance, dam by		
Blackburn's Whip,	-	2 2
Time, 6m. 10s.—6m. 11s		

Second race, same day, silver cup, given by Mr. Green, the proprietor of the hotel in Carrollton, with the entrance money added; free for all ages; weights as before; mile heats.

Wm. Peters' b. h. Martin Van Buren, five years old, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Old Squaw, by Indian,	-	-	-	1	3	1
Wm. S. Ware's ch. g. Sap Sucker, four years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Southern Eclipse,	-	-	-	3	2	2
E S. Revill's ch. c. Red Hawk three years old, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter,	-	-	-	2	1	3
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 57s.—1m. 53.				M. W. HINKLE, Sec'ry.		

[Ib.]

ESTHER COOPER'S RACE AT LOUISVILLE.

We learn from a correspondent, whose letter is subjoined, that an error of a *second* occurred in our publication of the time of the second heat of a mile race at Louisville last June! We lose not a *moment* in correcting an error so *momentous*, though it would appear that of the two original reports we published, the *second* one contained the identical error of a *second* (if error it was) made in the first. Our special correspondent was one of the official timers, we believe, and we had his authority for the first report; Mr. Haralson, an experienced turfman of Louisiana, subsequently sent us another, in which the time of the race referred to corresponded with that given by our agent. The race came off on the 5th of June, and was for a free breeder's plate, given by the proprietor for three year olds, colts taking up 86lbs., and fillies 83lbs. to which there were nine subscribers; mile heats.

M. McCumpsey's b. f. Esther Cooper, by Orphan Boy, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	2	1	1
Woods S. Miller's ch. f. Minerva Miller, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko,	-	-	-	1	2	2
Benjamin Maloney's b. c. Collin, by imp. Zilcadi,	-	-	-	dis.		
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 51s.—1m. 59s.						

The above was our version of the race; our correspondent avers that the time of the second heat was 1m. 50s. (the only error in either of our reports,) and as his statement appears to have the sanction of the club, we have no hesitation in giving it a place, though we confess to entertain doubts whether our correspondents could both have been mistaken.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times:

Louisville, Ky. Aug. 28, 1838.

SIR:—As an inch on a man's nose is a good deal, so is a second on a mile heat; therefore I hope you will do Esther Cooper the justice to correct the statement in your paper of her race over the Oakland course, at Louisville, in May last. The true time of her race will be seen by a printed statement of the first day's race, which was published here by order of the officers of the club, which is here enclosed, and which I hope you will publish. Her trainer, Mr. McCumpsey, has lately started for England, and she will consequently not appear on the turf this fall unless she would be sold. My price is \$3,000. Her blood, size, and appearance, are very fine, as may be seen by reference to the list of my stock in the Spirit of the Times of the 21st July, and the American Turf Register. Mr. McCumpsey (who with Mr. John Birch) has visited England to see how things are done there, and import for me some 'good bloods,' both of horses and cattle, thinks the filly I have alluded to, the very best he has ever had anything to do with. I of course think highly of her.

Yours very truly,

LEWIS SHIRLEY.

N. B. I hope the editor of the Turf Register will copy the foregoing into his publication, as its object is to correct an error.

TURF REGISTER.

List of Blooded Stock belonging to W. YATES, of Charlestown, Va. all or any part of which will be sold at fair prices.

1. **LADY BUMPER**, b. f. foaled spring of 1834, stinted to imp. Priam. She was got by John Richards, her dam by St. Tammany, (brother to Ball's Florizel,) grandam (the dam of Enciero,) by Seymour's Spread Eagle, g. grandam by imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. grandam by Federalist, g. g. g. grandam by Independence, g. g. g. g. grandam by a black horse that won a four mile race at Fredericksburg, at four heats, (name not recollected,) g. g. g. g. g. grandam Hutton's celebrated quarter mare. Lady Bumper ran but once in public, making a dead heat with Boyce's Apparition filly, and losing the stake by a half mile trial the day previous, in 54s.

2. **YAHOO**, b. c. dropped in 1835, by Star, out of Lady Bumper's dam. Yahoo lost a mile dash the fall he was two years old, (with three year old weights,) to Astrologer, ran in 1m. 59½s. He lost this spring a mile heat to Shepherd's imp. filly, by his rider dismounting, in 1m. 54s.

3. **ASTROLOGER**, br. c. three years old, by Star, dam by Walnut, grandam the dam of Enciero. Astrologer lost a second heat this spring, in 1m. 54s. by twelve inches, after winning the first in 1m. 56s. He had been galloped but fifteen days. His dam has produced five winners.

4. **FLIPPANTA**, b. f. foaled in 1837, by imp. Tranby, out of the dam of Astrologer.

5. **SALLY BAY**, b. f. four years old, by John Richards, dam Sally Brown, (the dam of Sting, Traffic, and John Brown,) by Old Buckrabbitt, grandam by imp. Knowsley, g. grandam by Bel-lair.

6. **TYCHICÆ**, b. m. five years old, by Clifton, (sire of Tychicus,) dam by Peter Pindar, grandam, the dam of Abner Bailes' celebrated racehorse Sir Richard.

BETTY GAINES, by Rockingham; dam Clara Fisher, by Tom Tough; grandam Miss Teazle, by Col. Hoskins' Sir Peter, g. grandam Miss Russel, by imp. Bedford, g. g. grandam Atalanta, by Lamplighter, g. g. g. grandam Rose Tree, by Cade, g. g. g. g. grandam by

Harris' Eclipse, which Eclipse mare was owned by Mr. Robert Page, of Broad Neck, Hanover county, Va. and a great favourite of his.

Her produce :

1835. c. by Timoleon.

1836. c. by Tranby.

1837. c. by St. Leger.

LADY HAMILTON, by Napoleon, (Napoleon, by Sir Archy,) dam by Lacy's Gallatin, grandam by Rand's Expectation, Lacy's Gallatin by imp. Dion, his dam by Quicksilver, Expectation by Diomed, and his dam also by Diomed.

Lady Hamilton is the dam of G. B. Poindexter's Paul Jones.

Her produce :

1834. f. by Blakeford. fifteen and a half hands high, and of good form.

1836. c. by Tranby.

1837. c. by St. Leger.

The above stock will be sold cheap on application to Dr. A. G. D. Roy, (whose profession prevents his entering on the turf,) near Bowler's, Essex county, Va.

The steamboat Rappahannock stops at Bowler's, offering an opportunity to any gentleman wishing to see the stock.

July 30th, 1838.

4TH JULY, '35, ch. f. the property of James Moore, (Scrogy,) of Port Gibson, Miss. with a small star, by Leviathan, out of Maria Louisa, by Janus, (Randolph's,) grandam by Madison, g. grandam by imp. Shark, out of a thorough bred mare; foaled 4th of July, 1835.

Addition to Blooded Stock of GEORGE FORBES, of Mattapony, Md.

1. **YELLOW ROSE**, nine years old, the spring of 1838, by Wildair, dam Pet, by St. Tammany, grandam Miss Dance, by Ashe's Roebuck, g. g. grandam by Independence, who was by Fearnought, g. g. grandam by the imp. horse Centinel or Flimnap, g. g. g. grandam by old Janus. Wildair was bred by Col. Walter, of Amherst, and is stated on his books to be by Ajax, his dam by the imp. horse Knowsley, grandam by Highflyer, g. grandam by Wildair, g. g. grandam by Acel, g. g. g. grandam by Aristotle, g. g. g. g. grandam was the celebrated running mare Hicksford.

Her produce :

Guivaro, ch. c. by Sussex, foaled May 26, 1833.

Sally Dilliard, ch. f. by Tayloe's Tycheus, foaled May 8, 1835.

Lilla, gr. f. by imp. Autocrat, foaled May 8, 1836.

Miss Brook, ch. f. by Velocity, foaled March 10, 1838, now stunted to John Bull.

2. LADY MARY, twelve years old this spring, bred by Dr. Thomas H. Marshall, (for pedigree, &c. see vol. 5, page 644.)

Her produce :

Ch. f. Drucilla, by Col. Jenifer's Wycomico, foaled April 20, 1838, now stunted to Guivaro.

3. THE MAID OF MILTON, now owned by Benjamin G. Harris, (for pedigree, &c. see vol. 5, page 644.)

Her produce of spring 1837 :

A b. c. by imp. Chateau Margaux, owned by me. GEORGE FORBES.

Additions to Blooded Stock of WILLIAM H. TAYLOE, Mount Airy, Va.

1. HAMPTON, ch. c. foaled 1834, by imp. Barefoot, dam by Trafalgar, grandam Rosalba, by imp. Spread Eagle, out of imp. mare Alexandria.

2. CAPT. THOMAS HOSKINS, b. c. foaled 1835, by imp. Autocrat, dam by Tom Tough, grandam by Mattaponi, g. grandam by Spread Eagle, g. g. grandam by Bellair, g. g. g. grandam Kitty Fisher, by Wildair.

3. CHARLEY AUSE, b. c. foaled 20th April, 1838, by imp. Priam, dam Miss Chance, by imp. Chance.

4. PANTICO, ch. c. foaled April, 1838, by St. Leger, dam Multiflora, by Mason's Ratler, grandam Marigold, by Tom Tough.

Mount Airy, Sept. 17, 1838.

♂ Aurora (the dam of Howa and Czarina,) is with foal by Priam.

SALE OF LORD BERNERS' STUD.

The sale of the late Lord Berners' racing stud took place on the 12th of July, and went off for large sums. The most interesting lots were the two yearling fillies (remarkably promising,) Camarine's dam, and the Oscar mare out of her; the competition for them was exceedingly spirited, and ended, we believe, in their being knocked down to English purchasers; the same was the case with nearly all the prime lots. The following were the prices:—

STALLION.	GS.
A brown horse, 6 yrs., by Lamplighter—Spinning Jenny, by Juniper,	110

HORSES IN TRAINING.	
A chestnut mare, 4 yrs., by Oscar, dam by Rubens, out of Spotless,	56
A chestnut filly, 3 yrs., by Lamplighter, dam by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam, (the Oscar mare foaled in 1830,) - - - - -	460
A bay colt, 2 yrs., by Cetus, out of Rotterdam, - - - - -	90
A bay filly, 2 yrs., sister to Phosphorus, - - - - -	220

YEARLINGS.	
A bay filly by Lamplighter, dam by Oscar—Camarine's d. (foaled 1830,) - - - - -	420
A bay filly, sister to Phosphorus, - - - - -	500
A chestnut colt by Ishmael, out of Malvina, - - - - -	71

BROOD MARES.	
Rotterdam, by Juniper—Spotless, by Walton; covered by Rococo,	40
A chestnut mare by Rubens, out of Spotless; covered by Rococo,	48
Filly foal by Buzzard, out of the chestnut Spotless mare, - - - - -	47
Malvina, by Oscar, out of Spotless; covered by Rococo, - - - - -	280
Colt foal by Ibrahim, out of Malvina, - - - - -	53
A chestnut mare by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet; covered by Lamplighter. This mare is the dam of Camarine, - - - - -	500
Colt foal by Lamplighter—Camarine's dam (own bro. to Phosphorus,) - - - - -	220
A chestnut mare by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam (foaled in 1830;) covered by Lamplighter, - - - - -	550

The house and paddock on Mill-hill were sold from the same box by Mr. Tattersall's nephew for £815. A two year old colt by Mulatto, out of Liska, and one of the same age by Actæon, out of Fiddlestring (both Lord Orford's,) fetched 60 guineas each, and a two year old brother to Sluggard 21 gs. Several other lots were bought in.

[Bell's Life,

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

NOVEMBER, 1838.

[No. 11.]

CONTENTS.

Importation of Blood Stock to South Carolina,	481	Greensburg, Ky.	515
Stud Sale of Wm. H. Minge,	482	Georgetown, Ky.	516
Sport in the White mountains, . . .	483	Danville, Va.	517
The Handley-cross hounds.—No. VI.	485	Philadelphia, Pa.	517
Extraordinary Trotting Match, . . .	495	Upper Marlboro', Md.	518
On Exercise,	498	Broad Rock, Va.	519
Advice to Sporting Writers,	501	Nashville, Tenn.	520
The Virginian Partridge,	505	Union Course, L. I.	521
Field Sports in Virginia,	508	Washington, D. C.	522
Extraordinary Angling Adventure, . .	511	Lexington, Ky.	523
RACING CALENDAR—Races at		Central Course, Md.	524
Gallatin, Tenn,	513	Tree Hill, Va.	525
Crab Orchard, Ky.	514	Hoboken, N. J.	526
		Lynchburg, Va.	527
		Southampton, Va.	528

IMPORTATION OF STOCK TO SOUTH CAROLINA.

WE have received the following letter from Mr. Fryer, giving us a list of the valuable importation he is about making to South Carolina on account of Col. Hampton and himself. The Ganges probably sailed on the 4th of September and may be daily expected at Charleston with her precious cargo; a finer lot has seldom crossed the Atlantic.

W. T. PORTER:

Liverpool, September 1, 1838.

Sir,—I have here ready to sail for South Carolina, the following blood stock, which I thought proper to inform you of myself, so that no mistake might be made in the pedigrees, &c. If you think proper to publish the list in your valuable paper, you will confer a favour on me by so doing. I expect to leave in a day or two in the ship Ganges for Charleston. They are the property of Col. W. Hampton and myself.

1. Bay mare Delphine, (the dam of Stapleton, Leander, and Monarch, by Priam, the property of Col. Hampton,) by Whisker, her dam My Lady, by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam, &c. &c.—covered by Plenipo.

2. Yearling, chestnut filly, by Plenipo, out of Brazil, by Ivanhoe—Velvet, (Bran's dam,) by Oiseau—Wire, (sister to Whalebone, Whisker, &c. &c.)

3. Yearling, bay filly, by Merchant, out of Surprise, by Scud—her dam Manfreda, by Williamson's Ditto—out of Tawney, by Mentor, &c. &c.

4. Yearling, brown colt, by Saracen, out of Minnow, by Filho da Puta, her dam Mervinia, by Walton—Phantasmagoria, by Precipitate—Cerberus' dam by Herod, &c. &c.

5. Sarah, bay mare by Sarpedon, out of Frolicksome, by Stamford—Alexina, by King Fergus—Lardella, by Y. Marske, &c. &c.—covered by Doctor Syntax.

6. Yearling, bay filly, by Emilius, out of Menever, by Merlin—her dam by Walton—out of Lisette, by Hambletonian, &c. &c.

7. Yearling, chestnut filly, by Priam, out of a sister to Ainderby, by Velocipede, her dam Kate, by Catton, out of Miss Garforth, by Walton, &c. &c.

8. The stallion Hybiscus, bred by, and purchased of, the Marquis of Exeter—foaled in 1834—a good bay, with immense bone and muscular power—fifteen hands three inches high, and beautiful action—was got by the celebrated horse Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, by Waxey, grandam Moses' dam, by Gohanna, out of Gray Skim, by Woodpecker—Herod, &c. His performances will be given on his arrival.

The lot are very promising, and I hope to arrive safe in Charleston with them.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

GEO. FRYER.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

STUD SALE OF WM. H. MINGE, Esq.

The extensive and valuable stud of blood stock, the property of Wm. H. Minge, Esq. of Charles city, Va. was brought to the hammer by Mr. H. N. Templeman, at the Fairfield race course, on Thursday and Friday, the 18th and 19th inst. The different lots were introduced by Mr. Templeman with his accustomed tact, but the sale went off with very little spirit. The following is a list of the horses sold, with the names of their respective purchasers and the prices.

1. Eliza, by Hornet, dam by imp. Jack Andrews—brood mare—J. H. Williamson,	\$ 200
2. Nancy Creighton, (Mazeppa's dam,) by Francisco, out of Molly Andrews—Isham Pucket,	1,005
3. Molly Howell, by Contention, out of Eliza, by Hornet, not sold.	
4. Eliza Reilly, by Sir Archy, out of Bet Bounce—J. H. Williamson,	405
5. The dam of James Cropper and Nick Biddle—F. Coleman,	120
6. Ch. mare, by Hotspur, out of Molly Andrews—R. Freer,	240
7. The stallion May Day, out of Eliza, by Hornet—R. Adams,	750

8. Nick Biddle, by Timoleon, out of the dam of James Cropper—Col. Dickinson,	\$ 260
9. J. J. Astor, three years old, by May Day, out of Nancy Creighton, by Francisco—Mr. Hayden, of Mobile, Ala.	250
10. Full brother to Mazeppa, two years old—do.	1,010
11. A filly by May Day, out of Mazeppa's dam—do.	525
12. Yearling colt by May Day, out of James Cropper's dam—Isham Puckett,	505
13. A gray yearling colt by Jesse, out of Eliza, by Hornet, not sold.	
14. A filly by May Day, out of Eliza Reilly, by Sir Archy—Mr. Logwood,	130
15. A filly by Tranby, out of Eliza, by Hornet—J. H. Williamson,	290
16. Filly by Luzborough, out of Molly Howell, by Contention—Mr. Scruggs,	180
17. Colt by Andrew, out of Molly Howell, by Contention.	
18. Mare, five years old, by Sir Charles, out of Kate, by Alfred—R. Beasley,	129
19. Jesse, gr. h. by Medley, not sold.	
20. Filly, by Barefoot, out of a Sir Alfred mare,	175
Ib.]	

SPORT IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The following article from the 'White Mount Ægis,' furnishes several interesting particulars relative to trout fishing, &c. in the vicinity of Lancaster, N. H. We venture to endorse the statements of the writer, while we challenge him to meet us near 'the Notch,' at Franconia, next spring. As fly fishing may be reckoned among those 'which are not convenient' in New Hampshire, about these days, we commend our unknown brother of the rod and angle to lay aside the paraphernalia wherewith he hath been wont to

'Lure from his cool retreat the crafty trout,'

and resume his practice with the rifle upon the deer and bear with which the fortresses of the mountain are so abundantly supplied. The trout fishing about Franconia is only equalled by the shooting; and the former would rival the best preserved salmon fisheries of Scotland, but for the abominable practice of spearing them while spawning in the fall, and catching them in winter through the ice. Hundreds of sleigh loads of trout annually find their way into the markets of Boston, Portland, and other eastern cities, taken in this manner. They are of the most delicious flavour, and in size run from two to seven or eight pounds. With shame we confess having frequently made one of a party, in our boyhood, engaged in fishing through the ice. Although pretty good sport, it is not comparable with fly-fishing or trolling for pike, and we are not sure, now, that we should be willing to consider that person a friend, who addicted himself to such a scandalous practice. As soon as a celebrated trout pond or lake 'freezes over solid,' it is customary in many parts of New England to cut holes a few rods apart through the ice from one side to the other. Hooks well baited are then 'set,' the upper end of the line being attached to a furze bush firmly planted in the ice over the hole.

When a trout is caught by the hook, his convulsive struggles cause the bush to wave to and fro, so that on a calm day it may be seen at a considerable distance. The angler (what a profanation of the term!) being mounted on skates, at once darts to the hole, pulls up his fish, baits his hook again, lowers it carefully, and proceeds to another bush. An expert skater will in this way attend an hundred hooks, extended perhaps a mile in length, without fatigue, when the ice is glare. In the lakes about Littleton, Franconia, and Lancaster, immense quantities are frequently taken in a day. But hear the editor of the *Ægis*:

Fishing and sporting parties are almost as common in this section as they are at Nahant, Boston, or any where along the coast, from the gulf of St. Lawrence to the 'low and mucky ground' at New Orleans. And in all the world over—(pray back up the asseveration, ye anglers,) in all the world over there is not a better place for the purpose than this country affords. The dead monotony of the coast is here broken into a scenery as wild and beautiful as it is pleasant to the lover of nature; the stench of the salt mud which borders upon the ocean, and extends far back, through the hearts of the villages and towns, is here exchanged for the odours of the wild flower, and the mild, rich fragrance of the balmy breath of autumn; the rattle, and bustle, and cry of 'oysters, fish, and charcoal,' which are constantly grating in horrid discord upon the ear, to say nothing of the smoke, dust and confined air of the city, are here exchanged for the pure air of the 'Alps of New England,' the lowing of the herds, the farmer's song, and the active stroke of the woodman's axe.

The trout, weighing from a quarter to five or six pounds, is readily caught in Israel's river, which flows into the Connecticut through this town, and also in nearly all the smaller streams of this country, and from the various ponds from which these streams are fed.

The pickerel, weighing from half to six pounds, is taken abundantly from Martin-Meadow Pond, and from Connecticut river.

The lunge, from the lakes in the upper part of this and Essex county, Vermont, is taken, weighing from six to thirty-five pounds. This is a fine fish, equalling in the estimation of many people, in the beauty and flavour of its flesh, the much loved salmon of the St. Lawrence, and the rivers in Maine.

Besides the above, we have a number of varieties, which not being highly estimated by many for their good qualities, are seldom fished. Amongst these are the dace, barbell or sucker; trout and pickerel are fished most, probably from the fact of their being most abundant, and more easily taken.

A party of trout fishers, who had been out to the ponds and streams in Randolph and vicinity, from Littleton, stopped a short time at Cady's on their return home on Friday afternoon. We understand they had excellent good fortune, and a fine time, having taken about one hundred and fifty pounds. We like to see such parties, particularly from abroad; and those who delight to participate in these recreations can find no water more abundantly supplied, and no fish *more willing to bite* than those of Lancaster and the adjoining towns.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. VI.

THE NEW MASTER.

‘Eight pence, sir,’ said that broth of a boy Benjamin to his worthy master, Mr. Jorrocks, as the latter sat in a sky-blue dressing gown and slippers, eating muffins and prawns for breakfast in his ‘Sally Manger,’ as he calls his dining room in Great Coram street. ‘Eight pence, sir,’ repeated Benjamin, thrusting the letter between Mr. Jorrocks’ nose and the coffee cup.

‘Vere can that be from, Binjimin?’ replied the worthy grocer, taking the letter in one hand and diving into the bottom of the pocket of his small clothes with the other, while he eyed the boy, as much as to say, ‘I wonder whether or not it’s a *do*.’ ‘See, there’s a four-penny-bit and four pence,’ said he, telling them out on the table cloth from amidst a heap of miscellaneous coin which he took at the draw; and Benjamin, after ringing the four-penny bit in the chuck-farthing style in the air, left Mr. Jorrocks alone with the letter. It was a large one and a double one, written on pink satin gilt-edged paper, and was sealed with variegated brown wax which bore the impress of a wafer-stamp. The writing, a fine lady-like running hand, was unknown to our friend; and having looked at both sides and tried to spell the almost invisible post mark, he took out his penknife, and giving the paper a slit on each side of the seal, deliberately unfolded the letter with an inward congratulation that Mrs. Jorrocks was at Tooting. ‘Rummish *go*, I think,’ said Mr. Jorrocks, as it gradually unfolded, and a note, which had made it double, fell on the floor; ‘rum *go* indeed!’ and having stretched it out, he picked up the note, laid them both on the table, while he took another sip of coffee, apparently for the purpose of bracing his nerves. He then ventured to look at the letter again, and read as follows:

‘TO JOHN JORROCKS, ESQ.

Honoured Sir:—The committee of management of the Handley-cross Fox-hounds being under the necessity of relinquishing their undertaking, we the undersigned, keen and determined sportsmen, having seen and felt the evils arising from a divided mastership, and deeply impressed with the importance of having a country hunted single-handed by a gentlemen of known talent and experience as a fox hunter, who will command the respect and obedience of his followers and the admiration of the world, look up to you, sir, as pre-eminently qualified for the distinguished, honourable, and much coveted situation. [‘My vig!’ exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, jumping from his chair, slapping his thigh, and giving three or four hops round the table, taking up three or four holes of his face with a broad grin of delight. ‘My vig! who would ever have thought of such a thing. Oh John Jorrocks! John Jorrocks! you are indeed a most fortunate man! a most lucky dog! Oh dear! Oh dear! Was ever any thing so truly delightful.’ Some seconds elapsed before our worthy friend could compose himself sufficiently to look again at the letter. At last his eyes fell on it again, and he read as follows:] When we consi-

der, sir, the brilliant position you have long occupied in that most illustrious of all hunts, the Surrey—the glorious character you have gained not only in this country but on the continent, as an ardent admirer of field sports, together with the valuable and truly scientific instruction you have imparted to the rising generation in your most learned and elaborate lectures, we feel most sensibly and sincerely that there is no one to whom we can more safely confide this truly important trust than yourself. [‘Capital! Bravo!’ exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, laying down the letter for the purpose of digesting what he had taken in. ‘Capital indeed!’ he repeated, slapping his thigh again; and, casting his eyes up at the dirty fly-catcher dangling above his head from the ceiling—he sat for some minutes lost in mute abstraction, then thrusting a quarter of a muffin into his mouth he took another turn at the letter.] In conclusion, sir, we beg to assure you that you possess alike the confidence and esteem of the inhabitants of this town and adjoining country, and that in the event of your acceding to our wishes and becoming the manager of our magnificent hunt, we pledge ourselves to afford you our most cordial and strenuous support, and to endeavour collectively and individually, by every means in our power, to make you master of the Handley-cross Fox-hounds at the smallest possible expense and sacrifice.

(Signed)

MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C. Capt. half-pay.

ALFRED BOLTEN,

WALTER FLEECEALL,

SIMON HOOKEM,

STEPHEN TURNBILL,

ELLIOT JINKINS.’

‘Capital!’ exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, again clapping his hands. ‘Excellent indeed! werry good—most beautiful!—Binjimin, here my boy!’ cried he at the top of his voice, thumping with his heel on the floor to the boy below. ‘Coming, sir, coming!’ cried the urchin, rushing into the room from the passage, where he had been eyeing his master’s movements through the key-hole. ‘See, Binjimin,’ said Mr. Jorrocks taking up a half-emptied eighteen penny lot of Lazenby’s marmalade, ‘there’s some marmeylad for you, and mind be a good *buoy*, and I make no doubt you’ll rise to be a werry great man. Nothing gains man or *buoy* the respect and esteem of the world so much as honesty, sobriety, and cleanliness.’ Mr. Jorrocks paused, and would have finished with a moral, wherein his own fortune would have furnished the example, but some how or other he could not turn it at the moment; and after eyeing Benjamin’s dirty face for a second or two, he placed the marmalade pot in his hand, adding, ‘now go and wesh your mug.’

He then took a look at the note that was enclosed in the requisition; it was in the same hand-writing as the former, and was from Captain Doleful, vouching for his own respectability, and for the respectability of the parties who had signed the invitation.

That morning as Mr. Jorrocks walked into the city he gave two-pence to every crossing-sweeper in his line, from the black-eyed wench at the corner of Brunswick square, to the breechless boy with the red night-cap at St. Botolph lane end, and he entered his dark and dingy warehouse

with a smile on his brow enough to illumine the dial of St. Giles' clock in a fog. Most fidgety and uneasy was he all the morning. Every foot-fall made his eyes start from the ledger and wander towards the door, in the hopes of seeing some member of the Surrey, or some brother sportsman looking in, to whom he might communicate the great intelligence. He went on 'Change with a hand in each breeches-pocket, and a strut that plainly told how well he was to do with himself. Many of the sly speculators thought he had done a good bargain in molasses which had risen that morning, so truly business-like are all their speculations both mental and mercantile. Nodding Homer was the first man he saw in the hunting line. He was rubbing himself against the pillar that used to be occupied by the late Mr. Rothschild, but on catching a glimpse of the substantial figure of Mr. Jorrocks as he entered the building, he tried to sneak round the pillar and skulk into the crowd. 'Holloa! Nodder old boy!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks at the top of his voice, 'Ow are ye to-day? You surely are not going to shirk a brother member of the Surrey!' added he, placing himself directly before him, so as to prevent his escape. 'You and I have often bragged about our greatness, and which would be Lord Mayor first,—suppose we change the pint (point) and lay a guinea 'at (hat) which be master of 'ounds first?' 'Tut! replied Nodding Homer, curling up his nose and looking more mangy than usual, 'hunting must be at discount before they take such a chap as you for a master of hounds.' 'You think so, do ye?' replied Mr. Jorrocks coolly; 'nothing like heving a good opinion of oneself. May be you think *yourself* better qualified, but some how or other it seems the world hasn't measured your qualifications out quite to your own calkilation. Now, hev you ever in the course of your time had any thing o' this sort sent you?' said he, producing the pink letter from his pocket-book, unfolding it and placing its full dimensions in Nodding Homer's hand. * * * * * 'Bah!' exclaimed the Nodder, putting out his tongue, shaking his shoulders, and making a noise as though he were troubled with an inordinate fit of laughter as he got about three parts through the letter. 'Bah! Bah! Bah! Why man these hounds have been hawked all over the country. Miserrimus Doleful too! what a name for an undertaker! Why you surely don't mean to be such a fool as to take them? If so, it will only be an act of kindness to your friends to let them know, so that they may run their eyes through their bills and get those of Jorrocks & Co. off their hands. Well, I always said you were an old ass, and I think other people will come into my opinion now.' How long this conversation might have continued, or rather how it might have ended, for Mr. Jorrocks' eye began to assume an unwonted lustre, remains in uncertainty, for most fortunately just as Nodding Homer delivered the last sentence, the bell-ringer, who had given sundry warning peals in their vicinity, now came close behind the Nodder and rang with such violence that after some fruitless attempts to raise their tongues above that of the bell, they looked unutterable things at each other, and Jorrocks sticking his hands beneath his coat laps strutted off 'Change by the Cornhill side, while Nodding Homer sneaked away through the gate opposite the Bank of England.

Notwithstanding his contempt for Homer and all belonging to him, Mr. Jorrocks was not the man to throw a chance away, and as he retraced his steps to Great Coram street, he determined to sleep upon the invitation before he answered it. Perhaps the pros and cons of his mighty mind will be best displayed by a transcript of what he ultimately wrote. It was as follows:

GENTLEMEN ALL:—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the fourth, and note the contents, which I assure you is most grateful to my feelings. In all what you have said I most cordially coinsides. It is pleasant to see mankind estimating one's value at the price one sets on oneself. I believe myself to be a sportsman all over, and to the back-bone. 'Unting, in my mind, is all that's worth living for. I say all time is lost that's not spent in 'unting. 'Unting is like the hair we breathe—if we have it not we die.

I have not a doubt but I'm fully qualified for the mastership of the Handley-cross fox-'ounds or any other 'Unting has been my 'obby ever since I could keep an 'oss and long before. A southerly wind and a cloudy sky are my delight. No music like the melody of 'ounds.

Now to £. s. d.—What do you think will be the damage? How many *paying* subscribers have you? What is the amount of their subscription? How many couple of 'ounds have you? Are they steady? Are they musical? How many days a week do you want your country 'unted? Is your stopping expensive? What sort of port wine have you? Is your country stiff or light? Is butcher's meat dear? Are your covers wide of the kennel? Where is your kennel? What stabling have you? Is 'ay and corn costly? In course you'll have your stock of meal laid in. Are there any cover rents to pay, and if so, who pays them? Have you lots of foxes? Write me fully, fairly, freely, and frankly, and believe me to remain, gentlemen all,

Yours to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS.'

Great Coram street, London.

'Well, come, that's more like business than any we have had yet,' observed Captain Doleful, to Hookem and Boltem, after he had finished the reading of it, 'though some of his questions will be plaguy troublesome to answer. You see the misfortune of it is,' observed he thoughtfully, 'that none of us know any thing about hunting, and the difficulty will be to persuade Mr. Jorrocks that we do.' Hookem assured Doleful he might answer for himself, but that he had long been in the habit of reading all sporting publications, and with the aid of Fleeceall, had no doubt he could concoct such an answer as would go far towards securing Mr. Jorrocks. Accordingly he repaired to Mr. Fleeceall's office, who delighted at the prospect of getting more money out of the hunt, agreed to give his most cordial co-operation, on his usual principle of 'no catch no pay.' After wasting divers sheets of foolscap, the two at length agreed upon the following answer, with which they repaired to Doleful's lodgings to read and pass it in time for that evening's post. Doleful having already written to Mr. Jorrocks, it was considered best, in consequence of the numerous letters attached to his name, that the correspondence should be ostensibly conducted by him. After a few alterations, the trio

agreed upon the following, which Doleful copied on a sheet of sea-green paper and sent to the post.

DEAR MR. JORROCKS:—Your kind and flattering letter has just come to hand, and I lose not a moment in supplying you with all the information in my power, relative to our celebrated dogs. Unfortunately, the secretary to the hunt, Mr. Fleeceall, is absent on urgent business, consequently I have not access to those documents which would enable me to answer you as fully as I could wish. The dogs, as you doubtless know, are of the purest blood, having been the property for nearly fifty years of that most renowned sportsman, Michael Hardey, and are bred with the very greatest care and attention. It is perhaps not going too far to say that there is not such another pack in the world. There are at present thirty-two couple of old ones, in kennel, besides an excellent white terrier with a black eye. They are very steady and most musical. Their airing yard adjoins the Ebenezer chapel, and when the saints begin to sing, the dogs join chorus. Handley-cross, where the kennel is, is situated in the most beautiful, fertile, and salubrious part of Kent, within two miles of the Datton station of the Lily-white-sand train, and contains a chalybeate spa of most unrivalled excellence. The following is an accurate analysis of the water, taken by an eminent French physician, who came all the way from Rheims for the express purpose of examining it.

ONE PINT, (Wine measure.)

Sulphate of Soda,	21 grains.
———— Magnesia,	3½ do.
———— Lime,	4¼ do.
Muriate of Soda,	9½ do.
Oxide of Iron,	1 do.
Carbonic Acid,	1¼ do.

To this unrivalled spring, invalids from every part of the world, from every quarter of the globe, flock in countless numbers; and it is unnecessary to point out to a sportsman like yourself either the advantages that a pack of hounds confer on such a place, or the benefits accruing to the master from having the support of men with whom, to use a familiar expression, 'money is no object.' Butcher's meat is cheap and most delicious. There is a piece of cold roast beef standing before me at this moment, whose beautifully marbled side, and rich yellow fat with a delicately browned outside, in conjunction with a crisp lettuce salad in a china bowl, induces me hastily to conclude this epistle, with the urgent recommendation for you at once to declare yourself for the high honour of the mastership of the Handley-cross hounds. Believe me, dear Mr. Jorrocks, in haste, very sincerely yours,

MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C. Capt. half-pay.'

Handley-cross.

'Dash my vig!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, laying down the letter, 'what prime beef that must be! By jingo I almost fancy I see the joint, with the nice curly, crisp, brown 'orse radish, sticking to it in all directions. I knows nothing so nice as *good* cold roast beef, tinged with red, from the

gravy in the centre of the cut. Doleful must be a trump. Feel as if I knew him. Wish he had told me more about the 'ounds though, and the probable expense. I'm rich to be sure, but then a man wot's made his own money likes to see to the spending of it.' Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks stuck his hands under his coat laps and paced thoughtfully up and down the room, waving them playfully like the tail of a dolphin. Having pulled his wig about in all directions, he at last put it into his pocket, and unlocking a substantial old black mahogany desk, proceeded to draw up the following reply.

'DEAR DOLEFUL:—Your agreeable favour has just come to hand, and werry pleasant it is. It appears to be directed to two points—the salubrioness of Handley-cross, and the excellence of the 'ounds. On the first point I am quite content, I make no doubt the water's capital. Please tell me more about the 'ounds and country. The ages of the 'ounds from eight years downwards, and how many couple of puppies you can walk. If the 'ounds carry a good head. If they have plenty of bone. Whether they meuse or not. Are they in good condition? Can they trot out fifteen miles and 'unt and come back with their sterns up? Is the country pewey or open? Are there any good hills in it from which a gentleman with weak nerves, or none at all, can see a run? Would the Handley-cross Paul Pry report our doings? How are you off for foxes? Do you ever hunt a bagman? Write to me without reserve, and believe me to remain,

Yours to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS,

To MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, Esq. M. C.

Great Coram street,

Capt. half-pay, Handley-cross, Spa.

London.'

'Confound the fellow,' said Doleful, rubbing the letter between his middle fingers, saw fashion, 'he gets more troublesome and inquisitive; and yet I must answer him in some shape or other, for if he slips us, I know not where to look for another—and the ruin of the place will be the consequence.' After pacing up and down his small apartment for several minutes, in the course of which he twice looked into his bed-room as though he hoped to find some assistance there, he threw himself into the solitary arm-chair, and after a long reverie, in which he revolved in his mind whether to apply to Fleeceall again or not, he decided against it, and taking a sheet of lavender-coloured satin paper with gilt edges out of a tattered port-folio, he proceeded to pour the contents of his mind upon paper. Thus he wrote:

'DEAR MR. JORROCKS:—I was delighted to receive your friendly epistle, and much regret that, in consequence of the continued absence of Mr. Fleeceall, I cannot give you such full information respecting our invaluable dogs as I could desire, but you may rely upon it they are nothing but good ones, and all of the right age. As to puppies, we can walk any number here, and each dog carries a beautiful head. As to musing, I can't say much about that, but they sing delightfully. They are in excellent condition—fat as butter, and take them as far as you like and hunt them as hard as you will, I warrant they will come home with their sterns in the right place. They have plenty of bones and flesh too. The coun-

try is both pewey and open, and there are fine hills in all directions. The Paul Pry people will do any thing to oblige, and we are capitally off for foxes, but we do not think it advisable to play tricks upon bagmen. There would be no objection to your hunting a boy occasionally. One thing I should mention, which is, that a great Nabob from the East, to whom the doctors have recommended strong horse exercise, has arrived at Handley-cross, with four posters, to get his liver put right, and I greatly fear from what I have learned, that there will be an attempt made to get the hounds for him. Of course, I have protested most strongly against such a thing being even *thought* of until your final decision is known, but it is very important that you should enable me to give a decided answer as soon as possible, which for *your* sake I most sincerely hope will be in the affirmative. Believe me to remain, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

Yours, very faithfully,

MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

To JOHN JORROCKS, Esq.

Capt. Half-pay.'

Great Coram street, London.

This letter puzzled Mr. Jorrocks considerably, for never dreaming of Doleful's supreme ignorance, he thought it strange that he should mingle his pleasantry with a matter of so much importance, and he half began to suspect that Doleful was laughing at him. "Unting a boy occasionally," said he, seems queer with these *partiklar* steady 'ounds; and yet the chap seems anxious for me to have them instead of the nabob. Then he talks of their bones and their flesh as if it was all one. Werry queer some how. His answers don't fit the questions any how. If Simpkins was at home would certainlie run down and make inquiries on the spot; but then the beggars are so very urgent. Wish I hadn't told the Nodder any thing about being a master of fox-'ounds. Shall have the laugh against me I fear. Fat as butter too! That don't sound well. Hang the Nodder! Hang h'ambition! Should like to be an M. F. H. too, if it were only for one season—Mr. Jorrocks, M. F. H.—then Mr. Jorrocks late master of the Handley-cross Hounds.'

Mr. Jorrocks was sorely puzzled, and instead of going to the city that morning, he took out his big brown horse with a rat tail and rode round and round the inner circle of the Regent's park, as he may frequently be encountered in the flesh by the curious to see him, when he is either put out of his way by untoward events, on which occasions he jags and kicks his nag round and round at a canter, or when in a complacent mood saunters leisurely about with the reins dangling on its neck, occasionally diversifying the sound of its hoofs on the gravel by a slap of his cane down his Hessian boot. On this occasion his speed was more than usually impetuous, and he scattered Miss Fribble's seminary on the bridge, and nearly annihilated a charity school-boy in a red coat and yellow stockings as he turned at a gallop into the circle. Round and round he went, bumping and kicking, and shaking his reins as though he were riding for the doctor; and having completed nine circles at a canter which brought the old nag into a lather, he changed to a trot, and finished a score at that pace. Still he could not see his way in the matter of the

hounds, and it was not until he reached St. Pancreas church on his way home, that, like Whittington of old, he heard in the chimes of the clock the words,

‘Go it, Jorrocks !

Master of hounds.’

‘Dash my vig, and so I vill!’ exclaimed he ; upon which an orange girl rushed from her stall with ‘nine for a shilling,’ in a bag, thinking he meant to have the lot.

Arrived in Great Coram street, he kicked off his Hessian boots, put on his dressing gown, and retiring to the back drawing-room, locked the folding doors, and crammed the following into a sheet of foolscap.

‘DEAR DOLEFUL:—I will candidly confess, as Raphiel said to Daniel, that to be a master of fox-’ounds or M. F. H. would be a ‘werry high step in the ladder of my h’ambition ;’ but still, like Raphiel, I should not like to pay too dear for my whistle. I doesn’t wish to disparage your nabob, but I may observe at the outset that no man with a bad liver will make a good ’untsman. An ’untsman, or M. F. H. should have a good digestion, with a cheerful countenance ; and, moreover, should know exactly when to use the clean, and when the dirty side of his tongue. He should also be indifferent to weather ; and if I am correct in my ideas of the East, it is a werry ’ot place, all sunshine and no fogs. Again, if I am correct in my idea, they hunt the jackall, not at all a sporting animal, I should say from the specimen in the Surrey Zoologicals. Still, as I said before, I doesn’t wish to disparage the value of your nabob, who may be a werry good man and have more money and less wit than myself. If he is to have the ’ounds well and good—if I’m to have them I should like to know a little more about the £. s. d. Now tell me, candidly, like a good fellow, what you think they will cost, and what they can raise in the way of subscription. In course a man wot’s raised to the proud situation of an M. F. H. must expect to pay something for the honour, and I have estimated that at no less a sum than seventy-five pounds, so that you see I’m inclined to do the genteel. But, betwixt you and I and the poker, I rayther mistrust a water-drinker. To be sure there be two sorts, those wot drink it to save the expense of treating themselves with aught better, and those who undergo it for the purpose of bringing their stomachs round to stand something stronger. Now if a man drinks water for pleasure he should not be trusted, and ought to be called upon for his subscription in advance ; but if he drinks water because he has worn out his inside by strong bibations of liquor, he will most likely be a good fellow, and his subscription will be underwritten for a trifle. All this may be a matter of no moment to a nabob, but to a man wot’s risen from indignance to affluence by the honest exertions of his own energies it is of importance, and I should like to know werry particularly how many of these water drinkers come under schedule A or woluntary drinkers, and how many under schedule B, or drinkers from necessity.

I am, as you doubtless know, a grocer, in a large way of business, wholesale and retail, importing direct from China, which I suppose will be the country your nabob comes from, and unfortunately at the present

moment, my partner, Simon Simpkins, senior, is on a trading tour, and I can't well be wanted at the shop, otherwise I would certainly run down and have a personal interview with you; but I had a letter from him this morning from Huddersfield, in which he says, he will be back as on Friday at farthest, therefore as the season is spending and the 'ounds ought to be kept a going, I could, should your answer be agreeable, run down on the Saturday and make arrangements for taking the field immediately: Mrs. Jorrocks will accompany me, and also my niece Belinda, and I should want a comfortable house as near the kennel as possible, and I make no doubt that you as M. C. would show every attention to Mrs. Jorrocks as the wife of the M. F. H. to say nothing of her high breeding, being the daughter of a gentleman usher to George III. her mother, maid of honour or ladies maid to the late Dowager Lady Saltown.

The house should have at least four winders in front, and a werandah, a weathercock on the top would also be agreeable. If a house could be got with a bit of garden behind and a summer house, I should like it, and it should have three bed-rooms, a drawing room, and sally manger or eating room, a kitchen, and back kitchen, with an apartment for Batsay and Binjimin, I doesn't know any thing further that I can say in the limits of a letter, but I hopes in case the negotiation should miss fire that you will not let out I ever entered into one. Pray write to me fully and confidentially, and believe me to remain for self and partners, yours to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS,

To MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, Esq. M. C.

Great Coram street.'

Capt Half-pay, Handley-cross Spa.

Doleful was in ecstasies when he got this letter, for he plainly saw that the nabob had told upon Mr. Jorrocks, and that a very little trouble and exaggeration would secure him. It being the day on which he had the white hairs weeded from his head, and the gray ones died black, he repaired to Fleury's, the perruquier's, where he perused it again very attentively while he underwent the operation. It was unexceptionable save where he mentioned his avocation of a grocer, which Doleful was fearful might excite the prejudices of the illiberal; he therefore determined to keep that part to himself, and merely announce him as a gentleman of large fortune, whose father had been connected with trade.

Recollecting that Diana Lodge, containing about the requisite number of rooms was to let, he forthwith secured the refusal of it at a guinea and a half a week, and calling upon Fleeceall, got a list of subscribers and members of the hunt, which he enclosed in a parcel with the following letter.

'DEAR MR. JORROCKS :—By the greatest good luck in the world, Diana Lodge, within a stone's throw of the kennel, came vacant this morning, and not having the slightest doubt that on inspection of the accompanying list of subscribers to the hounds and members of our celebrated hunt, which you will see by the letters A and B prefixed to their names, contain very few of those most horrible characters water-drinkers from choice, you will immediately accept the honourable office of 'Master,' I

have engaged it for you at the very moderate rent of two guineas a week, *including every thing*. It is a cottage ornée, as you say in France, entered by an ivy-coloured trellis-work porch, tastefully entwined with winter roses, now in full blow. In the passage is a highly-polished Honduras mahogany table on claw-feet castors, for hats, whips, gloves, cigar cases, &c. On the right is a dining-room of comfortable dimensions, with another Honduras mahogany table, capable of dining eight people, (the number the late Mr. Walker, author of that clever work, 'The Original,' declared to be the orthodox size for a party) with a Honduras mahogany celleret sideboard with patent locks, and a dumb waiter on castors. The carpet is a Turkey one, and the rug a Kidderminster, of a pattern to match the carpet. On the left of the passage is a drawing room of the same size as the dining room, furnished in a style of unparalleled elegance. The chairs, ten in number, are of massive imitation rosewood with beaded and railed backs and round knobs along the tops, and richly carved legs. In the centre is a beautiful round imitation rosewood table on square lion-clawed brass castors, and the edge of the table is deeply inlaid with a broad circle of richly-carved highly-polished brass. Against the wall, below a costly round mirror, supported by a bronze eagle in chains, is a square imitation rosewood table inlaid with satin-wood in lines, containing two drawers on each side, with ivory knobs for handles. The carpet is a fine-flowered pattern, richer than any thing I can describe, and the whole is wonderfully complete and surpassingly elegant. There are just three bed-rooms, and a dressing-room, which holds a bed, and a kitchen, back-kitchen, scullery pantry, and other conveniences. To the back is a nice little outlet of a quarter of an acre, laid out in the style of the Jardin de Plants at Paris, and there is a splendid old patriarch of a peacock, that struts about the walks, spreads his tail and screams delightfully. In short it appears to me to have been built with an eye to the residence of a master of hounds. And this leads me to tell you that the nabob has been to the kennel, attended by two negroes, one of whom held a large green parasol over his head to protect him from the sun, while the other carried a chinchilla fur lined blue silk cloak, to guard him from the cold. I hear he talked very big about hunting and elephant riding, and said the waters here had done his liver a vast of good. I may observe that it is possible an attempt may be made by a few troublesome fellows to place him at the head of the establishment, particularly if you any longer delay appearing among us; my advice to you therefore is, to place yourself, your amiable lady, and accomplished niece, with your servants, horses, &c. on the mid-day Lily-white-sand train, on Friday next, and make a public entry and procession from the Dutton station into Handley-cross, showering half-pence among the little boys as you go. I will take upon myself to muster and marshal such a procession as will have an imposing appearance, and the nabob will be a very bold man if he makes any attempt upon the hounds after. I need not say that your amiable lady will receive from me, as M. C. of Handley-cross, all those polite attentions that are invariably paid by all well-bred gentlemen in the dignified situation I hold, more particularly from those bearing Her Majesty's commission in the army; and in the

table of precedence among women, that I have laid down for the regulation of the aristocratic visitors of Handley-cross Spa, the lady of the 'M. F. H.' comes on after the members of the royal family, and before all bishops' wives and daughters, peeresses, knights' dames, justices' wives, and so forth. Expecting then to meet you at the Datton station on the Lily-white-sand railway, at three o'clock on Friday next, and to have the supreme felicity of making the personal acquaintance of a gentleman who so worthily fills so large a space in the world's eye, I have the honour to subscribe myself, with humble respects to the ladies, dear Mr. Jorrock's,

Faithfully yours,

MISERRIMUS DOLEFUL, M. C.

New Sporting Magazine.]

Capt. Half-pay.'

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH.

A trotting match for \$1,000 a side, three mile heats, under the saddle, came off on Saturday last at four o'clock, over the Beacon Course, opposite this city. The annals of the turf furnish no parallel to it; every foot of the ground was severely contested, and the time made is by far the best on record.

Dutchman and Ratler were the contending horses; the first is a handsome bay gelding of great size and substance, about sixteen hands high; he is what is termed 'a meaty horse,' and looks, when in fine condition, like an ordinary roadster in 'good order.' He was trained for the match and ridden by Hiram Woodruff. Ratler is a brown gelding, of about fifteen and a half hands, and 'a rum 'un to look at;' he was drawn very fine, though one of those that seldom carry an ounce of superfluous flesh; we hear that his feed of late has seldom exceeded six quarts per day, while Dutchman's has been between twelve and sixteen. Ratler was trained and ridden by William Wheelan. His style of going is superior to Dutchman's; he spreads himself well, and strikes out clear and even. Dutchman does not appear to have perfect command of his hind legs: instead of throwing them forward, he raises them so high as to throw up his rump, and consequently falls short in his stride. The main dependence of his backers was based upon his game, and a gentleman who 'put on the pot' to a heavy amount on Ratler, offered two to one on Dutchman before the start, provided the heats were broken.

The odds before the horses came upon the track were five to four on Dutchman; after the riders were up, five to three was current, and at length two to one. As they were ridden up and down in front of the stand previous to starting, both appeared to be in superb condition, and to have their action perfectly. The track was so hard and smooth that the nails in the shoes of the horses could be seen every step they made. A great many bets were made on time; even bets were made that it would be better than any on record. To determine what the best time on record was, it was shewn that in 1833, Columbus trotted a three mile heat, under the saddle, over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, in 7m. 57½s.—but to prevent any dispute about the fractions of a second, 7m. 58s. was

declared to be the best time made. On the 10th of October, 1837, Daniel D. Tompkins, in a match, literally *vs.* the world, beat Ratler, over the Centreville Course, in 7m. 59s.—8m. 9s. three mile heats, under the saddle. Both Dutchman and Ratler are owned by gentlemen of this city; the latter was ridden without a spur.

The Race—Ratler drew the track, but resigned it to Dutchman on the first quarter; he came in front on the back side, and at the half mile post led by two lengths; he soon after broke up, when Dutchman headed him and lead past the stand (2m. 42s.) round to the straight stretch on the backside, where the ground being descending, and more favourable to him, Ratler passed. Dutchman waited upon him, close up, to near the three-quarter mile post, where Ratler shook him off, and led past the stand (2m. 38s.) by four lengths; keeping up his rate, he led down the backside and round the turn to the straight stretch in front, where Hiram caught Dutchman by the head, and laid in the spurs up to the gaffs; the brush home was tremendous, but Ratler won by nearly a length, trotting the third mile in 2m. 34½s. and the heat in 7m. 54½s.

Second heat.—Dutchman broke at starting, and two to one was offered against him. Down the backside the horses were lapped all the way; on the ascending ground, within about ten rods of the half mile post, Dutchman gained a little, and came first to the stand, (2m. 37s.) He drew out two lengths ahead round the first turn on the second mile, but Ratler gallantly challenged him down the back side and lapped him; at the half mile post Dutchman was again clear, but by a desperate effort Ratler lapped him when they got into straight work in front, and thus they came to the stand (2m. 33s.) On the back side Ratler, as usual, drew out clear, but for an instant only; the spurs were well laid into D. and the struggle was desperate; Dutchman hung upon Ratler's quarter, and gradually gained to the half mile post, when they were locked as perfectly as if in double harness. The contest was almost too much for Ratler, who skipped several times, and was only prevented from breaking, by Bill's holding him up. They came up the quarter stretch at an immense pace, but opposite the four mile distance stand Ratler unfortunately broke up when nearly a length ahead, and Dutchman won the heat by six or eight lengths. When Ratler skipped, Wheelan should have taken him in hand, but he was so much ahead, and so near home, (within 180 yards,) that under the intense excitement of the moment, he neglected doing so; had he done so, however, at the rate Dutchman was going he would probably have won by a few feet, for Ratler could not have made up any lee-way, caused by pulling him up; nothing but his breaking lost him the heat. The instant Ratler broke, Hiram pulled up Dutchman, and he would have walked out had not the people in the stand called out to him to 'come on.' The last mile was performed in 2m. 40s. and the heat in 7m. 50s. had Dutchman kept up his stroke, the time of the heat would have been 7m. 48s.

Third heat.—Dutchman went off with a fine stride (two to one offered on him) and led about half-way down the back side, when Ratler caught him; at the half mile post they were locked, and thus they came to the

stand in (2m. 42s.) they made the turn in the same position, and nothing but repeated injunctions from the judges to keep silent, prevented cheers from the stands that would have made the welkin ring; it was a beautiful sight; both were going, D. under the spur, at a flight of speed, neck and neck; half way down the back side, Ratler got almost clear, but Dutchman soon after lapped, and when they came to the stand (2m. 38½s.) was half a length ahead. When they got into straight work on the back side, Ratler again collared him, and they went locked to near the half mile post, when Dutchman once more got in front, Wheelan having taken Ratler in hand for a brush up the straight side. This he made soon after; they were lapped as they swung round the turn, and the struggle that ensued revived recollections of Bascombe and Post Boy. Profound silence was preserved on the stand, that neither horse might be excited or frightened into a break, and the interest of the scene was so great, that each of the spectators seemed to hold his breath as the horses neared the stand; it was a brush to the end. Dutchman coming out a throatlatch in front, caused by Hiram's giving up his pull, and giving him a push *a la Chifney*, which made him clearly the winner by a foot. The excited feelings of the crowd in the stand could no longer be repressed, but burst out in a tumultuous cheer that might have been heard three miles off. The last mile was done in 2m. 41½s. and the heat in 8m. 2s. The judges after some discussion, pronounced it a *dead heat*.

Great odds were now offered on Dutchman, though he exhibited more 'signals of distress' than Ratler; his trainer, however, informed us that he 'hung out' these after taking his ordinary exercise; 'it was a way he had,' rather than any severe exertion which produced them. Both sweated freely, and came to the post a fourth time 'about as good as new.' The performance of the match commenced at four o'clock; it was six, and almost dark, when they started on the

Fourth heat.—Dutchman led off from the score to half way down the back side by three lengths; Ratler, however, lapped him at the half mile post, but Dutchman soon after drew out in front again; Hiram kept him at his work from this point to the finish, and Ratler never got up to him afterwards that we could see, for it was now so dark, neither horse or rider could be distinguished; Ratler subsequently fell off in his stride, and was finally beaten handily by six lengths, after as game and honest a race as we ever saw, and by far the best, in point of time, on record.

As a matter of convenient reference, we give below the time of each mile, of this unparalleled performance. One circumstance growing out of the match is, Dutchman's challenge to the world in to-day's paper, and which we presume will be accepted by Tompkins or Forrest. We should not be greatly surprised, if Ratler's friends took up the offer, for the two horses are so nearly matched, that should Dutchman prove to be in the slightest degree restive or amiss, saltpetre wouldn't preserve him from defeat. Awful would no doubt accept the challenge was the match to be performed in harness. We now subjoin the official record:

Saturday, Oct. 6, 1838.—Beacon Course, N. J.—Match, \$1,000 a side, under the saddle; weight 145lbs. on each; three mile heats.

Mr. E. M's b. g. Dutchman,		<i>Hiram Woodruff,</i>		2	1	0	1
Messrs. V. & M's b. g. Ratler,		<i>William Wheelan,</i>		1	2	0	2
1st mile, 2m. 42s.	1st mile, 2m. 37s.	1st mile, 2m. 42s.	1st mile, 2m. 53s.				
2d mile, 2m. 38s.	2d mile, 2m. 33s.	2d mile, 2m. 38½s.	2d mile, 2m. 43s.				
3d mile, 2m. 34½s.	3d mile, 2m. 40s.	3d mile, 2m. 41½s.	3d mile, 2m. 48½s.				
1st heat, 7m. 54½s.		2d heat, 7m. 50s.	3d heat, 8m. 02s.	4th heat, 8m. 24½s.			

From the above it will be seen that the average time of the second heat was 2m. 36s. and two-thirds of a second per mile, and that of the four heats 2m. 40s. and five-sixths of a second.

A great number of people were assembled to witness the match, and we were struck with the number of gentlemen in attendance. Every one seemed delighted, and as they will no doubt be induced to turn out on any similar occasion, the match cannot fail to exercise a salutary and beneficial influence upon our 'Association for the Improvement of Road Horses.' In closing our account, we must not omit to speak of the admirable condition in which Woodruff and Wheelan brought their horses to the post; they jockeyed them, too, 'like a knife,' displaying the most consummate skill and judgment; a superior exhibition of horsemanship has not been seen here since the day Purdy stripped to throw a leg over the saddle of old Eclipse.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

ON EXERCISE.

'Neque enim ulla alia re homines propius ad Deos accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.'—CICERO.

'Keep your head cool by temperance, your feet warm by exercise, rise early, and go soon to bed; and if you are inclined to get fat, keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut.'—*Advice of Old Parr.*

'Toil, and be strong.'—*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

As we are now obliged to relinquish the more active and exciting sports of the field, and instead of following the gallant pack o'er hill and dale in pursuit of sly reynard, are obliged to rest contented with the recollection of the moving incidents by 'field or flood,' which we have experienced in the course of last season, perhaps a few cursory '*non medical*' observations, as the fashionable term now is, on the advantages of exercise, and its influence on the human frame may not be unacceptable.

Frederick the Great observed, that when he considered the physical structure of the human frame, it appeared to him as if 'nature had formed us rather to be postillions than sedentary men of letters,' which expression, though no doubt strong, is in a great measure borne out by the evident adaptation of our bodies for activity and exertion; and it is a curious and remarkable fact, and one that easily can be tested by all who choose to try the experiment, that any particular parts of the body that are made use of more than others, become *by use* more thick, muscular, and more capable of bearing long-continued exertion than they were

before—for example, the very powerful arms of our blacksmiths and sailors, and the *extraordinary* muscular development in the legs of opera dancers and others who exhibit feats of agility in public, and which I attribute entirely to the constant practice, and severe exercises to which they subject themselves, by which the muscles of the arms of the former, and of the legs of the latter are brought into play. Need I call to mind the difference in muscular power between the human right and left arm in support of my argument? which difference of strength in favour of the right arm is occasioned by the constant use from infancy upwards of the right hand and arm on almost all occasions, in preference to the left: for I consider the superior muscular power of the right arm, *to be the result of education*, for when a child is not taught by his parents or nurse to use his right hand *always*, in preference to his left, he perchance uses his left hand on most occasions and hence becomes *left-handed*; or perhaps he becomes ‘ambidexter’ from not using either in preference. These cases appear to prove that in infancy our arms are both equally strong, but that by education and practice either becomes nearly as strong again as the other. On joining a gymnastic class, in the course of the first month’s practice the arm between the shoulder and elbow joints (the place of the biceps muscle,) will increase from three-quarters of an inch to fully an inch above its previous circumference, owing to the muscle being brought into full action; but it will not increase in the same ratio afterwards, as the nearer it approaches its full development the less will be the progressive proportional change *in size*, but it will get much *more firm*. Again, if the usual quantum of exercise be diminished or left wholly off, the decrease in the *firmness* of the muscle will take place in an equal degree, though the size of the arm itself will not be much lessened. When commencing the practice of gymnastics the lungs soon become oppressed, the body perspires violently, unless care is taken to begin with the more gentle kinds; and the muscles over the whole body, for a few days at first, become stiff and sore, especially those of the arms, which are principally brought into play; but after a short period, *if the exercise be persevered in daily*, these symptoms almost entirely disappear, and he, who lately was fatigued with five minutes practice, will, at the end of a month, be able to undergo the most violent kinds of exercise *for hours*; and if close attention to diet be observed at the same time, his skin will become beautifully clear and elastic, and totally free from all pustules or eruptions; and the hand of a man in good condition admits of the light of a candle being seen through it when held up between the eye and the flame; his bones will become more tough and less likely to be injured by violence or accident, his chest will be expanded, and the size of the abdomen reduced, so as very much to improve the appearance and figure; but one of the most important consequences of regular practice at gymnastics, or other systematic exercise, is the improvement of the ‘*wind*,’ as without free respiration neither man, nor any other animal, can make long-continued, and violent exertion, without complete exhaustion.

There is not any nation that is so much addicted to exercise in its various modifications as the British, to which our naturally active disposi-

tions, combined with the variableness of the climate, neither enervating the body by its extreme heat, nor chilling the blood by excess of cold, are chiefly conducive. It is generally observed that in cold climates so long as the people are uncontaminated by luxurious habits, voluntary exercise, even to fatigue, is customary; but when luxury, by enervating the body, renders it less capable of undergoing fatigue, the habit of taking regular exercise is left off, and thus the frame becomes less able to resist the attacks of disease. We are also most partial to exercise *in the open air*, with the healthy winds of heaven playing around, and invigorating us with their genial influence, which of itself I hold to be of infinite importance, as I am of opinion that a man derives more benefit from *one hour* spent in exercise *in the open air*, than from treble the quantity *under cover*. The various kinds of exercise, too, which are most usually practised in this country are, with very few exceptions, taken 'sub dio'—and those most worthy of mention are: 1. Hunting. 2. Shooting. 3. Fishing. 4. What may be termed simple Equestrian exercise in contradistinction to its more violent twin-brother, 'hunting.' 5. Walking. 6. Running. 7. Quoits. 8. Cricket. 9. Golf. 10. Skating. 11. Curling. 12. Rowing. 13. Swimming. I can only call to mind four varieties that are worthy of being practised by a *man* in door, viz: Fencing, Dancing, Gymnastics, and Billiards, which last variety is particularly adapted for persons in delicate health, as it brings into play a large proportion of the muscles of the body, and engages the attention in an agreeable manner, while it does not distress by its violence as many others do. Exercise prevents disease, or rather perhaps fortifies the body against it. If good health were a commodity that could be bought like a box of 'Morrison's pills' or other health-conferring nostrums, who is there that would not hurry to the mart and purchase eagerly, even though they were obliged to swallow the box as well as its contents at one unsavoury mouthful? But exercise, which would *certainly produce the desired result* in many cases, is despised and neglected, and people allow themselves to drag on a comparatively miserable '*vegetable existence*,' and to drop into a premature grave, because they will not *be at the trouble* of taking the exercise that would assuredly lead to the enjoyment of a green old age; for, as Dryden says:

'The wise for health, on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

* * * *

By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food,
Toil strung their nerves and purified their blood.'

A gentleman mentioned to me the other day, that the late celebrated Doctor Gregory, in the course of one of his lectures in the college of Edinburgh, stated, in his presence, 'that a man cannot stand *perfectly motionless*, for half an hour; and that he, (Dr. G.) had once tried it, and had fainted at the end of twenty minutes, for that the blood requires the aid of motion from the body in order to retain its full circulating power.'

We read occasionally in the public prints of some person or other, who has arrived at a very advanced age, walking a considerable distance or

perhaps reading very small print; and most assuredly we are to attribute the power of doing so to the daily systematic exercise, and generally speaking, temperate habits of life to which that person was accustomed, and which had not only enabled him to reach his advanced age, but had preserved to him his faculties, and the power of continuing that exercise from which he derived so much benefit. Old Parr, of Salop, who lived to the great age of 152 years, and Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, who lived to the surprising age of 169 years, were, both distinguished for their active and temperate mode of living. We read that in the early history of mankind disease was hardly known. And why was disease and its attendant consequences so little known in those days? Because men were then more dependent on active exertion for their daily bread, and other necessities of life; the body by labour, i. e. *exercise*, was maintained in a healthy state; the pores were kept free, the proper circulation of the blood was maintained, the body itself was hardened by almost constant exposure to the open air, the digestive powers were strengthened, and all noxious humours dissipated by perspiration, which when retained in the system occasions a large proportion of 'the ills that flesh is heir to.' I shall now hasten to conclude, or you will be thinking that I have no occasion to take exercise to improve *my wind*: take exercise at least once a day, so as to excite the natural heat, and other functions of the body; take that exercise which has the most general effect upon the system, and which induces you to be in the open air; *be regular* in taking exercise; do not take much exercise after a hearty meal; and when you do eat you may be assured that exercise adds more relish to your food than 'the King of Oude's Sauce' or any other condiment of that description that ever was invented.

A FOLLOWER OF THE CHASE.

New Sporting Magazine.]

ADVICE TO SPORTING WRITERS.

MR. EDITOR:

Hicksford, Va. Sept. 26, 1838.

The fall campaign of racing is now at hand, and it is much to be desired that writers in sporting works should adhere to facts, and make no statements unless founded on proof, engendered by occurrences really in existence, and not substantiate every thing they say or wish by drawing so largely on that fancy so fatal to the interests of those dealing in blood stock; and I hope you may teach your readers to rely on one established fact, as more weighty than ten thousand of the fictitious ebullitions of any man's brain. It is not every brain that is capable of forming correct deductions upon premised tenets, and still fewer can give them to the world at their real estimate, uninfluenced by motive.

With this impression I beg permission, in behalf of those engaged in rearing fine horses for the turf, to suggest the great importance to both readers and writers of keeping an eye to the substantial and tangible, in lieu of the deceptive lights of fancy—so that every horse offered as a stallion may be sustained according to his 'credenda' of pedigree and per-

formance, and that every horse starting in a race may receive the credit due him and nothing more.

It seems to me, as does it to many others, who are regular attendants on most of the old and established courses in Virginia, as well as further north, that this puffing one horse at the expense of another is exceedingly unjust and unbecoming. Perhaps you have noticed, (if you have not, others have,) that there is a certain class of horses, let them run under any circumstances imaginable, let them perform ever so indifferently, and there is always some one, who is good enough to espouse their cause, and impose upon the public, by making it appear that he or she is decidedly the best in the race, and not unfrequently the best in the whole country.

Now this is what I call 'gulling,' instead of imparting correct, sound, and useful information, and it is a great pity that it could not be dispensed with, or in a measure controlled; for although it may be fun for the object of favouritism, yet it is death to his competitors. Sometimes we see a horse running near about last in a race, having run a number of races, never beating a horse of any distinction in his whole career, unless it was a lame or injured one, and yet we find this very horse is dubbed 'the phenomenon;' thus creating a reputation for himself, his sire, and his whole generation, which neither he nor they can ever sustain by the victories they achieve over horses who have won their own good names by hard and honest running, under the whip and spur. It is plain this way of painting the favourite, has had and may have a very injurious effect upon the pure hard-bottomed stock of this country, by introducing into the studs of our good old time breeders, a tender touch-bottom race of animals, and it will require years upon years of judicious crossing to retrace their steps from this theoretical delusion, to that firm and solid point from whence they set out.

I, for one, am not willing that the mere 'ipse dixit' of any individual should establish a character for either a racehorse or a stallion; because in this way those belonging to one person (or party) are constantly thrust upon us from every quarter, whilst the more meritorious belonging to another less fortunate, less skilled in the art of puffing, or more modest in the eulogies bestowed on his own horses, are doomed to remain in the darkest obscurity.

Now I value your spirited paper as highly as any man under the sun, and so I do the American Turf Register. I believe they are designed for the especial benefit and promotion of the racing interest, and that without them it would be impossible for us to acquire that information, absolutely necessary for him who breeds, trains, or starts a horse in a race, and when I say it is through these invaluable sources that there is often much evil effected, I do not mean to impeach either of their worthy editors; for I hope and believe they are pure, spotless, and uncontaminated by any selfish motives whatsoever, and moreover, I feel convinced those who accomplish so much good, cannot wilfully do any wrong; nor have I the slightest doubt, if it were in the power of either of them, every man and horse would receive sheer justice. So I flatter myself they will pardon me when I condemn those of their correspondents who puff a horse

beyond his real merits, as guilty of the foulest imposition upon unsuspecting breeders and purchasers. We should reflect, that years hence these publications will be referred to as evidence of certain horses having been superior, or stood higher than others of their day. See how the opinions of Tom, Dick and Harry are quoted from the English sporting works, and all for what? merely to make a single heat or two mile horse exhibit the colours of a hard-bottomed four miler. What are these opinions actually worth? why nothing; save to him who uses them to influence the owners of good mares, that he may 'pocket the chink' and ruin their stock. In this way they frequently crown a horse that does not wear a single wreath of victory, with a diadem as brilliant as that which encircles the brow of the fair Queen Victoria. I am sorry any man should be so vain, simple, or designing, as to attempt forcing his views of a horse's abilities upon the public, to the complete sacrifice of many a nobler vanquisher. I ask, is it right any interested or fancy-fraught gentleman should betake himself to his closet to frame a reputation for some favourite, or the get of some favourite, even though he may not do it, as is usual, by detracting from others. I contend it is not, and when these 'knights of the lamp' are whipping one horse into the front rank of fame, they should not forget what a mere whistle would do for his competitors.

Now fame fabricated in this way is always so shaped as to tickle the public ear without any regard to performance on the turf. It is sure to make the object of praise all and every thing that could be wished. But just examine into the matter, and we discover it is a long windy description of what never happened, made up of ifs and ands of what ought to have been, and what will be; seasoned with a deal of jockey slang, only calculated to dazzle and dupe many of your liberal subscribers and all of your soft readers into a soft stock of good for nothing 'uns, that can just run a mile, or mile and repeat, well enough to brace up for a time the hazarded assertions of persons as blinded by interest as they are extravagant in their praises. Now it is but fair 'that every tub should stand on its own bottom,' and not knock the bottom out of one that the other may be filled. But all I can say is, if the people will pursue this blind and headlong course, 'let them go it;' some of them are already bit and crying for a remedy; others are so poisoned that they are blind to every thing but mortality itself, and I fear they will cry when it is too late. Old Archy himself could not cure them of such a canker.

If I wish to raise a mile horse, must I send my mare to a horse that never could run more than half a mile, because his owner or some one else tells me he can get mile horses, and cites a thousand of what he calls reasons to prove it, but at last it is nothing but his opinion, or what is worse, his prejudice. No—give me one that I know not only could, but did do it—and the same as regards two, three, and four mile heats. A horse may run two miles in the finest style, and not be able to go three; he may go the three, and fail when he is tried four, and there are very many can go one heat, but cannot repeat. Now the question simply resolves itself into this—if you wish to raise a first rate one, to go the long distance and repeat well, and there are two horses equally pure in

blood and correct in form, but one has run a great number of hard, well-contested races, under the whip and spur, against good fields and in good time, losing some and winning others, to all of which you were an eye-witness, and can judge for yourself—the other probably never started in a four mile race, and if he did, it was against such as never had proven themselves equal to the task, or like himself never ventured so far before or afterwards. Yet you are told he is quite the thing, all game and stoutness, put your mares to him, the colts must run, must do more than all others, worth five hundred or a thousand dollars as soon as they stand up, just for the name, out of any sort of a dam. Now one of these depends on his own intrinsic worth for success; the other on his master's head; which of the two should the intelligent breeder select? why surely the former, unless he could take the master's head with the latter, for it would take his head and conscience too to make him equal to the former. Every one would prefer a horse that had proved himself a getter of four milers, to either of the above, provided he could prove it by a number of good winners at that distance, and not by one or two that never won a race of four miles, but having only an empty name resounding like thunder from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. As to the difference between a native and an imported, if they are equal in every respect, having run equally well at all distances, I should say there is none, unless one be directly of the same stock of the mare (as sire or full brother) then I should choose the other, for I am not an advocate for breeding in and in so closely; but I would sooner cross in and in, than cross entirely out of a durable four mile stock into an untried set of short-winded ones. The time was when every one investigated pedigree and performances for himself, and bred accordingly; but now they prefer the opinions of others, to what they see themselves, the imaginary is more vivid than the real, therefore they are lured into its charms against all good sense or judgment.

Now all I have said is with the view to put every one on his guard, and to so equalize the distribution of fame, that it may flow in its proper channel, dealing justice unto all. I think secretaries should report all the races, with every circumstance connected therewith, but should retain their opinions for their neighbours. If I want a gentleman's opinion, I can ask for it. It is not proper any person should take upon himself to publish a loser as better than a winner, yet it is very commendable that he give all the occurrences that might have influenced either.

I hope you will give this article a place in your columns, as there is nothing in it at all offensive to the liberal, high-minded sportsman, and all whom 'the cap fits, let them wear it.'

A CAP.

[New York Spirit of the Times.]

THE VIRGINIAN PARTRIDGE.

The common name given to this bird in the eastern and middle districts of the Union is that of quail, but in the western and southern states, the more appropriate appellation of partridge is bestowed upon it. It is abundantly met with in all parts of the United States, but more especially towards the interior. In the states of Ohio and Kentucky, where they are very abundant, they are to be seen in the markets, both dead and alive, in large quantities.

This species performs occasional migrations from the north-west to the south-east, usually in the beginning of October, and somewhat in the manner of the wild turkey. For a few weeks at this season, the north-western shores of the Ohio are covered with flocks of partridges. They ramble through the woods along the margin of the stream, and generally fly across towards evening. Like the turkeys, many of the weaker partridges often fall into the water, while thus attempting to cross, and generally perish; for although they swim surprisingly, they have not muscular power sufficient to keep up a protracted struggle, although, when they have fallen within a few yards of the shore, they easily escape being drowned. I have been told by a friend that a person residing in Philadelphia had a hearty laugh on hearing that I had described the wild turkey as swimming for some distance, when it had accidentally fallen into the water. But almost every species of land-bird is capable of swimming on such occasions, and you may easily satisfy yourself as to the accuracy of my statement by throwing a turkey, a common fowl, or any other bird into the water. As soon as the partridges have crossed the principal streams in their way, they disperse in flocks over the country, and return to their ordinary mode of life.

The flight of these birds is generally performed at a short distance from the ground. It is rapid, and is continued by numerous, quick flaps of the wings for a certain distance, after which the bird sails until about to alight, when again its flaps its wings to break its descent. When chased by dogs, or started by any other enemy, they fly to the middle branches of trees of ordinary size, where they remain until danger is over. They walk with ease on the branches. If they perceive that they are observed, they raise the feathers of their head, emit a low note, and fly off either to some higher branch of the same tree, or to another tree at a distance. When these birds rise on wing of their own accord, the whole flock takes the same course; but when put up (in the sportman's phrase,) they disperse; after alighting call to each other, and soon after unite, each running or flying towards the well known cry of the patriarch of the covey. During deep and continued snows, they often remain on the branches of trees for hours at a time.

The usual cry of this species is a clear whistle, composed of three notes; the first and last nearly equal in length, the latter less loud than the first, but more so than the intermediate one. When an enemy is perceived they immediately utter a lisping note, frequently repeated, and run

off with their tail spread, their crest erected, and their wings drooping, towards the shelter of some thicket or the top of a fallen tree. At other times, when one of the flock has accidentally strayed to a distance from its companions, it utters two notes louder than any of those mentioned above, the first shorter and lower than the second, when an answer is immediately returned by one of the pack. This species has, moreover, a love-call, which is louder and clearer than its other notes, and can be heard a distance of several hundred yards. It consists of three distinct notes, the two last being loudest, and is peculiar to the male bird. A fancied similarity to the words *Bob White* renders this call familiar to the sportsman and farmer; but these notes are always preceded by another, easily heard at a distance of thirty or forty yards. The three together resemble the words *Ah Bob White*. The first note is a kind of aspiration and the last is very loud and clear. The whistle is seldom heard after the breeding season, during which an imitation of the peculiar note of the female will make the male fly towards the sportsman, who may then easily shoot it.

In the middle districts, the love-call of the male is heard about the middle of April, and in Louisiana much earlier. The male is seen perched on a fence-stake, or on the low branch of a tree, standing nearly in the same position for hours together, and calling *Ah Bob White* at every interval of a few minutes. Should he hear the note of a female, he sails directly towards the spot whence it proceeded. Several males may be heard from different parts of a field challenging each other, and should they meet on the ground, they fight with great courage and obstinacy, until the conqueror drives off his antagonist to another field.

The female prepares a nest composed of grasses, arranged in a circular form, leaving an entrance not unlike that of a common oven. It is placed at the foot of a tuft of rank grass or some close stalks of corn, and is partly sunk in the ground. The eggs are from ten to eighteen, rather sharp at the smaller end, and of a pure white. The male at times assists in hatching them. This species raises only one brood in the year, unless the eggs or the young when yet small have been destroyed. When this happens, the female immediately prepares another nest; and should it also be ravaged, sometimes even a third. The young run about the moment after they make their appearance, and follow their parents until spring, when having acquired their full beauty, they pair and breed.

The partridge rests at night on the ground, either amongst the grass or under a bent log. The individuals which compose the flock form a ring, and moving backwards, approach each other until their bodies are nearly in contact. This arrangement enables the whole covey to take wing when suddenly alarmed, each flying off in a direct course so as not to interfere with the rest.

These birds are easily caught in snares, common dead-falls, traps and pens, like those for the wild turkey, but proportionate to the size of the bird. Many are shot, but the principal havoc is effected by means of nets, especially in the western and southern states. The method employed is as follows:

A number of persons on horseback, provided with a net, set out in search of partridges, riding along the fences of briar thickets, which the birds are known to frequent. One or two of the party whistle in imitation of the second call note above described, and as partridges are plentiful, the call is soon answered by a covey, when the sportsmen immediately proceed to ascertain their position and number, seldom considering it worth while to set the net when there are only a few birds. They approach in a careless manner, talking and laughing as if merely passing by. When the birds are discovered, one of the party gallops off in a circuitous manner, gets in advance of the rest by a hundred yards or more, according to the situation of the birds, and their disposition to run, while the rest of the sportsmen move about on their horses, talking to each other, but at the same time watching every motion of the partridges. The person in advance being provided with the net, dismounts, and at once falls to placing it so that his companions can easily drive the partridges into it. No sooner is the machine ready, than the net-bearer remounts and rejoins the party. The sportsmen separate to a short distance, and follow the partridges, talking and whistling, clapping their hands or knocking upon the fence-rails. The birds move with great gentleness, following each other and are kept in the right direction by the sportsmen. The leading bird approaches and enters the mouth of the net, the others follow in succession, when the net-bearer leaps from his horse, runs up and secures the entrance, and soon dispatches the birds. In this manner, fifteen or twenty partridges are caught at one driving, and sometimes many hundreds in the course of a day. Most netters give liberty to a pair out of each flock, that the breed may be continued.

The success of driving depends much on the state of the weather. Drizzly rain or melting snow are the best, for in such weather partridges and gallinaceous birds in general will run to a great distance rather than fly; whereas if the weather be dry and clear, they generally take to flight the moment they discover an intruder, or squat so that they cannot be driven without very particular care. Again, when the flocks are found in the woods, they run off so briskly and so far, that it is difficult for the net-bearer to place his machine in time.

The net is cylindrical, thirty or forty feet in length, by about two in diameter, excepting at the mouth or entrance, where it is rather larger, and at the extremity, where it assumes the form of a bag. It is kept open by means of small wooden hoops, at a distance of two or three feet from each other. The mouth is furnished with a semicircular hoop, sharpened at both ends, which are driven into the ground, thus affording an easy entrance to the birds. Two pieces of netting called wings, of the same length as the cylindrical one, are placed one on each side of the mouth, so as to form an obtuse angle with each other, and are supported by sticks thrust into the ground, the wings having the appearance of two low fences leading to a gate. The whole is made of light and strong materials.

The Virginian partridge is easily kept in cages or coops, and soon becomes very fat. Attempts at rearing them from the eggs have generally failed, probably for want of proper care, and a deficiency of insects,

on which the young feed. The ordinary food of the species consists of seeds of various kinds, and such berries as grow near the surface of the ground, along with which they pick up a quantity of sand or gravel. Towards autumn, when the young have nearly attained their full size, their flesh becomes fat, juicy and tender, and being moreover white and extremely agreeable to the palate, is in much request. Twenty years ago, they were commonly sold at twelve cents the dozen; but now they are more commonly sold at fifty cents. They suffer greatly in the middle districts during severe winters, and are killed in immense numbers.

This bird has been introduced into various parts of Europe, but is not much liked there, being of such pugnacious habits as to drive off the common gray partridge, which is considered a better bird for the table.

[Audubon's Ornithology.]

FIELD SPORTS IN VIRGINIA.

October has opened upon us with a glorious sun, and a mild, exhilarating temperature, which the autumn of no other land can surpass. A summer of consuming heat and desolating drought (the mere memory of which enhances the sweets of present existence) is succeeded by a delicious autumn, and along with it (the consequence of the continued drought) an unprecedented abundance of that species of game, which gives variety to the delights of this charming season of the year. Birds have seldom been so numerous in middle Virginia, and happy is he who having a good dog and a good gun, has a relish for shooting, and leisure and opportunity to enjoy this fascinating and healthful recreation.

The occasion invites a few observations upon shooting in general, gathered from some little personal experience, much converse with experienced sportsmen, and some reading.

A good dog and a good gun are objects of primary importance, and absolutely essential to the full enjoyment of this charming diversion. With a dog without a good nose, or self-willed, intractable, and unsteady, no really good sport can be had. The legitimate pleasures are marred and converted into unspeakable vexations. The sportsman becomes exhausted with fatigue in his efforts to control his dog, and loses his temper and his patience, and almost vows never to take gun in hand again when he finds all his efforts unavailing. Coveys are run over, or sprung without a stand; and this ever will be the case with a bad nose, a bad stock, or one not well broke.

We incline to the belief that thoroughbred dogs are scarcer in Virginia now than they were some years past; and most of those of genuine blood have, by neglect been permitted to deteriorate. Sufficient attention has not been given to the breeding of them. In many instances where the stock was originally good, they have, to use a sportsman's phrase, been 'bred in and in,' until they have become absolutely worthless. It being true of dogs as of their lords, as asserted by Don Juan:—

'Marrying in and in, cousins, aunts, and nieces,
Always spoils the breed if it increases.'

The pointer, as found in England, is the best dog for birds. It should have no blood of the setter, it being found by experience, that the admixture of the two, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, produces a dog, which inherits the vices of both, without the virtues of either. He is generally headstrong and ungovernable, and exceedingly difficult to break; and what is worse, it is necessary to break him afresh at the opening of every season. The improved English pointer is the produce of the Spanish pointer and the old English blood-hound, or Talbot. The pointer which has most of the blood of the latter is said to be the best; but as the Talbot is now well nigh extinct, a cross on the deep-flewed hound is said to produce the next best pointer. We have never heard of any efforts thus to improve the stock in this country. We rely upon England for our supply. We send for a pair, the strain of which, by the process mentioned above, in the lapse of a few years degenerates, and another is sent for—we omitting altogether to practice the maxim, sound in reference to dogs, as to politics, of a frequent recurrence to fundamental principles.

A pointer of good nose has a broad, capacious, not a thick chubby head, the head being the seat of the olfactory nerves. It is not requisite that the nose should be large, if the skin and lips are loose.

We have never seen a good setter—we believe the genuine English setter is not to be found in this country—it is rare even in England. The union of the pointer and setter, as before remarked, generally makes the worst of dogs, and it is in this hybrid form that we have generally seen the setter.

We never heard what character of dogs the cross of the pointer and Newfoundland would make. The latter is the most sagacious of the canine species, and his olfactory powers are exceeded by none. If his sagacity and nose could be engrafted upon the agility of the pointer, we should have all the essentials of a good dog.

Next in importance to the dog is the gun. There are various species of barrels in use, the best of which are the twisted stub, wire twisted, and Damascus barrels. The first, made of old horse-shoe nails twisted together, are said by English sportsmen to be the safest and the best. The Damascus, however, are in great repute here; most people we presume, being influenced by the same consideration we are, their greater beauty. But Thomas Tyrer, Esq. gunsmith, &c. Main street, can furnish every variety, and suit every taste, as any one can see by looking into his advertisement, or his store. A barrel five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and from twenty-six to thirty inches in length, is the best adapted for birds. Many experiments have been made to ascertain the best length for a fowling piece, the result of which has proved that the length above given is the best. The old notion that the longer the barrel the farther and stronger the shot will be thrown, has been wholly exploded; and on philosophical principles, tested by experience, it is shown that a barrel two feet two inches will shoot fully as strong, if not stronger, than any other.

There is no more comparison between the percussion and flint than between the latter and the old match-locks, whether on the score of

expense—the former requiring at least a third less powder,) quickness, force, and certainty. A percussion gun, with water-proof copper caps, is proof against all weather, and if the lock and powder be good, never snaps.

The dog and gun, and all necessary tackling provided, the sportsman takes the field about two hours before sun, on a fine bracing morning in October, such as yesterday was: though less sun is better. The English season opens on the 1st of September. The birds there come to maturity sooner than with us. The best time of day to go out is between eight and eleven o'clock in the morning, and from three o'clock till night. Partridges do not feed about noon, but retire to some secluded spot, where they are not easily found, and do not lie well for the approach of the dog. The sportsman upon entering the field loads his gun, having previously ascertained the exact quantity, and the due proportion of powder to shot, which best suits his piece. He rams both powder and shot, particularly the latter, if he uses a double barrel gun.

To one who has practised enough to kill every other shot, there are few more interesting moments than when a beautiful pointer makes a dead stand. In the language of the British poet—

‘How beautiful he looks! with outstretched tail,
With head immoveable, and eyes fast fixed,
One fore-leg raised and bent—the other firm,
Advancing forward, presses on the ground.’

The gunner, if he be not so hackneyed in the sport as to be insensible to its delights, approaches with intense anxiety. His heart beats, his hand trembles, his eye-balls quiver in their sockets, he is not certain whether he stands upon his head or feet. First love scarcely yields a bliss to surpass the rapture of that moment. The covey is sprung, he fires, and ten to one but that in his delirious and agitated state he misses every feather. But he is compensated: he has had exquisite enjoyment, and hopes for more. But this excessive eagerness must be curbed, this nervous agitation must be restrained, if the tyro would ever make a good shot. Not that we would commend or covet a degree of frigidity and nonchalance, and consequent certainty in shooting, which strips the sport of all its fascinations. An old sporting friend told us that he had no fancy for these perfect shots, who go through the operation with the coolness and composure of an automaton. He had seen many enjoy more pleasure in shooting and missing than these do in shooting and killing. It was nothing with them but cold-blooded murder. But in hunting, as in politics, the mere pleasure of the chase will not satisfy—success to some extent must perch upon our banners to console for past defeats, and inspire hopes for future triumphs. To this end some degree of composure must be commanded—the hand must be firm, and the eye steady, however violent be the throbbings of the heart; the exterior must be icy, though there be a volcano within. To acquire this composure of eye and limb is to become a good shot. An English writer, discoursing on this subject, thus speaks:

‘The secret of shooting may be easily explained, as it is comprised merely in coolness and deliberation; these, however, are not so easily

attained as the superficial observer might be led to suppose. A friend of mine, who has followed this diversion forty years still continues a very indifferent shot: the rise of the covey never fails to dissipate his precious mental resolves, and he has nineteen times out of twenty, the mortification of seeing the game go away untouched; but it must be observed that, to say nothing of his firing too soon, he has contracted a habit which for ever must preclude any thing like certainty in shooting—no sooner does his finger touch the trigger than he shuts both his eyes! And yet though conscious of this preposterous defect, and aware that if a bird fall from his gun it is merely the effect of accident, should he be shooting in company, and happen to fire at the same time as his companion, he will not fail to claim the merit of having killed the bird: indeed, to judge from his conversation over the bottle, a stranger would suppose, that as a shot, he was equal to Sir John Shelley. I have seldom met with a bad shot who was not extremely anxious to be thought otherwise, and who would not in his cups relate with much self-satisfaction and infinite glee, a hundred shooting exploits, which never had existence but in his own prolific brain.'

For so much upon a subject which does not aspire to be of national importance, we plead as apology the feeling of the worn-down veteran, who 'shoulders his crutch, and shows how fields are won.' Not having an opportunity to take the field in person, we adopt the best substitute within reach—we take it in imagination.

P.S. A friend suggests that in our article we have omitted one important topic—the treatment of dogs. We will briefly supply the omission.

We are persuaded that great amendment is required in this particular. It is too much the practice of the country to treat a dog as a dog. He can never come to perfection under such usage. You should use him as a gentleman, to make him a gentleman. Give him free access to the parlour, to the front ranks of the best society, treat him kindly on all occasions; he will more than repay the kindness, and will prove ever a faithful friend and delightful companion. But beat and abuse him—treat him as an egg-sucker and sheep-killer, drive him to the kitchen to eke out a precarious subsistence by means of his own cunning and roguery, and he will contract low notions and vulgar habits, he will have a downcast, sheep-stealing aspect, and show by all his conduct that he is an unfit associate for gentlemen.

[Richmond Whig.]

EXTRAORDINARY ANGLING ADVENTURE.

A few summers ago I was pursuing my favourite amusement, when I met with the following ludicrous incident, over the recital of which I have since had many a hearty laugh, in which I have no doubt my readers will join. The scene of my adventure was a small lake in Perthshire, beautifully situated at the head of a richly wooded glen, and the undulating hills, which slope down to the water's edge, are clothed with the noble specimens of the Scotch fir; the reflection of the lofty trees, the gray rock,

and the purple heather, upon the quiet deep water, gives the picture the cast of the most intense solitude, and the spirits gradually sink into a state of melancholy pleasure. It is the recollection of wandering amid such scenes as this, which produces a sort of mania for fishing which we often see in some anglers, and surely it is an excusable one where the imagination can revel on the wonderful and stupendous works of our Creator. I was diligently working the little silvery trout, with which my hook was baited, when my reflections were disturbed by a low muttering from the wood behind me.

I had not listened long before a loud crashing among the branches warned me that it was time to cut; and as a bull is an ugly customer at all times, I seized my rod and dashed for the nearest tree, but a pike at this moment, not aware of my alarm, followed my example in dashing at my bait. There was no time to spare, so letting the reel run, with the aid of a little gymnastics, I established myself on the first stock of a stout pine, and viewed with great satisfaction my savage blear-eyed foe just in time to be too late; he seemed determined, however, on a blockade, and kept tearing up the turf, and butting his broad forehead against my house of refuge, giving me a good sample of his bloody intentions. My attention was quickly recalled to my aquatic friend, who was making most woful depredations on my line, which, fortunately, could boast of nearly three score yards and ten; he had nearly run it out, and it was with joy that I saw him throw his huge carcase a couple of feet out of water, with the view of breaking his bonds by the weight of his fall. I was prepared for this; and after a few wild and unruly runs, he became much more tractable. It was out of my power to come to terms so long as old horny stood sentry below, so I sat very comfortably playing my fish.

At this part of the lake the water covers a shallow bank to the depth of a few inches. It was here, after in vain seeking to ease himself of my steel, he made his last and grand struggle for liberty. He took a furious dash, sprung and rolled about, and at length ran himself aground, producing an infernal commotion of the water, which he lashed into foam around him. It was not long before the bull's fancy was tickled; and possibly reasoning from my earnest attention to the motions of the pike, that there existed some connection between us, made furiously at his new acquaintance. Here commenced one of the rarest combats that ever was fought, but the knight of the water proved himself more than a match for his lordly antagonist. However skilful I may be in playing my fish, I could not pretend to have any power over the motions of the assailant, but sat, almost splitting with laughter, while my line which was immediately broken, was twisted round the horns and legs of the bull, who was goring right and left into the stranded fish, who was, notwithstanding, scarcely hurt, as nothing very effectual could be done against his shiny sides, while every now and then he would turn to pin his enemy. An opportunity was not long in occurring, and his long jaws and hooked teeth were firmly fixed in the nether lip of the enraged and terrified animal, who bounded along the shore, tossing his head and using every

effort to get rid of his tormentor; but it was all in vain, his roaring and his rage were equally useless.

I was quickly on terra firma, and leaving my rod, dashed on in pursuit, in which I was joined by two herdsmen and their dog, who had come up on hearing the noise. What is coursing, what is fox hunting, what is any chase that can be named, in comparison with the sport we were now engaged in? There was the bull tearing on, tail erect, and bellowing with pain, and three dogs keeping up with him, and every now and then venturing a spring at his nostrils, or at the dead and torn fish which still appended to him, his grasp in death as deadly as in life. This, however, could not last long, and the poor bull completely exhausted, sank down, vanquished by a dead fish! The dogs were taken off him, as likewise the remains of my pike, which could have been little short of twenty pounds, and it was so torn, as to be fit only for the dogs, who did not, however, seem to relish it. The herdsmen were much amused with the recital of my adventure, and assured me the bull would quickly recover from the effects of this spree; and such another I hardly think he would wish to be engaged in again.

[Manx (Isle of Man) Liberal.]

RACING CALENDAR.

GALLATIN (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced on Monday, September 17, 1838.

First day, a sweepstakes for two year olds, mile heats; \$200 entrance, h. ft.

Col. J. C. Guild's ch. c. Doctor Duncan, by Leviathan, out of Pro-serpine, by Tennessee Oscar, 70lbs.	-	-	-	2	1	1
B. F. Simpson's ch. c. by Birmingham, dam by Sir Henry Tonson, 70lbs.	-	-	-	1	2	2
Charles Lewis' ch. f. Maria Speed, by Leviathan, dam by old Pacolet, 67lbs.	-	-	-	3	3	dr.
A. P. Yourie's bl. f. by Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, paid forfeit.	-	-	-	-	-	-
Time, 2m.—2m. 2s.—2m. 5s.						

Second race, same day, a match for \$200; two mile heats.

A. P. Yourie's ch. f. four years old, by Crusader, dam by Stockholder,	1	1
Wm. Covington's b. c. three years old, by Cock of the Rock, dam by Stockholder,	2	2
Time, 4m. 34s.—4m. 11s.		

Second day, a sweepstakes for three year olds, \$100 entrance, h. ft.; two mile heats; nineteen entries.

Jesse Cage's (T. Watson's) gr. f. Queen of Trumps, by Leviathan, dam Fanny Maria, by Pacolet,	-	-	-	1	1
Miles Kelly's b. f. by Leviathan, dam by McShane,	-	-	-	2	2
A. P. Yourie's ch. f. by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet,	-	-	-	3	stop.
T. Barry's ch. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam Patty Puff, by Pacolet,	-	-	-	dis.	
A. Cotton's b. c. by John Lowry, dam by Sir Richard,	-	-	-	dis.	
The two latter lost seventy or eighty yards in starting.					
Time, 4m. 3s.—3m. 56s.					

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$400; three mile heats; free for any thing.

James Jackson's br. f. Exotic, four years old, by Leviathan, out of the imp. mare Refugee,	-	-	-	1	1
Maj. Balie Peyton's b. c. Phantom, three years old, by Gohanna, out of the imported mare Phantomia, by Phantom,	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 6m. 4s.—6m. 52s.—Won easily.					

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$300; two mile heats; free for any thing.

T. Watson's (of Tennessee) b. c. Sheridan, four years old, by Pacific, dam by O. H. Perry,	-	-	-	-	1	2	1
Williams & Cage's ch. f. Fleeta, by Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William,	-	-	-	-	2	1	2
Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 54s.—3m. 56s. A most animating and well contested race.							

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse \$600; four mile heats; free for any thing.

T. Watson's (of Louisiana) gr. f. Queen of Trumps, by Leviathan, dam Fanny Maria, by Pacolet,	-	-	-	-	1	1	
John Beasley's (Sutherland's) br. h. Young Sir Charles, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Cripple, (son of Shylock,)	-	-	-	-	2	2	
T. Barry's b. c. Expunge, four years old, by Cock of the Rock, dam Patty Puff, by Pacolet,	-	-	-	-			dis.
Time, 8m. 12s.—8m. 43s.							

Sixth day, a sweepstakes, \$100 entrance, p. p. a dash of a mile.

A. P. Yourie's ch. g. Wallace, four years old, by Crusader, dam by Stockholder,	-	-	-	-	-	1	
W. E. Douglass' ch. g. five years old,	-	-	-	-	-	2	
Charles Lewis' ch. g. six years old,	-	-	-	-	-	3	
Time, 1m. 58s.—Douglass' horse carried 96lbs. the other two catches.							

The track during the whole meeting was from four to eight inches deep in dust.

Our weights are the same as those of the Central Course, Md. viz: two year olds, 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; seven year olds and aged horses, 124lbs.; mares and geldings are allowed 3lbs.

THOMAS BARRY, *Sec'y.*

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) RACES,

Over the Spring Hill Course, commenced on Thursday, the 7th inst. and continued three days.

First day, a sweepstakes, mile heats; twenty subscribers, entrance \$50; four started, sixteen paid forfeit; purse \$600.

B. R. Jenkins' ch. f. Mary Richmond, by Medoc, dam by William,	-	-	-	-	1	1	
James Shy's ch. f. Barbara Allen, by Collier, dam Lady Jackson,	-	-	-	-	3	2	
Wm. Moberly's b. f. Mary Brennan, by Sir Archy, of Transport, dam Stockholder,	-	-	-	-	2	3	
S. Davenport's b. c. Boyle, by Frank, dam Whip mare,	-	-	-	-	4		dis.
Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 55s.							

Second day, post stakes, two mile heats, for all ages; \$50 entrance, and silver pitcher value \$100, added; purse \$400.

R. Mosly's b. c. Ralph, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam Brown Mary, by Sumter,	-	-	-	-	1	1	
Thomas M. Kennedy's b. h. Ben Duncan, six years old, by Cherokee, dam by Sir Harry,	-	-	-	-	2	2	
James Shy's ch. f. Barbara Allen, three years old, by Collier, dam Lady Jackson,	-	-	-	-	4	3	
Rezin Jourdon's br. m. Bellona, six years old, by Muckle John, dam by Whip,	-	-	-	-	3	4	
Samuel Aldridge's ch. f. three years old, by Collier, dam by Whip,	-	-	-	-	5		dis.
B. R. Jenkins' r. c. Lorenzo Dow, four years old, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam Cherokee,	-	-	-	-			dis.
Time, 3m. 58s.—3m. 55s.							

Third day, post stake, mile heats; \$25 entrance, and gate money added.

B. R. Jenkins' ch. m. five years old, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Doublehead,	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
Thomas M. Kennedy's b. f. Susan Allen, four years old, by Woodpecker, dam Whip mare,	-	-	-	-	3	2	2
Rezin Jourdon's ch. f. four years old, by Clinton, dam by Tiger,	-	-	-	-	1	3	dr.

S. Davenport's b. f. Peachy Fry, three years old, by Trumpator,
 dam Polly Naylor, - - - - - dis.
 James Dunn's ch. c. three years old, by Collier, dam by Kennedy's
 Diomed, - - - - - dis.
 Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 55s.

GREENSBURGH (Ky.) RACES,

Over the Central Course, commenced on Wednesday, September 12, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds that never won a race, colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

A. Anderson's b. c. Paroquet, by Waxey, dam by Kennedy's
 Diomed, - - - - - 2 1 1
 L. C. Patterson's b. c. Octavius, by Waxey, dam by Buckner's
 Leviathan, - - - - - 1 2 2
 A. Simpson's b. c. Billy Willis, by Waxey, dam by Thompson's
 Saltram, - - - - - 5 3 dis.
 T. J. Creel's ch. c. Dayton, by Waxey, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 3 dis.
 W. W. Burke's b. c. Bruin, by Waxey, dam by old Hamlingtonian, 4 dr.
 W. T. Ward, S. White, J. W. Semple, and J. Simpson, paid forfeit.
 Time, 1m. 58s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 58s.

Second day, Jockey Club purse, \$100 entrance, ten per cent. to subscribers, and fifteen to non-subscribers, to be added to the purse; free for all ages; weights, two year olds, a feather; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

W. T. Ward's b. f. Mary Vaughan, four years old, by Waxey, dam by
 imp. Bluster, - - - - - 1 1
 G. R. Sutherland's b. h. Charles, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by
 Cripple, - - - - - 2 2
 A. Buckner's ch. c. Cavalier, five years old, by Shakspeare, dam by
 Spot, - - - - - 3 3
 Time, 4m.—3m. 53s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$50 entrance, (as before,) included, free for all ages; weights as above. Mile heats, best three in five.

W. T. Ward's br. f. Waxetta, four years old, by Waxey,
 dam by Kennedy's Diomed, - - - - - 2 2 2 3 1 1 1
 G. R. Sutherland's b. h. Waxey Neal, six years old, by
 Waxey, dam by Whip, - - - - - 3 1 3 2 2 2 2
 W. W. Burke's ch. f. Polly Wallace, three years old,
 by Sir Robert Wilson, dam by Whip, - - - - - 4 3 1 1 3 3 dis.
 D. Trabue's ch. f. Betsey Stotts, four years old, by
 Waxey, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, - - - - - 5 4 4 dr.
 T. J. Creel's ch. f. Thecla, four years old, by Waxey,
 dam by Hamlingtonian, - - - - - 1 dr.
 C. S. Hawkin's b. c. Gonzales, four years old, by
 Arragon, - - - - - 6 dr.
 Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 58s.—1m. 58s.—2m. 1s.—1m. 59s.
 Average time of seven consecutive heats, 1m. 57s.

Fourth day, match \$200 a side, catch weight; two miles.

S. W. Thompson's b. h. Nullifier, six years old, by Mitchell's Potomac, 1
 J. Gooch's gr. g. six years old, by Hamlingtonian, - - - - - 2
 Time, 4m. 10s.

Second race, same day, citizens' purse \$100, and the balance of the Jockey Club subscriptions unappropriated, entrance as before, added; free for all ages; weights as above. Two mile heats.

W. D. Barrett's br. f. Sally Ward, three years old, by Waxey, dam by
 imp. Bluster, - - - - - 1 1
 A. Buckner's ch. h. Cavalier, five years old, by Shakspeare, dam by
 Spot, - - - - - 2 2
 Time, 4m. 4s.—4m.

[N: Y, Spirit of the Times.]

GEORGETOWN (Ky) RACES,

Commenced on September 13, 1838.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$300, entrance \$30; free for all ages; two year olds, 75lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James Lindsay's b. f. West Florida, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Potomac,	1	1
Robert Sinclair's ch. c. Limber John, four years old, by Kosciusko, dam by Moses,	4	2
James W. Fenwick's gr. f. three years old, by Mucklejohn, dam by Saxe Weimar,	6	3
Robert Burbridge's b. f. Mary Keene, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar,	3	4
Charles Buford's b. f. four years old, by Brown's Sumter, dam by imp. Frederick,	2	dis.
Wm. G. Offut's b. f. Titia Breckenridge, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Cherokee,	5	dis.
Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 50s.		

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$400, entrance \$40, free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

Miles W. Dickey's (Thos. J. Robinson's) b. h. Jim Allen, six years old, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Hamiltonian,	1	2	1
James W. Fenwick's ch. f. Mary Queen, three years old, by old Bertrand, dam by Brimmer,	2	1	2
W. Viley's ch. h. Theobaldian, five years old, by old Bertrand, out of Lady Gray,	4	3	3
James Shy's ch. c. Kavanaugh, four years old, by old Bertrand, dam by Director,	3	4	4
Time, 6m.—5m. 55s.—6m. 6s.			

Third day, sweepstakes for two year olds, weights as above; \$100 entrance, h. ft. Mile heats.

Robert P. Snell's ch. c. James F. Robinson, by Medoc, out of Mrs. Olds, by Potomac,	1	1
L. P. Blackburn's ch. c. James C. Spriggs, by Lance, dam by Blackburn's Whip,	3	2
Garland Webb's b. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip,	2	dis.
A. L. Shotland's gr. c. Bob Snell, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Whipster,	4	dis.
M. W. Dickey's ch. c. Halo, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Tuckahoe,	5	dis.
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 51½s.		

Second race, same day, proprietor's purse \$100, entrance \$25, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Junius R. Ward's b. f. Mary Brennan, three years old, by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian,	1	1
M. W. Dickey's b. c. Archy Howe, three years old, by Sir Archy of Transport—Mary Howe,	3	2
A. L. Shotland's b. f. Lucy Jane, four years old, by Plato, dam by Whipster,	5	3
Samuel Downing's ch. f. Betsey Herndon, three years old, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion,	2	4
John A. Holton's b. c. John Benson, three years old, by McDuffie, dam by Southern Eclipse,	4	dis.
Robert P. Snell's b. g. Limber Jem, four years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Comet,		dis.
Time, 1m. 49s.—1m. 52s.		[Ib.

DANVILLE (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, September 25, 1838.

First day, colt sweepstakes, mile heats, purse \$150.

John L. White's ch. c. by Jackson, dam by Florizel, 86lbs. - 1 1

Leonard Phelps' br. f. by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 83lbs. - 2 2

Charles P. Lee's b. f. by Simon Pure, dam by Syphax, 83lbs. - 3 3

Time, 1m. 59s.—2m. 1s. Track very heavy.

Second day, colt sweepstakes, mile heats, purse \$300.

Leonard Phelps' ch. c. Isaac Shelby, by Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 86lbs. - 1 1

James Williamson's b. c. John Canady, by Fylde, dam Polly Canady, by Napoleon, 86lbs. - 3 2

Charles P. Lee's b. c. by Lancet, dam by Madison, 86lbs. - 2 dis.

Time, 2m. 3s.—2m. 1s. Track still very heavy.

Third day, proprietor's purse, \$200, two mile heats.

James Williamson's ch. f. Eloise, four years old, by Luzborough, dam Mary Wasp, by Don Quixotte, 97lbs. 1 1

Allen J. Davie's ch. f. Likeness, imp. four years old, by Peter Lily, dam by Walton, 97lbs. 3 2

David McDaniel's ch. h. Red Wasp, six years old, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, 118lbs. 4 3

Wm. McCargo's ch. f. Betsey Redd, four years old, by Red Rover, dam Buzzard, 97lbs. 2 4

Charles P. Lee's b. c. Billy Button, four years old, by Lance, dam by Sir Archy, 100lbs. 5 5

Leonard Phelps' (H. Nowlin's) b. h. Roley Porter, five years old, by Star, 110lbs. 6 dis.

Time, 4m. 9s.—4m. 1s. Track heavy.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$400, three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. Molly Ward, four years old, by Hedgford, dam by Bertrand, 97lbs. 1 1

David McDaniel's b. g. Sam Johnson, four years old, by Young Scroggins, 97lbs. 2 2

Charles P. Lee's ch. h. Dick Powell, five years old, by Orphan Boy, dam by Bolivar, 110lbs. 4 3

Allen J. Davie's br. f. Blue Bell, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 97lbs. 3 dr.

Time, 6m. 10s.—6m. 20s. The condition of the track was exceedingly heavy, during the four days racing.

PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, September 25, 1838.

First day, purse \$100, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats, best three in five.

Jos. Helling's ch. c. Chester, four years old, by Busirus, dam by Potomac, - 2 1 1 1

Barnes B. Smock's ch. f. Mary Otterson, three years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Lady Pilot, - 1 2 2 2

Thos. Calvert's b. f. Fanny Eclipse, three years old, by Eclipse, Jr. dam by John Richards, - 3 3 3 dr.

John Horter's gr. g. Trouble, five years old, by Medley, 4 dr.

Time, 1m. 56s.—2m.—2m. 1s.—2m.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as above. Three subs. at \$100 each, with \$100 added. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. Eliptic, by Monmouth Eclipse,, dam by Revenge, - 1 1

James B. Kendall's ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey, 2 2

B. B. Smock's br. g. by Stranger, dam by John Richards, 3 3

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 52s.

Second day, purse \$300; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

D. Abbott's gr. h. Manalopan, five years old, by Medley, out of Betsey Richards, by John Richards,	-	-	-	1	1
James B. Kendall's br. f. Louisa Lee, four years old, by Medley, dam by Telegraph,	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 3m. 50s.—4m. Track heavy and raining.

Third day, purse \$400; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's gr. h. Champagne, five years old, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar,	-	-	-	4	1	1
Joseph Helling's ch. h. Bloody Nathan, five years old, by imported Valentine, dam by Duroc,	-	-	-	3	2	2
Dr. Coryell's ch. c. Shepherd, four years old, by Dashall, dam by Revenge,	-	-	-	1	3	3
B. B. Smock's ch. h. Oliver, aged, by May Day, dam by John Richards,	-	-	-	2	4	dr.

Time, 6m. 1s.—5m. 57s.—6m. Track heavy.

Fourth day, purse \$200; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

James B. Kendall's br. c. Henry A. Wise, four years old, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam, by Hickory,	-	-	-	1	1	1
Dr. Coryell's ch. c. Shepherd, four years old, by Dashall, dam by Revenge,	-	-	-	2	2	2
Joseph Helling's ch. c. Cornwall, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Robinson,	-	-	-	3	3	3

Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 53s.—1m. 57s. The weather continued stormy and the track heavy.

JAMES BROWN.

New York Spirit of the Times.]

UPPER MARLBORO' (Md.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, September 25, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs.; fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Edward G. Willett's (Joseph N. Burch's) b. c. Wonder, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro', by Rob Roy,	-	-	-	1	1
George W. Duvall's ch. c. Robert Fulton, by Sussex, out of Thistle,	-	-	-	2	2
Charles S. W. Dorsey's b. c. Buck Eye, by Critic, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	3	dis.
Richard N. Snowden's b. c. Gustavus, by Sussex, dam by Ratler,	-	-	-	4	dis.
Dr. Craufurd's br. c. by Zinganee, dam by Ratler,	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 49s.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$400; entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights, for three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs; three mile heats.

George L. Stockett's b. m. Mary Selden, five years old, by Sussex, dam by Richmond,	-	-	-	1	1
H. C. Kendall's (J. B. Kendall's) b. h. Master Henry, five years old, by Henry, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	3	2
George Forbes' b. m. Lady Touch-me-not, five years old, by Sussex, dam by Richmond,	-	-	-	2	dis.
E. S. Baldwin's ch. g. Red Fox, five years old, by Mason's Ratler, dam Selima,	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 5m. 55s.—6m. 5s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$300, entrance \$15; for three year olds raised in Maryland or the District of Columbia; weights as above. Two mile heats.

Edward G. Willett's b. c. Wonder, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro', by Rob Roy,	-	-	-	1	1
Gov. Sprigg's ch. f. Zobiana, by Duvall's Napoleon, out of Bonnie Lassie,	-	-	-	4	2
Geo. L. Stockett's br. c. own brother to Miss Phillips,	-	-	-	2	3
Charles S. W. Dorsey's b. c. Hoosier, by Critic, dam by Young Oscar,	-	-	-	3	dis.

Time, 3m. 59s.—3m. 57s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$500, entrance \$30; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Charles Duvall's b. h. Prince George, six years old, by Industry, out of Thistle,	1	1
H. C. Kendall's b. m. Medora, five years old, by John Richards, dam by imp. Valentine,	2	2
C. A. Gant's ch. c. Tom Walker, four years old, by Marylander, dam by Wynn's Ratler,	3	3
Time, 8m. 4½s.—8m. 7s.	[1b.	

BROAD ROCK (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, September 25, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Eight subs. at \$500 each, \$200 forfeit. Two mile heats.

Dr. E. J. Wilson's br. c. Portsmouth, by imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham, by John Richards,	1	1
Thomas Comer's ch. f. by Monsieur Tonson, out of Aggy,	0	2
William McCargo's b. c. Altorf, by imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian,	2	3
Col. William L. White's ch. c. Jack Pendleton, by Goliath, Philip's dam by Trafalgar,	0	4
Col. William Wynn's b. c. John Linton, by imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla,	3	5
Col. William R. Johnson's b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, out of Sally Trent,	0	dis.
Isham Puckett's br. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse,	0	dis.
Edmund Townes' ch. c. Brocklesby, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke,	dis.	
Time, 3m. 54s.—3m. 55½s.		

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds that never started in a race, weights as above. Five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

S. W. Morgan's b. f. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Marquis,	1	1
Dr. George Goodwyn's b. f. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	3	2
Isham Puckett's ch. f. by Contention, dam by Hotspur,	5	3
W. H. Tayloe's b. c. by imp. Autocrat, dam by Sir Charles,	2	4
J. T. Semple's b. f. by imp. Luzborough, out of James Cropper's dam,	4	5
Time, 2m. 1s.—2m.		

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three years olds, weights as above. Five subs. at \$200 each, h. f. Mile heats.

Dr. George Goodwyn's imported ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker,	1	1
Col. William L. White's ch. f. Betsey Coleman, by Goliath, dam by Sir Charles,	2	2
John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley,	3	3
Edmund Townes' b. f. Grace, by Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archy,	4	dis.
Capt. John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, out of Buccaneer's dam,	pd. ft.	
Time, 4m. 10s.—4m. 14s. Track very heavy.		

Third day, sweepstakes for three year olds that never won a race, weights as before. Five subs. at \$200 each, \$50 forfeit. Two mile heats.

Capt. John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	1	1
William McCargo's b. f. by Jackson, out of Eliza Clay's dam,	2	dis.
Geo. B. Poindexter's gr. f. Victoria, by Timoleon, out of Westwood's dam,	3	dis.
Col. William L. White's ch. f. Sally Harris, by Goliath, dam by Tariff,	4	dis.
John M. Botts' b. f. by Gohanna, out of Mischief, paid forfeit.		
Time, 4m. 6s.—4m. 8s.		

Second race, same day, proprietor's purse \$250, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 8lbs. Two mile heats.

William McCargo's b. c. Steel, four years old, by imp. Fylde, out of Sally Eubanks' dam,	1	1
Capt. John S. Corbin's ch. m. Canary, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar,	5	2
Col. John P. White's br. c. four years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles,	3	3
Richard Adams' br. c. Sandusky, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal,	4	dis.
J. T. Semple's ch. c. four years old, by Standard, dam by Contention,	6	dis.
C. S. Morris' b. c. Crab, four years old, by Gloucester, dam by Speculator,	2	dr.
Isham Puckett's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	7	dr.
Time, 4m. 1s.—3m. 57s.		

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$500, free for all ages; weights as before; three mile heats.

William McCargo's b. c. Billy Townes, four years old, by imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
John M. Botts' b. f. Spindle, four years old, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	-	-	3	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. Hampton's) ch. m. Charlotte Russe, five years old, sister to Trifle,	-	-	-	-	-	2	3
C. S. Morris' b. h. Jubal, by imp. Luzborough, out of Gloucester's dam,	-	-	-	-	-	4	dr.
Time, 5m. 57s.—6m. 1s.						SECRETARY.	

Ib 7

NASHVILLE (*Tenn.*) RACES.

Commenced on Saturday, September 29, 1838.

First day, a match race, two mile heats, \$5,000 a side, h. f.

W. R. Peyton's b. c. three years old, by Bertrand, dam Kitty Clover, by Eclipse, received forfeit from W. J. Minor's ch. f. three years old, by Leviathan, dam by Marshal Nev.

Second day, a match race, \$1,000 a side, p. p. four mile heats.

James Jackson's b. f. Exotic, four years old, by Leviathan, dam imp. Refugee, by Wanderer,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Thomas Barry's b. f. four years old, by Cock of the Rock, out of Nell, the grandam of Piano,	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 9m. 44s.—9m. 33s.							

Third day, Proprietor's purse \$100, entrance \$25, mile heats.

N. Davis' ch. f. Honeydew, three years old, by Count Badger, dam			
by Timoleon, - - - - -	2	1	1
Wm. Wynn's ch. f. Lowrinda, four years old, by Luzborough, dam			
by Janus, - - - - -	1	2	2
Time, 2m. 1s.—2m.—2m. 6s.			

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$300, entrance \$30, two mile heats.

Samuel Ragland's b. c. Sir Joseph Banks, four years old, by Luzbo-					
rough, dam by Sir Archy, -	-	-	-	-	1 1
John Malone, b. c. Sheridan, four years old, by Pacific, -	-	-	-	-	2 2
Time, 4m. 22s.—4m. 22s.					

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse \$500, entrance \$40, three mile heats.

N. Davis' b. c. Scipio, four years old, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles, 1 1
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. m. Mary Wynn, five years old, by Eclipse, dam
by Flirtilla, - - - - - 2 2
Time, 6m. 10s.—6m. 10½s.

Sixth day, Jockey Club purse \$700, entrance \$50, four mile heats.

Samuel Ragland's br. h. Othello, six years old, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 1 1
Wm. Wynn's ch. m. Victoria, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 2 dr.
Time, 8m. 28s.

Seventh day, Proprietor's purse \$300, entrance \$25. Two mile heats.

N. Davis' ch. m. Pioney, five years old, by Count Badger, dam by Sir Alfred,						1	1
W. Pitts' Ball, four years old, by Sir William, dam by Dry Bones,						3	2
Wm. Wynn's b. h. Harkaway, seven years old, by Merlin, dam Isabella, by Sir Archy,						2	3

Time, first heat not kept.—4m. 6½s.

Entrance money added to each day's purse.

Weights of Nashville Jockey Club, for two year olds, 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.

The track in very bad order from the heavy rains the week preceding the races.

H. K. Sec'y.

UNION COURSE (L. I.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 2, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 90lbs.; fillies, 87lbs. Six subs. at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit. Two mile heats.

Mr. Walter Livingston's b. c. Job, by Eclipse, out of Jemima, by Ratler,						2	0	1	1
Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. f. Zenobia, by imp. Roman, out of Dove, by Duroc,						1	0	2	2

Time, 3m. 49s.—3m. 57s.—4m. 9s.—3m. 59s. Track rather heavy.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as above. Four subs. at \$200 each, \$50 forfeit. Two mile heats.

John C. Stevens' ch. g. Miracle, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson, by Eclipse, received forfeit from the produce of Betsey Ransom, Meg Dods, and Janette, by Eclipse.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$1,000, free for all ages; three year olds, carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Samuel M. Neill's ch. h. Decatur, five years old, by Henry, out of Ostrich, (dam of Tarquin and Suffolk) by Eclipse,						2	1	1
Capt. D. H. Branch's b. m. Atalanta, six years old, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler,						1	2	2

Time, 7m. 51s.—7m. 56s.—8m. 10s. Track rather heavy.

Second race, same day, purse \$100, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Alexander L. Botts' ch. f. Margaret Ridgely, four years old, by Eclipse, out of Phillis (sister to Gohanna,) by Sir Archy,						3	1	1
S. Laird's (C. H. & J. P. Hall's) b. f. Young Lady Lightfoot, four years old, own sister to Shark, Black and Bay Maria, &c.						1	2	2
Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. f. four years old, by Andrew, out of Lady Flirt, by Hickory,						2	3	3
John McCoun's ch. c. Jack Andrews, four years old, by Andrew, dam by Pacolet,						4	dis.	
J. C. Stevens' ch. g. Miracle, three years old, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson, by Eclipse,							dis.	
Wm. Kellinger's b. h. Blazing Star, five years old, by Henry, dam by Eclipse,							dis.	

Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 52½s.—1m. 57s. Track rather heavy.

Third day, purse \$300; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. Trenton, three years old, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe,						1	1
W. McCoun's ch. h. Reindeer, aged, own brother to Alice Grey,						3	2
Capt. D. H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years old, by Andrew, out of Decatur's dam,						4	3
John H. Coster's ch. h. Ajax, aged, by imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Sarah, by Duroc,						5	4
R. L. Stevens' ch. c. four years old, own brother to Tom, Henry, and four or five other Moores,						2	dis.

Time, 3m. 51½s. 3m. 50½s. Track rather heavy.

Fourth day, purse \$500; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. h. Henry Moore, five years old, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	-	-	-	4	1	1
Samuel Laird's ch. f. Betsey Andrew, four years old, out of Farmer's Damsel, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	2	4	2
D. H. Branch's b. f. Jane Rowlett, four years old, by Nullifier, out of Jemima, by Ratler,	-	-	-	3	3	dis.
W. McCoun's ch. c. John R. four years old, by Henry, out of Grasshopper, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	1	2	dr.
John H. Coster's ch. h. The Colonel, five years old, by Talma, out of Dove,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 5m. 50s.—5m. 57½s.—6m. 6s.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as before. Five subs. at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit. Two mile heats.

John C. Stevens' ro. f. Zela, by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton, (dam of Goliah, Dosoris, &c.) by Mendoza,	-	-	-	1	1	
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. Stanhope, by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar, (Bonny Black's dam,) by Ratler,	-	-	-	2	2	
Robert R. Stevens' ch. c. Seminole, by Eclipse, out of Celeste, by Henry,	-	-	-	3	3	

Time, 3m. 57½s.—3m. 51½s.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

WASHINGTON (D. C.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 2, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs.; fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$500 each, \$200 forfeit. Two mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's b. c. Portsmouth, by imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham, by John Richards,	-	-	-	1	1	
Col. F. Thompson's (Col. Stonestreet's gr. f.) Lily, by Tychicus, out of Laura,	-	-	-	2	2	
Col. John Heth's (Mr. Hicks') f. by imp. Fylde, dam by Arab, paid forfeit.						
Mr. Gettings' b. c. by imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson, paid forfeit.						

Time, 3m. 49s.—3m. 54s.

Second day, proprietor's purse \$300, entrance \$25; free for all ages; weights, for three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. John Heth's b. c. Balie Peyton, four years old, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse,	-	-	-	1	1	
O. J. Hall's (Dr. Stockett's) b. m. Mary Selden, five years old, by Sussex, dam by Richmond,	-	-	-	3	2	
E. J. Wilson's b. h. Stockton, five years old, by Eclipse, out of Iris,	-	-	-	4	3	
Gen. Gibson's b. f. Duchess of Carlisle, four years old, by Oscar Jr. dam by Ratler,	-	-	-	2	dr.	
T. R. S. Boyce's b. h. Broker, five years old, by Sussex, dam by Telegraph,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 3m. 49s.—3m. 48½s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$800, entrance 40; free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. Omega, four years old, by Timoleon, dam Daisy Cropper, by Ogle's Oscar,	-	-	-	1	1	
E. J. Wilson's ch. h. Mediator, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon,	-	-	-	2	2	
J. B. Kendall's br. m. Medora, five years old, by John Richards, dam by imp. Valentine,	-	-	-	3	3	
C. Duvall's b. h. Prince George, six years old, by Industry, out of Thistle, by Ogle's Oscar,	-	-	-	4	dr.	
Gen. Gibson's b. c. Wonder, three years old, by Tychicus, dam by Rob Roy,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 7m. 40s.—8m. 1s.

Fourth day, ladies' purse \$200, entrance \$20; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Gen. Gibson's b. f. Duchess of Carlisle, four years old, by Oscar Jr.				
dam by Ratler,	-	-	-	1 1
Geo. Forbes' ch. h. Giuvaro, five years old, by Sussex, dam by Wildair,	4	dis.		
Dr. C. Duvall's ch. c. Robert Fulton, three years old, by Sussex, out				
of Thistle, Argyle's dam,	-	-	-	2 dr.
John Queen's ch. f. four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Arab,	3	dr.		
Col. F. Thompson's (Col. Stonestreet's) ch. f. Rowena, by Timoleon,				
dam by Rob Roy,	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 3m. 49s.—3m. 57s.				[1b.

LEXINGTON (Ky.) RACES.

The fall races over this course commenced on Tuesday, October 2. They have been very numerous attended; the weather has been fine, and the sport excellent. We subjoin the result of the races.

First day, match race between the get of Bertrand and Medoc, \$1,000 a side, two mile heats.

James Lindsay's (Fenwick's) ch. f. Queen Mary, three years old,				
by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer,	-	-	-	2 1 1
William Buford's ch. c. Sthreshly, three years old, by Medoc, dam				
by Paragon,	-	-	-	1 2 2
Time, 3m. 57s.—3m. 52s. 3m. 56s.				

Second race, same day, match race for \$200 a side, two mile heats.

James L. Bradley's (J. G. McKinney's) ch. c. Hawkeye, three years				
old, by Sir Lovel, dam the dam of Pressure,	-	-	-	1 1
E. M. Blackburn's b. f. Betsey Baker, three years old, by Lance, dam				
Letitia,	-	-	-	2 dis.
Time, 3m. 58s.—3m. 55s.				

Second day, purse \$400, two mile heats.

Charles Buford's b. c. three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Saxe-				
Weinar,	-	-	-	1 1
E. Warfield's b. f. Marygold, three years old, by Sir Leslie, dam Row-				
ena, by Sumter,	-	-	-	2 2
James Dunn's b. f. Mary Burnum, three years old, by Sir Archy of				
Transport, dam by Stockholder,	-	-	-	5 4
Robert Burbridge's ch. f. Mary Seren, four years old, by Plato, dam by				
Whipster,	-	-	-	6 3
Samuel Davenport's ch. m. Althea, five years old, by Sir Archy of				
Transport, dam by Doublehead,	-	-	-	3 dr.
James Hutchison's b. c. Austin, four years old, by Buckelk, dam by				
Cherokee,	-	-	-	4 dr.
William Buford's (George Tarlton's) ch. c. three years old, by Collier,				
dam by Doublehead,	-	-	-	dr.
Time, 3m. 54s.—4m. 1s.				

Second race, same day, purse \$200, mile heats, best three in five.

J. R. Ward's b. f. Mary Brennan, three years old, by Sin-				
gleton, dam by Hamiltonian,	-	-	-	2 3 1 1 1
R. W. Sinclair's ch. c. Limber John, by Kosciusko, dam by				
Moses,	-	-	-	5 1 2 3 2
B. R. Jenkins' ch. c. Milus, three years old, by Medoc, dam				
by Virginian,	-	-	-	4 4 3 2 dis.
H. W. Farris' b. c. Alexander Campbell, four years old, by				
Collier, dam by Kosciusko,	-	-	-	1 2 4 4 dis.
Robert Burbridge's b. f. Lucy Jane, four years old, by Plato,				
dam by Whipster,	-	-	-	6 5 5 5 dis.
John Holton's b. c. three years old, by McDuffie, dam by				
Southern Eclipse,	-	-	-	3 dis.
Henry Daniel's b. f. Letitia Breckenridge, four years old, by				
Bertrand, dam by Cherokee,	-	-	-	7 dis.
James Lindsay's ch. f. three years old, by Bertrand, dam by				
Potomac,	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 54s.—1m. 59s.—1m. 59s.				

Third day, purse \$700, three mile heats.

H. W. Farris' b. h. Splendour, six years old, by Trumpator, dam the dam of Gazelle,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Sidney Burbridge's b. c. Tom Benton, three years old, by Bertrand, dam Maria,	-	-	-	-	2	2
E. Warfield's ch. h. Kentucky Eclipse, four years old, by Sir Leslie, dam Susan Hicks, by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	3	dr.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for two year olds, mile heats, \$100 entrance.

J. W. Fenwick's ch. f. by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Brimmer,	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
Snell & Carroll's ch. c. J. F. Robinson, by Medoc, dam by Potomac,	-	-	-	-	1	2	2
Samuel Davenport's ch. c. Ebro, by Frank, dam by Aratus,	-	-	-	-	3	dis.	
James Simpson's (Hy. Daniel's) b. c. by Collier, dam by Gallatin,	-	-	-	-	4	dis.	
Milus W. Dickey's b. f. by Sir Archy of Transport, dam Ophelia, by Wild Medley,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.	

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 1s. J. F. Robinson had a bad start the first heat, and Ebro and Simpson's b. c. the second heat.

Fourth day, purse \$1,000, four mile heats.

E. Warfield's b. c. Celestion, four years old, by Sir Leslie, dam Rowena, by Sumpter,	-	-	-	-	1	1	
Samuel Davenport's ch. f. Musadorah, three years old, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko,	-	-	-	-	3	2	
Sidney Burbridge's b. c. Tarlton, four years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray,	-	-	-	-	2	3	
D. Stockton's ch. g. Crowder, six years old, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany,	-	-	-	-	4	dis.	
Thomas Lynch's (J. C. Mason's) r. g. Blue Jim, four years old, by Muckle John, dam by King Herod,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.	

Time, 8m. 20s.—8m. 4s.

Second race, same day, a match \$1,500 a side, \$500 forfeit, inside stake \$500, p. p. mile heats.

L. K. Grigsby's r. f. Rowena, two years old, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Potomac,	-	-	-	-	1	1	
Ludwell Berkley's b. f. two years old, by Argyle, dam by Bertrand,	-	-	-	-	2	2	

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 57s.

Fifth day, sweepstakes for three year olds, \$500 entrance, \$100 forfeit, two mile heats, sixteen subscribers, thirteen paid forfeit.

Charles Buford's ch. f. Curculia, three years old, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter,	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
M. R. Tarlton's (R. Mosby's) c. by Woodpecker, dam Brown Mary by Sumpter,	-	-	-	-	1	2	dis.
James Shy's ch. f. Barbara Allen, by Collier, dam Lady Jackson, by Sumpter,	-	-	-	-	3	3	dr.

Time, 2m. 51s.—3m. 51s.—3m. 54s.

CENTRAL COURSE (Md.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, October 11, 1838.

First day, purse \$400, free for all ages, three year olds, carrying 86lbs.; four years old, 100lbs.; five years old, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. W. Hampton's) ch. m. Charlotte Russe, five years old, (own sister to Trifle,) by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero,	-	-	-	-	1	1	
E. J. Wilson's b. h. Stockton, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	2	2	
Col. J. M. Selden's b. h. Bustamente, five years old, by Sussex, out of Lady Clifden's grandam,	-	-	-	-	3	3	
Col. J. Heth's (J. H. Hellings') ch. h. Bloody Nathan, five years old, by imp. Valentine, dam by Duroc,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.	
G. L. Stockett's (Gen. Forbes') b. m. Touch-me-not, five years old, by Sussex, dam by Vanguard,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.	

Time, 6m. 23s.—6m. 50s. Track very heavy.

Second day, purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. Boston, five years old, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, - - -	1	1
Col. John Heth's b. c. Balie Peyton, four years old, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse, - - - - -	2	dr.
Time, 8m. 5s. Track very heavy. [N. Y. Spirit of the Times.		

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 9, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. William L. White's ch. c. Jack Pendleton, by Goliah, dam by Trafalgar, - - - - -	1	1
John P. White's (J. M. Harris') ch. c. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Hal, - - - - -	2	2
J. M. Botts' b. f. Sophia Western, by Gohanna, out of Mischief, by Virginian, - - - - -	3	3
Time, 2m. 4s.—2m. 6s.		

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (J. S. French's) b. f. Fleta, by imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas, - - - - -	1	1
Col. William L. White's ch. f. Betsey Coleman, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, - - - - -	2	2
Capt. John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, - - -	3	0
John M. Botts' b. f. by Gohanna, dam by Johnson's Medley, - - -	4	0
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 53s. A good race.		

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds out of mares that never won a race, weights as before. Five subs. at \$150 each, \$100 forfeit. Two mile heats.

Joshua Goode's gr. c. Sarvetus, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal,	2	1	1
Col. William L. White's ch. f. Sally Harris, by Goliah, dam by			
Tariff, - - - - -	1	2	dr.
Edmund Townes' b. f. Spotless, by imp. Fylde, dam by Spot,	3	dis.	
Time, 4m. 11s.—4m. 13s. Track heavy and raining.			

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for all ages, three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. Two mile heats.

John M. Botts' ch. f. Mary Tyler, by Gohanna, dam by Playon, - - - - -	2	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. h. Jack of Trumps, by Gohanna, - - - - -	3	3	2
John P. White's br. h. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, - - - - -	1	2	3
Time, 4m. 5s.—4m. 6s.—4m. 8s. A good race. Track heavy and raining.			

Third day, proprietor's purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

William McCargo's ch. f. Missouri, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director,	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	1
Richard Adams' ch. f. three years old, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	-	-	2	3	2
O. P. Hare's ch. m. Fanny Wyatt, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	-	-	3	1	3
William Burton's ch. f. four years old, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough,	-	-	-	-	-	5	4	4
Wm. H. Tayloe's br. c. Monbodge, four years old, by imp. Apparition, out of Angeline,	-	-	-	-	-	4	6	5
James A. Semple's b. h. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Alfred,	-	-	-	-	-	6	5	dis.
John P. White's ch. c. four years old, by Sir Charles.	-	-	-	-	-	7	dis.	
Time, 4m.—4m. 2s.—4m. 2s. Track very heavy.								

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. Steel, four years old, by imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Sally Eubanks, - - - - -	1	1
John M. Botts' b. f. Spindle, four years old, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, - - - - -	2	2
Time, 8m. 27s.—8m. 21s. Track heavy. [Ib.		

HOBOKEN (N. J.) RACES,

Over the Beacon Course, commenced on Wednesday, October 10, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 90lbs.; fillies 87lbs. Two subs. at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit. Two mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. Clarion, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
S. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) ch. f. Ann Callender, (own sister to Busiris, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Gracchus,	-	-	-	-	-	2	2

Time, 3m. 51s.—4m. 3s. Track heavy.

Second race, same day, purse \$300, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's (Daniel Abbott's) gr. h. Manalopan, five years old, by Medley, dam by John Richards,	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Capt. D. H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	-	3	2
Samuel Laird's ch. f. Betsey Andrew, four years old, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	-	2	3
B. Smock's ch. h. Oliver, aged, by May Day,	-	-	-	-	-	4	dis.

Time, 3m. 51s.—3m. 48½s. Track heavy.

Second day, purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. The Duke, five years old, by Eclipse,	1	1
Alex. L. Botts' ch. f. Margaret Ridgely, four years old, by Eclipse, out of Phillis, (sister to Gohanna,) by Sir Archy,	4	2
E. Leary's b. h. Blazing Star, five years old, by Henry, dam by Eclipse,	3	dis.
S. M. Neill's b. c. The Devil, four years old, by Henry, out of Garland, by Duroc,	5	dis.
Wm. McCoun's ch. h. Independence, four years old, by Andrew,	2	dr.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 53s. Track heavy and raining.

Second race, same day, purse \$1,000, free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Samuel M. Neill's ch. h. Decatur, five years old, by Henry, out of Ostrich, (dam of Tarquin and Suffolk,) by Eclipse,	-	-	1	1
Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. f. Zenobia, three years old, by imp. Roman, out of Dove, by Duroc,	-	-	3	2
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. Trenton, three years old, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe,	-	-	2	dr.

Time, 8m. 18s.—8m. 24s. Track heavy and raining.

Third day, purse \$500, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

John C. Stevens' ro. f. Zela, three years old, by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton, (dam of Goliath, Dosoris, &c.) by Mendoza,	-	-	2	1	1
Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. h. Champagne, five years old, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar,	-	-	1	2	2
W. McCoun's ch. h. Reindeer, aged, own brother to Alice Gray,	-	-	3	dis.	

Time, 6m. 13s.—5m. 57s.—6m. 8s. Track very heavy.

Second race, same day, purse \$100, conditions as above. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. Eliptic, three years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge,	-	-	-	-	1	1
John H. Costar's ch. h. The Colonel, five years old, by Talma, out of Dove,	-	-	-	-	3	2
W. McCoun's (J. McCoun's) ch. c. Jack Andrews, four years old, by Andrew, dam by Pacolet,	-	-	-	-	2	3

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 58s. Track very heavy.

Thus ended the race meeting. Now for the trotting.

First day, October 15.—Purse \$100, free for all horses that never won a purse over \$100. Two mile heats in harness.

Geo. Spicer's b. g. Napoleon,	-	-	-	-	3	1	1
S. Pitcher's br. g. Cato,	-	-	-	-	1	2	2
D. Bryan's gr. m. Lady Suffolk,	-	-	-	-	4	3	3
L. Rogers' b. g. Ion,	-	-	-	-	2	4	4

Time, 5m. 42½s.—5m. 38s.—5m. 39s. Track heavy.

Second race, same day, purse \$300, free for all. Three mile heats under the saddle.

Hiram Woodruff's b. g. Dutchman,	-	-	-	-	-	1
H. Vandewater's br. g. Ratler,	-	-	-	-	-	dis.
Time, 8m. 1½s. Track heavy.						[1b.

LYNCHBURG (Va.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, September 12, 1833.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs.; fillies 83lbs.; entrance \$50 each. Mile heats.

Isaac H. Oliver's gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Shakspeare,	-	-	2	1	1
Charles P. Lee's b. f. by Simon Pure, out of Syphax,	-	-	1	2	dis.
Wm. M. Cabiness' ch. c. by Carolinian, dam by Madison,	-	-	dis.		
Time, 1m. 53s.—2m. 2s. Mr. Lee's filly carried 4lbs. over weight.					

Second day, proprietor's purse \$300, entrance \$15; free for all ages; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. g. Sam Johnson, four years old, by Giles Scroggins, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	3	1	1
Charles P. Lee's b. h. Billy Button, by Lance, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	4	2	2
Wm. McCargo's b. h. Childers, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by imp. Eagle,	-	-	1	3	dr.
Leonard Phelps' ch. m. Maria Smith, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Bagdad,	-	-	2	dr.	
Time, 3m. 57s.—3m. 58s.—4m. 37s.					

Third day, Lynchburg silver plate, value \$200; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. Jane Hilliard, four years old, by Monsieur Tonsen, dam by Virginian,	-	-	1	1	
David McDaniel's Red Wasp, six years old, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison,	-	-	4	2	
Leonard Phelps' (H. Nowlin's) b. h. Roley Porter, five years old, by Star,	-	-	3	3	
Wm. Cabiness' b. f. Jane Hunter, four years old, by Lance, dam by imp. Eagle,	-	-	2	dr.	
Time, 4m. 1s.—3m. 52s.					

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$500, entrance \$30, free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. f. Molly Ward, four years old, by imp. Hedgeford, dam by Bertrand,	-	-	1	1	
Charles P. Lee's ch. h. Dick Powell, five years old, by Orphan Boy, dam by Bolivar,	-	-	3	2	
David McDaniel's ch. h. Red Wasp, six years old, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison,	-	-	2	dr.	
Time, 6m. 6s.—6m. 5s.					

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for three year olds; weights as before; entrance \$50. Mile heats.

Melville Talbott's ch. c. by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	1	1	
Wm. M. Cabiness' b. c. by imp. Fylde, out of Bainbridge,	-	-	3	2	
Charles P. Lee's b. c. by Janus,	-	-	2	3	
Time, 2m.—2m. 6s.					

Third race, same day, match \$200 a side. Two mile heats.

John M. Williams' Red Rover, four years old, out of Betsey West,	-	-	1	1	
David McDaniel's f. Star, four years old, by Star,	-	-	2	2	
Time, 3m. 54s.—4m. 7s.					

JAMES BULLOCK, Sec'y.

SOUTHAMPTON (Va.) RACES,

Commenced over the Cross Keys course on Tuesday, September 13, 1838.

First day, maiden sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs.; fillies 83lbs.; Seven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

James H. Williamson's ch. c. Emmet, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Thomas Ridley's gr. f. by Andrew, dam by Arabian,	-	-	-	-	3	2
Thomas W. Reany's ch. c. by Nullifier, dam by Virginus,	-	-	-	-	2	3
Stephen Murdaugh's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Rasselas,	-	-	-	-	4	4
George A. W. Newsom's br. f. by Sarpedon, dam by Thaddeus,	-	-	-	-	pd	ft.
E. P. Scott's ch. f. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Director,	-	-	-	-	pd	ft.
Samuel J. Douglass' br. f. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab,	-	-	-	-	pd	ft.

Time, 2m. 2½s.—2m. 3¼s. Track new and heavy.

Second day, proprietor's purse \$200, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Dr. George Goodwyn's br. f. Polly Green, four years old, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham, by John Richards,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Thomas Ridley's John Lindsay, six years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	-	3	2
John M. Moody's b. h. Mirander, five years old, by Monsieur Tonson,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.
George A. W. Newsom's b. c. three years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Arab,	-	-	-	-	dis.	
Charles F. Urquhart's ch. f. four years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Curtius,	-	-	-	-	dr.	
James S. French's b. h. Droomgoole, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginus,	-	-	-	-	dr.	

Time, 4m. 10s.—4m. 8s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500, (no discount,) free for all ages; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's b. c. Stockton, four years old, by Eclipse, out of Iris, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Samson C. Reese's b. h. Dromgoole, by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginus,	-	-	-	-	3	2
Thomas Ridley's Spartacus, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Arab,	-	-	-	-	4	3
Thomas Payne's ch. f. Miss Debar, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, out of Jane Shore, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	2	dis.

Time, 8m. 34s.—9m. 8s.

Fourth day, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as before; five subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Henry Haclin's ch. c. Lyrus, (or Cyrus,) by Marion, dam by Director,	-	-	-	-	2	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. f. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Hal,	-	-	-	-	1	2	2
Wm. McIvy's b. g. by Ivanhoe, out of Mulatto Mary,	-	-	-	-	pd	ft.	
Charles F. Urquhart's b. f. by Sarpedon, dam by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	pd	ft.	
Edward J. Wilson's b. f. by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	pd	ft.	

Time, 2m. 1s.—2m. 4s.—Third heat not kept. Track heavy. Won hard in hard.

lb.]

C. D. BARHAM, Sec'ry.

RACING AT NEW ORLEANS.—We perceive that Col. Oliver, of the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, offers seven thousand dollars, in purses and plates at the races in December next.

QUICK TIME —Mr. R. B. Carlton's gr. c. Grey Eagle, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, won a sweepstakes, two mile heats, \$500 entrance, over the Louisville (Ky.) Oakland Course, in 3m. 41s.—3m. 43¼s. The quickest two mile heats on record.

[Baltimore Chronicle.]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.]

DECEMBER, 1838.

[No. 12.]

CONTENTS.

To our Patrons,	529	Cynthiana, Ken.	563
National Match for \$50,000—England		Bean Station, Tenn.	564
vs. America,	532	Union Course, L. I.	565
The Handley-cross hounds.—No. VII.	533	Maury county, Tenn.	566
Blood will tell,	549	Limestone Springs, S. C.	567
Reports of Races, &c.	551	Fairfield, Va.	568
Destruction of Racehorses by fire, . .	552	Columbus, Miss.	569
Duck shooting on Carroll's island, . .	554	Terre Haute, Ind.	569
RACING CALENDAR—Races at		Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va. . . .	570
Chillicothe, Ohio,	556	Union, S. C.	571
Batesville, Ark.	557	Fulton, S. C.	572
Hopkinsville, Ken.	558	Warrenton, N. C.	572
Greenville, S. C.	558	Macon, Ga.	573
St. Louis, Mo.	560	Hoboken, N. J.	574
Marion, Mo.	561	TURF REGISTER—Pedigrees, . . .	575
Columbus, Geo.	562	Sales of Blooded Stock,	576

TO OUR PATRONS.

THE present number of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine completes the ninth volume, and we take the occasion afforded by it to make a few remarks to our subscribers in particular, and to sportsmen in general. It will have been observed by all our readers that there has been a great falling off in the work, particularly in respect to original matter, and engravings. Will our readers bear with us when we tell them that this is *their* fault, *not ours*. Original matter can only be furnished by contributors; there never was an editor that could supply it for a periodical such as this. It would require an omnipresent being to perform such a task. All that can be expected from the editor and publisher is to receive, collate and publish such matter as the various individuals in different parts of the country find it convenient to communicate, and to add such other matter as they are able to collect from their own

observation. This is a practical and plain view of the case. Now if these correspondents cease to furnish this matter, the editor is left without any other resource than that of selections from other publications; and this has been our case. There is but one of all the numerous correspondents that heretofore so advantageously supplied our work with valuable matter, that continues to do so now. Why this state of things? Are not the sports of the turf, the chase, and the field, as exhilarating, and as interesting now as ever they were? Are not horses as valuable and as interesting now, and is it not as important that that value should be preserved from depreciation, and that interest cultivated, as ever it was? Pray what has caused the present appreciation of the blood horse, but the sporting periodicals; and what is to sustain that appreciation but the continued exertions of those publications; and how are those exertions of the sporting periodicals to be continued, if correspondents withhold their aid? These are questions important indeed for the consideration of all persons interested in blood horses, and other sportsmen, and we do hope for their sakes that they will WAKE UP and let us hear from them in the shape of communications. Let every sportsman in the country, whether he be a 'whip' of the turf, a 'tally-ho' of the chase, or a 'to-ho' of the field, or all combined, furnish us something for our pages.

But we have another, and, if possible, still more grievous cause of complaint. We allude to the want of punctuality in our subscribers. Will it be believed that we have not for a year past received money enough by *nearly one-half*, to pay the current expenses of our publication? Yet such is really the fact. While we have some ten thousand dollars on our books, of old dues, and the subscriptions for the current year amount to upwards of eight thousand dollars, we have not received during the year 1838, quite TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS! Yes, out of at least fifteen thousand dollars that we ought to have received, we have not collected two thousand dollars. Can our subscribers wonder, then, at the absence of engravings, at the want of anything, under such a state of things? Can they expect us to involve ourselves in a heavy debt, even if engravings could be got on credit, which is not the case? Can they expect us to borrow money to pay for engravings? These are questions which every body can understand, and we do hope they will reach the understanding of our delinquent subscribers. It is a subject of deep regret to us that our punctual subscribers are thus made to suffer for the delinquency of others. We have a few such, and we tender them our sincere thanks for their kind attention to us, but more particularly for the indulgence extended to us under a state of things that would warrant a very different course on their part.

While on the subject, we must be permitted to notice a few more grievances which we suffer from a want of proper consideration on the part of our subscribers. It is quite common for a subscriber to tax us with postage on business exclusively his own. Thus, if he desires us to change the direction of his numbers, he makes us pay the postage of his letter containing the request. We have paid several dollars a week on letters of that description frequently. Surely a gentleman of the least

sense of propriety must be aware of the incorrectness of such an act. It is also quite common for us to receive a five dollar note ten to twenty per cent. below par, with fifty cents postage charged to us. Now we ask any *gentleman* if this be either an honourable or an honest act?

But what shall we say to those who have received our work four, five, six, or seven years, without ever having paid a cent for it, and then ordering it to be stopped by the postmaster, saying they never subscribed for it? What name can be given to such an act? Of such we are thankful that we have but few, but we have some, and but for our own self-respect we should favour the public with their names.

Subscribers to periodicals like this should bear in mind that the amount of their subscription is a *debt of honour*. The distance of their residence from the publishers, precludes the possibility of a personal call, and the amount of the debt is too small to authorize the sending of agents, subscribers being so scattered over the country that the whole amount of subscriptions would be absorbed in travelling expenses. We are therefore obliged to trust to the honour of each subscriber in sending to us our dues. Gentlemen of the turf and the field, we ask you, shall that trust fail us?

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will hereafter be published on the *LAST DAY* of the month instead of the first as heretofore. We are averse to making changes in our publication unless of very obvious advantage. That this change will be advantageous to all concerned, is clear. By publishing each number on the last day of the month, we shall be able to get in all the reports of races and other matter that occur during the month, and the volume of the year will embrace all the matter of the year. Thus all the races that occur in *January* will be published in the January number, instead, as heretofore, of the February number, and as the last number of the volume will not be published before the 31st of December, all races run during the month of December will appear in the volume. This is the practical result of the change, and we think all our subscribers will be pleased with it. The fashion now so prevalent of antedating publications, for the purpose of making them appear to be issued with uncommon punctuality and earliness, is supremely ridiculous. It is quite common to see periodicals issued several days before the date of their publication—a Saturday paper always appears on Friday—the December number of a magazine appears during the latter part of November, and so on. This with them probably is no inconvenience; but with us it is a very great one. Our work is a book of perpetual reference. A gentleman wants to find the report of a race that took place the first week in November, and he naturally looks to the November number for it—he does not dream of looking to the December number for it.

The first number, therefore, of the tenth volume, will be published on the 31st of January next, and all the future numbers on the last day of the month of which they bear date.

NATIONAL MATCH FOR \$50,000!—ENGLAND VS. AMERICA.

We desire to invite the attention of the Sporting World on both sides the Atlantic, to the suggestion contained in the extract annexed of a letter to the Editor, from one of the most distinguished gentlemen on the American turf. It will be seen that he proposes a National Post Match between the 'cracks' of John Bull and Brother Jonathan—or rather to run two matches of four mile heats, for \$25,000 a side each—one match to be run by American horses, *vs.* the choice of England, at Newmarket, and the other on Long Island by English horses, *vs.* the choice of America. It is believed by many of our most intelligent countrymen abroad, that no very formidable obstacle exists to prevent the conclusion of such a match, while many of those most conversant with the feelings of British turfmen on the subject, who have recently returned, are sanguine that so far as John Bull is concerned, he has the spirit and the will to come forward at once in support of the pretensions for unrivalled beauty, speed, and stoutness, so long accorded to the English racehorse. The subject is one that for quite a length of time has excited a keen interest among the leading turfmen of the Atlantic States: and for several months throughout the 'racehorse regions' of the olden time, the feasibility of the match has been a most absorbing theme of discussion in every sporting circle. Several eminent Americans abroad, including one or two distinguished public functionaries, have written their friends here at home, of their ardent desire that such a match should be made up, and urged it upon their correspondents. They are not only confident that our four mile horses would reflect the highest credit upon the system of breeding and training in America, but that such a match would be fraught with almost incalculable advantage to the character, prosperity and usefulness of the sports of the turf in this country.

We will detain the reader no longer, but submit the letter of our correspondent, which, by-the-bye, was not intended for publication, and our only apology for the liberty we have taken in quoting it, is in the hope that the subject, being once fairly placed before the sporting world, by one occupying so proud a station in it, will attract general attention, and result in 'a consummation devoutly to be wished' by every sensible and well-informed breeder and turfman on this side of the Atlantic.

'If the steam navigation goes on successfully, we must have a match with England. Suppose you feel the way both at home and abroad, and see how such a thing would take? Let us run one match at New York, and the other at Newmarket, four mile heats, 5,000 guineas each match, all England, *vs.* all America. I would like to join a party of gentlemen in such an enterprise, with 'Old Nap.' and Arthur Taylor engaged in it; the stock would be worth a premium. It would, more than anything else, revive the spirit of racing, and would add greatly to the value of blood stock, on both sides of the Atlantic. I wish Capt. Stockton, Mr. Livingston, and the Messrs. Stevens, would think over the matter, and see if we cannot make arrangements to carry it into execution. We can beat the English in a long race of heats, not because we have better horses, but we better understand the art of training for such races; at least this is my opinion, and I am willing to back that opinion to the extent of 1,000 guineas. Confer with those gentlemen, and such others as might likely go into it, and let me know what they think of it. In haste, yours, truly, ———.'

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. VII.

MR. JORROCK'S ENTRY AND ORATION.

What a bother there was preparing for Mr. Jorrocks' reception!—Captain Doleful was perfectly beside himself, and ran about the town as though he expected her Majesty. First he went to the proprietary school in James street, and begged a half-holiday for all the little boys and girls; next he visited Mr. Whackem's mathematical seminary, and did the like by his; Miss Prim and Miss Prose, both promised to 'suspend the duties of their respective establishments' for the afternoon; and three infant schools were released from lessons all the day. 'Jorrocks for ever,' was chalked upon the walls, doors, and shutters, and little children sung out his name in lisping acclamations. Publicans looked cheerful, and livery stable keepers, ostlers, and helpers, talked about the price of hay and corn.

The banner with the fox upon it, and the 'Floreant Scientia' scroll, painted for the celebrated ball and supper, was released from the darkness of Mr. Fleeceall's garret, where it had been deposited after the entertainment, and mounted on poles to lead the way in the procession; while the milliners, mantua-makers, and tailors, were severally called upon to contribute silk, calico, and bunting for flags, decorations, and ribbons. Whatever Doleful demanded was necessarily ceded, so absolute was his sway over the trades-people of the Spa. In every respect he was as great a man as a country mayor. Did a new cheesemonger, or a new hatter, or a new milk-woman, wish to settle in the place, the good will of the M. C. was invariably to be obtained, else it was to very little use their troubling themselves to come; and the perquisites and advantages derived from these sources made a comfortable addition to his yearly income, arising from the subscription book at the library. The musicians at the Wells were also under his control, and of course they received intimations to be at the Datton station before the appointed hour that Mr. Jorrocks had privately announced his intention to arrive.

The morning sun broke cheerfully through the clouds in a good, downrightly, determined fine day, and as Doleful threw open the latticed casement of his window, and his eye roved to the 'sun bright summit' of the distant hills, he poured forth an inward ejaculation for the success of the great enterprise of the day, and for his own especial honour and emolument. In the midst of his reverie Jemima, the maid of all work and shop girl of the house, tapped gently at his door, and handed in a three-cornered note written on pink satin paper and highly musked. Doleful started as though he had seen an apparition, for in the hand he immediately recognized the writing of his great patroness, Mrs. Barnaby, and the recollections of Mrs. Jorrocks, the table of precedence among women, whereby the latter was to supplant Mrs. Barnaby, the baits and allurements he had held out for the purpose of securing the Jorrockses, together with the honour he was then instigating the inhabitants to do him, all rushed upon his mind with terrible velocity. Nor did the contents of the note assuage the anguish of his mind. It was simply this: 'Mrs. Barnaby will thank

Capt. Doleful to wait upon her at twenty minutes before eleven precisely.' 'Twenty minutes before eleven precisely,' exclaimed the captain, throwing up his hands, looking like a condemned criminal—'How *like* her that is! always peremptory with others, and never punctual herself, well, there's no help for it. Jemima,' exclaimed he, down the narrow staircase to the girl who had returned to the shop, 'my compliments to Mrs. Barnaby, and say, I will make a point of being with her at the time she names.—I wonder,' continued he to himself, pacing up and down his little bed-room in his dressing gown and slippers, 'what she can want, it must be about the Jorrockses—and yet I could not do otherwise than I have. If she storms, I'll rebel, and trounce her for all her airs, by *Jove*, I will!' saying which, he clenched his fist, and looking in the glass, brushed up the few straggling hairs upon his cheeks that marked the place for whiskers, and felt quite valiant. His courage however rather oozed out of his finger ends, as the appointed hour approached, and at nineteen minutes before eleven by his watch, and eighteen and a half by the church clock, he arrived at the door of his arbitrary and capricious patroness.

'Mistress is in her boudoir,' said the consequential butler on receiving the captain at the hand of the footman, 'but I'll send up your name. Please step into the parlour,' and thereupon he turned the captain into the dining room, and closed the door upon him.

Towards twelve o'clock, just as the captain's courage was nearly up again, and he had thrice applied his hand to the ivory knob of the bell-spring to see which way it turned against he wanted to ring, in strutted the butler again, with 'Missis's compliments, sir, and is sorry she is indisposed at present, and hopes it will not be inconvenient to you to return at ten minutes before three.'—'Ten minutes before three,' exclaimed the captain, as a tinge of colour rose to his pallid cheeks, 'impossible!' said he '*impossible!*' Then recollecting himself, he desired the butler to return with his respects to Mrs. Barnaby, and say that at any hour next day, he would have great pleasure in waiting upon her, but that his time was completely bespoke for the whole afternoon. The butler forthwith departed, and in about three-quarters of an hour, during which time Mrs. Barnaby had finished a nap on the sofa, and arranged an elegant neglegé toilette wherein to appear, the butler returned, and with a bow and wave of his hand announced that his Missis would see the captain, whom he preceded up stairs and handed over to Janette, the French maid, stationed at the door, who ushered the captain into the presence of Mrs. Barnaby in the back drawing room. She was lying in state on a costly many-cushioned crimson and gold ottoman, dressed in a fawn-coloured robe de chambre, with a rich white Cachmere shawl thrown carelessly about her legs, below which her elegantly formed feet in pink swan's down-lined slippers protruded. Her morning cap of costly workmanship was ornamented and tied with broad satin cherry-coloured ribbons, which, with the colour of the ottoman and cushions, imparted a gentle hue to her clear but delicate complexion, and her bright silky hair flowed in luxuriant tresses from the sides. She was pretending to read the Handley-cross Paul Pry, while with her left hand she kept applying a costly gold vinaigrette to her nose. The room was a mass of jewelry, costly furniture, and absurdities.

'Good morning, captain,' said she, with the slightest possible inclination of her head. 'Janette, set a chair,' which she motioned the captain to occupy, and the maid departed. 'Pray,' said she, as soon as the door was closed, 'what is the meaning of all this to do about a Mr. Horrocks, that I read of in this morning's *Paul Pry*?' 'Mr. Horrocks', replied the captain, 'really, marm, I don't know,—its the first time I've heard the name mentioned this long time,—there was a Mr. Horrocks lived in *Silenus villa* the year before last, but I understood he had gone back to India.' 'Oh no,' replied Mrs. Barnaby, 'that's quite another person, these are Londoners—*trades*-people I hear, and the man Horrocks, the paper says, is to have the hounds.' 'Oh,' says the captain, blushing to the tips of his ears, 'you've mistaken the name, marm.—It's *Jorrocks*—Mister Jorrocks of Great Coram street—a great merchant—at least his father was. The present Mr. Jorrocks is a mighty sportsman, and hearing the hounds were without a leader, he wrote to offer himself, and some of the sporting gentry of the place have been in treaty with him to take them; but I need not tell you, Mrs. Barnaby, that hunting is not an amusement I am partial to, indeed I hope I may never have to go out again; but you know that as Master of the Ceremonies I am obliged to countenance many things that I would gladly avoid.'

'True,' replied Mrs. Barnaby, with a smile of approbation—'I thought you would not be likely to encourage vulgar people coming here merely because they don't care for breaking their necks over hedges and ditches—but tell me, isn't there a Mrs. Jorrocks?' 'I understand so,' replied the captain with a hem and a haw, 'a lady of birth they say; but had I known you would have interested yourself in the matter, I should certainly have informed myself so as to have been able to tell you all about her.'

'Oh dear no!' *not for the world!*—whether as a lady of birth or a tradesman's wife, it would never do for *me* to concern myself about them. *You* know my position here is not to be controverted by any interlopers, be they who they may—or come from where they will.'

'Undoubtedly not, marm,' replied the obsequious M. C.; 'there's not a person in the place insensible of the advantages or your presence; but I should hope,—at least perhaps I may venture to express a slight wish,—that if these Jorrockses appear respectable people, you will for the sake of sociability vouchsafe them the favour of your countenance, and condescend to notice them a *little*.

'I don't know what to say about that, my dear captain,' replied Mrs. Barnaby thoughtfully. 'If they appear respectable people, and if they live in a certain style, and if I thought the matter would rest at Handley-cross, and they would not obtrude their acquaintance upon me elsewhere, and if they appeared sensible of the obligation, I might perhaps call upon them; but where there are so many points to consider, and so many to ascertain, it is almost needless speculating upon how one might act; all that we can do for the present is to maintain one's own consequence, and *you* know full well the only way to support a place like this, is to uphold the dignity of the chief patroness.'

'No doubt,' replied Captain Doleful, with a half-suppressed sigh as the

table of precedence among women come across his mind. 'I am sure, Madam, I have always been most anxious to pay you every respect and attention in my power, and if I have failed it has been owing to the multiplicity of my engagements, and duties, and not from any want of inclination on my part.' 'I'm sure of it, captain; and now let us see you back here at dinner at ten minutes past six.' 'With pleasure,' replied the captain, rising to depart, with a grin of satisfaction on his melancholy visage.

'Stay one moment,' resumed Mrs. Barnaby, as the captain was leaving the room. 'The paper says these people arrive to-day.—If you chance to see them or can find anything out about them you know, well and good—perhaps Mr. Barnaby might like to know.'

The clear bright beauty of the day, combined with the attraction of a stranger coming to fill so important a situation as master of fox-hounds, drew many to the Dutton railway station, who were previously unacquainted even with the name of 'Jorrocks;' though it is but right to state that the ignorant portion was composed principally of the fair sex, most men, whether sportsmen or not, having heard of his matchless fame and exploits.

All the flies, hack-horses, donkeys, and ponies, were bespoke as usual; and many sat out at noon-day to secure good berths at the station. Precisely at two o'clock Captain Doleful appeared at Miss Jelly's door, attired in a dress that would puzzle the 'property man' of a theatre. It was nearly the same as he exhibited himself in on the memorable opening day of the committee of management. An old single-breasted militia coat, denuded of its facings and trappings, with a sky blue collar and sky blue linings, and a short, shrivelled, buff kerseymere waistcoat, with mother-of-pearl buttons, old white moleskin breeches, well darned and patched at the knees, and badly cleaned Hessian boots and black heel spurs. His hands were covered with a pair of dirty white kid gloves; and in his right one he carried a large hunting whip. An oil-skin covered hat, secured to a button hole of his waistcoat by a yard of sky blue penny ribbon, completed the rigging of this sporting dandy.

Having withdrawn his countenance and custom from Sam Slickman after the affair of the kicking mare (as recorded in chapter IV., the effect which had been considerably to impoverish Mr. Sam), of course all the other proprietors of hack horses were on the alert to please the great M. C., and on this day he was furnished with a very nice long-tailed white mare, about fourteen hands high that was generally honoured by carrying pretty Miss Lovelace, the head beauty of the place—but who being unable to ride this day, it came into the hands of the captain.

To make the mare more complete, although in winter time, its ears were decorated with white fly nets with dangling tassels, and from the saddle hung a large net of the same colour and texture, with a broad fringe, completely covering her hind-quarters and reaching below her hocks.

Doleful eyed the whole with a grin of satisfied delight, and never did field marshal mount his charger for a review, with a more self-complacent

air than sat upon the brow of this distinguished character. Having steadied himself in his stirrups, and gathered up the reins he cast an eye through the barley sugar and cake pans in the window upon Miss Jelly, and hissing at the mare through his teeth with a jerk of the reins, went off in a canter. A rare actioned beast it was too! Up and down, up and down it went, so light and so easy, and yet making so little progress, that Ducrow himself might have envied the possession of it.

Thus he went tit-tup-ping along through the silent streets to the infinite delight of all the Johns and Jennies, who were left to flatten their noses against the windows during their masters and mistresses' absence, and here and there exciting the anger of a butcher's dog or cur that flew at the mare's heels with an indignant bark as she passed.

Having timed himself to a nicety, our gallant M. C. arrived at the station just as the last fly and flight of donkeys drew up outside the iron railing that runs along the rail road from the station-house, and, in the absence of Mr. Jorrocks, of course he was the object of attraction. 'Good morning, Captain Doleful,' exclaimed a dozen sweet voices from all sorts of vehicles, for women will toady a master of ceremonies be he what he will, and thereupon the captain gave one of his feature-wrinkling grins, and raised his oil-skin covered hat as high as the yard of penny ribbon would allow, while all the little boys and girls, for whom he had obtained half-holiday, burst into loud acclamations, as they stood or sat on lily-white sand barrels, hazel-bundles, and other miscellaneous articles waiting for conveyance by the railway. 'Now, children, mind, be orderly and attend to what I told you,' said the captain, eyeing his juvenile friends as though he were marshalling them for a quadrille. 'It now wants but ten minutes to the coming of the train, so be getting yourselves in order, unfurl the flags; and you, musicians,' turning to the promenade band, who were hard at work with some double XX, 'be getting your instruments ready, to welcome Mr. Jorrocks with 'See the conquering hero comes!' As the minutes flew, the scene become more inspiriting. Eyes were strained up the railway in the direction he was to come, and ears were opened to catch the first sound of the engine. All was anxiety and expectation. Hope and fear vacillated on every countenance. 'Should he not come, what a bore!' 'Oh! but he's certain to arrive and Mrs. Jorrocks too, arn't they, captain? The captain looked thoughtfully and mysterious, as all great men should, but deigned no reply.

Precisely at three-quarters of a minute before three, a loud shrill whistle, that seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth and run up into mid-air, was heard at the back of Shavington-hill, and in an instant the engine and a long train rounded the base, the engine smoking and snorting like an exasperated crocodile. Nearer and nearer it comes, with a thundering sort of hum that sounds through the whole country. The wondering ploughman stops his team. The cows and sheep stand staring with astonishment, while the horses take a look, and then gallop about the fields, kicking up their heels and snorting with delight. The guard's red coat on the engine is visible—next his gold hat-band appears—now were read the Hercules on the engine, and anon it pulls up with a whiff, a

puff, and a whistle, under the wooden slate-covered shed, to give the Hercules his water and set down and take up passengers and goods. Seven first class passenger carriages follow the engine, all smart, clean, and yellow, with appropriate names on each door panel, next come ten second class ones, green, with covered tops and half covered sides, but in neither set is there any thing at all like the Jorrocks party. Cattle pens follow, holding sheep, swine, donkeys, and poultry; then came an open platform with a broken britscka, followed by a curious looking nondescript one horse vehicle, containing a fat man in a low crowned hat, and one of those becoming articles of dress a drab M'Intosh cloak, which gives him the appearance of sitting in a dirty shirt. Along with him sat two ladies muffled up in cloaks, and at the back was a servant maid. From the bottom of the carriage swung a couple of large Westphalia hams.

'Pray is Mr. Jorrocks here?' inquired the elegant M. C., who had persuaded the clerk of the railway to let him upon the line, riding his white charger to the door of the first class carriage, and raising his hat as he spoke, but getting no answer, he continued his interrogatory down the whole set until he came to the end, when casting a despairing glance at the cattle-pens, he was about to wheel about when the gentleman in the M'Intosh sack, in a very stentorian voice, roared out, 'I say, SIR! Baint this the Datton station?' 'It is, SIR,' replied Captain Doleful, in his usual dignified manner. 'Then I want to land,' responded the same sweet voice. 'Here's a gentleman wants to be down,' observed Captain Doleful to the scarlet-coated guard, who come bustling past with a pen of geese to put upon the train. 'Yes, a gentleman and two ladies,' roared the hero of the M'Intosh, MISTER AND MISSIS JORROCKS in fact, and MISS JORROCKS!

'Bless my heart,' exclaimed Captain Doleful in ecstasies, 'how delighted I am to see you! I really thought you were not coming,' and thereupon the captain raised his hat to the ladies, and offered his hand most cordially to Mr. Jorrocks. 'What, you knows me do you?' replied Mr. Jorrocks, giving him the sort of doubtful shake of the hand that a person does when he thinks the next moment may discover a mistake. 'You knows me do you?' repeated he, 'pray who are you?' 'Captain Doleful, M. C.,' responded our worthy, presenting his card to the ladies; and thereupon Mr. Jorrocks, with a chuckle on his good-humoured countenance, as he glanced at the captain's incongruous habiliments, seized his hand and rung it heartily, saying, 'Ow *are* ye, Doleful. 'Ow do ye do? Werry glad to see you—werry glad indeed; 'ow's the Nabob?' 'Middling, thank you,' replied the captain, with a faint tinge of blush on his cadaverous countenance. 'But had'nt you better alight and get your carriage and things off the train?' inquired he, glad to turn the conversation, 'they'll be off with you if you don't mind,' and thereupon the captain beckoned the guard, and Mr. Jorrocks standing up in the vehicle looking very like a hay-stack with a hat on the top, shook his M'Intosh, and bounded on to the ground. Mrs. Jorrocks, in a black velvet bonnet lined with pink-satin, and a cap with flowers, and her body all shrouded in a sea-green silk cloak, then accepted the offer of the captain's arm, and descended with caution and due state; while Belinda, with the

spring of youth and elasticity in her limbs, bounded on to the foot-way beyond the rail. Benjamin, who was asleep at the end of the train in a covered caravan along with the horses, being considerably kicked awake by Mr. Jorrocks, the process of unloading was commenced and speedily finished, and the vehicle, horses, Betsey, Benjamin, Mrs. Jorrocks, Jorrocks, Belinda, and Doleful, were all huddled together on the side of the railway, when a puff of the engine started off the train, and away it went hissing and spitting along through the quiet landscape, leaving our party to the undisturbed observation of the Handley-cross crew. A second more sent the train out of sight, and Captain Doleful, with his usual melancholy air, heightened at the moment by the feeling of witnessing a departure, leaving his charger in the care of Benjamin, offered Mrs. Jorrocks his arm, and walked her off to the station-house, followed by Jorrocks and Belinda, amid the observations and inquiries of the numerous party ranged outside the barrier. The ladies being left to arrange their toilettes, Jorrocks, and Doleful joined arms in a most friendly manner, and strutted back to the carriage, the round-about sack-like figure of the one, contrasting well with the lean, lathy, mounteback appearance of the other. Benjamin having his hands full with the three horses, had not had time to strip off his dirty white great coat and display his fine new sky-blue postilion jacket with the Jorrocks crest, a 'fox's head,' worked in white worsted on his right arm, or yet his new patent cords and top-boots, so Mr. Jorrocks considerably taking the horses from him, gave him an opportunity of putting himself right, while he stood by asking Doleful a hundred questions and expiating on the merits of the animals. 'This ere oss,' says he, rubbing his hand up and down the Roman nose of a great rat-tailed brown, I've ridden three seasons with the Surrey, he's never given me but one fall, and that was more my fault than his. Indeed I may say it was mine entirely. 'Ow's this county off for foxes? Well, you see, I was chiveying this ere oss along like wildfire, for it was a most especial fine scenting day—breast-high all the way—and Nodding Homer and Tom Hills, that's our 'untsman, were riding wiciously wenomously jealous of each other, for Tom's an honest fellow and hates a dirty 'umbug as much as myself, and by the way that reminds me to ask if you can recommend me to an honest man to buy my forage of? Well, we blazed down Windy-hill, and past Stowey-wood, just as though it were as level as this railway, when Homer, thinking to gain a nick, turned for Nosterly, and Tom and I rode slap for Guilsborough, where he threw a shoe, and I was left alone in my glory. I know'd the country well, and sinking the hill stole down Muddiford lane, with the pack going like beans on my left, with only two men within a mile of them, barring a miller with his sacks, who rode uncommon galvanizingly. Well, thinks I to myself, if they turn by Gatton-steep I'll have a nick, for though this oss was never *regularly* pumped out, yet times are, when he'd be better of a little more wind, and so as I rode along craning over the 'edge, 'oping every minute to see old Barbican, who was leading the pack that day, give a bend to my side, vot should occur but a gipsey camp half across the lane, and three donkeys, two jacks and a jinney, huddled together in the other part so as to make a regular barrier,

and, by-the-bye, did you ever read Cornish's History of the French Revolution? but, however, never mind that at present; well, we were close upon the camp and donkeys, before ever we saw them, for it was just at that sharp turn of the road where the watering trough is—confound them, they always place pikes and troughs in the hawkwardest places—and this 'oss though with all his eyes about him, was so heager a looking for the 'ounds, that I'm dashed if he did'nt come upon them so suddenly that he had'nt time to change his leg or do anything, consequentially he dodged first among the gipsy-bairns, putting his foot through a *sarcepan* the old father gipsy was mending, and then, fearing mischief, he flew to the left, and cast me right on to the old jinney ass's back, who, rising at the moment, finished the business by kicking me off into the dirtiest heap of composition for the turnips I ever smelt in my life—haw, haw, haw! I really think I wind it now. Still the 'oss is a good 'un—an undeniable good 'un. When he carries me well, I ax three hundred for him, at other times I'd take thirty.

'This too's a *grand* nag!' said he, taking hold of the ear of a stiff bay with white hind legs, and a bang tail—'good at every thing—rides, drives, 'unts, and carries 'oomen. I calls him Xerxes, cause as how ven I drives two, as I'm a doing to-day, he goes leader, and in course the brown, which I calls *Arter-Xerxes*, comes arter him! Both go like the vind.—Benjamin, mind the traces,—and now be after putting too, your Misses will be ready by the time we get all square;' and thereupon Mr. Jorrocks began fussing and busying himself with the horses and harness, and very soon had Xerxes and Arter-Xerxes in their proper places, 'tandem fashion.' The carriage was the old, low, open, double-bodied one, with red and black wheels, looking as much like a fire engine as ever, more especially with the Westphalia hams swinging from the bottom like buckets. It held four comfortably, or five at a pinch, and the inmates were Mr. Jorrocks and his wife, Belinda, and Betsey. It was tremendously stuffed and hung about with luggage, and at the back was a most sporting package, consisting of two saddles done up in horse-sheeting, and through the roller which fastened them to the carriage, two stout hunting-whips and a new brass horn were thrust. All things being ready, Jorrocks gave Benjamin a 'leg up' on to Xerxes and gathering up the reins of his wheeler in a most workmanlike manner, stepped into the vehicle, and preceded by Captain Doleful on the white charger, drove up to the station-house door, to the infinite delight of all the spectators outside the rails, amid the puffings, scrapings, and tootlings of the musicians, the pointing of children, the unfurling of flags, and general movement of the meeting.

Mrs. Jorrocks and Belinda had improved the few minutes in the station house, and with the aid of Betsey and a looking glass had put to rights any little disorder the joltings and blowings of the journey had occasioned. Having cast her sea-green wrapper, Mrs. Jorrocks shone forth in a superb scarlet brocade pelisse, so bright and dazzling that even in Great Coram street, or St. Pancras Church, it acted as a loadstone on the eyes of the beholders, and now in the rural shades of Kent, it was almost overpowering. She looked like a full blown peony.

Belinda, the young, the fair, the beautiful Belinda, was the picture of innocence and health. All the goodly promise of her early days had been realized in the rich harvest of her womanly form. She had just completed her nineteenth year, and her full growth had not displaced the blushing charms of early youth. Her large lustrous blue eyes, with their long silken lashes, shone 'sweetly lambent' from beneath a drab silk drawn bonnet lined with blue, across which a rich black veil was thrown, a smile hovered round her ruby lips, disclosing the beautiful regularity of her pearly teeth, while the late rapid movement through the air, joined with the warmth of the station-house, and the excitement of the scene, had imparted a slight flush to a delicate but beautifully clear complexion. Her shining brown hair, drawn across her ivory forehead and temples in Madonna style, was confined with a narrow band of blue velvet, while a rich, well-fitting drab silk pelisse displayed the symmetry of her exquisitely rounded figure. Her beautifully formed feet were enclosed in well-fitting patent leather sandals, whose ties winding up a not over thin ankle, were lost in the vandyke flowers of her trousers.

The station-house and buildings completely concealed our party from the spectators outside, consequently Mr. Jorrocks' had time to make all those comfortable dispositions of the persons of his suite as are always desirable in public processions, but are sometimes driven out of the heads even of the most experienced paraders, by the inquisitive observations of many hundred eyes. Captain Doleful having been duly presented, and all being ready, Mr. Jorrocks took up Belinda upon the draw-out seat next himself, then followed Mrs. Jorrocks upon the other regular seat, while Betsey bundled in behind, among Dundee marmalade pots, tea-caddies, lump sugar, Copenhagen cherry-brandy, seed cakes, currants, and spices of all sorts. Having given a knowing cast over his left shoulder to see that all was right, Mr. Jorrocks cried out, 'Now Benjamin, follow the captain,' and giving Arter-Xerxes a touch with the point of the whip, passed from the screen formed by the station-house, to the folding iron gates at the side, which being thrown open at the approach of the captain, they made a splendid turn off the railway line among the crowded space outside. 'Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!' exclaimed a hundred voices, 'huzza! huzza! huzza!' responded a hundred more, amid the roll of drums, the puffings of the horns, the flapping of the flags, and the waving of handkerchiefs from those whose aristocratic ideas precluded the expression of clamorous approbation. Doleful stopped Benjamin on the leader, and Mr. Jorrocks pulling short up, stood erect in the vehicle, and taking off his low-crowned hat bowed and waved it repeatedly to the company, while Mrs. Jorrocks acknowledged the compliment by frequent kisses of her hand, and Belinda's face became suffused with blushes at the publicity and novelty of her situation. Having sufficiently exercised their lungs, hats began to rest upon their owners' heads, handkerchiefs were returned to their reticules, and amid a general buzz and exclamation of applause, a rush was made at the carriage to get a closer view of Belinda. 'By Jove, what a beautiful girl!' exclaimed Captain Percival (a new comer) to his friend Mr. Drummond, eyeing Belinda

through his glass. 'Did you ever *see* such eyes?' inquired a second. 'Handsomest creature I ever beheld!' observed a third. 'What a quizz the old girl is,' remarked another. 'Is she her daughter?' inquired a third of Captain Doleful, who was busy marshaling the procession. 'Lots of money I suppose!' said another. 'He looks like a rich fellow, with that great sack of a M'Intosh.' 'The servant girl's not bad looking.' '*Miss* for my money,' said another. 'I'm in love with her already.' 'I wish she'd stand up and let's see her size.' 'I lay a guinea she's a clipper.' 'There's a hand! I'll be bound for it she has a good foot and ankle. None of your fairy heel'd ones.' 'He looks like a jolly old dog,' observed another. 'We shall have lots of dinners, I dare say.'

Doleful's face wrinkled into half its usual size with delight, for he plainly saw he had made a hit, and most fortunate were those men who had cultivated his friendship through the medium of the subscription book at the library, for the two guinea subscribers were immediately presented to the trio, while the guinea men were let in at intervals as the procession moved along the road. Nor should we omit to mention, for the instruction of all other M. C's, that thirteen new names were put down that evening, so that Doleful's prospects were brighter than ever.

The first burst of applause having subsided, the party got settled into the order of the day, as laid down in the programme of the worthy M. C. First went the proprietary school children, eighty boys and a hundred and nine girls, three a-breast, with sundry pocket handkerchief banners. Next came the 'Fox and Floreat Scientia' flag' on double poles so as to stretch across the road; the musicians, two drummers, two horn blowers, two fiddlers, and a fifer were planted behind it; after which came three glazed calico flags, of various colours in stripes, followed by Whackem's mathematical seminary, and the rabble at large. Then came another large double flag, in broad stripes of scarlet and white, with the words JORROCKS FOR EVER! done in black letters; Doleful's own place was immediately after this, but of course during the progress to Handley-cross, he kept along-side the carriage of the distinguished strangers. The flies, gigs, ponies, donkeys, chaises, &c. followed on in a long drawn line, just as they could jostle in, for the captain knew the high hedges on each side of the narrow road, would do more towards keeping them in order than all the injunctions and remonstrances he could lay down or use.

Mrs. Jorrocks was delighted!—Never before did she think any thing either of hunting or her husband, but now the former seemed a most delightful amusement, and Jorrocks appeared a perfect hero. He too was charmed with his reception, and grinned and nudged Belinda with his elbow, and cast a sly wink over his shoulder at Betsey, as they jumbled along the road, and the compliments of the crowd came showering among them. Then he turned his eyes up to heaven as if lost in reflection and bewilderment at the honour he had come to. Anon he caught the point of his whip and dropped it scientifically along Arter-Xerxes' side, then he began to whistle, when Captain Doleful having resigned the side of the carriage on which Mrs. Jorrocks was sitting to Captain Percival, came round to say a few nothings to our worthy friend.

'Well, Miserrimus,' said Jorrocks, opening the conversation as though he had known him all his life, 'you see I'm down upon you as the extinguisher said to the rushlight—always say you can't be too quick in catching a flea.—'Ow's the Nabob?'

'Middling, thank you,' again replied the captain,—'*you're* looking uncommonly well I'm sure,' said he, eyeing Mr. Jorrocks as he spoke.

'Oh *me!*' replied Jorrocks, 'bless you I'm never bad—never except I gets a drop too much, as will happen at times in the best regulated families you know, Miserrimus. Whereupon Mr. Jorrocks, with a knowing grin, gave Doleful a dig in the ribs with the butt-end of his whip—'I say have you got any of that 'cold roast' you told me of in your letter?'

'Why no, Mr. Jorrocks, it's all gone, but there's plenty more in Handley-cross. It's the best place for beef I know.'—Indeed for every thing.

'You'll be desperation fond of 'unting I suppose,' observed Mr. Jorrocks, after a slight pause, flourishing his whip over his head, and giving a knowing look at Doleful's accoutrements.

'It's the only thing worth living for in my mind,' replied Captain Doleful.

'By jingo! so say I,' rejoined Mr. Jorrocks; 'all time's lost that's not spent in 'unting.—Give us your hand, Miserrimus, my *buoy*, for you must be a trump—a man after my own 'eart!' and thereupon Jorrocks gave him such a shaking as nearly sent him off his horse.

'That'll be your kiver (cover) ack (hack) I presume,' observed Mr. Jorrocks after their hands were released, as he cast his eye at the white. 'He goes up and down like a yard and a half of pump water.'

Doleful did not know whether this was meant as a compliment or otherwise, so he 'grinned horribly a ghastly smile,' and asked Mr. Jorrocks if he was fond of music. 'Music!' said Mr. Jorrocks, '*yes*, the music of the 'ounds—none of your tamboreening work. Give me the real *ough*, *ough*, *ough*, of a fine, deep-toned 'ound in the depths of a rocky dell, as he drags up to old Reynard among the brush-wood,' and, as he spoke, Mr. Jorrocks snuffed the air and threw his head about as though he were feeling for a scent himself.—'What sort of fencing have you?'

'Fencing!' repeated Captain Doleful thoughtfully—'fencing—why we've had none, I think, since the theatre closed.'

'*Humph!*' said Mr. Jorrocks, 'that's queer—never knew a play-actor in my life with the slightest turn for 'unting.'

The foremost in the procession having reached the outskirts of the town, a halt was made to allow the pedestrians to knock the dust off their shoes, and get their voices ready for shouting. Doleful rode along the line exhorting them to order and regularity, and directing the streets through which the procession should pass, taking particular care to keep wide of the Barnabys. A considerable accession was here made to their strength by numerous groups of ladies and gentlemen, who, attracted by the fineness of the day, and a little natural curiosity, had wandered out to see what sort of an animal a Cockney master of hounds was. Miss Prim and Miss Prose's seminaries too turned out in their pink and blue gingham, and came up just at the period of the halt,—all the grooms and helpers of

the town who could not get to the station now flocked to swell the throng. 'The hubbub and confusion was excessive, and they pushed, and elbowed, and fought to get near the carriage to have a close view of Mr. Jorrocks. 'My eyes but he's a fat 'un!' exclaimed Mr. Giblets the butcher to his foreman, 'it would be a credit to a butcher to supply such a gemman as him;' whereupon he thrust a card into Mr. Jorrocks's hand, containing his name, trade, and place of abode. This was a signal for the rest, and immediately a shoal of cards were tendered from persons of all callings and professions. Lucy Sandey would mangle, wash, and clear starch; then Hannah Pye kept the best potatoes and green-groceries in general; Tom Hardy supplied milk at all hours; George Dodd let donkeys by the day or hour; Samuel Mason offered the card of Bramber livery stables, where there was a lock-up coach-house; Susan Muddle hoped the ladies would drink with her at the Spa at a shilling a week, and glass found. Then there was a wine merchant's card, followed by lodging-house keepers without end, and a chimney-sweepers.

All in advance being now ready, Captain Doleful came grinning and capering through the crowd, and announced to the ladies that they were about to enter the town, and informed Mr. Jorrocks that they would first of all proceed to the Dragon hotel, from the balcony of which it would have a good effect if he would address the meeting. Without waiting for Mr. Jorrocks' assurance that he 'did'nt know what to say,' he placed himself in advance of Benjamin, and raised his hunting whip as a signal to the musicians, who immediately struck up, 'See the conquering hero comes,' and the cavalcade proceeded. The boom of the drums, the twang of the horns, and the shouts of the children, brought every human being to the doors, windows, and verandahs, and there was such running and rushing, and fighting to see the conquering hero, and such laughing among the servant maids at the ample dimensions of his shoulders, with as many observations upon his retinue as would fill a number of the Magazine.

After passing the long line of villas that stud the road in the Mount Sion direction, the cavalcade turned into Arthur street, where the noise and bustle increased ten-fold. Shop lads, no longer to be restrained, rushed out in defiance of their masters' holloas, some hastily putting up the shutters, others leaving the shops to take care of themselves. Bazaars, fancy shops, jewellers, &c. were drawn of both buyers and sellers; and as the 'Floreat Scientia' banner rounded the turn into High street, an advancing mob from the other end of the town charged with such vigour as sent both poles through Stevenson, the latter's, window, damaging a dozen pasteboard boxes, being the principal part of his stock in trade. Nothing was heard above the clamour but the boom of the drums, and the occasional tang of a horn, while Captain Doleful's red coat, and his horse's white head, seemed borne upon the shoulders of the multitude. Thus they proceeded in stately array down High street, and neared the Dragon hotel.

At length they got the carriage up to the arched door, and the party alighted amid a tremendous burst of applause. Captain Doleful having

tendered his arm to Mrs. Jorrocks, Belinda took her uncle's, and no sooner did Betsey get out of the back seat of the carriage than a whole host of little dirty boys scrambled in to obtain a better view, making desperate havoc among the Dundee marmalade, and Copenhagen cherry brandy, to the infinite indignation of Benjamin, who roared lustily from the leader that he would 'oss-vip 'em' all round.

Being ushered into the balconied apartment of the first floor front, Captain Doleful took a hasty review of his person at the looking-glass, placing the few straggling hairs in the most conspicuous manner over his forehead, and loosing his oil-skin-covered hat from his scarlet coat, advanced with out-squared toes and elbows to present himself to the notice of the meeting.

His appearance in the balcony was the signal for a universal roar, amid which, the drums and wind instruments did their duty. After bowing and grimacing most condescendingly to the meeting below, silence was at length obtained, and he proceeded to address them as follows:—

'Ladies and gentlemen,—*ladies* and gentlemen,' he repeated, laying the emphasis on the word *ladies*, and grinning like an elderly ape on all around, 'encouraged by your smiles, by your applause, for, without you, as Mr. Campbell the poet beautifully asks, 'What is man?—a world without a sun,' I present myself to your notice to perform an act that I verily and conscientiously believe will prove most conducive to the interest, the happiness, and general welfare of this thriving and important town.' Here the captain placed his fore-finger on his lip, and, according to previous arrangement with the drummers, they rumbled with their drums, and the children gave some loud huzzas, in conjunction with such of the mob as were troubled with a turn for shouting. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he resumed, 'I stand not here for the gratification of the paltry personal vanity of making a speech to this distinguished assembly, but I present myself to your notice, in discharge of the high, the onerous, the honourable and all-important office of master of the ceremonies of this renowned Spa, to introduce to your notice one of the most distinguished, the most determined, the most popular, and the most scientific sportsman, England, or any other country, ever saw (loud cheers). Need I say, gentlemen, that this illustrious individual is the great and renowned Mr. Jorrocks—a name familiar to our ears as household words—so familiar that it is even chalked on the walls of our town; and it is indeed a high—a flattering circumstance to my mind, that I—even I—the humble individual who now stands before you, should have been the means of procuring for a town that I love so ardently, a man of such unequalled excellence and such distinguished worth.' Here Doleful being rather blown, put his finger upon his lip again, upon which the drums rumbled, the horns twanged, and a round of applause was brewed up. He resumed,—'Gentlemen, the temporary cloud that obscured the brightness of our delightful town has passed away! another and a brighter sun has risen, beneath whose fostering rays, prosperity, bright, unequalled prosperity, shall renovate our homes, and draw forth blessings from your grateful hearts (cheers). This, gentleman, is a thought that repays me for a world of trouble, and believe me that in all

the changes and chances of this eventful life, amid all the frowns of life's vicissitudes, the bright recollection of this hour will furnish consolation which a thousand woes will not outweigh (great applause.). Let me not, however, ladies and gentleman, dwell too long on the part I have happily, but unworthily played in this transaction. Let me not stand between that bright constellation of sporting knowledge and the indulgence of your curiosity. Rather let me now withdraw, with a bosom swelling with heartfelt gratitude for the honours your kindness has heaped upon me, and introduce to your notice our great and illustrious stranger.' Here Doleful squared out his elbows and bowed most humbly and condescendingly, first to the front, then to the east and west, and courtier-like backed from the balcony into the room, amid loud and long continued cheers.

While he was delivering himself of all this eloquence, Mrs. Jorrocks was busy inside the room preparing her husband for presentation to the meeting. Having made him take off his M'Intosh, she brushed his blue coat over, rubbed the velvet collar right, put his wig straight, and wiped the dust off his Hessian boots with a corner of the table-cover. Doleful came backing in, and nearly upset Jorrocks as he was standing on one leg by the table, undergoing the latter operation. 'Now, it's your turn, Mr. Jorrocks,' observed the captain, on the former recovering his equilibrium, and thereupon they joined hands and advanced into the balcony, like the Siamese twins, amid the uproarous applause of the meeting.

'Ow are ye all? said Mr. Jorrocks with the greatest familiarity, nodding round to the meeting, and kissing his hand. 'Ope's you are well.

Now my friend, Miserrimus, having spun you a yarn about who I am, and all that sort of thing, I'll not run his foil but get upon fresh ground, and say a few words about how matters are to be managed.

'You see I've come down to be master of your 'ounds, and first of all I'll explain to you what *I* means by the word master. Some people call a man a master of 'ounds wot sticks a horn in his saddle, and blows when he likes, but leaves everything else to the 'untsman. That's not the sort of master of 'ounds I mean to be. Others call a man a master of 'ounds wot puts in the paper Mr. So-and-so's 'ounds meet on Monday, at the Loin of Lamb; on Wednesday, at the Brisket o' Weal; and on Saturday, at the Frying-pan; and after that just goes out to meet them or not, as suits his convenience—but *that's* not the sort of master of 'ounds I means to be. Again, some call themselves master of 'ounds, when they pay the difference atwixt the subscription and the cost, leaving the management of matters, the receipt-of money, payment of damage, and all them sort of partiklars to the secretary. But that's not the sort of master of 'ounds I means to be.

Still, I means to ride with a horn in my saddle. 'Yonder it is, see,' said he, pointing to the package behind the carriage, 'a regular Percival—silver mouth-piece, deep cup'd—and I means to advertise the 'ounds in the paper, and not go sneaking about like some of them beggarly Cockney 'unts, that look more as if they were going to rob a hen-roost than hunt a fox, but having fixed the meets I shall attend them most punctual and regler, and take off my 'at (hat) to all *paying* subscribers as they come up

(cheers). This, I think, will be the best way of doing business, for there are some men wot don't care a copper for owing the master money, so long as the matter rests atwixt themselves, and yet who would not like to see me sitting among my 'ounds with my 'at (hat) slouched over my eyes, taking no more notice of them than if they were as many pigs, as much as to say to all the gemmen round, 'these ere are the nasty, dirty, seedy screws wot don't pay their subscription.'

'In short I means to be an M. F. H. in reality and not in name. When I sees young chaps careering o'er the country without looking at the 'ounds, and in all human probability not knowing or caring a rush where they are, and I cries 'old 'ard!' I shall expect to see them pull up, and not wait till the next fence fatches them too.'

Here Mr. Jorrocks made a considerable pause, whereupon the cheering and drumming was renewed, and as it died away he went on as follows:

'Of all sitivations under the sun, none is more enviable or more 'onerable than that of a master of fox-'ounds! Talk of a M. P.! vots an M. P. compared to an M. F. H.? Your M. P. lives in a tainted h'atmosphere among other M. P's. and loses his consequence by the commonness of the office, and the scoldings he gets from his constituents, but an M. F. H. holds his levee in the stable, his levee in the kennel, and his levee in the 'unting field—is great and important every where—has no one to compete with him, no one to find fault, but all join in doing honour to him to whom honour is so greatly due (cheers). And oh, John Jorrocks! my good friend,' continued the worthy grocer, fumbling the silver in his small clothes with upturned eyes to heaven,' to think that you, after all the ups and downs of life—the crossings and jostlings of merchandise and ungovernable trade—the sorting of sugars—the mexing of teas—the postings of ledgers, and handling of invoices, should have arrived at this distinguished post, is most miraculously wonderful, most singularly queer. Gentlemen, *this* is the proudest moment of my life! (cheers). I've now reached the top-rail in the ladder of my h'ambition! (renewed cheers). Benjamin!' he holloed out to the boy below, 'Binjamin! I say, give an eye to them ere h'articles behind the chay—the children are all among the Copenhagen brandy and marmeylad! Vy dont you vollop them? Vere's the use of furnishing you with a vip, I vonder?'

'To resume,' said he, after he had seen the back of the carriage cleared of the children, and the marmalade and things were all put straight. 'Unting, as I hays often said, is the sport of kings—the image of war without its guilt, and only half its danger. To me, the clink of the couples from a vipper-in's saddle is more musical than any notes that ever came out of Greasey's mouth. I doesn't wish to say nothing in disparagement of no man, but this I may observe, that no Nabob that ever was foaled, loves 'unting better than me. It's the werry breath of my existence! The liver and bacon of my mind! I doesn't know what the garzyoligists may say, but I believes my head to be nothing but one great bump of 'unting (cheers). 'Unting fills my thoughts by day, and many a good run I have in my sleep. I'm none of your fine, dandified, Rotten-row swells, that only ride out to ride home again, but I loves the smell of the morning

h'air, and the werry mud on my tops when I comes home of an evening is dear to my 'eart (cheers). Oh, my friends! if I could but go to the kennel now, get out the 'ounds, find my fox, have a good chivey, and kill him, for no day is good to me without blood. I'd—I'd—I'd—drink three pints of port after dinner instead of two! (loud cheers). That's the way to show Diana your gratitude for favours past, and secure a continuance of her custom in future. Talk o' sitting cross-legged praying for a scent! That may do for Nodding Homer and such like 'umbugs, but never for John Jorrocks and the 'Andley-cross fox-'ounds! John Jorrocks; that name so dear to the 'earts of sportsmen, so famous throughout the universe! Yankee-doodle even knows and loves me, and praises my lectors across the wide Atlantic, Billy Porter! Billy Porter! you are a clever man, werry, but you were wide of the mark on the 20th of January.* But that's another pair of shoes as we say in France, and I'll vip off, and talk to you about what consarns us more closely—the management and 'unting of our superior 'ounds.

'I've no doubt in the world that we shall all get on most capitally. They tell me the beef's superb. Nothing seems doubtful but the punctual payment of subscriptions, and that I 'ope we shall be able to accommodate. All then will go on smoothly and well, 'no craving woid left aching in the breast,' for there's nothing like money for making the mare to go. The best way is, for subscribers to pay down their coin in advance. This, I've always done with the 'Surrey,' by which means I not only got the thing off my mind, but I've felt a personal interest in the success of the 'ounds during the season. Those that do as I advise, by paying in advance, shall be entitled to holloa and cheer the hounds in cover. Others can only be allowed to crack their vips. *Non-payers*, will stand a chance of getting *cracked* themselves.

'Our button of course will continue the same. Though I like bottle-green better, being the colour of the immortal Surrey, still I've no objection to allowing the sky-blue collars to remain. Berlin gloves are capital for 'unting in. They keep your hands warm and do to wipe your nose in cold weather. No man must come out with me in nankeen shorts. Black kerseymeres I must also forbid. But I will dress myself up as a man should be, and hold a levee in a day or two, that you may all see how a man should appear.

'There are just two other points I may now mention, and then you may all mizzle. They are comprised in two words of two syllables each, and each word begins with the letter S. which letter I marked on my thumb-nail lest I might forget to mention them. They are smoking and swearing (cheers and hisses). Smoking is without any exception the nastiest, dirtiest, most blackguard, and least gentlemanly occupation a man can take to, and I may now declare openly and fairly amongst you all that no man

* Mr. Porter, editor of the New York Spirit of the Times, one of the most amusing and best conducted papers of the day, either sporting or general, in some remarks on English Sporting Literature, ascribed Mr. Jorrocks' Lectures to Nimrod.

shall come into my house what indulges in bacco (hisses with slight cheering). As to saying he shan't 'unt with my 'ounds, that may perhaps be going a little too far, but this I may say, I 'opes those who are afflicted with this miserable infirmity, will indulge it before they leave home, and not taint the h'air with the h'obnoxious effluvia. 'Ow can you expect the 'ounds to wind sly reynard when all the h'air around is reeking of bacco?

Swearing is only fit for a methodist parson. I never could find a man yet who could show me the slightest good he got by it. It's vulgar, to say the least of it, and practise it as long as he will, and as hard as you like, no gemman can 'ope to excel an 'ackney coachman in the art.

'Now I've said my say and am done for the present. Disperse quietly to your homes, those that keep strong ale, let them fill a bumper, those that keep half and half let them do the like, and even let the small-beer drinkers, brim the cup of pleasure, and drink long-life and success to John Jorrock's and the 'Andley-cross fox-'ounds!'

Mr. Jorrock's retired, amidst loud and long-continued cheering.

[New Sporting Magazine.]

BLOOD WILL TELL.

MR. EDITOR:

October 9, 1838.

It has long been my opinion that the colts of a horse more frequently resemble his stock than himself, or to speak in turf phraseology, 'blood will tell;' the racing so far this fall, has gone far to confirm it, indeed I am almost induced to believe that the right sort (in blood) will race in defiance of form.

This has been suggested by the performance of the get of Hedgeford, although a horse of confessedly fine and pure pedigree, as a performer on the turf he was greatly inferior to his full brother Birmingham; this, with want of symmetry or proportion in his form, made him an easy purchase in England; add to this, he stood in the vicinity of those popular stallions, Fylde and Luzborough, to whom all the best mares of the country were sent; yet, under all these disadvantages, he bids fair at the close of the present racing campaign to stand on a footing with either. The success of his son Duane last spring, drew the attention of racers to his stock, and several young ones have been trained this fall, and are considered promising, yet they are such as I should not like to breed, *plain*, if not *ugly*, large, long in the leg, clean in the hock, short but strong in the thigh, lean and long from the thigh to the hock, appearing weak in that important part; still with all these defects of form, they have stride and speed, and so far show no want of game.

It may be that the mares along the Roanoke suited Hedgeford, that among them he had many light mares of speedy stock, who only wanted a horse of pure blood, great size and bone, to produce racers; be that as it may, it only shows that a horse of the right blood will get racers, though he himself was no great performer, and confirms the opinion often expressed in the pages of the Register, that it is worse *than folly* to breed from any horse that has *flaw*, *stain*, or doubt in his pedigree.

I have said his location may have had some influence on his reputation, this is true, most of the mares in Virginia and North Carolina have been so long bred to native stallions, they were evidently depreciating, and could not perform in a way to answer those expectations which their beauty, blood and form justified, this is the *universal law of nature*, all breeding in destroys the faculties of the body and the mind.

Some of our native stallions are equal to the best of the imported, but they must lose their reputation in the stud unless they are located with great judgment, or their owners should be at the expense of importing mares to give them an equal chance with the foreigners; thus we see that Monsieur Tonson and Gohanna have both lost much in the estimation of the public in the last two years, and that Bertrand sustained his reputation to the last; this is not because Bertrand was a better stud than Gohanna, but that his location was better: in the east all the best mares were of the Sir Archy stock, and latterly they have gone to the imported horses. In the west the best mares were all of the Whip blood, and in their more distant crosses, had no affinity with the blood of Bertrand on the side of his dam, hence the success of Bertrand and other Sir Archy horses in Kentucky. If Gohanna remains here two years more, he will not be worth his keep—take him to Kentucky, and his reputation shall endure with his life. Monsieur Tonson has little chance to sustain himself unless he goes west, and finds a stand where he can be patronized by large, strong Sir Archy mares, or those of similar form descended from Leviathan, from either his patrons may expect fine sweepstake colts, and no other class of racehorses pay better.

It is probable Hedgesford may return to the Old Dominion, where he will receive a most liberal patronage, and in due time many of his colts will most sadly disappoint breeders, purchasers and trainers; those from tall, open-made Sir Archy mares will run too much to *weed*, (as a cotton-grower would say,) but from well-bred, short-legged, light-boned mares, he will get racers of the first class; and some years hence I hope to call your attention to the fulfilment of this prediction.

The running this and the last year has gone far to settle the following questions, which were raised when the late importations came among us:

The superiority of the stock bred from imported horses and native mares.

And also the fact that our horses were deteriorating from breeding in.

That stallions of pure blood and real racing family, if they are but moderate performers, should be preferred to others in the highest form and the most splendid racers, if a doubt or stain rests on their pedigree.

It is true Boston is a racehorse of the first class; and some of the sons of Andrew promise to sustain him; but these seem rather exceptions to the general rule, than results to be expected.

A.

Thomas Dowling, Esq. of Terre Haute, Ind. has sold his half interest in Keph, by Hephestion, to Ralph Wilson, Esq. for \$1,600.

REPORTS OF RACES, &c.

MR. EDITOR:

Oct. 1838.

Advice, come as it may, (if good,) should always be welcome, but to be *certain* of this *welcome*, the adviser should not suffer any personal motives to appear. This has been suggested by the perusal of '*A Cap*,' in your last, taken from the Spirit of the Times; now sir, I do not object to much he says on the correct reporting of races, like him I think they have much useless, not to say *false* ornament about them; in all racing reports, comments should only be made when necessary, short and *strictly true*, and as he justly observes, no attempt made to *write* any man's worthless horse into reputation; so far your correspondent, *Cap*, is surely correct, and none dare gainsay him. I only regret he did not go farther, and boldly name both men and papers that would by *puff*, implied or direct, abuse the public confidence; it is true that some years since one of your correspondents got into an almost interminable (paper) war for exposing some worthless horses carried west, when happily *their early deaths* saved their patrons from a *lasting repentance*.

The open manner in which the public writers in the sporting periodicals of England discuss all matters connected with the turf, the qualities and merits of the horses, and the conduct and principles of the owners, would astonish many of your readers, and if acted on here would subject you or your correspondents to the pleasing alternative of Bowie knives or pistols, and I am of opinion that the shelves of your office would furnish evidence of the truth of both these assertions.

Cap sets out to advise those reporting races, and so much as he says on this subject is all good, and much of it true, but the piece as a whole is very like a methodist sermon, that is, a little about the *text*, and more about other matters; thus while advising about reports of races, he indirectly advises you what sort of horses you should breed to, and in this way he makes his advice to reporters of races a covert attack on all imported stallions and their owners. Now, I say, *Cap*, come out and boldly name those *owners* that have made the public pay for long puffs, either made here or taken from English publications; but do not, while arraigning the conduct of some stud horse owners, avail yourself of this opportunity to assail the reputation of all the imported horses, least you may lead us to suspect that you are yourself the owner of some *native stallion*, or have a deep interest in that kind of stock—remember, that advice to be worth any thing must be purely *disinterested*.

If put on the defence of imported stock, it would be no hard task to show they had won this fall four races out of five at every course where they have started, this of the get of imported horses, and that every imported colt run this season in the United States has been a winner; now if success is any test of value, they may surely claim the first rank, and I think *Cap* will find it hard to sustain his charge about *the ruin* of our racing stock.

Among the get of imported horses we find winners at all distances, from one mile to four mile heats, and run and repeated too in time that would compare with the best days of the American turf.

Again I repeat that all must condemn those *letter writers* of the Times and Turf Register, who in giving an account of some race, interlard it with comments and puffs of certain horses and their trainers, with a view and under the hope of laying a *double tax on the public*, first, we are to pay for the puff, and then some one else is to pay a high price for sorry *cattle*. But, sir, this is not alone confined to the owners of imported horses, I could lay *my finger* on some breeders in old Virginia and Carolina, who on the slightest excuse inform us in the *Spirit* of the Times or Turf Register, that Mr. E. or D. have some young ones that promise to do the *trick*, that this is by no means wonderful, as for them to run is as natural as for ducks to swim. This anonymous puffing is truly disgusting, and I for one beg you would put a cap on each of them, and let them wear it until it bestows the enviable distinction which the same article made of paper sometimes bestows at *school*. One remark in your piece deserves some notice, as it is *somewhat true*, calculated to leave erroneous impressions of the game or stoutness of the imported horses.' See how the opinions of Tom, Dick or Harry are quoted from the English sporting works, and all for what? merely to make a single heat or two mile exhibit the colours of a hard-bottomed four miler; it is true four mile races are seldom run now in England, for the gold cups and king's plates they seldom run less than two mile heats, at high weights. I know one horse now here that when three years old carrying 103lbs. won a king's plate, two mile heats, at four heats, winning the third and fourth heats, the third heat was run in 3m. 4fs.; this you will admit is some test of game at such weight, and I have no doubt similar instances of stoutness may be found among the late importations; indeed there is no reason to doubt the game of the English racehorse, he has been bred for the last two hundred years with the utmost care and attention to his form, and absolutely free from all adulterations in his blood, then why suspect he has degenerated? from them we derive our best racing stock, and to them we must resort when that stock wants crossing; and he that shall *deny* the time had come when such necessity existed, must deny the testimony of the Turf Register and Spirit of the Times, and henceforth be looked on as a *sporting infidel*, sinning against *light* and *knowledge*.
J.

DESTRUCTION OF RACEHORSES BY FIRE.

SIR:

Columbia, Ky. Nov. 12, 1838.

On Saturday night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, 27th ult. the stables of Milton King, Esq. (innkeeper in Burksville, Cumberland co. Ky.) took fire, and in a few moments were consumed to ashes, together with all their contents, consisting of corn, oats, hay, fodder, straw, six racehorses, (in training,) all their equipage, and one negro, who survived but a short time. Contiguous to the line of training stables, was a large brick stable establishment, and several other buildings, containing about 200 bls. of corn, a quantity of oats, hay, &c. all of which were swept down by the flames. It seems this old negro man (who was employed to rub one of

the horses) went to a corn-shocking that night near town, and returned at this late hour drunk, lighted his candle, went into a stall-room adjoining that of his horse, stuck the candle up against the wall, and tumbled down to sleep; the candle melted down and dropped upon the straw, on or about which he lay, setting it on fire instantly. The line of training stables ranged N. E. and S. W.; the fire took hold at the N. E. end; the wind blew from that direction, and with almost the rapidity of lightning, drove the fire directly through the line of stables, from end to end. It happened there was no one present at that hour, (except the drunken groom, and he asleep,) the flames had laid such strong hold on the premises, fed by the vast quantity of dry timbers, the straw placed down for the horses' bedding, the hay, sheaf oats and fodder in the lofts, and driven onward by a strong wind, setting in at the point to rake the whole line, all attempts to save the perishing horses were utterly useless. In fact, such was the hasty destruction, that no effort could be made without imminent danger to the undertaker. The following is a list of horses lost:

Van Tromp, 13 years old, by Eaton's Van Tromp, who once distanced the great Henry, competitor of Eclipse, (on the authority of Maj. John R. Eaton, of North Carolina,) his dam by Sir Archy, grandam by imp. Diomed.

Sir Oliver, 4 years old, by Waggener's Ratler, dam by Howard's Tempest.

Culpepper, 2 years old, by Ratler, dam by Silver Whip.

Wandering Willie, 3 years old, by Kosciusko.

Kosciusko, 5 years old, by Kosciusko.

Miss Softly, 2 years old, by Diomed.

The first three named horses belonged to Col. Edward M. Waggener, of Adair co.; Wandering Willie, to Dr. Stoner, of Burksville; Kosciusko, to Nelson, of Adair co. and Grey, of Cumberland co.; and Miss Softly, to James Softly, of Burksville.

Sir Oliver was a horse of very fine mould, though rather under size; was exhibited at the liveryies in Louisville, with his sire, last April, and much admired. Culpepper was a colt of most extraordinary appearance and promise, a handsome bay, without a white hair, of great length, stood sixteen hands and half an inch high, as polished and symmetrical as his sire. He strode twenty-two and a half to twenty-three feet the mile round on his trial runs. He would have been backed against the field of colts to any amount, and against 1m. 52s. or 1m. 53s. with 73lbs. on him. The pedigree and performances of Ratler, sire of these colts, are to be seen in the A. T. R. vol. 6, p. 636, and vol. 7. He stood at Oakland course last season. Van Tromp was making a fall season by the side of the colts, had been a capital racehorse at all distances, from six hundred yards to four mile heats. He has left a few of his get in this quarter. Waggener's loss cannot be less than \$4,000; he estimated Culpepper alone at that sum. He had often expressed a determination to take or send him to Long Island next fall, and present him for the inspection and commentary of ———, and to be trained and run under his supervision or direction, as he did believe he would have made one of the greatest four mile racers

that ever ran in the United States. The other horses were of good promise. King's loss may be said to be \$1,000.

Now, all this destruction and loss was the result of negligence and drunkenness of the negro groom, who had been employed by Grey to rub. It is enough to teach all gentlemen who keep up training establishments, to beware of careless and drunken trainers and grooms, as also to avoid, as far as possible, the crowding or connecting too many stalls and horses under the same roof.

The Burksville races, however, came on, and went off in very good style, commencing Wednesday, October 31, and ending Saturday, November 3d.

First day, colt stake, mile heats, won by Owsly's filly.

Second day, two mile heats, won by Polly Wallace.

Third day, mile heats, best three in five, won by Polly Wallace.

Fourth day, mile out, won by Lady Van, by Van Tromp.

A sweepstakes, three subscribers, \$200 each, mile heats, to come off 16th inst over the Burksville course:

E. M. Waggener names Lady Van, by Van Tromp.

Wm. W. Burke names Polly Wallace, by Sir Robert Wilson.

Sutherland & Simpson name John H. Ward, by imp. Leviathan.

The Burksville course is a very superior one, and quick work is expected.

EXCITUS.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

DUCK SHOOTING ON CARROLL'S ISLAND.

This famous shooting ground is probably equalled by none other in this country, in regard to the variety of its sports or the valuable qualities of its game. In their respective seasons, woodcock, plover, partridges, and rabbits, afford recreation to the sportsmen, and a delicate repast to the epicure; but the principal attractions here, arise from the abundance of water fowl that frequent its shores, of every size and dimension, from the graceful swan, down to the tiny teal. The game, however, most esteemed, is the delicious canvass back, well known in most of our cities, as forming one of the most luxurious dishes of the season. It will be seen by the following extract of a letter to a gentleman of this city, that the season has already commenced; and to every genuine lover of the manly exercise of field sports, the description of a sojourn here for a day or two may not be wholly uninteresting.

‘On my arrival at Baltimore I was invited by a member of Carroll's Island Club to accompany a small party to the island, for the purpose of enjoying the first fruits of the season, as notice had been that day sent up to town, that the ducks were setting in vast numbers on their far famed winter quarters in that neighbourhood. I joined the party, and a couple of hours drive brought us to the spot, and we began with eagerness to make ready for the sport of the ensuing morning.

'Would you know how a young sportsman feels on such an occasion, you must not only witness the scene of preparation, but in order more fully to appreciate the excitement that appertains to the situation, you must become one of the party, and mix in the melee.

'All is bustle and hurry, every servant of the house is in requisition, and half-a-dozen voices at once crying out, 'Kit where is my gun? is she clean?' 'Levi, you had mine—is she ready?' 'Joshua, bring in some powder from the magazine, I wish to try mine,' says one, 'and I mine,' says another. Crack, crack, go off the double barrels. Ah! they are in fine order; let the game be wary in the morn, or we'll give an account of them that will tell enough for one day's sport. At last, all the preparations over, at ten o'clock we retired to comfortable chambers, to await the hour of call, to wit: five in the morning, and although resting on downy couches that would invite the wearied limbs or troubled mind to repose, yet such a fate, for the first night at least, does not fall to the lot of the young, keen, and ardent sportsmen. One short nap in which perchance he dreams of slaughtering myriads of the winged tribe; perchance he has before him the tantalizing vision of clouds of game, without being able to get his gun off, and he awakes before the clock strikes twelve, feverish and restless, crying out, *'is it not almost day?'* Others sleep not at all, turning from side to side, till they are absolutely weary of rest, and ere the night is half spent, they leave their chambers, hie down stairs, and may be found once more reviewing and furbishing up their guns.

'At length, a few minutes before day dawn, all are called, and taking a cup of coffee—each one in a ten minutes walk finds his way to the bar. Presently commences one of the most enlivening scenes you ever witnessed: thousands of ducks are passing and repassing over our heads, and the deadly shot are rattling against the sides and wings of the victims. Down they tumble from their lofty flight, while the practised eye of the water dog quickly distinguishes between those that are killed and those that are only crippled—no matter at what distance they strike the water, in plunge the dogs, and buffet the waves till they reach their prey and bring them safely to the land. I have seen six or eight ducks fall at the same instant, and the ardour and sagacity of the dogs in the retrieving scene is by no means the least part of the sport.

'Let me advise you if I can, to visit Carroll's Island; it is worth a voyage across the Atlantic, to see the shooting ground, and eat canvass backs in perfection.'

H. D. C.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

George S. Yerger, Esq. of Nashville, Tenn. has sold to Col. T. G. Johnson, of Memphis, Tenn. his gr. m. Sudbury, 13 years old, by Pacolet, dam by old Truxton, and her two colts by imp. Leviathan, for \$950; and his ch. f. out of Sudbury, by Stockholder, 3 years old, for \$200. Mr. Y. has also sold to Mr. W. Brown, his ch. m. by Stockholder, dam by Carius, 8 years old, for \$160.

RACING CALENDAR.

CHILLICOTHE (Ohio,) RACES.

Commenced on Friday, August 31, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for all ages; catch weights; three subscribers at \$200 each, \$50 forfeit. Mile heats.

Armstead Doggett's ch. g. Tip-top, aged, by Regulus,	-	-	1
N. Weatherby's ch. h. Sir George, aged, by Sweetbriar,	-	-	dis.
John Webb's b. m. five years old, by Shakspeare, dam by Columbus,	-	-	pd. ft.
Time, 1m. 56s.			

Second day, match, \$100 a side. One mile.

John Davis' bl. f. Black Mary, two years old, by Buck Elk, dam by Democrat,	-	-	-	1
J. E. Higby's ch. c. three years old, by imp. Valentine,	-	-	-	2
Time, 2m. 4½s.				

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for any thing foaled and raised in the state of Ohio, three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Six subscribers at \$100 each, h. f. Two mile heats.

John Davis' bl. g. Black Beggar, four years old, by Tariff, dam by Democrat,	-	-	-	1	1
Wm. Vance's ch. c. Joe Gales, four years old, by Marlborough, out of Young Duchess of Marlborough,	-	-	-	3	2
John G. Harley's bl. f. Black Maria, four years old, by Wehawk, dam by Rockingham,	-	-	-	2	dis.
N. Weatherby's ch. h. Sir George, aged, by Sweetbriar,	-	-	-	4	dis.
John Row's b. c. Neosho, five years old, by Tariff, dam by Highlander,	-	-	-	dis.	
Jeremiah Minor's Jennie Deans, by Bertrand, was killed by lightning,	-	-	-	pd. ft.	
Time, 4m. 9s.—4m. 4½s.					

The Chillicothe Association fall meeting commenced on Tuesday, October 16, 1838.

First day, purse \$100; for three year olds foaled and raised in this state, weights as before. Mile heats.

Jas. Pryor's ch. c. Ben Franklin, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin,	-	-	-	1	1
Wm. Vance's ch. c. Joe Gales, four years old, by Marlborough, out of Young Duchess of Marlborough,	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 55s.					

Second race, same day, match, \$100 a side. One mile.

James Lewis' ch. g. Jack Strut, four years old, by Randolph,	-	-	-	1
N. Weatherby's b. m. Lady Hope, five years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	2
Time, 1m. 53½s.				

Second day, purse \$100; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

N. Weatherby's b. m. Lady Hope, five years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar,	-	-	-	1
J. Davis' bl. g. Black Beggar, four years old, by Tariff, dam by Democrat,	-	-	-	dis.
Maj. E. S. Revill's ch. c. Red Hawk, three years old, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter,	-	-	-	dis.
Miar Williams' b. c. Thunderbolt, four years old, by Thunderbolt, dam by Thunderbolt, all thunder. (The owner could not be persuaded to give a definite pedigree to his horse for this race, but something like one for an after race.)	-	-	-	dis
Time, 5m. 58s.				

Third day, purse \$100; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. Lorenzo, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo,	2	1
Nathaniel Weatherby's ch. h. Arbitrator, six years old, by Orange Boy, dam by imp. Expedition,	1	dis.
John G. Harley's bl. f. Black Maria, four years old, by Wehawak, dam by Rockingham,	3	dis.
W. Marshall Anderson's br. c. Mickinack, four years old, by Tariff, dam by Moses,		dis.

Time, 4m. 2s.—4m. 4s.

Fourth day, purse \$100; conditions as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

James Pryor's (John Davis') bl. g. Black Beggar, four years old, by Tariff, dam by Democrat,	0	1	1	1
M. William's b. c. Thunderbolt, four years old, by Thunderbolt, dam by Medley,	0	3	2	2
Maj. E. S. Revill's b. f. Brighton Lass, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo,	1	2	3	3
J. G. Harley's bl. f. Black Maria, four years old, by Wehawak, dam by Rockingham,	2	dr.		

Time, 2m. 12s.—2m. 16s.—2m. 13s.—2m. 15s.

Second race, same day, match, \$75 a side. One mile.

Maj. E. S. Revill's b. f. Countess Bertrand, three years old, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun, by Kassina,	1
Charles Beal's ch. c. Adrian, three years old, by Paul Clifford, dam by Superior,	2

Time not given.

W. MARSHALL ANDERSON, Sec'ry.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

BATESVILLE (Ark.) RACES.

Commenced on Monday, Sept. 10, 1838.

First day, match, \$— a-side, 85lbs. on each. Mile heats.

James Bagley's b. c.	1	1
John Elms' b. g.	2	dis.

Time not given.

Second day, sweepstakes for two year olds; colts, 70lbs.; fillies, 67lbs. Four subscribers at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Capt. Thomas T. Tunstall's b. f. Hetty McIntosh, by Volcano,	1	1
Washington Bradley's b. f. by Volcano,	2	2

Time not given.

Third day, purse \$225, free for all ages; three year olds, 86lbs., four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Col. C. F. M. Noland's b. m. Caroline, five years old, by Pacific, dam by Greytail Florizel,	walked over.
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Fourth day, purse 200; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Thomas T. Tunstall & Co's b. c. Bob Crittenden, three years old, by Volcano, dam by Stockholder,	1	2	1
James Bagley's b. c. The Democrat, four years old, by Sir Archy, dam by Whip,	2	1	2

Time not given.

Fifth day, purse \$200; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Thos. T. Tunstall & Co's ch. h. Independence, five years old, by Tom Fletcher,	1	1
Mr. Isaac's gr. g. Napoleon, four years old, by Sir Richard Tonson,	2	dis.

Time not given.

Same day, for a saddle, value \$50, entrance \$10. One mile.

Geo. Allen's Shark,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Mr. Isaac's Napoleon,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
W. F. Denton's Charley Tompkins,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
C. F. M. Noland's Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4
A. M. Carpenter's ch. h.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5
Time not given.									[1b.]

HOPKINSVILLE (Ken.) RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, September 13, 1838.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$200; entrance \$30. Two mile heats.

J. S. & G. B. Long's b. h. John Granger, five years old, by Crusader, dam by imp. Strap, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Geo. W. Cheatham's ch. f. Mary Crusman, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster, 83lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	dis.
Dr. J. C. Ray's ch. h. Red Fox, five years old, by Barnett's Diamond, dam by Buzzard, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-		dis.
Time, 3m. 55s.—4m.										

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$100; entrance \$20. Mile heats, best three in five.

J. S. & G. B. Long's b. f. Mary Mott, four years old, by Merlin, dam the dam of Pete Whetstone, by Stockholder, 97lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	1	1
N. K. Leavell's b. c. Old Luke, four years old, by Gohanna, dam Mary Epps the dam of the Duke of York, by Shylock, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	1	2	2
L. P. Gwynn's ch. h. Gauntlett, five years old, by Uncas, dam by Carolinian, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	3	3	3
Dr. Coleman's ch. h. Mozart, six years old, by Rob Roy, dam by Arab Barb, 118lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	4	4	4
N. Corbin's ch. c. Oseola, four years old, by Contention, dam by Buzzard, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5			dis.
Time, 2m. 2s.—1m. 57½s.—2m. 3s.—2m. 7s.												

Third day, citizens' purse \$300; entrance \$50. Three mile heats.

J. S. & G. B. Long's br. h. Hardy Crier, five years old, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Geo. W. Cheatham's b. c. N. Luck Coffer, three years old, by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles, 86lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	2
N. K. Leavell's ch. h. Prince Talleyrand, seven years old, by American Eclipse, dam by Duroc, 124lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	dr.
Time, 6m. 21s.—6m. 25s.										

Our fall races will hereafter commence on the third Wednesday in September.

D. JEFFRIES, Sec'ry.

GREENVILLE (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

The regular Jockey Club races over the Greenville course, commenced on Wednesday, September 26th. The track was in good order, the weather fine, and a large crowd of spectators assembled to witness the contest. Our club was originally got up on rather a small scale, confined exclusively to nags raised or owned in Greenville district, for the first two years. The time of this restriction having elapsed twelve months ago, and some of our people having gone into the thing in good earnest, all restraints were thrown off, and the world invited to join in the contest. This brought about twenty regular trained ones to view the ground where the work was to be done this fall, and each had, no doubt, some small share of secret anxiety to partake of the good things offered as a reward to those who did it best. Some, who had not before made a public exhibition of their powers, were all anxiety for future fame—and some others, who had fought many hard battles, and gained for themselves some honours, were equally anxious, not only to preserve that which was so dearly bought, but like their more inexperienced competitors, looked forward to future fame as the principal reward of their continued labours. The show was to have commenced for a silver cup, to be called the 'citizens' cup,' two mile heats, but the subscription not being filled in time, it was postponed until the next season.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$290; entrance \$20; three entries. Three mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's ch. g. Don Pedro, seven years old, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo, 123lbs.	1	2	1
Dr. Boyd's b. c. Delville, four years old by Bertrand, Jr. dam Coquette, 102lbs.	2	1	dr.
Col. J. Maxwell's ch. h. Deposite, six years old, by Redgauntlet, dam Mountain Goddess,			dis.

Time, 6m. 8s.—6m. 7s.

A hard contest and good sport was expected. Don Pedro was rather the favourite, and bets were freely offered on him against the field. At the tap of the drum they all got off pretty well together. Deposite rather taking the lead; but after running only half a mile he skulked, and could no longer be either persuaded or drove to his work. After running near a mile, Don gave his adversary the go by, and maintained his position at an easy pace to the end of the heat. This was rather an unexpected result to many, and for a short time made them feel a little squeamish; but as Delville carried so much less weight, and was himself a fine, large, muscular looking fellow, and of the good old stock too, that is not every where to be had, fresh hopes rekindled, and after the usual interval, they were both, by the appointed signal, summoned again to the starting post. They were soon off, and at work in good earnest. Don soon took the track, and maintained his position a few lengths ahead, until he passed the judges' stand, and entered on the third mile, when his rider, from excessive reducing to reach his proper weight, became so much exhausted that he could no longer stand erect in his stirrups, his left arm particularly becoming paralyzed. In this situation, he gave up his pull, and Don, who seems to be well trained in every thing else in his line, (except that of counting the miles he had run,) supposed, from the manœuvring of the reins, that the contest was over, and began to take up. Delville at this critical period, who was out a few lengths in the rear, shot by, seemingly in good earnest to profit by all fair means that offered in a hard scramble, and on he went at a rapid pace. Don's rider was nearly lifeless, and it is only to be wondered at, that he did not tumble off; he however, scrambled about with his right hand until he got the reins partly up, and kept a kind of half run for near one hundred yards, until he reached the turn entering on the back stretch; here the horse was brought to a trot, and all seemed lost, beyond redemption. Go on—go on—was involuntary reiterated by hundreds; and no one, except the rider, knew why it was not obeyed. As soon as the reins could be got partly up with the right hand, the spur was freely applied, and the way he travelled down the back stretch (a beautiful slant of near a quarter,) was the right way to make up lost time. But unfortunately, when he reached the turn, instead of making it, he run out to the right, and got full fifty yards from the track; he was again stopped, turned round, galloped back within a few steps of where he left the track, and by a desperate brush of half a mile, saved his distance by fifteen or twenty yards, to the great astonishment of all who witnessed it. It is confidently believed, that, at one time, he was two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards behind; and but for Delville's having let down in his left fore leg in the last mile, he must certainly have distanced his competitor. We now find them each the winner of a heat, and the contest not over. A new rider was procured for Don, his weight regulated, and all things in readiness, when the signal again told the moment of starting was at hand. He was led to the post, apparently as full of mettle as ever; but unfortunately Delville's leg had began to tell too strong upon him; he was quite lame, and the Doctor was necessarily compelled to withdraw him. Don Pedro scampered round alone to comply with the rules of our club, and the purse was accordingly awarded to him.

Second day, purse \$220; entrance \$15; free for all horses. Two mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's b. c. Chesapeake, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 102lbs.	1	1
Col. Maxwell's ch. g. Shockley, four years old, by Redgauntlet, dam by Tremble's Buckskin, 99lbs.	2	dis.

Time, 4m. 5s.

The track was muddy—Chesapeake was the favourite, and won the heat with ease. In the second heat the gelding took the track, was lapped on the back

stretch by the horse, and were running beautifully in this manner, when the gelding wrenched the plate from his left fore foot, in making a turn, fell, and injured his rider seriously. Chesapeake ran it at his leisure, and won the purse.

Third day, purse \$145; entrance \$10. Mile heats.

Col. Maxwell's b. g. Hard Times, five years old, by Redgauntlet, 109lbs.	1	1
Mr. Earl's bl. f. Rose, three years old, by Nullifier, dam by Phenomenon, 87lbs.	-	-
	2	2

Time, 2m.—2m. 6s.

The track very heavy; the gelding won the race with ease; the mare was in very bad order.

Fourth day, purse the gate and entrance money for the week; entrance \$10; free for all horses. Mile heats, best three in five.

P. E. Duncan's ch. g. Don Pedro, 127lbs.	-	-	3	1	1	1
Col. Maxwell's b. g. Hard Times, 112lbs.	-	-	1	2	4	2
Dr. Boyd's b. h. Convention, five years old, by Bertrand, dam full sister to Transport, 113lbs.	-	-	2	3	2	3
W. Blasingame's ch. f. Maria Monk, three years old, by Marcellus, dam by Phenomenon, 87lbs.	-	-	4	4	3	4

Time, 2m.—1m. 58s.—2m.—1m. 57½s.

The track was very heavy. Don Pedro was freely offered against the field. The race was an interesting one. Hard Times won the first heat, Convention putting him up to his work—Don Pedro lying back. Pedro come up and won the remaining three heats with ease. Thus has closed our first season—open to the world. Our subscription list has been increased, and we promise to offer a list of good things next fall.

W. BLASINGAME, *Clerk and Treas.*

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) RACES.

Over the Sulphur Spring course, commenced on Monday, Oct. 1, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for four year olds; colts, 100lbs.; fillies, 97lbs. Three subscribers at \$300 each, h. ft. Three mile heats.

P. C. Bush's ch. f. Hebe, by Collier, dam by Bertrand, received forfeit, from John Frost's ch. c. Rappahannock, by Sir Charles, out of Merino Ewe, and John Kimball's bl. f. Ethiopia, by Dashall, dam by imp. Expedition.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds; colts, 86lbs. fillies, 83lbs. Four subscribers at \$300 each, \$100 forfeit. Mile heats.

John Frost's bl. f. Black Sophia, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Godolphin, received forfeit, from P. C. Bush's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian; Thos. J. Payne's ch. c. by Collier, dam by Sumpter, and John W. Lott's ch. f. Rancopas, by Flagellator, dam by Harwood.

Second race, same day, proprietor's purse \$100, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Thomas Judy's ch. c. American Bottom, four years old, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Spread Eagle,	-	-	2	1	1
Philo C. Bush's ch. h. David H. Branch, five years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,	-	-	1	2	2

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 6s. Track heavy. A very interesting race.

Third day, sweepstakes for two year olds; colts, 70lbs.; fillies, 67lbs. Five subscribers at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Frost's b. c. Swiss Boy, by Lance, dam by Medley,	-	2	1	1
Thos. Judy's b. f. by Leopold, dam by Pedlar,	-	1	2	2
T. J. Payne's b. c. by Bertrand,	-	pd.	ft.	
P. C. Bush's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Cumberland,	-	pd.	ft.	
B. B. Uzzell's ch. f. by Tom Fletcher, dam by Janus,	-	pd.	ft.	

Time, 2m. 8s.—2m. 8s.—2m. 22s. Track heavy. Each heat closely contested.

Second race, same day, proprietor's purse \$200, free for all ages; weights as for Tuesday's purse. Two mile heats.

Thos. B. Scruggs' b. h. Little Barton, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian,	1	1
Henry Shacklett's ch. h. Mortimer, five years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar,	2	dis.
P. C. Bush's br. h. Tom Branch, five years old, by Star, dam by Sir Charles,		dis.

Time, 3m. 59s.—4m. 3s. Track heavy.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$700; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Henry Shacklett's bl. h. African, five years old, by imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda, by Marshal Bertrand,	2	1	1
J. B. Scruggs' ch. f. Hebe, four years old, by Collier, dam by Bertrand,	1	2	2

Time, 8m. 7s.—8m. 7s.—8m. 58s. Track heavy.

Fifth day, proprietor's purse, \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Henry Shacklett's bl. m. Bonny Black, five years old, by imp Valentine, out of Helen Mar, by Ratler,	1	1
Thos. B. Scruggs' (Payne and Sanford's) b. h. Borodino, six years old, by Henry, out of Young Romp, by Duroc,	2	dis.
Philo C. Bush's b. f. Jessica, three years old, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Ransom,		dis.

Time, 6m. 8s.—6m. 6s. Track heavy.

Sixth day, sweepstakes for three year olds; weights as before. Three subscribers at \$500 each, h. ft. Three mile heats.

P. C. Bush's b. f. Jessica, three years old, by Eclipse, out of Betsy Ransom, received forfeit, from John W. Lott's ch. f. Rancopas and J. Calvert's ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian.

Second race, same day, for a superior red cloth dress and roller, and a set of silver tea and table spoons; conditions as for the purses. Mile heats.

Henry Shacklett's ch. h. Mortimer, five years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar,	1	1
P. C. Bush's b. f. Jessica, three years old, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Ransom,	2	2
John Frost's bl. f. Black Sophia, three years old, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Godolphin,	3	dis.

P. C. BUSH, Sec'y.

Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 59s. Track heavy.

MARION (Mo.) FALL RACES.

Commenced on Wednesday Oct. 3, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for two year olds, colts, 70lbs.; fillies, 67lbs. Four subscribers at \$30 each, h. ft. One mile.

Nathaniel Ward's b. f. Alice Grey, by Waxey,	1
Henry Dixon's ch. e. Tuscumbia, by Van Buren,	2

Time, 2m. 7s. Track heavy.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts, 86lbs.; fillies, 83lbs. Two subscribers at \$40 each. Mile heats.

Thomas Winston's ch. c. Othello, by Waxey,	1	1
C. T. Dixon's ch. f. Mary Van Love, by Van Buren,	2	dr.

Time, 1m. 57s.

Third day, sweepstakes for four year olds, colts, 100lbs.; fillies 97lbs. Three subscribers at 50 each, h. ft. Mile heats, best 3 in five.

John Scruggs' ch. f. Moulder, by Bolivar,	1	1	1
Henry Dixon's ch. f. Slender, by Sir Archy of Transport,	2	2	2

Time, 2m.—1m. 57s.—2m. 2s.

[1b.

COLUMBUS (Ga.) FALL RACES.

Commenced on Tuesday Oct. 9, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs.; fillies 83lbs. Four subscribers at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Iverson and Bonner's ch. c. Count Zaldivar, by Andrew, dam by Timoleon,	1	1
Lovell and Hammond's ch. g. Bunckum, by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin,	2	2
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 55s. Track heavy.		

Second day, purse \$350, free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's gr. f. Alice Ann, four years old, by Director, jr. dam by Gallatin,	2	1	1
Col. John Crowell's (J. G. Winter's) imp. br. f. Florida Hepburn, three years old, by Tramp, dam by Whisker,	1	2	2
Iverson and Bonner's bl. c. Lieut. Bassinger, three years old, by imp. Fylde, dam by Roanoke,	5	3	dis.
Mr. Scott's ch. f. Big Nancy, three years old, by Jackson, dam by Gallatin,	3	4	dis.
Mr. Jeter's br. h. Brother Paine, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Enterprise,	4		dr.
Time, 3m. 52s.—3m. 55s.—4m. 3s. Track rather heavy.			

Third day, purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's (J. G. Winter's) imp. b. f. Susan Dodge, three years old, by Tramp, dam by Whisker,	1	1
Major A. A. Jeter's ch. h. Henry Buster, five years old, by Eclipse, out of Maid of Lodi, by Virginian,	2	2
Gen. Scott's b. f. Revilee, four years old, by Bertrand, out of Sally Melville, by Virginian,	3	3
Time, 6m. 3s.—6m. 7s.		

Fourth day, purse \$800, with an inside stake of \$1,000 each, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Iverson and Bonner's ch. c. Count Zaldivar, three years old, by Andrew, dam by Timoleon,	1	1
Hammond and Lovell's ch. c. Gerow, four years old, by Henry, dam by Eclipse,	2	2
Time, 8m. 14s.—8m. 8s. Track heavy.		

Fifth day, purse \$300, free for all ages, three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats, best three in five.

Col. Crowell's (J. G. Winter's) imp. br. f. Florida Hepburn, three years old, by Tramp, dam by Whisker,	1	1	1
G. Edmondson's ch. m. Ion, five years old, by John Richards, dam by imp. Expedition,	3	2	2
Col. J. S. Campbell's ch. f. Fourpence, three years old, by Jackson, dam by Hephstion,	2	3	3
Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 53s.			

Second race, same day, match, \$100 a side, weight for age. Mile heats.

Griffin Edmondson's br. m. Charlotte Barnes, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Andrew,	2	1	1
Iverson and Bonner's b. f. Maria Reeves, (query, Rives), by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon.	1	2	dr.
Time, 1m. 53s.—1m. 54s.			

[1b.]

CYNTHIANA (Ken.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 9, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for two year olds; entrance \$25. Mile heats.

Alexander Givens' b. c. Bruce, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy,	1	1
Joseph Shawhan's b. f. by Cherokee, dam by Virginia Whip,	2	2
James J. Allen's b. c. Vanquish, by Hickory, - - -	3	dis.

Time, 1m. 58s.—2m.

Second day, sweepstakes for two year olds; entrance \$20. Mile heats.

Reason Jordan's b. c. Camden, by imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee,	3	1	1
McIntosh & Love's gr. c. Blacklock, by Cadet, dam by American Eclipse,	1	2	2
A. S. Lowery's b. c. John Randolph, by Lance, dam by Lafayette,	4	3	dr.
S. T. Drane's ch. c. Tom Smith, by Lance, dam by Botts' Lafayette,	2	dis.	

Time, 2m. 2s.—2m. 2s.—2m. 5s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$200. Mile heats.

John Welch's b. c. Little Red, four years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster,	6	1	1
Thomas Lynch's ro. g. Blue Jim, four years old, by Muckle John, dam by King Herod,	7	4	2
A. Palmer's gr. c. Hardheart, four years old, by Buck Elk, dam by Quicksilver,	2	2	3
Robert Burbridge's b. f. Mary Keene, three years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Saxe Weimar,	1	3	dis.
A. S. Lowery's ch. h. Theobalding, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Lady Gray,	4	5	dis.
James E. Hutchinson's b. f. Hetty, three years old, by Hugo, dam by Cherokee,	5	6	dis.
Reason Jordan's bl. f. Black Sal, four years old, by Sidi Hamet, dam by Hamiltonian,	3	dis.	
J. J. Clarkson's b. c. Douglass, four years old, by Roderic Dhu, dam by Ganymede,		dis.	

Time, 6m. 18s.—6m. 1s.—6m. 3s.

Second race, same day, pure \$50. Mile heats.

Saml. Downing's ch. f. Jinny Willing, three years old, by Medoc, dam by Hephestion,	4	1	1
Jos. Shawhan's ch. h. Ben Sutton, five years old, by Cherokee, dam by Comet,	0	2	2
Robert Burbridge's b. h. Radzville, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Whipster,	0	3	3
David Clarkson's ch. f. Maria Frances, by Sir Perry, - - -	5	4	4
A. S. Lowery's b. m. Huntress, by Hamiltonian, dam by Old Court,	3	dis.	
Alex. Miller's b. f. Betsey Bedlam, four years old, by Cherokee, dam by Wonder,	6	dis.	
Thos. Lynch's b. f. Eliza Bertrand, four years old, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian,		dis.	

Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 55.—2m. 1s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$200. Two mile heats.

S. T. Drane's ch. f. Davidella, four years old, by Arab, dam by Cook's Whip,	4	1	1
A. S. Lowery's b. c. Woodpecker, Jr. four years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Whip,	2	4	2
R. Jordan's b. c. Sailor Boy,* four years old, by Jim Cropper, dam by Marshall,	0	2	3

* Sailor Boy won the first heat, but his rider dismounting before he returned to the stand, according to the rules of the club, he was not placed.

The first mile in the first heat was well contested—Time, 1m. 55s. and the balance of the heat a handsome race. Second heat something better, Lavinia winning with something to spare. Jane Bohorqua was badly ridden both heats, and Lavinia was backed by Edmond, a good rider.

Fourth day, purse \$75; entrance \$50; handicap, mile heats, three best in five. Walter Livingston walked over, without opposition.

Second race, same day, match, \$300 a side, between Maj. Richards' b. g. five years old, and Capt. John B. Proffits' b. c. Sir Elliott, three years old, full brother to Jane Bohorqua; two mile heats, 80lbs. on each.

Bay gelding,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Sir Elliott,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 3m. 59.—4m. 4s.										JAMES SCRUGGS, Sec'y.

UNION COURSE (L. I.) RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1838.

First day, match, for \$1,000 a side; 104lbs. on the colt, 101lbs. on the filly. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. c. Champaigne, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Robert L. Stevens' b. f. Antoinette, four years old, by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins, by Virginian,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 4m. 1s.—4m. 14s. Track heavy.									

Second race, same day, purse \$300, free for all ages; three year olds, carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's br. c. Hornblower, three years old, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music, by John Richards,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	1
D. H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	1	2
Samuel Laird's ch. f. Betsey Andrew, four years old, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	dis.	
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. four years old, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-		dis.	
Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 54s.—4m. 4½s. Track heavy.										

Second day, purse \$500; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Col. Wade Hampton's) ch. m. Charlotte Russe, (own sister to Trifle), five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's imp. br. h. Langford, five years old, by Starch, out of Peri, (the dam of Sir Hercules), by Wanderer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. h. Henry Moore, five years old, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	3
Jos. H. Van Mater's (Daniel Abbott's) gr. h. Manalopan, five years old, by Medley, dam by John Richards,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3	dr.
Time, 6m.—5m. 59s. Track heavy.									

Third day, match, \$100 a side, club weights. Mile heats.

James Bathgate's b. c. three years old, by imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill, (own sister to Eclipse, by Duroc),	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
James K. Van Mater's ch. f. three years old, by Eclipse, out of Modesty, by imp. Expedition,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 58s. Track rather heavy.									

Second race, same day, purse \$100; conditions as before. Mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' ch. h. Tom Moore, aged, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	1
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Capt. D. H. Branch's b. f. Jane Rowlett, four years old, by Nullifier,
out of Jemima, (Job's dam) by Ratler, - - - - - 4 0
Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. h. Champaigne, five years old, by Medley,
dam by Ogle's Oscar, - - - - - 5 0
S. Laird's (Messrs. Hall's) b. f. Young Lady Lightfoot, four years old,
own sister to Shark, &c. - - - - - 3 4
Major Wm. Jones' ch. f. four years old, by Andrew, out of Lady Flirt,
by Hickory, - - - - - 2 5
Time, 1m. 51½s.—1m. 52s. Track rather heavy.

Third race, same day, purse \$1,000; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. Boston, five years old, by
Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, - - - 1 1
Samuel M. Neill's ch. h. Decatur, five years old, by Henry, out of
Ostrich, (the dam of Tarquin and Suffolk) by Eclipse, - - - 2 2
Time, 8m.—7m. 57½s. Track rather heavy.

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

MAURY COUNTY (Tenn.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Monday, October 15, 1838, and continued six days.

First day, sweepstakes, \$100 entrance, p. p. five entries. Mile heats.

James W. Camp's ch. c. Bustamente, three years old, by Whalebone,
dam Timoleon, 86lbs. - - - - - 1 1
Henry Smith's gr. f. Betsey Banton, three years old, by Stockholder,
dam Eagle, 83lbs. - - - - - 2 2
W. H. Boddie's b. f. Wild Irish Girl, three years old, by Leviathan,
dam by Monsieur Tonson, 83lbs - - - - - dis.
Time, 2m. 3s.—2m. 4s.

Second day, sweepstakes, \$500 entrance, h. f. five entries. Two mile heats.

Lucius J. Polk's ch. c. Lindock, three years old, by Leviathan, dam
Rosetta, Oscar's full sister, 86lbs. - - - - - 1 1
Nathaniel Terry's ch. c. three years old, by Wild Bill, dam Sally
McGee, 86lbs. - - - - - 2 2
Time, 4m. 19s.—4m. 16s.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes, \$50 entrance, p. p. three entries. One mile out.

Richard C. Whiteside's b. f. two years old, by Stockholder, dam by
Pacolet, 67lbs. - - - - - 1
W. H. Boddie's br. f. two years old, by Stockholder, dam Pinnor, 67lbs. dis.
Time, 2m. 6s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$400, entrance \$40, two entries. Three mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. Scipio, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of
Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles, 100lbs. - - - - - 1
L. P. Cheatham's ch. c. Crockford, four years old, by Pacific, dam Roxana,
by Wilks' Madison, 100lbs. - - - - - dis.
Time, 6m. 19s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$200; entrance \$25; three entries. Two mile heats.

L. J. Polk's ch. c. Lindock, three years old, by Leviathan, dam Rosetta,
by Wonder, full sister to Oscar, 86lbs. - - - - - 1 1
Henry Smith's br. g. Otho Williams, three years old, by Jefferson, dam
Stockholder, 83lbs. - - - - - 3 2
Wilkerson Barnes' ch. c. Mark Pillow, three years old, by Scroggins,
dam the dam of Hugh L. White, by Conqueror, - - - - - 2 dis.
Time 4m. 25s.—4m. 11s.

Fifth day, sweepstakes, \$50 entrance, p. p. twenty-two entries. One mile out.

Henry Smith's ch. c.	Allen Brown, two years old, by Stockholder, dam imp. Eagle, 70lbs.	1
Davis & Ragland's b. f.	two years old, by Leviathan, dam Sucky Pepper, 67lbs.	2
Francis Gordon's ch. c.	two years old, by Luzborough, dam Gallatin, 70lbs.	3
Ward & Boddie's b. g.	two years old, by Stockholder, dam Bellair, 67lbs.	4
Nimrod Porter's b. f.	two years old, by Second Sir William, dam Oscar, 67lbs.	dis.
Hugh B. Porter's ch. f.	two years old, by Luzborough, dam Roanoke, 67lbs.	dis.
Time, 2m. 5s.		

Sixth day, Jockey Club purse \$300; entrance \$30; five entries. Mile heats, best three in five.

Davis & Ragland's br. c. Sir Henry Browne, four years old, by					
Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 100lbs.	-	-	-	2	1 1 1
Henry Smith's ch. g. Logan, five years old, by Pacific, dam					
Stockholder, 107lbs.	-	-	-	1	2 4 2
Lucius J. Polk's bl. m. Black Bird, six years old, by Arab,					
115lbs.	-	-	-	4	4 3 dr.
William Wynne's br. h. Compact, six years old, by Merlin,					
118lbs.	-	-	-	3	3 2 dis.
Mark Pillow's b. c. Alvanley, four years old, by Monseur Ton-					
son, dam Whip, 100lbs.	-	-	-		dis.
Time, 2m. 7s.—2m. 2.—2m. 5s.—2m. 2s.					

Second race, same day, sweepstakes, \$50 entrance, p. p. six entries, only one nag appeared on the track. One mile out.

Frederick Zollicoffer's b. f. two years old, by Stockholder, dam Neil's Sir Archy, 67lbs. walked round.

The track during the whole six days was very deep in mud, owing to the previous rains.

LIMESTONE SPRINGS (S. C.) RACES.

Commenced on Tuesday, October 16, 1838.

First day, Jockey Club purse \$400, free for all ages, three year olds carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 102lbs.; five year olds, 112lbs.; six year olds, 120lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Dr. W. B. Nott's ch. h. Big John, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, walked over,

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$300, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's b. c. Chesapeake, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, -	1	1
Dr. W. B. Nott's b. c. Express, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, -	3	2
John Gist's ch. f. Thesbe, four years old, by Bertrand, out of Octavia, Time, 4m.—4m. 2s.	2	3

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Joseph McDowell's ch. h. Sergeant McDonald, six years old, by King William, dam by Nutcracker,	1	1
Dr. W. B. Nott's b. c. Enoree, three years old, by Godolphin, dam by Dockon,	2	2
Samuel McWhorter's gr. g. Daniel O'Rourke, five years old, by imp. Bluster,	3	3
P. E. Duncan's b. f. Diana, three years old, by Expectation dam by Gamester,	4	4
Time. 1m: 58s.—1m. 58s.		

Fourth day, purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

John Gist's ch. f. Thesbe, four years old, by Bertrand, out of Octavia,	1	1	1
P. E. Duncan's ch. g. Don Pedro, aged, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo,	2	2	2
Dr. W. B. Nott's b. c. Express, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin,	3	3	dis.
Joseph McDowell's b. c. John Ross, three years old, by Reform, out of One-eyed Peggy,			dis.
Time, 2m. 8s.—2m. 7s.—2m. 12.	SAMUEL OTTERSON, Sec'y.		
N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]			

FAIRFIELD (Va.) FALL RACES.

Commenced on Tuesday, Oct. 16, 1838.

First day, Match, \$200 a side, 100lbs. on each, two miles.

J. C. Goode's b. c. Sandusky, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal,	1
John S. Corbin's br. c. Whig, four years old, by Sir Charles, out of Star's dam,	2
Time, 4m. 3s.	

Second race, same day; sweepstakes for three year olds, colts, 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. Four subscribers at \$150 each, \$100 forfeit; mile heats.

S. W. Morgan's b. f. Virginia Robinson, by imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, (Target's dam),	1	1
John S. Corbin's b. c. by imp. Luzborough, out of Buccaneer's dam,	3	2
Wm. McCargo's (Dr. Holt's) b. f. by imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	2	3
Edmund Townes' b. f. by imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Archy.		pd. ft.
Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 57s.		

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds, weights as above. Four subscribers at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Messrs. McCargo and Corbin's b. c. Altorf, by imp. Fylde, out of Countess Plater, by Virginian,	1	1
Thos. Watson's ch. f. Caradori, by Monsieur Tenson, dam by Timoleon,	2	2
Time, 3m. 57s.—4m. 1s.		

Third day, proprietor's purse \$300, free for all ages, three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's ch. f. Missouri, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director,	4	1	1
John S. Corbin's ch. m. Canary, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar,	6	6	2
John P. White's b. c. four years old, by imp. Luzborough, out of Daniel's dam,	5	3	3
I. Puckett's (J. M. Botts') ch. f. Mary Tyler, four years old, by Gohanna, dam by Playon,	3	2	dis.
Chas. Tayloe's ch. c. Corsair, four years old, by Timoleon, dam by Gracchus,	2	5	dis.
O. P. Hare's ch. f. Caddy Jones, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal,	1	4	dr.
Time, 3m. 59s.—3m. 56½s.—3m. 55s.			

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. Billy Townes, four years old, by imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian,	3	1	1
Isham Puckett's (J. M. Botts') b. f. Spindle, four years old, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal,	2	4	2
J. B. Chapman's (Gen. Harvie's) bl. h. John Lindsay, six years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles,	4	3	3
O. P. Hare's bl. c. Black Prince, four years old, by imp. Fylde—Catharine Davis' dam,	1	2	dr.
John P. White's ch. m. Julia Burton, five years old, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough,			dr.
Time, 8m. 29½s.—8m. 44s.—8m. 49s.			

COLUMBUS (Miss.) RACES,

Commenced over the Hyde Park Course, on Wednesday, October 17, 1838.

First day, sweepstakes for three year olds, colts 86lbs.; fillies 83lbs. Three subscribers at \$500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

F. R. Gregory's b. c. by imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, received forfeit.

Second race, same day, proprietor's purse \$200; entrance \$10 each; free for all ages; two year olds carrying 70lbs.; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. Bee's-wing, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia, by Topgallant, - - - - - 1 1

J. R. Head's ch. c. Tishimingo, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, - - - - - 2 2

F. R. Gregory's ch. f. Columbia Gregory, three years old, by Collier, - - - - - 3 3

Robert Smith's br. f. Sally McCall, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, - - - - - dis.

Time, 3m. 57s.—3m. 59s.

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$400; entrance \$20; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Johnson & Tayloe's b. m. Zelina, five years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, - - - - - 1 1

Robt. Smith's b. f. Sally McCall, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, - - - - - 2 2

James Jackson's bl. f. four years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of imp. Refugee, - - - - - 3 dis.

Time, 6m. 29s.—6m. 20½s. Track heavy from rain the preceding day.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$600; entrance \$30; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. R. Smith's ch. c. Pete Whetstone, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, - - - - - 1 1

James Jackson's ch. c. Poney, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, - - - - - 2 2

F. R. Gregory's gr. m. Ann Eliza, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Director, - - - - - 3 3

David Meyer's ch. c. Secretary, four years old, by Bertrand, Jr. - - - - - dis.

Time, 8m. 30s.—8m. 43s. Track still heavy.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$300; entrance \$15; conditions as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

P. B. Starke's ch. f. Lorinda, four years old, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, - - - - - 1 3 2 1 1

F. R. Gregory's b. c. three years old, by imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, - - - - - 2 4 4 3 2

Robt. Smith's br. f. Sally McCall, four years old, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, - - - - - 4 2 1 2 3

James Jackson's imp. ch. f. Clink, three years old, by Humphrey Clinker, - - - - - 3 1 3 4 4

Time, 1m. 57½s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 1s.—2m. 2s.—2m. 4½s. [Ib.

TERRE HAUTE (Ind.) RACES.

The fall meeting over this the Terre Haute Central Course, commenced on Wednesday, October 3, 1838, and continued four days.

First day, purse \$100, for colts and fillies three years old. Mile heats.

Dan'l Weisiger's b. f. Betsey Fisher, three years old, by Sir William, dam by Democrat, 83lbs. - - - - - 1 1

David Lyon's ch. f. Indiana, three years old, by Kosciusko, dam by Tiger, 83lbs. - - - - - 2 2

Dr. Wm. Coffin's b. c. Purdy, three years old, by Weisiger's Childers, dam Susan, by Selim, 86lbs. 3 dis.
Time, 2m. 8s.—2m. 15s.
Track heavy, and several seconds lost the last heat; all the nags bolting on the outside.

Second race, same day, sweepstakes for stallions owned on the Wabash; \$100 entrance, h. f.; carrying 100lbs.; three entries. Mile heats.

Thomas Dowling's br. c. Truxton, four years old, by Com. Truxton, dam by Badger,	1	2	1
Dan'l Weisiger's b. h. Sir William, aged, by Sir William, dam by Alfred,	3	1	2
H. J. Bradley's b. h. Contract, Jr. six years old, by imp. Contract, dam by Baronet,	2	dr.*	

Time, 1m. 59.—2m. 2½s.—2m. 8s. Track heavy.

* Contract was very severely kicked in the stifle by Sir William, before starting for the first heat, and although very lame made handsome play for the heat; the second heat he was so lame as to be unable to start, which was much regretted, as by his close contest for the first heat when so lame, he proved to the minds of many that his were claims which it would not have done to have treated slightly. As is was however, the race was well contested between Truxton and Sir William.

Second day, purse \$200. Two mile heats.

Thomas Dowling's b. f. Jemima Burbridge, four years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William of Transport, 97lbs.	1	1
Wm. Peters' b. h. M. Van Buren, five years old, by Lafayette Stockholder, dam Old Squaw, by Indian, 110lbs.	2	dis.

Time, 4m. 8s.—4m. 1s. Track heavy, won easily.

Third day, purse \$250. Three mile heats.

N. F. Cunningham's b. m. Polly Hopkins, five years old, by Splendour, dam by Sumpter, being the only entry, walked over.

Fourth day, purse \$100, mile heats; best three in five.

Wm. Peters' b. h. M. Van Buren, five years old, by Lafayette Stockholder, dam Old Squaw, by Indian, 110lbs.	1	1	1
Dan'l Weisiger's b. c. Premium, three years old, by Trumpator, dam by Aratus, 86lbs.	3	2	2†
Wm. Herrington's (David Lyons') ch. f. Indiana, three years old, by Kosciusko, dam by Tiger, 83lbs.	2	dis.‡	

Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 7s.—2m. 9s. Track improved.

† It is but justice to remark, that from some defect in the training of Premium, his rider was unable to rein him from behind Van Buren, otherwise it was thought he might have won the second and third heats.

‡ The filly was reported distanced the second heat, but in justice to her we should say that it was thought to have been the result of her shyness of the crowd, which pressed so closely to the track just beyond the distance stand. Mr. Weisiger and Mr. Peters with that spirit and liberality which should always govern honourable turfites, proposed to let her come in the third heat, but Mr. Herrington did not see proper to accept the offer.

M. A. HELM, *Sec'y.*

The New York Spirit of the Times will please copy the above—the only official report published.

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH (Va.) NEW JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The first meeting commenced over this course on Tuesday, October 23, 1838.

First day, the race did not come off, there being no entries for the sweepstakes.

Second day, proprietor's purse \$200; two mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's (Dr. R. B. Starke's) b. h. Stockton, by Eclipse,	1	1
Dr. Semple's ch. h. Red Lion, by Standard,	2	2
Richard Baylor's b. c. Bamboo, by Luzborough,	dis.	

Time 4m. 16s.—4m. 16s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500; three mile heats.

Dr. Semple's b. c. Jubal, by Luzborough,	-	-	-	-	1	1
E. J. Wilson's ch. h. Mediator, by Sir Charles,	-	-	-	-	dis.	
No time kept.						

Second race, same day, purse \$100; mile heats.

F. Wilson's ch. c. Tom Walker, by Marylander,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Dr. Semple's b. f. by Standard,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Richard Baylor's b. c. Bamboo, by Luzborough,	-	-	-	-	3	3
Time, 2m. 1s.—2m. 3s.						

DEAR SIR:—I hand you an account of the races at the first meeting of the new club, which I am sorry to say were very poor, owing to their being no horses on the ground. Hoping it will be in my power next spring to furnish you with a better bill of fare.

I remain yours, respectfully,

JOHN FORDE, JR. Sec'y.

UNION (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 23, 1838.

First day, a sweepstakes for three year olds; entrance \$100; three subscribers. Mile heats.

Genl. Shelton's b. c. Enoree, by Godolphin, dam by Doccon,	1	1
P. E. Duncan's b. f. Diana, by Expectation, dam by Gamester,	2	2
Time, 2m. 2s.—2m. 6s. Track heavy.		

Second day, purse \$250; weights for three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs. Three mile heats.

Dr. W. B. Nott's ch. h. Big John, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian,	-	-	-	-	1	1
P. E. Duncan's ch. g. Don Pedro, seven years old, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 6m. 17s.—6m. 17s.						

First heat was taken easily by Big John, coming in sixty yards ahead. *Second heat* was well contested, both horses running closely together, until the second quarter of the third mile, when Big John passed the Don and took the heat with ease.

Third day, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's b. c. Chesapeake, by Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, walked over.

Fourth day, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats.

Dr. McDowell's ch. h. Sergeant McDonald, six years old, by King William, dam by Nutcracker,	-	-	-	-	1	1
B. W. Clifton's br. f. Maria Star, four years old, by Star, dam by Tip-top,	-	-	-	-	2	2
Time, 2m. 3s.—2m. 6s. Won easily.						

Fifth day, best three in five. Mile heats.

John Gist's ch. f. Thesbe, four years old, by Bertrand, dam Octavia, walked over.

A sweepstakes then came off for a fine saddle, \$40, making one of the most interesting races of the week. One mile out.

John Gist's b. m. Betsey Anderson, by Cultivator, dam Octavia,	-	1
C. E. Sims' b. m. Sally in Wildwood,	-	2
Z. Hooker's gr. g.	-	3
Time, 1m. 56s.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. Billy Townes, four years old, by imp. Fylde,		
dam by Virginian,	-	1 1
Wm. Bullock's b. f. three years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy,		2 2
O. P. Hare's b. c. four years old, by imp. Luzborough,	-	dis.
D. H. Lewis' b. c. Dromgoole, four years old, by imp. Luzborough, dam		
by Virginian,	-	dis.

Time, 6m. 13s.—6m. 15s. Track still heavy.

Won handily. The bay filly by Leviathan was sold during the race for \$2,500.

Fourth day, sweepstakes for three years olds, conditions as in Tuesday's stake. Three subscribers at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' (Col. Bunch's) c. Isaac Shelby, by imp. Leviathan,		
dam by Stockholder,	-	1 1
J. Harrison's (S. Williams') br. f. Marion,	-	3 2
Dr. Payne's c. by imp. Luzborough,	-	2 3
Time, 1m. 57s.—2m. Track still heavy.		[1b.

MACON (Ga.) RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, October 30, 1838.

First day, proprietor's purse \$100, added to a sweepstakes of \$10 each; free for all ages; three year olds carrying 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance, 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Col. G. Edmondson's br. m. Charlotte Barnes, five years old, by Ber-		
trand, dam by Sir Andrew,	-	1 1
Iverson & Bonner's ch. c. Linwood, four years old, by Wild Bill, dam		
by Pacolet,	-	3 2
Wm. Porter's b. f. Eliza Hunter, four years old, by Red Shark, dam		
by Mucklejohn,	-	2 3
J. J. Harrison's b. m. Sarah Colbert, by Shark, dam by Mucklejohn,		4 dis.
Time, 1m. 55½s.—1m. 56¼s.		

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$250; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. Porter's ch. m. Ajarrah Harrison, five years old, by Eclipse, dam		
by Gallatin,	-	1 1
Col. G. Edmondson's ch. m. Ione, five years old, by John Richards,		
dam by imp. Expedition,	-	3 2
Iverson & Bonner's br. c. Major Dade, four years old, by Sir Charles,		
dam by Randolph's Roanoke,	-	2 dis.
Hammond & Lovell's ch. g. Bunkum, three years old, by Hyazim, dam		
by Gallatin,	-	4 dis.
Time, 3m. 58s.—3m. 54½.		

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. G. Edmondson's gr. f. Alice Ann, four years old, by Director, Jr.		
dam by Gallatin,	-	1 1
James J. Harrison's b. h. Southerner, five years old, by Bullock's		
Mucklejohn, dam by Harwood,	-	3 2
Benton Martin's gr. c. Cavalier Servente, three years old, by Bertrand,		
dam by Sir Andrew,	-	2 3
Time, 6m. 4s.—6m. 3s.		

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. Gerow, four years old, by Henry, dam		
by Eclipse,	-	2 1 1
Iverson & Bonner's ch. c. Linwood, four years old, by Wild Bill,		
dam by Pacolet,	-	1 2 2
James J. Harrison's b. c. Ibarrah, four years old, by imp. Hedge-		
ford, dam by Virginian,	-	dis.*
George B. Robertson's br. h. Minor, aged, by Monsieur Tonson,		
out of Collier's dam,	-	dis.
Time, 8m. 1s.—8m. 11s.—8m. 35s. * Shoulder slipped.		

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse \$300; conditions as before. Mile heats, best three in five.

Wm. Porter's ch. m. Ajarrah Harrison, five years old, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin,	-	-	-	1	1	1
Col. G. Edmondson's br. m. Charlotte Barnes, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew,	-	-	-	2	2	2
Iverson & Bonner's br. h. Prince Edward, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by imp. Bluster,	-	-	-	3	3	dis.
Time not given.				JOHN H. MORGAN, Sec'y.		

1b.]

HOBOKEN (N. J.) RACES,

Commenced over the Beacon Course, on Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1838.

First day, purse \$200, free for all ages; three year olds, carrying 90lbs.; four year olds, 104lbs.; five year olds, 114lbs.; six year olds, 121lbs.; and aged, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Capt. David H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. c. Suffolk, four years old, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, by Eclipse,	-	-	-	1	1	
Jos. H. Van Mater's (Daniel Abbott's) gr. h. Manalopan, five years old, by Medley, dam by John Richards,	-	-	-	3	2	
James Bathgate's b. c. Waterloo, three years old, by imp. Victory, out of Maid-of-the-Mill, (own sister to Eclipse), by Duroc,	-	-	-	4	dis.	
Major Wm. Jones' ch. f. Fidget, four years old, by Andrew, out of Lady Flirt, by Hickory,	-	-	-	5	dis.	
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. h. Tom Moore, aged, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, by Gabriel Oscar,	-	-	-	2	dr.	
Time, 3m. 48s.—3m. 50s.						

Second day, purse \$500; conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. Bergen, five years old, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace, by Sir Archy,	-	-	-	1	2	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. Trenton, three years old, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe,	-	-	-	2	1	fell.
Time, 6m. 9s.—6m. 8½s. Raining throughout the race.						

Third day, purse \$750; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. Boston, five years old, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel,	-	-	-	1	1	
Samuel M. Neill's ch. h. Decatur, five years old, by Henry, out of Ostrich, (the dam of Tarquin and Suffolk), by Eclipse,	-	-	-	2	2	
Time, 8m. 12s.—8m. 26s. Track very heavy.						

Second race, same day, purse \$500, given by Messrs. J. C. and R. L. Stevens, proprietors of the Hoboken Ferry, added to a subscription of \$50 each; weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. Wade Hampton's) ch. m. Charlotte Russe, (own sister to Trifle), by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero,	-	-	-	1	1	
Capt. R. F. Stockton's imp. br. h. Langford, five years old, by Starch, out of Peri, (the dam of Sir Hercules), by Wanderer,	-	-	-	2	2	
Major Wm. Jones ch. f. Zenobia, three years old, by imp. Roman, out of Dove, by Duroc,	-	-	-	3	3	
Joseph H. Van Mater's gr. h. Champaigne, five years old, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, parted his bridle and was distanced.	-	-	-			
Time, 8m. 11s.—8m. 14s. Track very heavy.						

[1b.]

TURF REGISTER.

WILD MEDLEY AGAIN.

[The following letter and handbill are copied entire, for the purpose of recording all possible information on the subject of Wild Medley. Those interested or curious in the matter will find the subject discussed in the Turf Register, as follows: vol. 2, p. 255; vol. 4, p. 379; vol. 6, p. 406, 497; vol. 8, p. 38.]

Christian Co. Ken. Sept. 29, 1838.

DEAR SIR:—Having seen a great deal said of Wild Medley in your register, I take this opportunity by Mr. Bradshaw, to send you a copy of an advertisement that I found a few days since with my papers. I knew Mr. Savage when a school boy, he then was a breeder of fine horses, I knew his horse Wild Medley, he has been dead but a few years. Mr. Savage lives in Newmarket, Shenandoah county, Va. where you can get any information.

Yours, &c. GEO. W. COLEMAN.

SIR EDWARD, a beautiful dark sorrel, six years old, fifteen hands and three inches high; will stand the ensuing season, to commence on the first day of April, and ending on the first day of July next, in Newmarket and Harrisonburg, (public days excepted,) and will be let to mares at ten dollars the season, payable at the expiration thereof. Sixteen dollars to insure a mare to be in foal, to be paid as soon as the mare is known to be in foal; parting with the mare forfeits the insurance.

Sir Edward's pedigree.—Sir Edward was sired by Wild Medley, his dam by Col. Tayloe's famous running horse Topgallant, his grandam by the famous imp. horse Obscurity, and he by O'Kelly's renowned English horse Eclipse, the fleetest horse in England, that never paid a forfeit nor lost a race.

Wild Medley was sired by Mendosa, which was sired by Boxer, which was sired by the famous imp. horse Medley, his dam by the famous imp. horse Pensacola, his grandam by Linsey's Arabian, his g. grandam by old Fearnought, with a cross of old Rockingham and the Arabian Ranger.

JOSEPH MAHOY,
for JOHN SAVAGE.

March 25th, 1829.

Huntingdon, Pa. Nov. 16, 1836.

SIR:—In vol. 6, p. 628, of your Am. Turf Reg. was published the pedigree of my blood mare, Spunk, and her produce—Huntingdon, Juniata, and Keziah. I now beg the favour of you to publish the following, also the produce of the above mentioned mare, Spunk, viz:

1. LETITIA, b. f. foaled May 11th, 1836, with black legs, mane and tail without any white, got by imp. Victory.

2. MALVINA, br. f. foaled May, 14, 1837, with black legs, mane and tail without any white, got by Abder Hamon, one of the Arabian horses presented by the emperor of Morocco to president Jackson, and sold at Washington city, 28th February, 1835, to Miller Starton & H. F. Tammany.

3. NARCISSA, br. f. foaled May 17th, 1838, with very black legs, mane and tail, without any white, got by John Marshall.

Respectfully yours,

JACOB MILLER.

*Orangeburgh, Court House,
S. C. October, 30, 1838.*

DEAR SIR:—I must beg the favour of an insertion in your valuable work, the Turf Register, the following names for my young stock.

1. SALKAHATCHIE, b. f. three years old next spring, by Vertumnus, out of Sally Richardson.

2. ARCADIA, b. f. two years old next spring, a full sister to Salkahatchie.

3. MARCIA, ch. f. one year old next spring, by imp. Rowton, out of Lady Morgan.

4. BELBROUGHTON, b. c. one year old in the spring, by Pennoyer, out of Sally Mulrine. Pennoyer was by the celebrated racehorse and stallion Henry, out of the more celebrated race mare Ariel.

5. HARDY HOWEL, by Pennoyer, out of Kitty, by Hephestion, the half brother of old Sir Archy.

The pedigrees of the sires and dams of the young things above, are recorded in the second number of the ninth vol. of Turf Register. Yours, &c.

DON. ROWE.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1838.

DEAR SIR:—Allow me to ask the name of Samuel Weller, for a ch. c. foaled in May, 1835, sired by Col. Johnson's celebrated Medley, out of Zadora, she by American Eclipse, by Duroc, out of Genl. Cole's famous Miller's Damsel. Zadora's dam was the imp. mare Alarm, bred by Lord Grosvenor, and got by Thunderbolt, &c.

Also, the name of May Flower, for a ch. f. foaled in May, 1835, sired by

American Eclipse, dam Julia, by Count Piper, her dam by Expedition, grandam Maid of the Oaks, &c. Yours, &c.

CHAS. WHARTON, JR.

SIR, , *November 26, 1838.*

I claim the name of Percussion for my red sorrel colt, foaled this last spring, and got by imported Priam, dam Polly Page, by imported Hedegford.

T. M. FOREMAN.

James Jackson, Esq. of the 'Forks of Cypress,' near Florence, Ala. has sold *one-half* of the following young things to Messrs. Thomas J. & Mumford Wells, of Alexandria, La. (on Red river,) for \$1,000 each!

Sucking filly, by imp. Glencoe, out of imp. Gallopade, by Catton.

Sucking filly, by imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess, by imp. Leviathan.

Sucking filly, by imp. Glencoe, out of Waxlight, by imp. Leviathan.

Yearling filly, by imp. Leviathan, out of imp. Gallopade, by Catton.

Two year old gr. f. Fandango, by imp. Leviathan, out of imp. Gallopade.

Imp. two years old ch. f. Mango, by Taurus, out of imp. Pickle, by Emilius.

Will the 'croakers' call this sale of the half of a string of young things, at \$1,000 each, a 'remunerating price?'

Mr. Jackson has also sold to Mr. E. Farris, of Florence, his ch. h. Exile, by imp. Leviathan, out of imp. Refugee, five years old, for \$2,000.

The Messrs. Wells have also purchased of Mr. Jesse Cage, of Gallatin, Tenn. his gr. f. Queen of Trumps, by imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Maria, by Pacolet, three years old, for \$3,000—and his ch. c. The Poney, three years old, by imp. Leviathan, out of a Stockholder mare, for \$2,000. If the 'Red river country' is not a racehorse region in a few years, it will not be owing to any lack of enterprise or means. The Messrs. Wells have probably done as much to raise the price of stock in Tennessee and Alabama as any gentlemen in the south-west, and their immense success on the turf is richly merited.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

James Kirkman, Esq. of New Orleans, has sold his imp. mare, Eliza, (by Rubens, out of Little Folly, by Highland-Fling,) in foal to imp. Glencoe, to Col. Isaac Lane, of Tusculumbia, Ala. for \$2,500. Mr. K. has also sold a yearling filly, out of Eliza, by imp. Leviathan, to James Jackson, Esq. of Florence, Ala. for \$1,500.

[1b]

The fine stallion Grey Beard has been sold by Mr. Coles, and goes to Tennessee.

ERROR.—In the list of Blooded Stock of A. B. Hooe, in the July number of vol. 9, page 336, in the pedigree of Peggy, it is stated that she was foaled the 17th of May, 1836,—it should have been 17th May, 1826.

INDEX TO VOLUME IX.

A

Advice to Sporting Writers, 501
 Anecdotes of the Turf, 209, 289.
 Anecdotes of a Virginia Turfman, 147.
 Angler, the, by Washington Irving, 13.
 Angler, Walton's, review of, and extracts from, 65.
 Angling Adventure, extraordinary, 511.
 Aquatic Register—opening of the season, 269.
 Arabian Horses, 386.
 Archery, 433.
 Audubon's Ornithological Biography—extracts from and notice of, 360.
 Amato, 414.
 Autocrat, (imp.) performance of his get, 16.

B

Baltimore Stables, 148.
 Barrymore, opinions of, 417.
 Bay fishing, near New York, 378.
 Beatty, W. C. stud of, 239.
 Berners, Lord. death of, 227.
 Betting characters in England, 210.
 Betting, system of, at Tattersalls, 293.
 Blooded stock, importations of, by A. J. Davie, 12—by Hampton & Fryer, 481—prices of 452—sales of, 2, 128, 129, 131, 164, 228, 482, 550, 555, 576.
 Blooded Horses, want of in Georgia, 388.
 Bots in Horses, 425, 426.
 Breeding, Training, &c., essays on, 7, 75, 101, 154, 241.
 Breeding for the Turf, 273.
 Breeding farm, benefits of a, 63.
 Brood Mares, on the selection and value of, 145.
 Bunbury, Sir Charles, sketch of, 19.
 Buford, David, stud of, 95.
 Bay Middleton, 9.
 Balie Peyton, 274.

Bernice, 76.
 Bertrand. death of, 148.
 Boston—his great race on Long Island, 313.

C

Cartridge, rifle, newly invented, 129.
 Charleston races, description of, in verse, by J. B. Ransom, 215.
 Cook, W. W. on the prices of covering stallions, 213.
 Classification of Jockey Club meetings, 449.
 Cryer, H. M. on the pedigrees of Topgallant and John Bascombe, 298.
 Chiles, Richard, stud of, 46.
 Colt foal, extraordinary, 340.
 Castianira, 62.
 Childers, 103.
 Chorister, 412.
 Coronet, (imp.) pedigree and performances of, 149.
 Cobham, 414.

D

Davie, Allen J. stud of, 187.
 Deer Hunting, in Arkansas, 64, 114.
 Deer hunting in Georgia, 98—in Island of Trinidad, 168—from Audubon, 421.
 Destruction of racehorses, by fire, 552.
 Distemper in dogs, cure for, 418.
 Dogs, historical notices and anecdotes of, 317, 453—treatment for distemper in, 418—choice of, 509.
 Duck Shooting, 225—on Carroll's Island, 555.
 Duncan, P. E. stud of, 45.
 Decatur, 300.
 Doris, (imp.) 12.

E

Editorial—address to patrons, 1, 529—on reports of races, 97—on taming wild horses, 194—Audubon's Ornithological biography, 359.
 Eels and eel fishing, 400.

- Emory, Gen. Thomas—his impressions of English horses, 125.
 English race courses, 105.
 English racehorse, treatise on the care, treatment and training of, 17, 53, 104—form and size of, 222.
 English training, 241, 245.
 Equestrian match, Grant's, 130.
 Extraordinary colt foal, 340.
 Exercise, on the advantages of, 498.
 Eclipse, English, 103.
 Eclipse mare, Peyton's, 76.
 Elis, 9.
 Emilius, 102.
 Esther Cooper—her race at Louisville, 478.
- F.
- Field Sports in Virginia, 508.
 Fishing, extraordinary, 436—in the Ohio, 363.
 Fly fishing, 256, 259, 368.
 Fog, shooting in, 225.
 Foot lameness in horses—on the causes and treatment of, 218, 350.
 Forbes, Geo. stud of, 479.
 Fox hunting in Alabama, 224.
- G.
- Game laws of Massachusetts, 418.
 Gin and water hunt—No. 1, Michael Hardy, 197—No. 2, debate and appointment of committee, 301.
 Glover, Geo. A. stud of, 48.
 Grant's equestrian match over the Beacon course, 130.
 Grouse shooting in England, 78—in Missouri, 388.
- H.
- Hamlin, P. S. stud of, 48.
 Handicapping, 155.
 Handley-cross hounds—No. 3, the hunt ball, and supper, 341—No. 4, first day of the season, 397—No. 5, the dilemma, 463—No. 6, the new master, 485—No. 7, Mr. Jorrock's entry and oration, 533.
 Hickman, Geo. T. stud of, 95.
 Historical notices and anecdotes of the dog, 317, 453.
 Hooe, A. B. stud of, 336.
 Horses, management of, 468.
 Horse doctor abroad, 420.
 Hydrophobia, on the nature, cure and entire prevention of, 357.
- Hedgeford, (imp.) performances of his get, 549.
 Highflyer, 103.
 Hornsea, 155.
 Hyacinth, (imp.) 12.
- I.
- Imported horses, 12, 481—progeny of, 5.
 Impressions of English horses, by Gen. Thomas Emery, 125.
 Isabella, Wynn's, 146.
- J.
- Jackson, James, stud of, 576.
 Jockey Clubs, new, 387—classification of meetings, 449—discount on purses, &c., 451.
 Jorrock's sporting lectures, 116.
 John Bascombe—remarks on his pedigree, 220, 298, 299.
- K.
- Key, H. G. S. stud of, 144.
 King's stud, sale of, 2.
 King Herod—his match with Antinous, 17.
- L.
- Lamar, John, stud of, 47.
 Lamar & Robertson, stud of, 383.
 Lashells, John, stud of, 95.
 Leigh, John T. stud of, 336.
 Leaping, extraordinary, 436.
 Love & McIntosh, stud of, 335.
 Lady Burton, old, 76.
 Lady Clifden, her great race at Long Island, 25—do. at Hoboken, 29.
 Lady Clifton, 76.
 Lady Lightfoot, 147.
 Lance, death of, 148.
 Likeness, (imp.) 12.
 Louisa Bascombe, 164.
 Lucifer, 155.
 Lurcher, (imp.) pedigree and performances of, 10, 12.
- M.
- Management of horses, 468.
 Mange, cure for, 418.
 Marshall, Thos. stud of, 48.
 Match races, 276, 288.
 Miller, Jacob, stud of, 575.
 Minge, Wm. H. sale of his stud, 482.
 McArthur & Anderson, stud of, 384.
 McDowell, John, stud of, 239.
 Moore, James, stud of, 479.
 Mule race, at Greensboro, Ala. 179.
 Mad Anthony, 296.
 Maria Shepherd, 76.

- Mercury, his death and time, 77.
Mingo, 77.
Mundig, 413.
- N.
Naming colts in sweepstakes—alterations suggested, 221.
National match proposed, for \$50,000—England vs. America, 532.
Newsom, A. B. stud of, 96.
- O.
O'Kelly, Mr. the celebrated English breeder, 17.
Ostrich, 300.
- P.
Palmer, Wm. stud of, 188.
Partridge, Virginian, natural history of, 505—method of catching in nets, 507.
Patronage of sporting works, 337.
Pasturing, preparations for, 316.
Pedestrian feat, 388.
Pedigrees, on perspicuity in, 462.
Pigeon shooting, 227.
Poetry—the milk maid's song, 72
—Charleston races, 216.
Progeny of imported horses, 5.
Phantomia, 76.
Phosphorus, 414.
Phoenix, 415.
Plenipotentiary, 412.
Post Boy, 300.
Priam, 102.
Puzzle, (imp.) 12.
- R.
Race course at Springfield, Alab. length of, 382.
- RACING CALENDAR.—Races at
Augusta, Geo., 91, 141.
Batesville, Ark. 557.
Bean's Station, Tenn. 178, 564.
Belfield, Va. 238.
Broad Rock, Va., 325, 519.
Camden, S. C. 181.
Camden, N. J. 82, 517.
Carrollton, Ky. 373, 476.
Central Course, Baltimore, 285, 524.
Charleston, S. C. 184.
Charlestown, Va. 432.
Chillicothe, Ohio, 37, 328, 556.
Christianville, Va. 85.
Chucky Bend, Tenn. 40.
Columbia, S. C. 89.
Columbus, Geo. 229, 562.
Columbus, Miss. 376, 569.
Crab Orchard, Ky. 473, 514.
Culpepper, Va. 372, 378.
Cynthiana, Ky. 35, 326, 563.
Danville, Va. 517.
Decatur, Ala. 137.
Elkhorn, Ky. 180.
Falmouth, Ky. 41.
Fairfield, Va. 135, 324, 568.
Florence, Ala. 139.
Franklin, Tenn. 133, 334.
Frederick, Md. 476.
Fredericksburg, Va. 83.
Frederickton, Mo. 372.
Fulton, S. C. 134, 572.
Gallatin, Tenn. 513.
Georgetown, Ky. 516.
Greensburg, Ky. 132, 515.
Greensboro, Ala. 178, 329.
Greenville, S. C. 34, 40, 558.
Harper's Ferry, Va. 87.
Hay Market, Va. 32.
Hoboken, N. J. 86, 285, 326, 526, 574.
Hopkinsville, Ky. 33, 558.
Huntsville, Ala. 180.
Jackson, Tenn. 132.
Jefferson, Va. 79.
Jefferson Co. Miss. 330.
Kanawha, Va. 331.
Kendall Course, Baltimore, 282.
Lawrenceville, Va. 236.
Lexington, Ky. 284, 523.
Limestone Springs, S. C. 567.
Little Rock, Ark. 229.
Louisville, 379.
Lynchburg, Va. 381, 527.
Macon, Geo. 233, 573.
Marion, Mo. 561.
Maury Co., Tenn. 327, 566.
McMinnville, Tenn. 38.
Memphis, Tenn. 44.
Milledgeville, Geo. 182, 278.
Mobile, Ala. 137.
Mobly, Ky. 82.
Montreal, L. C. 471.
Mount Meigs, Ala. 136.
Mount Pleasant, Va. 39.
Murfreesboro, Tenn. 472.
Natchez, Miss. 232, 234.
Nashville, Tenn. 330, 520.
Newberry, S. C. 139.
Newmarket, Va. 237.
New Orleans, Lou. 90, 231, 235, 277.
Newport, Ky. 380.
Opelousas, Lou. 43.
Pendleton, S. C. 36.
Picton Course, Ala. 376.
Pittsburg, Pa. 33.
Plaquemine, 279.
Quebec, L. C. 474.
Rocky Mount, Va. 38.
Salisbury, N. C. 332.

- Somerville, Tenn. 432.
 Southampton, 528.
 Springfield, Ala. 94.
 St. Francisville, Lou. 427.
 St. Louis, Mo. 177, 333, 381, 560.
 St. Stephens, S. C. 137.
 Tallahassee, Florida, 92.
 Tappahannock, Va. 134.
 Tarboro, N. C. 183.
 Terre Haute, Ind. 35, 569.
 Tree Hill, Va. 80, 373, 525.
 Trenton, N. J. 88, 280.
 Tuscumbia, Ala. 184.
 Union, S. C. 42, 571.
 Union Course, L. I. 84, 281, 331, 521, 565.
 Upper Marlboro, Md. 518.
 Warrenton, N. C. 42, 572.
 Washington, D. C. 80, 522.
 Racing one hundred years ago, 49.
 Racing in Texas, 51.
 Racing season of 1837, in England, review of the, 158.
 Racehorse carriage and stables, 227.
 Racehorse region, 419.
 Rare Horse, 52.
 Reports of races, on the importance of, 97, 551.
 Rifle cartridge, improved, 129.
 Robertson, Geo. B. stud of, 335.
 Rowe, Donald, stud of, 240, 575.
 Roy, A. G. D. stud of, 479.
 Russell, A. stud of, 48.
 Fatler, old, and his get, 75.
 Riddlesworth, his race in 1831, 411.
 Ringlet, (imp.) 12.
 Robin Hood, 300.
 Rodolph, 131.
 S.
 Sales of blooded stock, 2, 128, 129, 131, 164, 228, 482, 550, 555, 576.
 Scott, John A. stud of, 96.
 Schlatre, Michael, stud of, 383.
 Sherley, Lewis, stud of, 142.
 Shooting in a fog, 225.
 Shy, James and Sam'l, stud of, 240.
 Sporting Epistles from Arkansas, 75, 385.
 Sporting Wager, 452.
 Sporting lectures, by Mr. Jor-rocks, 116.
 Sporting in Trinidad, 165.
 Sporting Sketches of America, 248.
 Sporting writers, advice to, 501.
 Sports in the White mountains, 483.
 Sportsmen, English, sketches and anecdotes of, 17, 53, 209, 289.
 Spring and its sports, 260.
 Stallions, on the selection of, for breeding, 61—list of, for 1838, 189—on the prices of, 213.
 State course, at Raleigh, N. C. remarks on the purses, &c. 450.
 Still hunting deer, 421.
 STUD OF
 W. C. Beatty, 239.
 David Buford, 95.
 Richard Chiles, 46.
 Allen J. Davie, 187.
 P. E. Duncan, 45.
 George Forbes, 479.
 George A. Glover, 48.
 P. S. Hamlin, 48.
 George T. Hickman, 95.
 A. B. Hooe, 334.
 James Jackson, 576.
 H. G. S. Key, 144.
 John Lamar, 47.
 Lamar & Robertson, 383.
 John Lashells, 95.
 John T. Leigh, 336.
 Love & McIntosh, 335.
 Thomas Marshall, 48.
 Jacob Miller, 575.
 Wm. H. Minge, 482.
 James Moore, 479.
 McArthur & Anderson, 384.
 John McDowel, 239.
 A. B. Newsom, 96.
 Wm. Palmer, 188.
 George B. Robertson, 335.
 Donald Rowe, 240, 575.
 A. G. D. Roy, 479.
 A. Russell, 48.
 John A. Scott, 96.
 Michael Schlatre, 383.
 Lewis Sherley, 142.
 James & Samuel Shy, 240.
 Wm. H. Tayloe, 480.
 Charles Tayloe, 336.
 George P. Tayloe, 45, 288.
 N. Terry, 383.
 Alexander Thomas, 188.
 E. M. Waggener, 187.
 E. Warfield, 46.
 T. J. & M. Wells, 576.
 Charles Wharton, jr. 576.
 Thomas B. Wheeler, 142.
 E. T. White, 288.
 W. Williams, 287.
 W. Yates, 479.
 Swan shooting in England, 228.
 Swapping horses, 131.
 Shark, (imp.) 102.
 Sir Archy, 62.
 St. Giles, 412.

Suffolk, 300.

T.

Taming wild horses—experiments in, 193.

Tayloe, Wm. H. stud of, 480.

Tayloe, Charles, stud of, 336.

Tayloe, Geo. P. stud of, 45, 288.

Terry, N. stud of, 383.

Thomas, Alex, stud of, 188.

Training, English, 241, 245.

Trotting match—Dutchman and Ratler—Beacon course, 495.

Trout, extraordinary, 470.

Turf, the, and its uncertainties, 410.

Topgallant, his pedigree, 297.

Trifle, 155.

Tulip, (imp.) 12.

V.

Vernon, Richard, notice of, 18.

Velocity of horses in the race, philosophically considered, 50.

Venison, 9.

W.

Waggener, E. M. stud of, 187.

Warfield, E. stud of, 46.

Wells, T. J. & M. stud of, 576.

Washington social gymnasium, 74.

Weasel asleep, 340.

Weights carried by English and American horses, 101, 104.

Westward, ho! sporting sketches of America, 248.

Wharton, Chas. Jr. stud of, 576.

Wheeler, Thos. B. stud of, 142.

White, E. T. stud of, 288.

Whisperer, or horse breaker, 389.

Wild horses, experiments in taming, 194—of Arkansas, 360.

Wild turkey, history and habits of the, 437.

Williams, W. stud of, 287.

Wacousta, 77.

Wagner, 296.

Wild Medley, 575.

Y.

Yates, W. stud of, 479.

PEDIGREES

A.

Adeline Hawes, 188.

Adria, 287, 383.

A. J. Lawson, 47.

Alarm, 576.

Alderman mare, 335.

Alessandria, 46.

Alexander, 142.

Alexandria, 288.

Alfred, Smith's, 47.

Alice Lee, 96.

Allegante, 96.

Almyra, 239.

Alonzo, 45.

Ann Barrey, 143.

Anna Medoc, 384.

Anne Royal, 96.

Andromache, 188.

Angelo, 143.

Angelica, 5.

Annita, 384.

Antoinette, 46.

Anvil, 335.

Aquilla, 188.

Arcadia, 575.

Archess, 384.

Arkaluka, 383.

Astrologer, 479.

Aurora, 516.

Atalanta, 479.

B.

Bajazet, 5.

Barchitucky, 384.

Barbara Allen, 240.

Bardolf, 46.

Barefoot, 142.

Bay Doe, 383.

Bay Gohanna, 288.

Bellissima, 5.

Belbroughton, 575.

Bell the Cat, 239.

Ben Tonson, 336.

Bertha, 384.

Bet Bounce, 5.

Betsey Baker, 48.

Betsey Barrow, 45.

Betsey Elliott, 95.

Betsey Gano, 336.

Betty Gaines, 479.

Billy Ariel, 129.

Billy Duane, 48.

Billy Onan, 95.

Billy Saunders, 239.

Billy Taylor, 239.

Billy Williams, 143.

Birmingham, 297.

Black-eyed Susan, 335.

Black Lock, 335.

Blue Grass, 384.

Blueing, 384.

Bolivar, 142.

Bonaparte, 5.

Bonny Bess, 335.

Boston, 386.

Boswell, 46.

Boxer, 575.

Bravo, 143.

Bright Phœbus, 5.

Brian Boroihme, 239.

Brilliant, 5.

Buckingham, 48.

Buckskin, 5.

Byron, 288.

C.

Cades, 336.

Cadetta, 384.

Calista, 144.

Camden, 31.

Camilla, 5, 144.

Captain, 239.

Captain Thomas Hoskins, 480.

Carola, 384.

Carrion Crow, 336.

Cassandra, 384.

- Cato, 143.
 Cavalier Servente, 188.
 Celestion, 46.
 Ceta, 336.
 Champion, 31.
 Charley Ause, 480.
 Charter, 143.
 Chatham, 5.
 Chestatee, 47.
 Chester, 5.
 Chesapeake, 5.
 Chiauxco, 384.
 Chinquippin, 48.
 Chitty, 297.
 Cicero, 336.
 Cincinnatus, 5.
 Civil John, 384.
 Civilian, 384.
 Clara Fisher, 479.
 Clare de Kitchen, 384.
 Claribel, 48.
 Clio, 48.
 Cock of the Rock, 95.
 Columbus, 142.
 Cornet, 240.
 Commodore Lightfoot, 142.
 Constitution Betrand, 142.
 Coquette, 335.
 Corncracker, 384.
 Coronet, imp. 149.
 Cripple, 287.
 Crooked Jaw, 240.
 Club Mare, 5.
 Culpepper, 553.
 Cumberland, 5, 143.
 D.
 Damascus, 384.
 Dame Priestly, 144.
 Danger, 384.
 Delphine, 482.
 Democrat, 5.
 Diana Lesley, 45.
 Diomed Blount's, 207.
 Diomed, Randolph's, 143.
 Diomed mare, Wilson's, 336.
 Directress, 46.
 Dogfish, 142.
 Doris, imp. 12, 187.
 Doublehead, 142.
 Drusilla, 96, 480.
 Duane, 386.
 Duchess of Marlborough, 5.
 Duke of Bedford, 142.
 Duke of Norfolk, 142.
 Dungannon, 5, 47.
 Duntatis, 383.
 E.
 Earnestine, 383.
 Esther Cooper, 143.
 Eau de Vie, 188.
 Ebony, 5.
 Eclipse, 5.
 Eclipse mare, Tayloe's, 45.
 Editor, 143.
 Eliza, 482, 576.
 Eliza Hopkins, 384.
 Eliza Jenkins, 46.
 Eliza Nelson, 239.
 Eliza Reiley, 482.
 Ellen, 336.
 Ellen Douglass, 76.
 Ementine, 297.
 Emigrant, 235.
 Epona, 336.
 Euphemia, 47.
 Exile, 576.
 Expectation, 479.
 Experiment, 386.
 F.
 Fancy, old, 142, 143.
 Fandango, 5, 576.
 Fanny Maria, 576.
 Fanny Wickham, 335.
 Fenella, 47.
 Fentine, 297.
 Fenton, 336.
 Figure, 144.
 Flight, 384.
 Flippanti, 479.
 Flying Ball, 6.
 Flying Jib, 188.
 Flora, 47.
 Fourth of July, 479.
 Fright, 144.
 G.
 Gallatin, 479.
 Gaslight, 383.
 Georgiana, 47.
 Georgia Maid, 47.
 German Spa, 48.
 Giles Scroggins, 144.
 Glennet, 384.
 Globe, 383.
 Goodloe Washington, 386.
 Governor Burton, 239.
 Gray Alfred, 144.
 Gray Eagle, 528.
 Grey Figure, 6.
 Grey Goose, 221, 278, 298.
 Grimalkin, 144.
 Guivaro, 480.
 H.
 Halifax, 6.
 Hall Malone, 95.
 Hamiltonia, 188.
 Hamiltonian, 144.
 Hamlet, 6.
 Hampton, 480.
 Hannah Harris, 299.
 Hardy Howell, 575.
 Harlequin, 6.
 Harriet Haxall, 335.
 Harriet Smith, 96.
 Hawk Eye, 46.
 Hebe, 143.
 Hetty Bang-up, 188.
 High Pressure, 46.
 Hippy, 384.
 Honesty, 335.
 Hortense, 128.
 Howard, 287.
 Humphrey Clinker, 188.
 Huntress, 187.
 Hyacinth, imp. 12.
 Hybiscus, imp. 482.
 I.
 Independence, 479.
 Indiana, 299.
 Industria, 239.
 Iron, 47.
 J.
 J. J. Astor, 483.
 Jack Easy, 384.
 Jackson, 335.
 James J. Morehead, 240.
 Jane Davis, 335.
 Jane Hunt, 287, 299.
 Jane West, 31.
 Jasper, 228.
 Jeff Wells, 384.
 Jenny Hunter, 384.
 Jesse, 483.
 Jewell, 46.
 Jews Harp, 383.
 Jim Cooler, 188.
 Jim Rock, 95.
 John Bascomb, 220, 287, 298.
 John Belcher, 386.
 John Ross, 220.
 Julia, 576.
 Juno, 143.

- K.
 Kate, 96.
 Kate Biddle, 46.
 Kentucky Eclipse, 46.
 Kinderhooker, 48.
 King George, 336.
 Kitty, 95, 575.
 Kitty-cut-a-Dash, 47.
 Kitty Fisher, 6, 47, 480.
 Kitty Flirt, 188.
 Kitty Muse, 46.
- L.
 Lady Bedford, 144.
 Lady Bentley, 95.
 Lady Bumper, 479.
 Lady Culpepper, 144.
 Lady Cumberland, 95.
 Lady Green, 143.
 Lady Hamilton, 479.
 Lady Harriet, 47.
 Lady Harrison, 129.
 Lady Jackson, 240.
 Lady Jones, 95.
 Lady of Kentucky, 288.
 Lady of the Lake, 131.
 Lady Mary, 480.
 Lady Morgan, 240.
 Lady Perry, 383.
 Lady Rackett, 188.
 Lady Richmond, 6.
 Lady Washington, 384.
 Lady Willis, 47.
 Large, 384.
 Lark, 131.
 Lavina, 6.
 Lauderdale, 383.
 Leannah, 240.
 Lee Boo, 6.
 Legis, 95.
 Lelia, 288.
 Letitia, 575.
 Leviathan, 6.
 Lex, 95.
 Lexington, 6.
 Lignumvitæ, 188.
 Likeness, imp. 12.
 Lilla, 480.
 Linnet, 131.
 Little Bet, 287.
 Little Billy, 240.
 Little Leader, 383.
 Lobelia, 297.
 Longitude, 131.
 Lora, 46.
 Lord Byron, 96.
 Lottery, 240.
 Louisa, 287.
 Louisa Bascomb, 164.
- Louisa Semmes, 6.
 Lucetta, 143.
 Lurcher, imp. 10, 12.
- M.
 Mad Anthony, 228.
 Maddade, 45.
 Madison, 143.
 Maelstroom, 384.
 Maggie Lauder, 336.
 Maid of Milton, 480.
 Maid of Perth, 288.
 Malvina, 143, 575.
 Mango, 576.
 Marcellus, 188.
 Marcia, 575.
 Maria, 6.
 Maria Black, 128.
 Maria Louisa, 479.
 Maria Shepherd, 76.
 Marja West, 128.
 Marigold, 480.
 Marius, 6.
 Marktime, 143.
 Martha Burton, 239.
 Martha Gray, 143.
 Mary, 287.
 Mary Barney, 143.
 Mary Birch, 143.
 Mary Cromwell, 31.
 Mary Gold, 46.
 Mary Madison, 48.
 Mary Morton, 287.
 Mary Rawkin, 336.
 Matchless, 240.
 May Day, 482.
 May Flower, 576.
 McDuffie, 384.
 McKinney Roan, 187.
 Medley, Barry's, 142.
 Mendoza, 575.
 Mermaid, 335, 384.
 Mickinack, 384.
 Midge, 143.
 Minerva, 95.
 Minna Troyle, 52.
 Mirza, 383.
 Miss Belinda, 95.
 Miss Brook, 480.
 Miss Chance, 480.
 Miss Dance, 144.
 Miss Forest, 31.
 Miss Harriet, 335.
 Miss Russell, 479.
 Miss Slammerkin, 288.
 Miss Softly, 553.
 Miss Star, 188.
 Miss Teazle, 479.
 Miss Waxey, 335.
- Molly Howell, 482.
 Multiflora, 239, 480.
 N.
 Nancy Air, 240.
 Nancy Creighton, 482.
 Nancy Robinson, 384.
 Nancy Shaw, 240.
 Nancy Stratton, 142.
 Nannie Bush, 384.
 Nantoaka, 6.
 Napoleon, 143, 479.
 Narcissa, 575.
 Nelly Mitchell, 143.
 Nell Saunders, 48.
 Nick Biddle, 483.
 Nightingale, 131.
 Nimrod, 47.
 Nonpareil, 6.
 Northampton, 6.
 Nubbinetta, 384.
- O.
 Object, 131.
 Obscurity, 575.
 Old Bay, 45.
 Old Court, 384.
 Olivetta, 187.
 One-eyed Peggy, 239.
 Orlanda, 143.
 Oronoko, 384.
 Orphan Boy, 143.
 Orphan Girl, 45.
 Oscar mare, 95.
 Othello, 6.
 Otway, 336.
- P.
 Pacolet, 288.
 Pactolus, 128.
 Pandora, 6.
 Pantaletto, 384.
 Pantico, 480.
 Pantonelli, 76.
 Paragon, 299.
 Partner, 6, 188.
 Partnership, 6.
 Patsey Colbert, 46.
 Paul Jones, 6, 479.
 Paul Pry, 47.
 Peggy, 336.
 Penelope, 95.
 Pennoyer, 575.
 Percussion, 576.
 Pet, 479.
 Phantomia, 76.
 Philadelphia, 239.
 Philip, 288.
 Phillis, 45.
 Pirate, 144.

Pocahontas, 76.
 Podarge, 336.
 Pollard, 228.
 Polly Page, 579.
 Polly Peacham, 128.
 Polly Tayloe, 223.
 Polly Wilkerson, 143.
 Portia, 48.
 Posthuma, 287.
 Powhattan, 142.
 Pressure, 228.
 Primrose, 336.
 Princess, 143.
 Promise, 335.
 Proof Sheet, 386.
 Proserpine, 143, 383.
 Punch, 6.
 Puzzle, imp. 12.

Q.

Queen of May, 47, 188.
 Queen of Trumps, 576.

R.

Rahab the Harlot, 188.
 Ranger, 6.
 Rattoon, 383.
 Rebecca Wallace, 143.
 Reform, 279.
 Regulus, 6.
 Republican President,
 6.
 Reliance, 144.
 Ridge, 28.
 Ringlet, 12, 188.
 Roanoke, 384.
 Rob Roy, 239.
 Rochester, 7.
 Roebuck, 7, 144.
 Romulus, 7.
 Rosalba, 288, 480.
 Rose Tree, 479.
 Rosy Clack, 239.
 Roxana, 298.

S.

Salkahatchie, 575.
 Sally Andrews, 96.
 Sally Bay, 479.
 Sally Brown, 479.
 Sally Dillard, 480.
 Sally McGehee, 383.
 Sally Naylor, 7.
 Sally Richardson, 240.
 Sally Pidze, 229.
 Sally Sneed, 287, 299.
 Sally Stone, 188.
 Sally Wade, 143.
 Sally Wright, 47.
 Salome, 287.

Sambo, 7.
 Samuel Weller, 576.
 Santee, 383.
 Sarah, 482.
 Sarah Bladen, 128.
 Sarah Silver, 48.
 Sea Gull, 240.
 Selima, 336.
 Selim Whip, 187.
 Silocta, 384.
 Senator, 143.
 Shakspeare, 7.
 Shark, 240.
 Shylock, 336.
 Simon Pure, 143.
 Singleton, 95.
 Sir Archy mare, Scott's
 96.
 Sir Archy Janus, 142.
 Sir Edward, 575.
 Sir Oliver, 187, 553.
 Sir Tonson, 142.
 Sir Tonson Medley,
 142.

Snake, 7.
 Sophia, 143.
 Sophia Lovell, 46.
 South Carolinian, 47.
 Spry, 7.
 Sting, 7, 336.
 Sudbury, 555.
 Suffolk, 300.
 Sulphur Spring, 383.
 Sultan Kebri, 239.
 Sultana, 7, 48.
 Susan, 336.
 Susan Hicks, 46.
 Susan Tyler, 31.
 Suse, 95.
 Susette, 46.
 Sweeper, 7.
 Sylla, 336.

T.

Tasso, 383.
 Tatnall, 95.
 Tecumseh, 7.
 Tempest, 187.
 Tennessee Citizen, 95.
 Texas, 52.
 Theatress, 240.
 Thompson filly, 96.
 Thornton Medley, 7.
 Thrush, 131.
 Tiger, Old, 144.
 Timoxena, 240.
 Tomahawk, 384.
 Tom Thurman, 288.
 Topgallant, 143, 297.
 Tophorn, 31.

Tranquillity, 336.
 Travis, 48.
 Trimmer, 7.
 True American, 7.
 Tryall, 7.
 Tuckahoe, 7.
 Tulip, imp. 12.
 Twig, 48, 144.
 Tychicæ, 479.

U.

Union, 7, 240.

V.

Vanity, 143.
 Van Tromp, 187, 553.
 Vienna, 46.
 Victorius, 288.
 Vincenta, 240.
 Virago, 47, 335.
 Virginia, 48.
 Virginia Nell, 7.
 Virginiana, 47.
 Volunteer, 7.

W.

Wandering Willie, 553.
 Washington, Thorn-
 ton's, 239.
 Wankerpin, 48.
 Whip, Blackburn's, 144.
 Whipster, 240, 384.
 Wildair, 144, 479.
 Wild Medley, 575.
 Wm. R. Johnson, 46.
 Worthy, 143.
 Wren, 131.

Y.

Yahoo, 479.
 Yellow Rose, 479.
 Young Celer, 47.
 Young Favourite, 45.
 Young Gouty, 48.
 Young Madison, 142.
 Young Medley, 143.
 Young Oscar, 239.
 Young Sir Archy, 142.
 Young Virginia, 45.

Z.

Zadora, 576.
 Zelina, 128.

INDEX TO THE RACING CALENDAR

[NOTE—Where this mark (†) is found it denotes that the animal is noticed in more than one place in the page referred to.]

- A.
 Aaron, 135.
 Adrian, 557.
 A. Drake, 82.
 African, 561.
 Aggy Thorn, 238.
 Ajarrah Harrison, 89,
 92, 141, 233, 234, 278,
 573, 594.
 Ajax, 282, 286, 332, 521.
 Alabama Maid, 94, 179.
 Albatross, 94, 179.
 Alexander Campbell, 473, 523.
 Allen Brown, 567.
 Alp, 32, 135, 372.
 Alice Ann, 92, 182, 183,
 562, 573.
 Alice Gray, 94, 178, 179,
 329, 378, 561.
 Altorf, 374, 519, 568.
 Alpha, 477.
 Aithea, 473, 523.
 Alvanley, 567.
 Amanda Turmin, 476.
 American Bottom, 560.
 American Maid, 183.
 Angora, 90, 231, 232,
 235, 277.
 Ann Barrow, 41, 178.
 Ann Blair, 477.
 Ann Callender, 526.
 Ann Eliza, 375, 376,
 569.
 Ann Floyd, 230.
 Ann Turner, 82.
 Antiope, 32, 372.
 Antoinette, 82, 84, 565.
 Anvil, 36, 41.
 April Fool, 471, 475.
 Arbaces, 231, 235, 279,
 428, 430.
 Arbitrator, 557.
 Archy, 34.
 Archy Howe, 516.
 Argyle, 136.
 Ariella, 373.†
 Astrologer, 79.
 Atalanta, 81, 83, 87, 88,
 237, 282, 286, 326, 332,
 521.
 Atlantic, 44.
 Aunt Pontypool, 134,
 137, 182, 572.
 Aurora, 138.†
 Austin, 523.
- Authentic, 138.†
- B.
 Bald Hornet, 139.
 Balie Peyton, 179, 280,
 283,† 285, 331, 334,†
 522, 525, 564.†
 Ball, 521.
 Bamboo, 570, 571.
 Barbara Allen, 474,
 514,† 524.
 Barbeau, 471.
 Beans, 475. †477.
 Beeswing, 334, 569.
 Belcher, 331.
 Belle Creole, 279, 280.
 Benbow, 81.
 Ben Duncan, 133, 474,
 514.
 Ben Franklin, 328,
 †556.
 Ben Morgan, 39.
 Ben Skinner, 35.
 Ben Sutton, 36, 41, 326,
 563.
 Bergen, 87, 88, 281, 282,
 326, 332, 574.
 Bernardo, 375.
 Bellona, 514.
 Betsey Andrew, 522,
 526, 565.
 Betsey Anderson, 42,
 83, 88, 280, 571.
 Betsey Astor, 137, 182,
 186.†
 Betsey Baker, 523.
 Betsey Banton, 566.
 Betsey Baxter, 89.
 Betsey Bedlam, 326,
 563.
 Betsey Buckley, 476.
 Betsey Coleman, 324,
 519, 525.
 Betsey Fisher, 569.
 Betsey Herndon, 516.
 Betsey Redd, 517.
 Betsey Stotts, 515.
 Betsey Whistle, 134,†
 137.
 Big Dick, 564.
 Big John, 91, 141, 567,
 571.
 Big Nancy, 562.
 Bill Dix, 133.
 Billy Button, 517, 527.
 Billy Grumble, 135.
- Billy Townes, 139, 141,
 186, 520, 568, 573.
 Billy Willis, 515.
 Black Beggar, 37, 556,†
 557.
 Black Bird, 83, 86, 567.
 Black Flag, 328, 329.
 Black Hawk, 475.†
 Black Jim, 329.
 Black Maria, 37, 328,
 556, 557.†
 Black Mary, 556.
 Black Prince, 81, 471,
 472,† 475, 568.
 Black Rabbit, 136.
 Black Sal, 563.
 Black Sophia, 560, 561.
 Blacklock, 367, 563.
 Blaze, 43.
 Blazing Star, 282, 286,
 521, 526.
 Bloody Nathan, 32, 79,
 281, 518, 524.
 Blue Bell, 517.
 Blue Black, 89, 278.
 Blue Bonnets, 330.
 Blue Hawk, 379.
 Blue Jim, 524, 563.
 Bluff, 38.
 Bluster, 93.
 Bob Crittenden, 557.
 Bob Ewing, 181.
 Bob Potter, 132.
 Bob Snell, 516.
 Bobtail, 329.
 Bolus, 39.
 Bolivar, 328.
 Bonny Black, 85, 86,
 561.
 Borodino, 561.
 Boston, 80, 83, 282, 286,
 326, 332, 525, 566, 574.
 Botheration, 381.
 Boyle, 514.
 Brandy, 380.
 Brighton Lass, 557.
 Britannia, 232, 234, 235,
 277, 431.
 Brocklesby, 325, 519.
 Broken Sword, 328.
 Broker, 522.
 Brother Paine, 562.
 Brooketta, 135.
 Brown Elk, 235.
 Bruce, 563, 564.
 Bruin, 515.

- Buck, 43.
 Buckeye, 518.
 Buckeye Lass, 52.
 Bucephalus, 473. 474.
 Bugler, 476.
 Bunkum, 562, 573.
 Bustamente, 524, 566.
 C.
 Caddy Jones, 568.
 Camden, 563.
 Camsidel, 84, 88.
 Canara, 32, 375.
 Canary, 135, 372, 378.
 520, 568, 572.
 Capt. McHeath, 232,†
 234, 235, 280.
 Caradori, 568.
 Caroline, 32, 332, 557.
 Caroline Scott, 181.
 Caroline Snowden, 80.
 Carroll, 83, 88.
 Cascade, 427.
 Cash, 80.
 Catahoula Lass, 373,
 477.
 Catharine, 232.
 Catharine Barry, 331.
 Cato, 526.
 Cavalier, 133, 515.†
 Cavalier Servente, 573.
 Cave Johnson, 33.
 Celeste, 475.
 Celestion, 524.
 Chance, 472.
 Chainey Hester, 182,
 278.
 Champagne, 84, 86, 87,
 88, 518, 526, 565, 566,
 574.
 Champion, 84.
 Charles, 515.
 Charles Carter, 135,
 285, 332, 374.
 Charles Magic, 90,
 138,† 231.
 Charlie, 472.
 Charley Tomkins, 558.
 Charlotte Barnes, 91,
 562, 573, 574.
 Charlotte Russe, 83, 89,
 91, 141, 185, 521, 524,
 565, 574.
 Charlotte Shaw, 333.
 Charlotte Temple, 331.
 Charline, 229, 333, 381.
 Chawtauk, 372.
 Cheroot, 471,† 472, 476.
 Cherokee, 35.
 Chesapeake, 559, 567,
 571.
 Chester, 182, 517.
 Chifney, 238, 324.
 Childers, 81, 527.
 Childry, 84, 135.
 Chilton, 181.
 Choctaw, 94.
 Chronometer, 377.
 Cippus, 80, 284, 327.
 Clarion, 282, 526.
 Cleopatra, 329.
 Clifton, 137.
 Clink, 569.
 Clodhopper, 91, 140,
 141, 184, 186.†
 Cock Robin, 33, 329.
 Coline, 44, 132.
 Collin, 379, 478.
 Collin, Jr., 133, 181,
 474.
 Colonel (the), 522, 526.
 Columbian Gregory, 569.
 Compact, 39, 567.
 Conflict, 379, 380.†
 Contract, Jr., 570.
 Convention, 184, 186,
 560.
 Coriolanus, 380.
 Corinna, 33, 380.
 Cornplanter, 329.
 Cornwall, 280,† 518.
 Corset, 374.
 Corsair, 568.
 Count Zaldiver, 229,
 230, 562.†
 Countess, 477.
 Countess Betrand, 181,
 284, 373, 557.
 Covington Buck, 35.
 Cowdriver, 36, 92, 93,
 141, 233.
 Cowper, 42, 91.
 Crab, 520.
 Crazy Bill, 136, 138.†
 Crazy Molly, 471.
 Credit, 80.
 Creeping Charley, 37,
 40,† 139.
 Crickett, 282.
 Crockford, 566.
 Crowder, 379, 382, 524.
 Curculia, 524.
 Cyrus, 528.
 D.
 Dandy, 32, 84, 372.
 Daniel Boone, 136.
 Daniel O'Connell, 39,
 44,† 134, 235, 236,
 431.
 Daniel O'Rourke, 567.
 Daniel Webster, 79.
 Dan Starr, 79.
 Dayton, 515.
 Darius, 135.
 Davidella, 477, 563.
 David Bailey, 182,†
 278.
 David Elder, 82.
 David H. Branch, 333,
 334, 382,† 560.
 Decatur, 136, 521, 526,
 566, 574.
 Deceiver, 136, 372.
 Delphine, 427.
 Delville, 89,† 186, 559.
 Democrat, 557.
 Demoida, 380, 477.
 Denis, 471.
 Deposit, 32, 559.
 Devil (the), 84, 526.
 Diamond, 43.
 Diana, 236, 237, 567,
 571.
 Diana Crone, 379.
 Diana Crow, 477.
 Dick Chinn, 231, 277.
 Dick Huile, 236, 430.
 Dick Johnson, 177, 178,
 284, 380.
 Dick Powell, 517, 527.
 Doctor, 43.
 Doctor Ben Dudley,
 181.
 Doctor Burton, 230.
 Doctor Duncan, 513.
 Doctor Syntax, 86.
 Don John, 134.
 Don Juan, 132.
 Don Pedro, 34, 36, 40,
 42, 139, 559, 560, 568,
 571.
 Doncaster, 232.
 Dorabella, 181, 185,
 186.†
 Dosoris, 281, 286.
 Downing, 284.
 Dromgoole, or Drum-
 goole, 42, 236, 237,†
 528,† 573.
 Duane, 42, 285, 324,
 325, 326, 374.
 Duff Green, 34.
 Duke (the), 526.
 Duroc, 471, 475.†
 Dusty Foot, 331.†
 Dutchess of Carlisle,
 522, 523.
 Dutchman, 527.
 Dwarf, 378.

- E.
 Ebro, 473, 524.
 Eclat, 89, 182.
 Eclipse, Noland's, 558.
 Eclipse, (f.) 141, 179.
 Eclipsia, 92, 233, 234.[†]
 Elastic, 132.
 Eliza Bertrand, 563.
 Eliza Derby, 282, 286, 332, 472.
 Eliza Garrison, 327.
 Eliza Hunter, 233, 234, 573.
 Eliza Jackson, 564.
 Eliza Petrie, 44.[†]
 Elizabeth Banton, 328.
 Ellen, 36, 186.[†]
 Ellen Brackenridge, 234.
 Ellen Fletcher, 177, 381.
 Ellen Percy, 89.
 Ellen Ross, 373.
 Ellen Tree, 180.
 Elliptic, 286, 517, 526.
 Eloise, 82, 237, 238, 517.
 Elvira, 375.
 Ely, 381.
 Emigrant, 564.
 Emily, 89, 91, 141, 185.
 Emily H., 32.
 Emilius, 286.
 Emma Snow, 35.
 Emmet, 88, 528.
 Engine, 237, 238, 325.
 Enoree, 567, 571.
 Envoy, 183.
 Esther Cooper, 379, 478.
 Ethiopia, 87, 560.
 Evelyn Cameron, 381.
 Exotic, 330, 513, 520.
 Experiment, 81, 330, 382.
 Express, 567, 568.
 Expunge, 514.
 Extio, 233, 235, 236, 278.
 F.
 Factor, 137.
 Falcon, 185, 186.
 Fanny, 472.
 Fanny Bell, 90,[†] 235.
 Fanny Eclipse, 517.
 Fanny Hill, 33.
 Fanny Walthall, 237.
 Fanny Wright, 90, 231, 233.
 Fanny Wyatt, 85, 285, 525.
 Fearless, 132.
 Fleta, 44,[†] 177, 334, 475, 514, 525.
 Floretta, 79, 87.
 Florida Hepburn, 229,[†] 562.
 Flying Chariot, 43.
 Flying Childers, 471, 472, 475.[†]
 Fordham, 281, 282.
 Forest Maid, 177.
 Fourpence, 562.
 Francis Marion, 93.
 Frances Terrell, 234.
 Franklin, 44, 177, 334, 382.
 Fred. Bailey, 230.
 Frozen Head, 92.
 G.
 Gabriella, 89, 92, 139.
 Gauntlett, 558.
 General Faulkner, 473.
 General Mabry, 564.
 Genito, 86, 139, 184, 186, 237, 238, 324.
 George, 88.
 German, 93.
 Gerow, 89, 91,[†] 141, 184, 186, 233, 279, 562, 573.
 Gift, 84.
 Giles Gosling, 44, 132.
 Gipsy, 85, 86.
 Guivaro, 523.
 Glance, 90, 179, 235, 278, 279.
 Gleam, 328.[†]
 Glenn Valick, 381.
 Glorvina, 90, 138, 231.
 Gonzales, 515.
 Gov. Barbour, 372.
 Gov. Branch, 230.[†]
 Gov. Hayne, 36, 37.
 Gracchus, 286, 326, 332.
 Grace, 519.
 Gray Jaw, 477.
 Great Mogul, 90.
 Grey Eagle, 284, 379, 528.
 Grimalkin, 471.
 Grocer, 81.
 Guinea Pig, 372, 378.
 Gustavus, 282, 518.
 Guy of Warwick, 474.
 H.
 Halo, 516.
 Hampden, 236, 238.
 Hampton, 83, 84, 372.
 Hannibal, 432.
 Harbinger, 283.
 Hardbargain, 32.
 Hard Case, 37.
 Hard Times, 40,[†] 560.[†]
 Hard Heart, 36, 37, 83, 91, 139, 141, 185, 186,[†] 326, 328, 372,[†] 477, 563.
 Hardy Crier, 33, 558.
 Harkaway, 134, 180, 184, 521.
 Harpalyce, 379.
 Harriet Fisher, 137, 184.
 Harry Brown, 132.
 Hawk Eye, 285, 523.
 Hebe, 82, 182, 334, 382, 560, 561.
 Hector, 473.
 Helen Mar, 471.
 Henrietta, 179, 180, 329, 377, 472.
 Henry Archy, 177.
 Henry Buster, 279, 562.
 Henry Harrison, 380.
 Henry Moore, 85, 88, 282, 522, 565.
 Henry Sweat, 229.
 Henry A. Wise, 80, 84, 87, 280, 518.
 Hetty, 563.
 Hetty Fowler, 37.[†]
 Hetty McIntosh, 557.
 Hickory Heart, 37.
 Hickory John, 89.
 Highlander, 79.
 Highland Mary, 36, 138.
 Highland Laddie, 472.
 Honest Joe, 37.
 Honey Dew, 520.
 Hoosier, 518.
 Hornblower, 565.
 Hortense, 94, 179, 231, 277.
 Hualpa, 42.
 Humphrey Clinker, 34.
 Huntress, 563.
 Huron, 474, 475.
 I.
 Ibarra, 279, 573.
 Icicle, 136.
 Independence, 229,[†] 333, 373, 526, 557.
 Indian, 569.
 Indiana, 570.
 Ion, 526, 562.
 Ione, 91, 230, 233, 279, 573.
 Irene, 84, 372, 374.

- Isaac Shelby, 517, 573. John L. Corbin, 325. Lady Harrison, 35.[†]
 Isaac of York, 84. John Canady, 517. Lady Hayneville, 136.
 Isham Puckett, 42. John Gascoigne, 92, 93. Lady Hope, 85, 86, 328,
 Islander, 33. John Gayle, 94, 179. 556.
 John Granger, 33, 558. Lady Holstein, 41, 178.
 John Guedron, 91, 141. Lady Humphries, 88.
 J. 185, 186, 233, 279. Lady Huntress, 82.
 Jack Andrew, 282, 327, John Gideon, 140. Lady of the Lake, 43.
 332, 382, 521, 526. John Hays, 473. Lady Lightfoot, 476.
 Jack Downing, 184, 229. John Kennedy, 572. Lady Matilda, 35.
 Jack Pendleton, 324, John W. Kennedy, 474. Lady Russell, 374.
 325, 519, 525. John Lindsay, 325, Lady Suffolk, 526.
 Jack Strut, 556. 528, 568. Lady Touch-me-not,
 Jack of Trumps, 525. John Linton, 281, 282, 518.
 Jacob Hinkle, 373.[†] 285, 519. Lady Whitestockings,
 477. John Maffitt, 133.[†] 34.
 Janet, 136. John Marshall, 33, 34. Lady Wilde, 83.
 Jane, 182. John Pacolet, 564. Lady Wright, 43.
 Jane Bohorqua, 41, 178, John R., 86, 332, 522. Lafitte, 564.
 564.[†] John Randolph, 563. Landlord, 39.
 Jane Elliott, 232, 235, John Ross, 568. Langford, 280, 281, 286,
 236, 279. John H. Ward, 133. 565, 574.
 Jane Hilliard, 527. Johnny, 183.[†] Lantaro, 331.
 Jane Hunter, 527. Josephine, 36, 379, 381. Laretto Murphy, 333.
 Jane Kvie, 381. Josephus, 238, 375. Lath, 181.
 Jane Lamar, 136. Joshua Bell, 234, 235. Lavinia, 231, 232,[†] 234,
 Jane Maria, 85. 278, 429. 277, 330, 431, 473.[†]
 Jane Rowlett, 81, 327, Jubal, 520, 571. Lavinia Blackburn, 82.
 522, 566. Julia Burton, 285, 568. Lavinia Rudd, 41, 178,
 James F. Robinson, 516, 524. Julia Creel, 133. 427, 564.[†]
 James C. Spriggs, 516. Julia Dumont, 180. Laurens, 42.
 James Townley, 177.[†] Jumper, 93.[†] Leannah, 91, 141.
 Jasper, 278, 279. Jump-up-Joe, 37. Leesburg, 80.
 Jeannette Berkley, 185, Just-in-Time, 35. Leiber, 89,[†] 91, 182.
 186. K. Leila, 331, 334.
 Jemima, 379. Kangaroo, 33, 333, 381. Lem Gustine, 33.
 Jemima Burbridge, 570. 382. Leopold, 34.[†]
 Jenny Deans, 37, 328. Kate Clowden, 41. Letitia Breckenridge,
 329, 472, 556. Kate Cowan, 33. 523.
 Jessica, 561.[†] Kate Plowden, 181. Leviathan Mare,
 Jesse Richards, 87, 88. Kavanaugh, 474, 516. (Lane's), 139.
 Jewess, 44, 90, 236. Kentucky Bay, 476. Lewis Justin, 474.
 Jim, 330. Kentucky Eclipse, 524. Lieut. Bassinger, 562.
 Jim Allen, 516. Keph, 380. Likeness, 517, 572.
 Jim Boy, 92. Kinderhook, 35. Lilac, 231, 278, 431.
 Jim Brown, 183. Kleber, 138.[†] Lily, 185, 186, 522, 572.
 Jim the Butcher, 330.[†] Klepper, 32, 372. Limber John, 477, 516,[†]
 Jim Crack, 34, 233. Kite, 91, 182, 230. 523.
 Jim Henry, 38. Kitty Heth, 91. Lindock, 566.[†]
 Jim Williams, 30. Kitty Minge, 135. Linnet, 231, 232, 428.
 Jinny Willing, 563. L. Linwood, 138, 179,
 Job, 281, 282, 332, 521. Lady Bitter, 183. 573.[†]
 Jocassee, 36. Lady Blanche, 331. Lisette, 238.
 Joe Gales, 556.[†] Lady Bumper, 79. Little Barton, 381, 561.
 Joe Kearney, 44, 90,[†] Lady Clifden, 83,[†] 85, Little John, 35,[†] 379.
 231, 235. 87, 88. Little Pilot, 180.
 Joe Yates, 33. Lady Crockett, 91. Little Red, 473, 563.
 John Anderson, 373. Lady Cheatham, 136. Livingston, 182, 179,
 John Belcher, 381. Lady Green, 42, 82, 86. 430.
 John Benson, 516. 133. Logan, 39, 567.

- Longitude, 43, 232.
 Lord Hale, 378.
 Lord of the Isles, 277, 278, 279.
 Lorenzo, 37, 38, 373, 477, 478, 570.[†]
 477, 557.
 Lorinda, 94, 375, 376, 520, 569.
 Loritard, 93.
 Loudon, 94.
 Louisiana, 279.
 Louisianese, 277, 429.
 Louisa Bascombe, 90,[†] 137, 138, 179, 231, 277, 279.[†]
 Louisa Lee, 280, 281, 283, 285, 518.
 Lucy, 85.
 Lucy Benton, 377.
 Lucy Jane, 516, 523.
 Lycurgus, 42.
 Lyrus, 258.
 M.
 Mad Anthony, 231, 235.[†] 277, 280.
 Madelaide, 35.
 Madison, 42.
 Mid of the Neck, 79, 87.
 Maid of Southanna, 374, 285, 518, 522.
 Major Dade, 573.
 Malton, 79, 87.[†]
 Manalopan, 85, 86, 281, 518, 526, 565, 574.
 Margaret, 87.
 Margaret Armistead, 81, 84, 382.
 Margaret Carson, 235.
 Margaret Carter, 477.
 Margaret K., 33, 34.[†]
 Margaret Ridgely, 86, 87, 282, 286,[†] 326, 521, 526.
 Maria, 474, 475, 476.
 Maria Carter, 40.
 Maria Duke, 380,[†] 381.
 Maria Francis, 35, 41, 562.
 Maria Monk, 560.
 Maria Miller, 422.[†]
 Maria Reeves, 562.
 Maria Russell, 181.
 Maria Smith, 178, 182, 527.
 Maria Speed, 513.
 Maria Star, 571.
 Maria Towson, 333.
 Maria W., 282.
 Mark Pillow, 328, 566.
 Marlborough, 33.
 Martha Washington, 334.
 Martin Van Buren, 477, 478, 570.[†]
 Mary Ann, 477.
 Mary Bond, 44, 132.
 Mary Blunt, 80.
 Mary Brennan, 284, 514, 516, 523.
 Mary Burnam, 474.
 Mary Burnum, 523.
 Marv Crusman, 558.
 Mary Ellen, 229.
 Mary Gardner, 141.
 Mary Granville, 88.
 Mary Hord, 477.
 Mary Hutton, 79.
 Mary Keene, 516, 563.
 Mary Lyle, 42, 183.[†]
 Mary Jane Davis, 33.
 Mary Jones, 44,[†] 232.
 Mary McFarland, 473.
 Mary Mott, 558.
 Mary Otterson, 517.
 Mary Queen, 516.
 Mary Richmond, 514.
 Mary Smith, 79.
 Marv Selden, 80, 283, 518, 522.
 Mary Serene, 181, 380.
 Mary Tyler, 525, 568.
 Mary Van Love, 561.
 Mary Vaughan, 380, 473, 515.
 Mary Wells, 40.
 Mary Wood, 333, 382.
 Mary Wynn, 139, 180, 184.
 Marygold, 523.
 Massalino, 181.
 Master Henry, 79, 281, 284, 332, 518, 476.
 Mataoca, 236.
 Matthew, 80, 81, 135.
 McDonald, 333.
 Meander, 38, 380.
 Mediator, 183,[†] 238, 325, 522, 571.
 Medoca, 82, 284, 379.
 Medora, 519, 522.
 Meeky Smith, 472.
 Meg Merrilies, 136.
 Melcy Lane, 474.
 Melicent, 378.
 Melina Herndon, 284.
 Melzare, 231.
 Merino Ewe, 329,[†] 377.
 Meselina, 375.
 Metamora, 38.
 Miantonimah, 33.
 Middlesex, 85, 86, 88.[†]
 Mickanack, 557.
 Midas, 471.[†]
 Millwood, 179.
 Milo, 132, 432.[†]
 Milwaukie, 89, 91, 181, 324, 375.
 Milus, 523.
 Mina, 90, 138, 573.
 Minerva Miller, 379, 478.
 Mingo, 83, 85.
 Miracle, 521.[†]
 Miranda, 528.
 Missouri, 141, 236, 238, 525, 568.
 Missouri Franklin, 177.
 Misfortune, 284.
 Miss Barrie, 471.
 Miss Byron, 138.[†]
 Miss Chesterfield, 184.
 Miss De Bar, 238, 528.
 Miss Hagan, 280.
 Miss Molly, 379.
 Miss Ripley, 133.
 Miss Star, 328.
 Miss Susan Dodge, 230.
 Moccasin, 475, 476.
 Mogul, 231, 236, 279.
 Mohican, 280.
 Molinera, 32, 79, 88, 476.
 Moll Hedney, 136.
 Molly Cottontail, 325.
 Molly Long, 35, 177.
 Molly Ward, 517, 527, 572.
 Monarch, 89, 141.
 Monboddoo, 525.
 Monmouth, 90.
 Morgianna, 43.
 Mortimer, 561.[†]
 Moulder, 561.
 Moss Rose, 86, 88.
 Mozart, 33, 558.
 Musedora, 474, 524.
 N.
 Naked Truth, 90, 231, 234, 278.
 Nameless, 37.
 Nancy Bell, 236.
 Napoleon, 526, 557, 558.
 Narcissa Parrish, 39,[†] 376,[†] 377.
 Ned Blackburn, 477.
 Ned Johnson, 329.
 Negotiator, 475.
 Nelson Dudley, 474.

- Neosho, 37, 556.
 Niblo, 85.
 Nicholas, 477.
 Nick Biddle, 84, 136, 331.
 N. Luck Coffee, 558.
 Nolachucky, 564.
 Nopretender, 94.
 Nullifier, 515.
 Nun (the), 472,† 475.

 O.
 Oaklev, 135.
 Octavius, 515.
 Offord, 564.
 O'Kelly, 39.
 Old Luke, 558.
 Oliver, 518, 526.
 Omega, 522.
 Ophelia, 139.
 Orange Boy, 43, 277.
 Orient, 381, 477.
 Orphan Boy, 325.
 Orillia, 279.
 Oseola, 132, 138, 558.
 Othello, 180, 184, 520, 561.
 Otho Williams, 328, 556.
 Oxidenta, 476.

 P.
 Pacolet, 41, 229.
 Pactolus, 235, 278, 329, 376.
 Palladium, 180.
 Pank, 38.
 Paris, 333,†
 Parokeit, 39.
 Paroquet, 133, 515.
 Partner, 474, 476.
 Partnership, 328.
 Patience, 83, 88.
 Paul Clifford, 35, 38.
 Paul Jones, 83, 135, 231.
 Peachy Fry, 515.
 Peas, 477.
 Penelope, 229.
 Pete Whetstone, 36, 44, 234,† 236, 277, 473, 569.
 Peter Stuyvesant, 37, 10.
 Phantom, 513.
 Philo C. Bush, 373.
 Phosphorus, 35.
 Picayune, 474.
 Picton, 80, 82, 85, 87.
 Pilot, Jr., 137.
 Pioneer, 42, 183,† 381.
 Piony, 139, 184, 521.
 Pocahontas, 82, 138, 277, 280, 373.
 Podargus, 38.
 Pollard, 231,† 277.
 Polly Carey, 183.
 Polly Green, 528.
 Polly Hancock, 327.
 Polly Hopkins, 35, 36, 326, 370.
 Polly Moss, 476.
 Polly Mott, 286.
 Polly Rutledge, 382.
 Polly Wallace, 133, 515.
 Pompey, 475.
 Poney, 43, 331, 334, 569.
 Porter, 229.
 Portsmouth, 519, 522.
 Premium, 570.
 Pressure, 277, 280, 429.
 Prim, 324.
 Primrose, 38.
 Prince Edward, 40, 574.
 Prince George, 80, 284, 519, 522.
 Prince Talleyrand, 558.
 Proof Sheet, 177, 178, 333, 382.
 Puckler Muskau, 179.
 Purdy, 570.
 Purity, 132.
 Puss, 382.
 Pyrrhus, 33, 34,†
 Pythias, 79.

 Q.
 Queen (the), 472, 475.
 Queen of Diamonds, 134, 184.
 Queen Mary, 379, 523.
 Queen of Trumps, 513, 514.
 Quietus, 139.

 R.
 Radzivil, 563.
 Raleigh, 135.
 Ralph, 514.
 Rancopus, 177, 333, 381, 560, 561.
 Rappahannock, 560.
 Ratcatcher, 333,†
 Ratler, 476, 527.
 Reaphook, 134.
 Red Douglass, 36, 41.
 Red Fox, 33, 283, 518, 558.
 Red Hawk, 35, 478, 556.
 Red Lion, 570.
 Red Rat, 83, 85, 87.
 Red Rover, 527.
 Red Wasp, 42, 517, 527,† 572.
 Red Zeia, 34,† 37, 40.
 Regulus, 136.
 Reindeer, 332, 521, 526.
 Revilee, 562.
 Reynard, 471.
 Rhinordino, 329, 330.
 Richarda, 137, 180.
 Richard of York, 235, 237, 278.
 Richmond, 471, 475.
 Rienzi, 87, 185, 186, 282, 286, 326, 572.
 Rights of Man, 334, 382.
 Rights of Women, 333, 382.
 Rinordine, 377.
 Risible, 333, 381.
 Rival, 471,† 472, 475.
 Robert Burns, 133, 380.
 Robert Fulton, 518, 523.
 Robert White, 476.
 Rob Roy, 334.
 Rocker, 375.
 Roderick Dhu, 279, 430.
 Roley Porter, 517, 527.
 Rollicking Bob, 475.
 Rosalba, 367.
 Rosa Vertner, 285.
 Rose, 560.
 Rosin the Bow, 232, 234, 375.

 S.
 Sailor Boy, 473, 563.
 Sally, 91.
 Sally Bertrand, 285, 327.
 Sally Blueskin, 139.
 Sally Burns, 380.
 Sally Eubanks, 42.
 Sally Harris, 325, 519, 525.
 Sally McCall, 44, 569,†
 Sally Red, 37.
 Sally Vandyke, 91, 141, 182, 233, 278.
 Sally in the Wild Wood, 43, 571.
 Sally Ward, 132, 515.
 Sam Brown, 285, 330.
 Sam Houston, 177, 178.
 Sam Johnson, 517, 527.

- Sam Patch, 81, 134.
 378.
 Sandusky, 520, 568.
 Santa Anna, 132, 329,
 572.
 Santee, 136.
 Sapsucker, 478.
 Saracen, 282, 285.
 Sarah Bladen, 331.
 Sarah Colbert, 573.
 Sarah Harrison, 330.
 Sarah Helen, 378.
 Sardosa, 327.
 Sarveta, 525.
 Saxony, 473.
 Scarlet, 234.
 Scapio, 327, 520, 566.
 Sciota Ranger, 329.
 Scuffle, 134.
 Secretary, 569.
 Selima, 44, 132.
 Seminole, 331, 522.
 Sergeant McDonald,
 567, 571.
 Severe, 41.
 Shadow, 332.
 Shakspeare, 35.
 Shakspeare, jr., 373.
 Shamrock, 475.
 Shark, 558.
 Shepherd, 518.†
 Shepherdess, 86, 88,†
 283, 286, 326, 327,
 332.
 Sheridan, 514, 520.
 Shillelah, 475, 476.
 Shockley, 559.
 Short Robin, 43, 89,
 139.
 Shylock, 44, 132.
 Silas Payne, 36.
 Silk Stockings, 471,
 472.†
 Singed Cat, 177.
 Sir Aress, 330.
 Sir Charles, 472, 475.
 Sir Charles, jr., 133,
 180.
 Sir Elliott, 41, 178, 565.
 Sir George, 38, 556.†
 Sir Henry Brown, 567.
 Sir Joseph Banks, 520.
 Sir Kenneth, 134, 137,†
 181, 375, 376,† 572.
 Sir William, 229, 570.
 Skylark, 79, 87.
 Slender, 561.
 Sligo, 237, 325.†
 Slim, 432.
 Slowboy, 94.
 Snakeroot, 33.†
 Snatchit, 79, 432.
 Soft Heart, 37.
 Somerset, 280, 281.
 Somerville, 81.
 Sophia, 324.
 Sophia Western, 281,
 525.
 Southerner, 91, 182,
 183, 230,† 233, 234,
 278, 573.
 Spark, 37.†
 Spartacus, 528.
 Speculation, 237.
 Spindle, 374, 520, 525,
 568.
 Splendor, 474, 524.
 Sporting Tonney, 472.
 Sportsman, 38, 180.
 Spotless, 525.
 St. Gervais, 475.
 Stanhope, 522.
 Star, 527.
 Steele, 84, 141, 185,
 520, 525.
 Sterling, 44, 132.
 Stingaree, 92.
 Sthreshly, 284, 380, 532.
 Stockton, 80, 283, 285,
 327, 522, 528, 590.
 Streamlet, 35.
 Suffolk, 237, 281, 286,
 326, 332, 521, 526,
 565, 574.
 Sultan, 372.
 Susan, 141, 381.
 Susan Allen, 473, 514.
 Susan Dodge, 230, 562.
 Susan French, 564.
 Susan Lindsay, 183.
 Susan Walker, 135.
 Susan Yandell, 90, 277.
 Sweet Emma, 134, 137.
 Swiss Boy, 560.
 Switch, 32, 134.
 Sybrant, 32,† 372.†

 T.
 Taglioni, 231, 235,†
 277.
 Talledega, 180, 184,
 377, 378.
 Tarlton, 524.
 Tarquin, 85.
 Telescope, 471.
 Testimony, 79.
 Thecla, 515.
 Theobaldian, 516.
 Theobalding, 563.
 Thesbe, 567, 568, 571.
 Thicket, 43.
 Thunderbolt, 556, 557.
 Tickle Toby, 378, 379.
 Tiger, 36.
 Tillett, 233, 234.
 Tillman, 180.
 Timoleon, 471, 472,
 475,† 476.
 Tipton, 83, 85.
 Tiptop, 329, 556.
 Tishamingo, 90, 231,
 232, 235, 236, 278,
 330, 569.
 Titia Breckenridge,
 516.
 Tom Benton, 284, 380,
 432, 524.
 Tom Branch, 561.
 Tom Jones, 277, 427.
 Tom Long, 230.
 Tom Moore, 85, 87,
 326, 332, 565, 574.
 Tom Paine, 429.
 Tom Rice, 42.
 Tom Ruffin, 42.
 Tom Smith, 563.
 Tom Thurman, 277,
 329, 377.
 Tom Walker, 84, 324,
 325, 375, 519, 571.
 Tolivia, 181.
 Toney Lumpkin, 136.†
 Tornado, 42, 237, 238,
 374.
 Touch-me-not, 524.
 Tramp, 475.
 Traffic, 139.
 Tranby, 83.
 Traveller, 41, 178.
 Trenton, 286, 521, 526,
 574.
 Tresoria, 277, 278.
 Trio, 324.
 Triumph, 477.
 Trombone, 79.
 Trooper, 93.†
 Trouble, 517.
 Trump, 474.
 Truxton, 35, 570.
 Turnbull, 91, 182, 230,†
 233, 278.
 Tuscumbia, 561.
 Two Pollies, 81.
 Tyro, 84.

 U.
 Uncas, 183,† 229, 427.
 Union, 36.

 V.
 Van Buren, 39, 180.

- Vanity, 326, 328, 329. Watkins Leigh, 137, Watterson, 472.
 Vanquish, 563. 180. Watty, 133.
 Veteran, 474, 475.† Waterloo, 574. Waverly, 471,† 472,
 Victoria, 134, 180, 184,† Waxey Neal, 515. 475.
 327, 519, 520. Waxetta, 132, 133, 379, Wren, 232, 235, 277.
 Virginia Fairfield, 90, 474, 515.
 138. West Florida, 284, 379, Y.
 Virginia Graves, 80. 516. Yahoo, 79.
 Virginia Gregory, 179. Whap Sepiucca, 34. Yellow Ann, 34.
 Virginia Overton, 330. Whalebone, 42. Young Lady Lightfoot,
 Virginia Robinson, 568. Whig, 135, 586. 332, 521, 566.
 Virginia Timberlake, Wicked Dick, 87. Young Sir Charles,
 324. Wilcox, 89, 182. 514.
 Volney, 183. Wild Irish Girl, 328,
 566. Z.
 W. William, 133. Zebedee, 41, 178.
 Wagner, 137, 235, 236. William Herndon, 380, Zela, 285, 522, 526.
 Wake Robin, 41, 178. 382.† Zelina, 569.
 Wallace, 514. Wolf, 279. Zenobia, 521, 526, 574.
 Walter Livingston, 564, Wonder, 518,† 522. Zelina, 94.
 565. Woodpecker, 563. Zitella, 79, 87.
 Washington Irving, 43. Wormy, 330. Zobiana, 518.

INDEX

TO COLTS AND FILLIES IN THE RACING CALENDAR NOT NAMED.

- By *Alborak*.
 Richardson's f. 572.
 By *Andrew*.
 Eaton's c. 325.
 Hale's f. 237.
 Jones' f. 282, 521, 566.
 Morgan's c. 238.
 Ridley's f. 528.
 Tayloe's f. 329.
 By *Andrew Jackson*.
 Bragg's f. 38.
 Rutledge's f. 137.
 By *Apparition*,
 (imp.)
 Boyce's f. 80.
 By *Arab*.
 Drane's f. 36.
 By *Archer*.
 Rowland's f. 34.
 By *Argyle*.
 Berkley's f. 524.
 By *Autocrat*, (imp.)
 Payne's c. 378.
 Pendleton's c. 374.
 Tayloe's f. 134.
 Tayloe's c. 519.
 Williamson's f. 374.
 By *Barefoot*, (imp.)
 Williamson's c. 135,
 374
 By *Bertrand*.
 Buford's c. 523.
 Buford's f. 379.
 Carmicle's f. 40.
 Cook's c. 132.
 Connally's c. 180.
 Duke's f. 284.
 Duncan's f. 37.
 Gist's f. 43.
 Lindsay's f. 523.
 Myers' c. 376.
 Payne's c. 560.
 Peyton's c. 520.
 Scruggs' c. 82.
 Scruggs' f. 178.
 By *Bertrand, Jr.*
 Myers' c. 376.
 Richardson's f. 572.
 By *Birmingham*.
 Simpson's c. 513.
 By *Busiris*.
 Cochran's c. 82.
 Leiper's f. 82.
 By *Carolinian*.
 Cabiness' c. 527.
 Talbott's c. 527.
 White's f. 135.
 By *Cherokee*.
 Dickey's f. 284.
 Hoggins' c. 36.
 Shawhan's f. 35.
 563.
 By *Citizen*.
 Jackson's f. 331.
 By *Clinton*.
 Jourdan's f. 514.
 By *Cock of the Rock*.
 Barry's c. 513.
 Barry's f. 520.
 Covington's c. 513.
 Stewart's f. 38.
 By *Columbus*.
 Shepherd's c. 432.
 By *Collier*.
 Aldridge's f. 514.
 Daniel's c. 524.
 Dunn's c. 515.
 Payne's c. 560.
 Tarlton's c. 284.
 By *Contention*.
 Puckett's f. 519.
 Watson's f. 237.
 By *Crusader*.
 Yourie's f. 513.
 By *De Kalb*.
 Gaffney's f. 40.
 By *Diomed*, (Stevenson's.)
 Poindexter's f. 136.
 By *Director*, (Covington's.)
 46, M'Neeley's f. 34, 40.
 By *Eclat*.

- Craige's f. 332.
 By *Eclipse*.
 Bullock's f. 572.
 Claiborne's c. 42, 183.
 Early's f. 179.
 Edmondson's c. 85.
 Hammond's c. 89.
 Johnson's c. 81, 325.
 Lewis' c. 572.
 M'Cargo's f. 81, 84, 86, 140, 375.
 Puckett's f. 520.
 Queens' c. 523.
 Stevens' c. 281,† 521.
 Tayloe's f. 3-9.
 Thompson's c. 331.
 Van Seckler's c. 282.
 Van Mater's f. 565.
 Williamson's c. 81.
 Wilkes' c. 285.
 By *Eclipse Lightfoot*.
 Tom's c. 280.
 By *Fugo*.
 Hutchinson & Palmer's f. 35.
 By *Fylde*.
 Cabiness' c. 527.
 Gaston's c. 332.
 Gregory's c. 569.
 Gregory's f. 569.
 Heth's c. 285.
 Hicks' f. 522.
 Haynes' f. 331.
 M'Cargo's c. 81, 324.
 M'Cargo's f. 81.
 Meare's c. 572.
 Oliver's c. 325.
 Townes' c. 42.
 Townes' f. 236, 568, 572.
 Withers' f. 329.
 By *General Brooke*.
 Washington's f. 374.
 By *Godolphin*.
 Harrison's f. 139.
 Moore's c. 572.
 By *Gohanna*.
 Ald's f. 373.
 Botts' f. 81, 84, 324, 325,† 374,† 519,† 525.
 Burton's f. 525.
 May's f. 85.
 Puckett's c. 81.
 Williamson's c. 81.
 By *Goliah*.
 Adams' f. 525.
 Mason's c. 237.
 Vaughan's c. 324.
 White's c. 374, 378.
 White's f. 134, 374,† 375, 378.
 By *Havoc*.
 Crow's c. 472.
 Head's f. 178.
 Smith's f. 473.
 Word's c. 473.
 By *Hedgeford*.
 Goode's f. 86.
 Townes' c. 86.
 Townes' f. 237.
 White's f. 86.
 By *Henry*.
 Stevens' c. 286, 565.
 Tillotson's c. 84.
 By *Hotspur*.
 Cook's f. 135.
 By *Humphrey Clinker*.
 Richardson's f. 572.
 By *Industry*.
 Bryerly's c. 79.
 Carter's f. 432.
 Wall's f. 432.
 Willis' f. 39.
 By *Ivanhoe*.
 Wilson's f. 327.
 By *Jackson*.
 M'Cargo's f. 516.
 White's c. 517.
 Woodward's c. 229.
 By *Janus*.
 Lee's c. 527.
 By *Jefferson*.
 Clark's c. 38,†
 By *Jerry*.
 Long's f. 94.
 By *John Lowry*.
 Cotton's c. 513.
 By *John Miller*.
 Grissam's f. 330.
 By *John Richards*.
 Crane's f. 432.
 Hickerson's f. 32.
 Pritchard's c. 32.
 Tyler's f. 32,† 372.
 By *Kosciusko*.
 Burbridge's c. 380.
 Burbridge & Harper's c. 181.
 Patree's c. 38.
 By *Lance*.
 Branham's f. 82.
 Fenwick's f. 284.
 Johnson's c. 325.
 Sinclair's f. 380.
 Smith's f. 82.
 By *Leopold*.
 Judy's f. 560.
 By *Leviathan*.
 Bullock's f. 573.
 Bunches' c. 40, 178.
 Davis & Ragland's f. 567.
 Jackson's f. 569.
 Kelly's f. 513.
 Kyle's f. 564.
 Minor's f. 520.
 Phelps' f. 517.
 Reedy's c. 180.
 Rutledge's c. 184.
 Rutledge's f. 564,†
 Smith's f. 39,†
 William's f. 328, 331.
 Yourie's f. 513.
 By *Luzborough*.
 Buford's c. 237.
 Chambers' f. 85.
 Corbin's c. 324, 325,† 519, 525, 568.
 Claiborne's c. 374.
 Duncan's c. 34.
 Douglass' f. 528.
 Edmondson's c. 279.
 Goodwyn's f. 236, 374, 519, 528.
 Gettings' c. 522.
 Gordon's c. 567.
 Hare's c. 570.
 Hawkins' f. 572.
 Holt's f. 568.
 Johnson's c. 374.
 M'Cargo's f. 238.
 Maclin's f. 238.
 Mason's c. 238.
 Morgan's f. 519.
 Murdaugh's c. 528.
 Newsom's c. 528.
 Puckett's c. 82, 374, 519.
 Porter's c. 567.
 Payne's c. 573.
 Singleton's c. 89.
 Scott's c. 238,†
 Scott's f. 528.
 Semple's f. 519.
 Tayloe's f. 84.
 Urquhart's f. 528.
 Wilson's c. 237.
 Wynn's f. 325.
 White's c. 520, 568.
 By *Malcolm*.
 Boddie's f. 39.
 Beach's c. 133.
 Pinkstone's f. 133.
 By *Marcellus*.
 Foulk & Tyler's c. 32.
 By *Marseilles*.
 Fulps' c. 372.
 By *Marion*.
 Jones' c. 238.

- Nowlin & M'Creery's Beall's c. 331.
 f. 38.
 By *Massena*.
 Burress' c. 229.
 By *M'Duffie*.
 Holton's c. 523.
 By *Medoc*.
 Buford's f. 380.
 Bush's f. 560.
 Calvert's f. 561.
 Duke's f. 285.
 Lewis' c. 331.
 By *Merlin*.
 Cheatham's f. 328.
 By *Mercury*.
 Kennon's f. 38.
 By *Midas*.
 Nowlin's f. 38.
 By *Monmouth*
 Eclipse.
 Kendall's c. 517.
 By *Monsieur Ton-*
 son.
 Archer's f. 373.
 Corbin's f. 134.
 Comer's f. 519.
 Hansbrough's f. 378.
 Harris' c. 373,† 525.
 Harrison's f. 327.
 Hawkins' f. 237, 238.
 Johnson's c. 324, 325.
 Johnson's f. 519.
 M'Cargo's i. 42.
 Puckett's f. 374.
 Shackelford's c. 374.
 Thweat's c. 229.
 Williamson's f. 572.
 Wilson's f. 528.
 By *Mohawk*.
 Saunder's f. 375.
 By *Mucklejohn*.
 Fenwick's f. 516.
 Jordan's f. 36.
 Pindell's c. 285.
 By *Nullifier*.
 Reany's c. 528.
 By *Oakland*.
 M'Campsey's f. 82.
 By *O'Kelly*.
 Hoodenpyle's c. 38.
 Oliver's f. 527.
 By *Oscar, Jr.*
 Gibson's f. 80.
 By *Pacific*.
 Irvine's f. 133.
 By *Pamunkey*.
 Doswell's f. 372, 374,
 378.
 Williamson's f. 375.
 By *Paul Clifford*.
 By *Sir Archy of*
 Transport.
 Dickey's f. 524.
 By *Sir Charles*.
 Claiborne's f. 85.
 Hare's f. 81.
 Johnson's c. 179.
 Johnson's f. 82.
 Myers' f. 375.
 Puckett's h. 374.
 Selden's f. 86.
 Strider's c. 79, 87.
 Tayloe's c. 180.
 White's c. 372, 525.
 Williamson's c. 81.
 By *Sir John*.
 Jones' f. 183.
 By *Sir Leslie*.
 Warfield's c. 284.
 By *Sir Lovell*.
 Jones' c. 82, 86.
 By *Snowstorm*.
 Adams' f. 476.
 By *Sparrowhawk*.
 Moore's f. 331.
 By *Standard*.
 Semple's c. 325, 520.
 By *Star*.
 Bush's f. 177.
 Crow's c. 378, 432.
 Davidson's f. 44.
 Moore's c. 378, 432.
 By *Stockholder*.
 Bruggs' f. 38.
 Boddie's f. 39,† 566.
 Davidson's f. 132.
 Garrett's f. 39.
 Polk's c. 328.
 Polk's f. 328.
 Ransom's f. 184.
 Smith's f. 39.
 Thomas' c. 38.
 Whiteside's f. 566.
 Zollikoffer's f. 327, 567.
 By *St. Nicholas*.
 Shepherd's f. (imp.)
 432.
 By *Brown's Sumpter*.
 Buford's f. 516.
 By *Sussex*.
 Selden's c. 285.
 Selden's f. 285.
 Worthington's f. 282.
 By *Telegraph*.
 Davison & Govan's c.
 432.
 By *Tiger*.
 Eidson's f. 373.
 By *Timoleon*.
 Adams' c. 285, 324.
 M'Coun's c. 85.
 By *Plato*.
 Burbridge's f. 36,†
 By *Potomac*.
 Safford's f. 372.
 By *Priam*.
 Goodwyn's, (imp.) f.
 519.
 By *Ratler*.
 Buckley's f. 379.
 Smith's f. 82.
 By *Ratler*,
 (Masons.)
 Williams' c. 32.
 By *Redgauntlet*.
 Cureton's f. 34.
 Dunham's f. 40.
 Griffin's f. 140.
 Smith's f. 140.
 Williams' f. 140.
 By *Red Rover*.
 Corbin's f. 135.
 By *Richard*.
 Mitchell's c. 39.
 By *Riot*.
 Perkins' f. 333.
 Sherrill's f. 333.
 By *Roanoke*.
 White's c. 136.
 By *Robin Adair*.
 Kendall's c. 229.
 By *Rob Roy*.
 Beattie's c. 43.
 Loughborough's c. 32.
 By *Rokeby*.
 Mershon's c. 32.
 By *Sarpedon*.
 French's f. 238.
 French & Goodwyn's
 f. 285.
 Goodwyn's c. 325.
 Merritt's c. 238.
 Newsom's f. 238, 528.
 Townes' f. 238.
 Townes' c. 324.
 By *Scroggins*.
 Polk's f. 328.
 Porter's f. 39.
 By *Seagull*.
 Kennedy's c. 79.
 By *Second Sir Wil-*
 liam.
 Porter's f. 567.
 By *Sidi Hamet*.
 Miller's c. 326.
 By *Simon*.
 Van Secler's f. 281.
 By *Simon Pure*.
 Lee's f. 517, 527.

- Botts' f. 374.
 Brockenbrough's f. 324.
 Doswell's c. 374.
 Norment's f. 332.
 Talley's c. 324, 325.
 Talley's f. 325.
 Thompson's c. 378.
 By *Tom Fletcher*.
 Uzzel's f. 560.
 By *Tramp*.
 Routh's f. (imp.) 232.
 By *Truffle*.
 Willis' c. 378.
 Woolfolk's f. 229.
 By *Tychicus*.
 Stonestreet's f. 282.
 By *Valentine*.
 Higby's c. 556.
 By *Velocity*.
 Forbes' f. 283.
 By *Victory*, (imp.)
 Bathgate's c. 331, 565.
 By *Volcano*.
 Bradley's f. 557.
 By *Waverly*.
 De Butts' c. 432.
 By *Wacey*.
 M'Campsey's c. 82.
 By *Wild Bill*.
 Abbot's c. 178.
 Blevins' c. 179.
 Early's c. 179.
 Tayloe's c. 178.
 Terry's c. 566.
 By *Woodpecker*.
 Burbridge's f. 284.
 Palmer's c. 326.
 Mosby's c. 524.
 Webb's c. 516.
 By *Wrangler*.
 Mann's c. 33.
 By *Zebedec*.
 Longest's c. 374.
 By *Zingance*.
 Baylor's f. 79.
 Crawford's c. 518.
 Gibson's c. 378.
 Scott's f. 378.







